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Welsh-Pearson Presents
 "SQUIBS"

A George Pearson super-production, with Betty Balfour, Hugh E. Wright, Fred Groves, Mary Brough, Annette Benson, and an all-star cast.



Above: Betty Balfour as "Squibs Hopkins." Below: Betty Balfour, Fred Groves, Annette Benson, Cronin Wilson, and Hugh Wright.



Above: Mary Brough and Ambrose Manning.

Right: Betty Balfour and Fred Groves.

Below: Annette Benson, Cronin Wilson, Tom Morris, Betty Balfour, and Hugh E. Wright.



Few pictures, if any, carry such an appeal to the British public as does "Squibs," a super-excellent comedy drama of London life, brimful of delightful humour and tender sentiment.

DON'T MISS THIS WONDERFUL ALL-BRITISH PRODUCTION.



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 20 for 1/-



Three Popular Stars

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Made by ALEXANDER BOCUSIAVSKY,
 55 PICCADILLY LONDON, W.



Betty Compson

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Beautiful Jane Novak came to the screen after two years' experience in musical-comedy. Some of her best-known pictures are *The Tiger Man*, *Wagon Tracks*, *String Beans*, *The Temple of Dusk*, *His Debt* and *The River's End*. She is five feet seven inches high, and has blonde hair and blue eyes.



THE PICTUREGOER

Editorial Offices:
93, Long Acre, London.

VOL. 3. NO. 13.
JANUARY, 1922.

Registered for Transmission
by Canadian Magazine post.

THE WHISPER

IF a man were to say to you "You must wear a triangular hat because I say so," you would in all probability tell him to go— Well, you would tell him to go. But if that same man were to quietly don a triangular hat himself and go about his business wearing it without a word, the chance is that you would watch him and watch him and—*wear one yourself.*

Q In the House of the Proverb-Mixer is a hopeless tangle that runs somehow this way: "You Can Lead A Horse To Water, But When It Comes To Shouting, The Whisper Is Home First Every Time."

We don't quite know what this means; but we've got the *sense* of it!

And we should say the MOTION PICTURE is Whisper-in-Platinum.

It never shouts. Always it gently whispers. And we watch and watch . . .

The naughty little boys are very readily blamed for "seeing it on the Pictures," but other things than safe-opening and train-robbing are to be "seen on the Pictures."

The MOTION PICTURE has shown us, on the whole, a refinement that cannot fail in the end to make the world a better world. It has given the meanest amongst us a sense of art that must in the end create a demand, and make more beautiful homes. Thoughtfully handled, it could change the architecture of the world in a few decades—and for the better—just by suggestion and example. *It can be the strongest weapon in the War on the Slum.*

There is no teacher like it. We pay our shillings to laugh or weep (as the case may be), but we cannot help but *learn.*

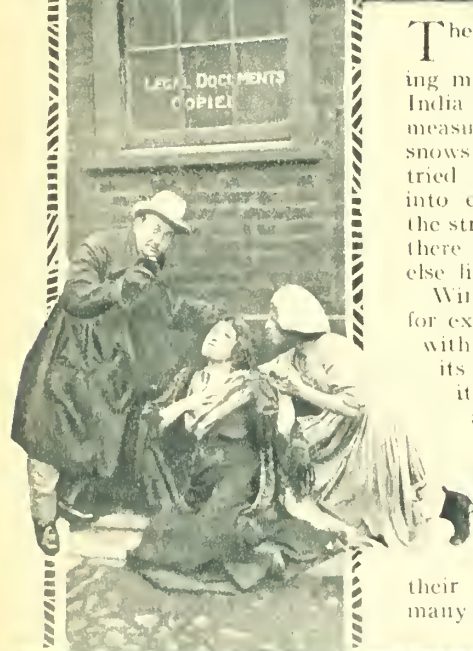
There are tremendous possibilities.

Q If the MOTION PICTURE whispered long enough that there were no such things as villains (by leaving them out), should we all become suddenly virtuous and forget about sin? If it never showed us anything but sylvan glades, should we burn our cities and get back to the land? Can it make us contented when there is nothing to be contented about? Can it make us laugh when there is no joke? Can it make unnecessary the Wiseacres of the Bench who "blame things on the Pictures?"

Just by *whispering?*

Q Oh, *think* of the possibilities!

LONDON ON THE SCREEN



Top: Filming "The Yellow Claw" at Tower Bridge. Centre: Maurice Elvey directing Constance Collier in Lincoln's Inn. Bottom: Henry Edwards and Chrissie White in Trafalgar Square.

The lure of London—what is it? Kipling immortalised it in haunting metre as he grilled on the plains of India; Service thrilled to it in free-flung measure as he froze amidst the eternal snows of Canada. Everywhere men have tried to translate their love of London into concrete terms; even the man in the street, who says, "I don't know what there is about it, but there's nowhere else like London."

With this nameless fascination it holds for exile, Londoner and foreigner alike, with its history of a thousand years, its power as the hub of Empire, and its romance that peeps at you around every street corner, London could not fail to find its niche in the youngest of Art's abiding-places, the Screen. And producers are not unmindful of its lure, for many are the films that have London as their background; and there would be many more were it easier for the camera

to gain admission to some of the closely-guarded and sacred precincts of official London.

But when a story demands London settings, and the metropolis itself is unavailable, there are always those marvels

of ingenuity, the studio carpenters, upon whom picture-makers can rely. Some of the most realistic London locations have been studio "sets," and although many bad mistakes have been made in reproducing parts of the great City, there

are some films that are amazingly true to London life.

A picture just trade-shown is *The Great Adventure*, adapted from Arnold Bennett's play made famous in this country by Henry Ainley. Critics say that the Westminster Abbey scenes of the film, where Priam Faill watches his own funeral, are well-nigh perfect; and these were all built in an American studio from photographs and architect's specifications.

Lionel Barrymore was the hero of *The Great Adventure*; his brother John was equally fortunate in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, where the scenes portraying mid-Victorian London were especially good. But John Barrymore does not always trust to the studio; he was over here in London a short time ago filming Baker Street for the adventures of the immortal Sherlock. But both Lionel and brother John went very far astray in the above-mentioned pictures, with their representations of London's trade-mark—the Policeman.

The Stoll Company have made some fine films of London; but in their version of the redoubtable Holmes, the door of the house in Baker Street was reproduced in the studio. For, even though correct London locations may be available, it is usually easier to do the actual photography in the studio—the crowds that collect around the camera are not conducive to finished acting on the part of the players!

London should be getting camera-wise, though. It is no uncommon thing to see a small group of men with tripod and machine, choosing their pitch and starting to grind. And often a taxi-cab, with drawn blinds, harbours a camera and camera-man, intent upon their work of picturing the busy and unconscious streets of the great town.

A Stoll picture, *The Yellow Claw*, shows the highways and byways of London's river. The Thames, with its many

bridges, its forsaken wharves and its air of harbouring all the tragedy in the world, is a godsend to the writers of mystery stories, and Sax Rohmer has utilised it well in his tale of opium and murder in *The Yellow Claw*.

Dickens' pictures of necessity must capture the spirit of Old London. Lincoln's Inn Fields have been "shot" for *Bleak House*, and the low, tiny corner building near has been immortalised on the screen for *The Old Curiosity Shop*. In *The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss*, Henry Edwards and Chrissie White wander amongst London's poor in the search for adventure, and a livelihood. Again, in *The City of Beautiful Nonsense*, we follow Henry Edwards from the room above the greengrocer's to Kensington Gardens, where his romance begins; and in *The Duchess of Seven Dials*, the real thing in London slums was used as a setting by the London Film Company.

Chief amongst the Americans who have journeyed over here "on location" is Bryant Washburn, who made *The Road to London* entirely in this country. This film, although it has a romantic story, is almost a travel picture, containing, as it does, so many fine views of the metropolis. Washburn had great difficulty in securing permission to film some of the exclusive corners he had determined to include in his photoplay; but he succeeded where many others had failed, and the result caused great interest in America, where London is a sort of El Dorado to many who can never hope to see it in real life.

Another mystery story, *The Secret of the Hills*, starring Antonio Moreno, has good London studio reproductions; but Eddie Polo, for his *Vanishing Dagger*, came over here and filmed London's parks, great mansions, and poverty-stricken corners of Whitechapel for his serial.

They say that the studio sets for *The Message From Mars* are wonderful. No studio would hold them, so the Metro Company hired the great Armoury in New York. Here they built a whole Kensington terrace—tall Victorian houses that are typical of middle class respectability.

The Limehouse scenes in *Broken Blossoms* created much comment, and probably few persons looking at the high archways, the river banks, and the wharves realised that they were frail structures, erected and demolished by the ever-busy carpenters. In *Dream Street*, his latest, Griffith was not quite so successful: for the Limehouse of this latter picture had too

Piccadilly Circus in "Squibs." Betty Balfour is seen as a flower-girl on the right of the fountain.



fantastic an atmosphere to fit the squalor and ugly reality of that sordid neighbourhood.

The Old London of the Great Fire has twice been re-built in the last few months. First, for *The Glorious Adventure*, Lady Diana Manners' film, when the fire itself is pictured in thrilling reality. And second, for *The Scourge*, a Rafael Sabatini story of the Great Plague, which shows the Cheapside of the days of Charles II.

London night life, with its ironic contrasts of great hotels and humble coffee stalls, has only recently been filmed. One night last month the staff of Pathé Pictorial made a pilgrimage of the streets with their cameras and great Sunlight arcs. Piccadilly Circus, for the first time, was filmed at night, the Cenotaph, in all its glory of noble solitude, was screened; the wrecks of humanity on the Embankment; and the homeward revellers of the dance clubs and supper parties all unwittingly

Ralph Graves and Carol Dempster in a studio reproduction of Limehouse.



Donald Crisp directing "Appearances" in Russell Square.

became film players for the nonce.

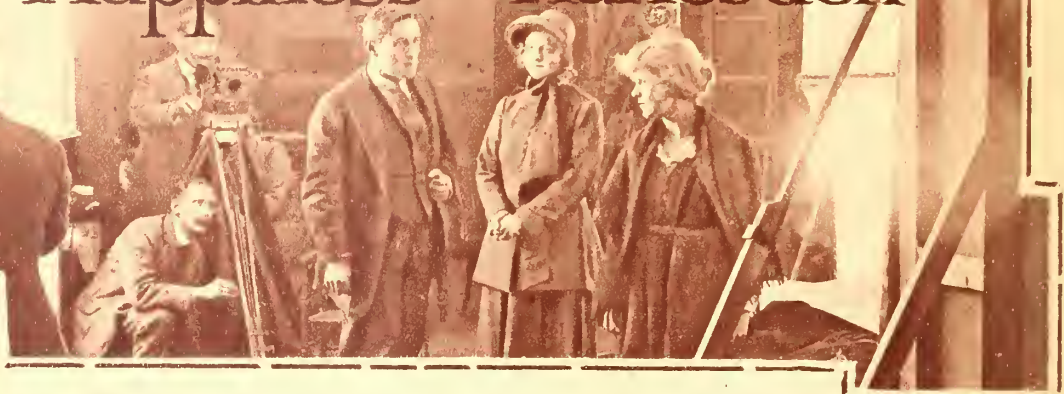
Amongst the celebrities to be captured by the movie camera on this occasion was Sir J. M. Barrie. The famous novelist was attracted into the street by the lure of the Sunlight arcs, and the camera-men lost no time in securing a film record of the creator of Peter Pan.

"Give us more of London on the screen" say picturegoers the world over. To Britishers, in particular, it means the enshrinement of desire, the ultimate pride of a great race. London, full of adventure, romance and colour, inherited from generations of her sons.

OPENING *the* BRITISH OYSTER

by W. A. Williamson

(1) Happiness at Harlesden



George Pearson (kneeling) directing Rex Davis, Elise Craven and Betty Balfour.

I have never seen a movie actor killed before the camera; and when someone said to me: "Rex Davis is going to fight Matt Wells

to-day *with one hand!*" I rushed to the nearest taxi-driver and begged to be driven to the Welsh-Pearson studio at Harlesden.

"Do you know where it is?" asked the driver. I didn't.

"Neither do I," he retorted. "But jump in, and I'll do my best."

His best consisted of driving me three times round the wilds of Willesden. When I was thoroughly cowed, he pulled up outside a building that looked a cross between a chapel and a skating-rink, stung me for sixteen shillings, and left me to my fate.

Left: E. Sorley as the Convict. Below: Emile Lauste (Camera-man), George Pearson (director), Rex Davis and Betty Balfour discussing a scene for "Maud Em'ly."

British picturegoers complain that they know less about the personalities behind British studios than they do about our American cousins. There's a reason. In the matter of publicity, British movie-makers are a little more than shy. At last, however, the oyster is to be opened; the writer of this article having undertaken the praiseworthy task of humanising British studios. If he lives through the Spring, it should make a very interesting series.

I rang the bell, and stated my business briskly:

"I've come to see the big fight. I hope I'm in time?"

"Plenty of time," said the keeper of the door. "It'll be to-day fortnight. Will you wait?"

Indignantly I sought Rex Davis in his dressing-room, and demanded an explanation.

"Postponed on account of the fog," said Rex. "I thought everybody knew *that*." Then, seeing my crestfallen face, he added kindly: "But come down to the studio in a minute and I'll let you see the villain bite my hand."

It seemed a poor substitute for the great boxing match that is to be the *pièce de résistance* of *Maud Em'ly*; but I assented



with good grace. "And I'll let you see my muscles," concluded Rex, magnanimously. "I'm in the pink of condition."

I gave him a critical once-over and agreed.

"But all the same," I cautioned, "I think you had better use *both* hands on Matt Wells."

"It can't be done," said Rex, mournfully. "You'll see why when the villain bites my hand this afternoon. I must enter the ring crippled; the scenario says so. But let's go downstairs."

We descended to the studio, where George Pearson was supervising close-ups of an incredibly villainous villain. ("The hand-biter," said Rex, in parenthesis.)

This is the same George Pearson who produced *Nothing Else Matters* and *Squabs*. Take a look at him, "on the floor," and you will see at once why all his pictures bear the sterling stamp of the master-producer.

The scene being shot is tensely dramatic. The villain, an ex-convict of the hooligan class, has been engaged in the ancient English sport of wife-beating. He sees the body of the maltreated woman on the floor, believes himself to be a murderer, and flees from the room.

The scene is rehearsed again and again. The actor, E. Sorley, whose wonderful powers of facial expression call forth unstinted admiration from the onlookers, seems perfect in his part. But George Pearson takes no chances. He goes through the part himself to show how he visualises the scene, and proves that he is an excellent actor.

"Keep your eyes focussed on the body—always," he cautions. "Never mind what you bump into when going out of the scene, *never raise your eyes from the body*. And remember the four emotions, *Surprise, Horror, Hope, Fear*—one, two, three, four—we'll take it by numbers."

At last the producer is satisfied. He kneels on the floor behind the camera. From somewhere, out of sight, a gramophone disgorges mournful music.

"Turning!" warns George Pearson. "My God, *what's that!* Hold the expression, HOLD IT. Crane your neck forward—

"MY GOD! YOU'VE KILLED HER!" The producer shrieks out the words in a perfect frenzy of horror, and the horror is reflected instantly on the

actor's face. "Now, exit. *Faster, faster!* Don't raise your eyes! All right. Cut!"

Inflections of the voice play such an important part in George Pearson's method of direction that it is impossible to give a perfect pen-picture of the scene. But, believe me, he carries his artistes with him every inch of the way.

Another painstaking rehearsal precedes the re-filming of the scene from a different angle. Two hours' work for, perhaps, thirty feet of film. But worth it because the result is as near perfection as a producer can hope to get.

Then the lights were switched off and I returned to earth again with a jerk to hear Rex say, "Meet Betty Balfour."

In some respects Betty Balfour is a disappointment. She is shy, almost demure, and uncomfortably polite. She doesn't throw things at you, or indulge in tomboyish dances. The cup of tea she made for me had no salt in it, and she placed no tacks on my chair for me to sit on. Otherwise she is very nice indeed.

Then Welsh-Pearson walked across the studio to greet me—two hearts beating as one. For you must understand that the pictures produced at the Harlesden studio are never just George Pearson pictures, but always Welsh Pearson pictures. Thomas Welsh and George Pearson go through life as an amiable Jekyll and Hyde combination.

Mr. Welsh wanders about the studio radiating happiness and goodwill towards artistes, assistants, and electricians. He is the answer to the conundrum: "Why is everybody at the Harlesden studio so happy?" He is a kind of male "Pollyanna," but in common justice to the man it must be recorded that he doesn't look it. Mr. Pearson looks uncommonly like Rudyard Kipling. He is very shy.

We sat down to tea together, and then a hitch

(Continued on page 56.)



Betty Balfour likes to be photographed in the style shown above, just to remind herself that she can look otherwise than the grotesque slavey (see below) it falls to her lot to impersonate on the screen.



Ten Years of Jesting



Above: Neal Burns and Helen Darling.



Right: Baby Jane and "Laddie."



Al Christie, the "polite comedy" king, who in ten years of film work has made over seven hundred comedies.

Because the vagaries of human nature embrace the truism that comedy is very near to tragedy—that laughter and tears are merely divided by a mental thread finer than a strand of exquisitely spun silk—Al Christie has found humour in his vibrations of the human note. This king of film jesters has brought to the screen the form of jesting that brings spontaneous laughter to the eyes and mouth through the path of the heart. He does not seek to raise the guffaw by resorting to the grotesque or the vulgar. The secret of this merchant in screen fun is to persuade the world to laugh with his shadow characters on the silver sheet, and not to titter at them.

If you have watched an old-time melodrama, you will realise the subtlety that lies beneath the Christie theme where film humour is involved. The dark-visaged, grim-mouthed villain springs from the shadows, and with a sickening crash brings down his stick on to the defenceless head of the hero. There are angry murmurs, hysterical shrieks, and, of course, hisses if the "foul deed" is witnessed by true-dyed-in-the-wool-melodrama "fans." Later in the play, when the "comic relief" is introduced to lighten the heavy clouds of drama, the funny man of the piece smashes his stick on to the resilient surface of his pal's bowler hat. The house rocks with laughter at the very deed that a few minutes before had been greeted with noisy resentment. But the one had a tragic setting, and its successor a touch of comedy, and the human side of this subtle dissimilarity converted cavilling into chuckles.

Christie was delighted recently when he received from a lady a letter in which she wrote telling him that she thought "Baby Jane Hart" and "Laddie" in one of his recent pictures were the dearest things she had ever seen. Both



Top: Helen Darling.

Right: Genevieve Berté.

the human and the canine assets to the film in question played laughter-raising parts; but under the inspired direction of Christie, they had created the impression that they were characters taken from every-day life. The human appeal had reached its mark.

In seven hundred comedies Al Christie has exploited his delicately turned humour. It has brought to the screen a popular brand of comedy that has stood the acid test of public opinion for ten years. Only the other day, Christies celebrated their tenth anniversary by pulling down the last of the original studios where the successful manufacture of mass production laughs, giggles, and guffaws first commenced.

As a natural result of his desire to bring to the silver sheet polite comedies, as distinct from those of the slap-stick order, Christie has enlisted film talent of an outstanding order. For, to reflect from the screen the true interpretation of Christie's advanced ideas on comedy, acting art of high order is demanded.

Neal Burns, the actor with the fascinating smile that has brought brightness into numerous Christie comedies, was a famous stage actor before the arc lamps claimed him. When first he came to the screen, his character-studies inclined towards the serious; but Christie speedily claimed him and converted him into a film humorist.

The comedy genius saw the inherent talent that this happy Scotsman-cum-Irishman possessed. In *A Pair of Sexes*, Neal Burns, the young man who claimed a pair of twins as his own, presents the Christie notion of human real-life comedy particularly effectively. He is the temporary parent who proudly displays his tiny children at his business office, engages a brass band to escort him with them around the town, and celebrates the good fortune that he believes to be his with a big supper party. Then the climax arrives, with ludicrous results. Burns finds that the twins are not his. The surprise that his wife informed him of during his travels abroad had nothing

whatever to do with twins, but the acquiring of a new flat. He wore the laurels of proud parenthood only to have them unceremoniously dragged from him.

Although beautiful Dorothy Devore is a mainstay of the special brand of humour produced by Christie, she is a talented actress to her finger-tips. The comedy she portrays represents one of the most difficult arts of a lovely woman—that of raising laughter without losing her womanly attractiveness. Charles Ray recently borrowed her to play lead in his film, *Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway*. Ray saw the acting ability of this comedy queen, and he reluctantly parted with her when Christie asked for her back. With Christie, *Movie Mad*, *Man Versus Woman*, and *The Reckless Sex* figured amongst her best pictures.

Another successful plank in the policy of Christie's comedies is the fact that he handles humour, not from the tabloid point of view, but with an unusual breadth of treatment. His film plays, on occasions, border on the spectacular, and his casts are invariably large. Lavish costumes and beautiful settings are part of his production scheme. His is humour presented on the grand scale.

Yet, withal, Christie has never allowed his success or lavish producing methods to warp his judgment where his policy of playing on human emotions are concerned. If you seek to draw him out on the subject of the value of dazzling the eyes directed on to the screen with expensive costumes, beauty, and extravagant scenery, he will smile at you with his reflective grey eyes and say, "That is not everything. You may have the most

beautifully designed framework, but here is an essential. Take a girl and make the audience simply love her—then take a boy, and make them like him also. Then keep them apart, and the rest of the plot will take care of itself."

And there is one of Christie's biggest secrets of success.

A second reason for Christie's meteor-like rise in the film firmament is the fact that his experience of the picture play has not always been confined to the producer's end of the megaphone. Early in life, when a handsome young Canadian, he achieved success on the stage. He was one of the young men who possessed the foresight to realise the possibilities of the moving picture when it first loomed on the horizon of practical affairs in the entertainment world.

He came to the industry from the stage when studios in the real sense of the word did not exist. For they were

the pioneer days, when exteriors consisted of rough, wooden sets with canvas scenery, only erected when brilliant sun was shining. The art of the arc lamp was then in its infancy. Thus Christie grew up with the moving picture industry, and as is always the case when new inventions are in the process of evolution, his clever brain was able to mould primitive methods into new and original channels.

When first he transported his first company of players across country and picked out a likely-looking spot for his first studio, he happened to select Hollywood. Then there were no other studios erected on that picturesque spot. To-day there are twenty-eight, and the thousands of pounds that annually pass through these mammoth halls of picture production are sufficient to take one's mind off the war debt for a few moments.

Christie has a theory that a producer, even though he may control business interests of huge dimension, is not going to work at his best if his mind is too clogged with administrative detail. He refuses to have anything to do with the strict business side of his undertakings—

that is to say, the offices where ledgers, cash accounts and balance-sheets hold sway. The studio is his field of activity, and there he gives his imagination free run, whilst his brother deals with the clerical side of Christie Senior's creative work. Christie also raised many stars to stellar heights—Vera Steadman, Fay Tincher, Eddie Barry, Bobby Vernon, Earl Rodney, Henry Murdock, and others. For the portrayal of humour of the kind that Christie has created requires a standard of acting approaching that reflected by the dramatic and emotional player.



Eddie Barry.



Above : Dorothy Devore.
Left : Florence Long.

RUDOLPH THE ROMANTIC

Otherwise Rudolph Valentino, the young Italian player whose part in "The Four Horsemen" gave him his first big chance. He is now one of the screen's most popular juvenile stars.



not attempt to transcribe it further, though, even if the lynx-eyed printer's reader would pass it, which I doubt.

"But my life is not my own," Rudolph said, with a ghost of a sigh. "That is the one disadvantage of picture work. One makes an appointment; a message comes from the studio—and where is the appointment? Gone!

"And you have missed your tea," he said. (He has a quaintly solicitous, old-world manner, so chivalrous as to seem almost

Maybe Browning was an interviewer as well as a poet.

Certainly when he wrote "Never the time and the place and the loved one altogether," he said a mouthful, as our American cousins so picturesquely put it—from the interviewer's standpoint at least.

Here was I in the most romantic spot boasted of by modern, efficient Hollywood, a tiny foreign restaurant tucked away in a side street, at a most romantic hour—that quiet, meditative time between tea and dinner, when the mist creeps in from the sea and the purple night begins to settle down over Los Angeles,

Above: In "The Four Horsemen."
Circle: "Camille."

hiding the garish newness with its kindly cloak of glamour.

But was I feeling romantic? I was *not*.

For Rudolph Valentino was half-an-hour late; and even the veriest worm of an interviewer has a turning-point.

I was preparing to go, when a dark, handsome, worried-looking individual poked a very sleek, well-brushed head around the door. The melancholy face brightened with a magnetic smile, and the black eyes flashed greeting as Rudolph Valentino, the culprit, came forward, walking with a sort of undulating motion that spoke of grace—and yet gave not a single hint of effeminacy.

"I am so verree, verree sorry," he said. He has a faint Italian accent, charming because it is so different in its mellifluous richness to that of the Americanese amongst which it is heard. I shall



fantastic in the new world of feminine equality). "But never mind—we will have Turkish coffee and honey cakes instead."

It sounded hopeful, and I assented, trying to cloak my eagerness for sustenance under a polite show of indifference.

It seemed a propitious moment, as Valentino glanced out of the window, his finely-modelled profile silhouetted against the fading sunset, to ask the principal and most spectacular question of my interview.

"Do you think women really like cavemen?"

He turned, that same fascinating smile bringing into display his even, gleaming teeth. "I am very sure they do," he said. "True, they may pretend they don't, but it is never anything more than pretence. They like to be conquered, to find self-expression in submission. Take Diana, the heroine of *The Sheik*—"

This is the picture which is Rudolph Valentino's second great triumph. It is adapted from a novel, written by an Englishwoman, a novel sickly sweet in its sentimentality, but which has screened marvellously well. It tells the story of Sheik Ahmed Ben Hassan, an Arab ruler, whose will was law, and whose slightest wish had always been gratified. It tells, too, the story of Diana Mayo, an English girl, who, with the astounding self-sufficiency of the modern girl, takes a forbidden journey into the desert. There she is captured by the Sheik, rescued by him from another would-be captor, and—oh, shades of feminist crusaders!—licks the hand that has chastised her. Magnificently full of colour and incident, the picture marches triumphantly from one desert scene to another, with Valentino giving a perfect portrayal of the man, who, although master, has at length to submit to the mastery of a power greater than himself—Love.

Thus it is that Rudolph Valentino has become an authority on cave-men, and their success—on the screen, that is.

He was non-committal as to cave-men in real life.

"My dogs and my horses," he said; "they are my chief interests away from the studio. I have two prize-winning Great Danes; and I ride every day in the week."

"And how came the films?" I asked.

"Necessity," said the Sheik, with a wry smile of remembrance. "I went on the stage for a while after my dancing seasons came to an end, and the show 'bust' out West, leaving us, the poor players, stranded, as usual. I was offered a part with Mae Murray in *The Delicious Little Devil*, at Universal; it was a 'villain,' but bread and butter tastes just as good after villainy as after heroism! I continued at Universal, playing opposite Mae Murray again in *The Big Little Person*, and in some of Carmel Myers' pictures. Then I wandered from one studio to another—with Clara Kimball Young in *Eyes of Youth*; with Eugene O'Brien in *The*



A studio portrait of Rudolph Valentino minus romantic trappings.



Another study from "The Four Horsemen."

Wonderful Chance (again I was a crook); with Dorothy Phillips in *Once to Every Woman*, where I had the uncongenial task of firing at her from a box in a theatre. I was a dark-haired fortune-hunter in *Out of Luck*, with Dorothy Gish; and I was with May Allison in *The Cheater*. It was in one of these minor parts that June Mathis, the scenarist of *The Four Horsemen*, saw me, and decided that I was the right type for 'Julio.' It was a big venture, for if I had failed, I should have gone back irrevocably to small parts.

"Afterwards I played 'Armand' to Madame Nazimova's 'Camille,' another romantic costume part. Then a change—I was Alice Lake's hero in *The Uncharted Sea*. Romance—yes; but out-of-doors, present-day romance, for we sailed on the track of hidden treasure into the Arctic zone. I like that type of rôle; it shows people that I am a man's man, and not a parlour pet. My very last picture, *Moran of the Lady Letty*, is a sea-going story; Dorothy Dalton and I have just returned from 'Frisco, where we have been making it."

"And now?" I asked, rising to say good-bye.

"Now? A five-year starring contract with Famous-Lasky."

So, like his famous countryman, Valentino has come, seen and conquered—even to the extent of obtaining pardon for unpunctuality from an interviewer!



This is the first of a new series dealing with the leading British picture theatres and their audiences. Apart from their personal interest, you will find in these articles enthralling studies of the psychology of picturegoers in different parts of the kingdom.

For those who can throw back their memories along the path of cinema history, and recall the primitive kinemas that had the glare, discomfort, and tawdriness of the penny gaff, the impressiveness of the Stoll Picture House is a thing of wonder. Yet, although the great Kingsway Theatre represents, with its almost pompous spaciousness and artistic architecture, an advance in the progress of the cinema picture that grips the imagination, it has a still more subtle influence in this direction. Pass through the great domed entrance hall, where artistically clad attendants in uniforms, reminiscent of the nobles of an Elnor Glynn republican court, glide restfully across luxurious carpets. Enter the great auditorium, where symmetrical tiers of boxes rear roofwards, and in the half light like dusk on a summer's evenings attendants with torches flit like discreet glow worms. Forget the wonders of architecture, the strains of the great organ, and the effect of carnival suggested by the coloured lanterns that glitter from the roof, and turn from the materialistic things that sway the senses to the human element.

There, in the half light, sit hundreds of the workers of a great city, the pilgrims from the heights and plains of suburbia, and the hotels and boarding-houses of Kensington and Bloomsbury.

Their eyes are on the silver sheet; their minds concentrated on the thread of the story that is unfolded before them. And these are eyes and minds that are tired by the dull and unromantic atmosphere amidst which so many thousands by force of circumstance are compelled to pass their working days. But the faces that peer through the gloom, like a vast fresco of patterned white standing out against the plush and pillars, are now animated and tense with interest. The screen is radiating, for them, the

revival of their imaginations, that have been dulled by the strain of modern existence. The vivid action, stirring adventure, panoramic change of scene, pretty faces, and love of the most romantic order, is lifting them out of the conventional rut of everyday happenings. The fleeting impression of these happy faces are more lasting than even the grandeur of the building and its luxurious atmosphere. And to the psychologist this human note spells the real triumph of the palatial cinema. It is the jewel that warrants the extravagant setting.

Now that the cinema theatre plays so large a part in the lives of the multitude, it is only natural that a form of human strata should have sprung into being where film audiences are concerned. Stolls have a distinctive atmosphere where its visitors are involved. Certain "stars" can pack the house, and varying forms of films have a similar effect. The Kingsway cinema is the Mecca of Bill Hart and Gloria Swanson worshippers. When these "stars" scintillate on the screen, the serried rows of seats are packed to their utmost capacity. William Farnum can fill the house with women, and Wally Reid brings a preponderance of short-skirted, bobbed-haired "flappers" to Kingsway. Films founded on famous books always bring record houses. They rival the popularity of the "stars." And week after week these tastes do not vary. There one has an interesting sidelight on the new trend of cinema patronage. Audiences are passing from the haphazard "drop in for half an hour" variety to permanent patronage. The cinema habit is becoming an intrinsic part of daily life.

They are an autocratic audience at Stolls. If re-issues are shown—even of the great Charlie himself protesting letters are received. The patrons regard the silver sheet in Kingsway as the reflector of the very latest in film productions. Stories that have been revived, after having been temporarily laid on the shelf, are not welcomed.

A novel innovation is the institution of the Stoll Picture Club. This consists of members drawn from the patrons themselves. They have periodical social meetings when they can meet in the flesh many of the "stars" that they have seen on the screen. Recently Betty Balfour, Mary Dibley, Violet Hopson, Malvina Longfellow, Mary Odette, G. K. Arthur, Milton Rosmer, Gregory Scott, Lionelle Howard, and other "stars" met the members of the Club at a friendly "At-Home."

It is generally believed that it is the fair sex that are the backbone of the cinema, that the woman patron is in the majority. But the casual visitor to the Stoll Opera House will have a rude shock. For the male sex always seem to be most evident—even during the afternoon performances, a period dedicated by tradition to the amusement of women-folk. But when one observes the majority of black-coated, stiff-collared males that line the stalls, this vagary is to some extent apparent. From the hundreds of offices that exist in the precincts of Stoll's, men workers emigrate to the pictures, straight from their desks.

Not so very long ago the Kingsway picture-house was dedicated to opera. The golden voices of famous singers rang beneath the decorative roof, and the cream of Society crowded to hear. To-day's programme contains just one vocal item, but the personality of the players in the silent drama, and the appeal to the senses of scenic settings, hold the interest of the vast audience of over three thousand.

The screen has brought to Kingsway a prosperity that, in its days of opera, it never knew. For the populace of a great city have extended to the cinema the hand that it withheld from opera. Stolls have symbolised the birth of a new régime.

(Another picture theatre article will appear in next month's issue.)

1921 AND AFTER

Picturegoers have had no reason to complain of the film fare provided for their delectation in 1921. The year has been rich in super-pictures, and if 1922 can uphold the 1921 standard, picturegoers have a treat in store.



Nineteen-Twenty-One expired in a blaze of glory (and colour!) in the world of films released. The first half of the year was rich in screen-plays of more than common worth; the following few months very blank; but the last two atoned for these. The bulk of the outstanding productions came from America; and it is remarkable that, in nearly every case, the principal leads in these films have since been singly starred. The high lights of the industry—Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Frederick, Talmadge, and Griffith—contribute at least one each to the year's masterpieces. Nazimova's name is, alas! absent: for her 1921 releases have been far below the standard of her earlier pictures.

Earliest of the noteworthy screen-plays were *Snows of Destiny* and *Eyes of Youth*. The first, a Swedish Biograph production, was one of those "wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh, and charm thee to a tear." Despite its grim and tragic theme, there was so much artistry about it—in the photography and the lighting, in the grouping of the picturesque figures of the story—all of whom were distinct types—that the effect was not unlike an animated succession of Rembrandt or Hals paintings. Mary Johnson, by her unaffected portrayal of the heroine, earned universal praise, and the supporting players were excellent throughout.

Eyes of Youth, besides being a well-nigh perfect example of photoplay art, gave us Clara Kimball Young's finest work. It had an unusually interesting story, easily followed, despite its several interpolations, and it was excellently acted and well photographed. Gareth Hughes and Rudolf Valentino, small-part players in this film, are now both stars.

Madame X, the film that most critics vote Pauline Frederick's best, was sheer melodrama; but the acting made of it a tear-compelling classic. Founded on a play, the first reel or two was uninspired; but—despite the difficulty of successfully screening police-court scenes—those in this picture, combined with the work of Casson Ferguson and Pauline Frederick, remain longest in the memory. The success of *Madame X*, with its strong mother-interest, probably started the craze for mother films in America. Certain it is that it will always be quoted as Pauline Frederick's finest interpretation. In the same month *The Miracle Man* appeared—a film version of the play and novel by Frank L. Packard. Its message, enthralling and vital, the fine acting of the players and the skillful direction of George Loane Tucker, made it a real super-feature. It is interesting to note, in this instance, that the screen proved its superiority over the stage. When Frank Packard's play was put on by George M. Cohan, it collapsed badly because the spiritual note eluded the producer. Yet George Loane Tucker caught and held it fast in the photoplay. The film "made" Betty Compson, and enhanced Tom Meighan's already strong reputation. Meighan's work in *The Admirable Crichton* (by Cecil De Mille, not Barrie) elevated him to stardom. As entertainment, notwithstanding its ludicrous caricature of British aristocracy, it deserves mention.



Douglas Fairbanks as "D'Artagnan" in "The Three Musketeers."

Left: Mary Carr in "On With the Dance."
Below: Chaplin and Coogan in "The Kid."



The pageant of 1921 as portrayed by the principal players in the best of the year's releases.

Right: John Millern and Mae Murray in "On With the Dance."

Carnival, the most ambitious British photoplay then made, presented some stage favourites in their original parts. An American director made it in London and Venice; and its spectacular scenes and dramatic story, added to the well-known popularity of the play on which it was based, gave it a tremendous public appeal. The photography, too, was very fine. Very close upon its heels followed *The Tavern Knight*, a vivid, historical romance, with a wonderfully faithful reproduction of the battle of Worcester.

An undeniably sordid Society story did not detract from the value of Fitzmaurice's *On With the Dance* as an artistic and popular success. Spectacular settings and symphonies in lighting are this director's forte; it is his screen-play, although Mae Murray's dancing and David Powell's acting commended themselves to many.

Pollyanna reached the public with the May blossoms; a slight story, a one-character photoplay; with Mary Pickford in almost every scene, and in one of the most artistic and consistent of her many child rôles. Mary had been a long absentee from the British screen, and her own winning personality, and her powers of compelling laughter and tears, found an excellent medium in this optimistic little tale.

According to the American public, *Humoresque* was the greatest picture of the year. British audiences loved

it, too, although its closing scenes did not redeem the promise of the first reel or two. True, its theme—mother-love—was great, and its acting, in the case of Vera Gordon, exceptional. Settings, too, were good; photography perfect; and yet if I made a list in order of merit, *Humoresque* would not occupy the top line. This screen-play was the first of the "mother" films to reach this side.

Barring his "D'Artagnan," Douglas Fairbanks has never appeared to such advantage as he did in *The Mark of Zorro*, a stirring tale in a romantic and delightful setting which held the spectators spell-bound. Although abounding in stunts and duels, it was no "stunt for stunts' sake" affair,

Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna."



Left: Richard Lund and Mary Johnson in "Snows of Destiny."



Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish in "Way Down East."

Stroheim and Fyancelia Billington in "Blind Husbands."

but afforded excellent acting chances in addition. It was adapted by Eugene Mullin, who made Bryant Washburn's *Road to London*, and directed by Fred Niblo, who is also responsible for *The Three Musketeers*.

The Canadian master-film, *Back to God's Country*, was an exceptionally fine British production. It had a James Oliver Curwood story, its scenic values were great, and the direction and acting, and the novelty

of it heightened its appeal. *Blind Husbands* proved the turning-point of Eric Stroheim's career. A strong drama, with the eternal triangle for its theme, it dealt with a well-worn problem in a new way. Stroheim's originality, his daring innovations, in both photography and methods of telling his story (he both wrote and directed it), stamped him a master at once, and opened up new avenues in screen art.

John Barrymore dominated *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. His work in the dual rôle overshadowed that of producer, photographer, and capable cast. It was a *tour-de-force*, and his finest screenic effort; the film was a gruesome, though absorbing one.

Even those who failed to appreciate the humour of Mark Twain thoroughly appreciated the humour of *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. Its snappy sub-titles, which were not all taken directly from the classic story, the wonderful panoramic effects, clear photography and skilfully burlesqued acting, made it a gem amongst book adaptations, and one of Fox's finest offerings. Harry Myers will probably be known as "The Yankee" for the rest of his life. The part was his biggest chance, and he made the most of it. Rosemary Theby, too, shone as the vamp and villainess of the piece. After the first shock, the intentional anachronisms were a source of great amusement, and the pageant-like scenes at the end were capitally done.

Cecil De Mille's *Why Change Your Wife?* with its sophisticated gorgeousness, was a popular success; for the characters, though abnormal, were interesting, and the acting first class. Thomas Meighan contributed an excellent study of a modern husband. Gloria Swanson, as his wife, put in her best work to date; and Bebe Daniels was an alluring little vamp. All three of these players are now stars. The first two have justified their promotion; Bebe has yet to prove her worth.

In *The Kid*, Charles Chaplin proved his



Gloria Swanson in "The Admirable Crichton."

undisputable right to the word genius. No other word adequately expresses the artistry that evolved those subtle little touches of pathos which, alternated with scenes of unforced comedy, made the film a gem. Jackie Coogan, to whom Charlie generously gave so much of the limelight, contributed greatly to the success of *The Kid*. A born artiste, he, like Charlie, shines in either comedy or pathos. Jackie is starring by himself these days, and is the youngest featured player extant.

The final couple of months of the year brought *Over the Hill*, the simplest, yet most poignant, production ever made by Fox films. To British eyes, the sentiment may appear overdone and the agony somewhat "piled on." Nevertheless, it was beautifully acted, and the emotional appeal was tremendous. Mary Carr, the star, emerged from retirement especially to create for the screen the heroine of Will Carleton's appealing poem. Her make-up, and her natural, sincere acting atoned for any exaggeration on the part of the producer and scenarist.

The Old Nest, which arrived before *Over the Hill*, was more pretentious, but less effective. Another Mary—Mary Alden this time—was the making of the film, although the cast was an all-star one.

Charles Ray's *The Old Swimmin' Hole* presented a photoplay without a sub-title, and Norma Talmadge in *The Passion Flower* delighted her public with a glimpse of the old Norma. Her previous screen-plays had not been too well suited to her.

Opinions are divided as to the artistic value of *Way Down East*, but it is still filling one of the largest theatres in London, so probably Griffith

is not ill pleased. The story is dramatic; but melodramas and old stand-by, "Suspense," on its strongest appeal. Lillian and Dicky Barthelmess do good but the villain is too palpably villainous to be convincing.

Colour was introduced in *Grit Dream Street* in many places; was also a short series in *Prism* colour, a new process, which, giving glorious, deep-toned and v. shades, is not grateful to the eyes because of much "fringing" whenever there is movement on the screen.

One of the most satisfying British adaptations was *Kipps*, which starred George K.

Hilda Bayley as "Simonetta" in "Carnival."



Rosemary Theby in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

pleasing to watch, and without eye-strain. A story of Old London in Charles II.'s day, it has Lady Diana Manners for its star, besides a bevy of Society, stage, and film favourites. It deserves its special



Vera Gordon in "Humoresque."

Arthur, a hitherto unknown youngster. A human story of a young draper's assistant and the way he learned life's lessons, it will long remain in the memories of picturegoers.



Left: Harry Myers as "The Yankee." Above: G. K. Arthur as "Kipps."

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse really stars Rex Ingram, the director. Quite a young man, he earns his right to be classed amongst the greatest by this splendid kinematization of the

presentation, for it is a decided novelty, and parts of it are positively brilliant.

Also at the very tail-end of the year came *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *The Three Musketeers*, which will, no doubt, run well into 1922. Mrs. Burnett's classic has been reverently and beautifully treated. The Pickford versatility, charm, and tender appeal, whether as the boy Cedric or his demure little mother, is all-powerful. Camera work, direction, continuity, all are of the best, and the double exposure is most convincing.

Douglas Fairbanks' *Three Musketeers* is the realisation of that breezy star's most-cherished pipe-dream; his heart is in it, and it is his masterpiece. And so the old year closed.

For the beginning of 1922 these super-films are still showing, and rather overshadow other releases. But there are great things coming along. *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness*, a Swedish wonder-play, is the first. Strongly religious in theme, the story grips with its intensity and sincerity. The theme and power of its message and the splendour of its acting outweighs its tragedy. The first All-Australian film, *The Sentimental Bloke*, makes its

Vicente Ibanez novel. The earlier scenes, especially, are magnificent, and the symbol of the mystic horsemen in the sky is used with great effect.

The blaze of colour referred to earlier, *The Glorious Adventure* is the first all-colour photoplay made and released this side. The new colour process is all its inventor claims it to be—thoroughly



John Barrymore as "Hyde" in the film version of "Jekyll and Hyde."

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also The Old Wives'
story of London life ;
a charming film, with
(stiffish, sometimes) sub-

use an all-star version of The
led by Harley Knoles, whose Carnival
pleased so many.

All Famous-Lasky-British productions will be seen, but they are somewhat disappointing. Tom Meighan has many releases, but few good stories.

Forbidden Fruit, Affairs of Anatol, and Forever (Peter Ibbetson) are three Cecil De Mille productions that should not be missed. There is a splendid batch of "snow-stuff" forthcoming, and many James Oliver Curwood stories. Barrie, too, will be

The big scene in "The Miracle Man."



seen on the screen again ; but Barrie lovers will be better advised to keep away, for unless *The Little Minister* proves otherwise, America cannot kinematise the Scottish genius. Mary Pickford has *The Love Light*, which may, or may not, please ; and *Through the Back Door*, which assuredly will please, ready for 1922 ; and Douglas Fairbanks has several offerings, the best of which is *His Majesty the American*. William S. Hart, and Messrs. Mix, Jones, Gibson, Carey and Co. remain in their groove. Pauline Frederick's stories are not good ; and to date she has nothing on hand to touch *Madame X*. Betty Compson's star features come late in the year, along with some excellent Swedish dramas ; but they will not be any the less enjoyable for that.

The big Fox production, *The Queen of Sheba*, will probably be given a special presentation during the early months of the year. It is a costly spectacle, featuring Betty Blythe, and may help to make spectacular films the fashion once again. In any case, the public is doomed to witness a large number of spectacular productions during 1922, so people who prefer strong stories in simple settings will have much to endure.

Stroheim's million-dollar picture, *Foolish Wives*, should reach the public this year ; although, if advance American reports are to be believed, it will require some censoring before it comes to our screens. Stroheim was employed on his masterpiece for more than a year, and the film has aroused great expectations. Judging Stroheim by past performances, he is hardly likely to disappoint.

Whether any of the big German film spectacles will reach British screens this year is problematical. When shoddy German goods are selling everywhere because they are cheap, it seems strangely illogical to bar German films because they are good. But the British screen is notoriously behind the rest of the world ; so, perchance, it may be 1925 before we see any of the remarkable German productions that have taken America by storm. One of these, *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari*, breaks entirely new ground, and deserves a showing on any high-class screen.

There are so many films in this country, without counting those Germany would like us to see, that there is no idea of the two-feature programme being discarded.

J. L.

The Cult of Beauty

by Alla Nazimova

Three characteristic poses of the divine Alla.

The star of a thousand modes reveals the serious side of her character in this discourse upon Beauty. Her own recipe for beauty is "Be constantly active in mind and body for at least sixteen hours a day."

It is every woman's privilege to be beautiful. And it is every woman's duty. But that duty is not confined to the looking-glass or the appraisal of those who admire her merely for her "looks." Beauty is far more than skin deep, even though the sages have told us otherwise.

Joseph Addison, the English essayist and poet, said: "It must be a prospect pleasing to God himself to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes." But who shall say that Addison did not mean intellectual beauty, moral beauty, the beauty of holiness, of character, of utility?

While, of course, the word beauty denotes primarily that which pleases the eye or ear, it must also apply to that quality in any object or thought which justifies admiration or approval.

And so, to be beautiful, let us see just what we can do.

For our facial and bodily beauty we must diligently practise self-denial in our everyday life. We must eat carefully and intelligently, exercise regularly and properly.

For our intellectual and moral beauty we must read the proper kind of books, and mingle with thinkers and workers.

For the beauty of utility we always must have some useful and creative occupation. Just as idleness breeds mischief and crime, so does worthy occupation create its own beauty of usefulness and service.

For the beauty of our heart and soul we must hear good music, make companions of animals and birds, and love and respect little children.

For myself, I find my greatest happiness (and what beauty is greater than happiness?) in being constantly active in mind and body for at least sixteen hours of every day. I arise at seven, and work until seven, and if I do not have to work at night, I retire at nine o'clock, thereby gaining two extra hours of absolute rest.

I try to crowd into every day a full measure of hard work, plenty of good reading, some writing, an hour or two of music, outdoor exercise, the companionship of worthy friends, and quite a little time to my dogs and other pets. And when there are children around I adore their presence, and learn many lessons from their tiny lips.

By this method of living and learning each day as it comes, I realise that beauty which is the greatest of all—happiness.

Sir J. Davies, in his "Immortality of the Soul," wrote: "Look into thy soul and thou shalt beauties find, like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood."

Beauty is with us—always. If we do not find beauty, it is because we do not seek for it, because we do not do our duty to ourselves and others."

If you would know all beauty, let your motto be: "Cry a little, laugh a little, eat a little, sleep a little, play a little, work much, and love much."





John Emerson and his wife, Anita Loos, who supervise Constance Talmadge's pictures.

MOVIES IN THE MAKING
 by Gertrude M. Allen
1. The PRODUCER

A new series, being intimate glimpses into the work and personality of all those connected with the making of a picture play.

turn round once or twice on the journey.

There is a "this-is-the-greatest-thing-in-life" atmosphere about the producer which immediately permeates everyone within the enchanted portals. And when he starts to work he keeps working until the light fades, for the slogan of the studio is "While there is light there is work let there be light!"

If any "advanced" soul ever contemplates establishing a "Producers' Union," let him be warned in time. They *will* work; they're made that way!

Come with me and watch the producer who is going to direct a "film wedding." He has conjured into the faces of the leading man and woman that radiant smile of happiness, that adorable air of timidity at the great event which an audience expects to see when they watch "the real thing." He is fully aware, this amazing creature, that the leading lady has a cold in her nose, and can't keep the powder on; that the "bridegroom" is committing pro-

George Fitzmaurice directing Richard Barthelmess



D. W. Griffith directing "Way Down East."

fessional bigamy—but, on with the scene! What matter that the "bride," in the cause of the pictures, may have to go to her own funeral to-morrow! To-day she is to be married—and "sufficient for the day . . ."

The small and troublesome "pages" are sure to be more interested in the camera "gadgets" than the altar; at the first rehearsal of the scene one of them—probably both—will trip over the "bride's" train and spoil the atmosphere, but "A little more gently, please; try again" comes from the man with the infinite patience. And they try again.

Which recalls an occasion on which I watched one of England's most famous film producers directing a love scene, in which the scenario called for one of the subsidiary characters to beg the heroine of the story to marry him.

Chester Franklin directing Mary Miles Minter in a dramatic scene.



It was a "big" scene for this small-part man, and he was obviously nervous and uncomfortable. He made a feeble and uncomplimentary attempt to convince the heroine of his love, but no *nice* heroine (and this one, who is a famous star, was an extra nice heroine) could possibly have got the least bit excited about this weak-as-water lover. The producer sighed; that desperate, eloquent, yet gentle sigh of hopelessness which is all he dare betray if he is not to ruin his very slight prospects of getting "blood from a stone."

"A little more earnestly, please, Mr. X.," he cajoled. "You are very much in love with this lady—you are aching to marry her—you can't live without her."

It seemed to me, a silent watcher behind the lens, that this sort of eloquence *must* produce a better result. Well, it did; but it was a little "better" than even the producer expected!

The lover, now displaying a little more emotion, and a little less stage-fright, pleaded with the lady of his affections.

"I love you, I love you!" he breathed, in that Gertrude Page hero voice which would warm a dead heart. "I cannot live without you!" The emotion was bubbling now, almost to boiling-point. "I want you to marry me—you must marry me—please, please, *do* marry me—just this once!"

Even the producer forgave the camera-man for falling over the tripod! And the leading lady consented to marry the man.—"just this once!"

And kindness does not always "pay," as is proved in another instance that came under my notice. The producer of a film in which there was a rather important child-rôle, engaged a small child to play the part, whom he had made the acquaintance of some months previously. She lived in the vicinity of the studios, and this producer, who, outside of the studios, was just a dear, delightful human being, had made a practice of presenting her with a bag of delectable toffees at frequent intervals.

The babe duly arrived at the studio to play her rôle, and for several days she "worked" well—always to the accompaniment of toffee, and fond endearments from her special chum—the producer. Then came the day when she had to "die," and the heroine was supposed to stand by the side of her cot, in silent, eloquent grief. The child was unusually docile, and "closed her peepers" in exceptionally obliging fashion when her chum made the request. Then, to enhance the "dead" effect, the producer conceived the notion of having a light plank placed across the infant, under the coverlet, to prevent any effect of her breathing, whilst she was "dead." All went well at rehearsals, and finally came the order to "Take!"

The babe lay very still as the camera-crank recorded her early demise, and the heroine stood, silently, sadly grieving by the side of the cot. The scene was nearly played through, when suddenly the plank did a somersault, the "dead" child came to life with amazing suddenness, and a tiny voice whimpered:

"Piece toffee, please! S'over there——"

Only a film producer could have smiled that angelic, forgiving smile, fetched the toffee from "over there," supplied the requirements of the infant—and gone all through the scene again!

And *how* he works, this regulator of the studio traffic! He is "on the floor" long before the artistes appear—for he must see that that mighty army of workers, the stage hands, have served his needs to the minutest detail. Maybe his fastidiously artistic senses will revolt at the angle of a settee, or the tilt of a picture; perchance he considers that the big fat arm-chair "down stage" would be "more in the picture and less in the way" if it were transferred to the back. One word from the master artist, and the army quickly and loyally obey his orders. The producer is everybody's friend. If he were not, he could never have qualified for the designation.

Cajoling, coaxing, flattering, this shepherd of a troublesome fold will eventually lead his sheep to the right pasture-land, but it is not an uncommon thing for a producer to spend the whole of a working day directing one scene which, in the finished version shown on the screen, will probably only take half a minute to record!

The pathetic sort of patience which seems to be the producer's stock-in-trade will create for him, in the heart of the spectator, a colossal sympathy. But it is a wasted emotion. The master mind would lose half its mastery; the supreme being would become normal and mundane; the man of the moment would have to take his place alongside the men of the day, were it not that this sweet pain, this inevitable game of patience is included in, nay, forms the main part of his appointed task.

But what matter that his very life's blood be shed to gain achievement?

He displays no more emotion than the Sphinx when he finds that an artiste has donned the wrong frock, and that he must hold up, perhaps, a dozen other

players while she rectifies the mistake. There is no exasperation, no sign of impatience; he smiles instead, and begs her, politely, to hurry.

If the lights go wrong he is there, with the mechanics, wrestling with their problem. If a novice appears in a small part, he talks to that player in the confidential tones of a man who believes in humanity's capacity for doing any old thing in the proper fashion—and invariably gets it done!

In the studio his word is law, he is infallible, and the artistes must be convinced of his infallibility. The star who has ideas of her own as to how a certain scene should be played will receive no mercy at the hands of he-who-must-be-obeyed. Some directors can be witheringly sarcastic when the occasion demands, some do it all by kindness, but they all succeed in getting their own way in the end.

He is a great, a mighty, a well-loved being, this shepherd!

(Next Month: "The Leading Lady.")



J. Stuart Blackton with his camera-man, William Crespinal, and the colour camera used for filming "The Glorious Adventure."

Film Star & Fatalist



Three charming studies of beautiful Juanita Hansen—pronounce it Wa-nee-ta, please.

How very different the majority of film stars are in their private, personal lives, from the manner in which they are revealed on the screen. For instance, one finds the majority of filmland vampires to be married ladies who go home from the studio to a happy husband; and two-thirds of the supposedly 'temperamental' stars in reality reside in neat bungalows and spend their leisure either planting their garden or reading good books.

However, very few persons would ever suspect the blonde, captious Juanita Hansen of writing poetry. Yet she does. When you see Miss Hansen at the studio she is all nerve, business and daring. But at home, however, she is the sort of girl who revels in being comfortable—wearing Chinese pyjamas, soft negligees, and easy clothes.

One thing relating to her is omnipresent. She seems to have a passion for perfume. Her garb, her hair, is redolent of its fragrance. The atmosphere of her room is heavy with incense.

With her extremely sensational blonde coiffure, which she builds high up on top of her head in a loose, fluffy mass, this girl with the Spanish-Danish name is a direct antithesis of anything Oriental. Yet everything about her is suggestive of Buddhist temples and Brahmin haunts. She wears Chinese negligee and slippers; she reads Oriental poetry, she is fond of chop suey and curry-and-rice. And she was one of the first American women to wear mandarin coats as opera wraps.

Her philosophy borders on the Oriental in its fatalism, and in her diary there are numerous references to the fact that what is to be is.

"I've built my life on this theme," she declared to me. "In the first place, I believe in being sufficiently individual to live my own life, as I feel Destiny has mapped it out for me. If I wish to do something, I do it.

"The books I most cherish are those with a fatalistic trend. I became, once, tremendously interested in Buddhism. Some friends and I used frequently to go to a Buddhist shrine in the Japanese quarter of Los Angeles."

It has been said that idealism and practicability traditionally are not handmaidens. Miss Hansen is, personally, an idealist. Her diary often refers to the kind of man she could fall in love with; her views on love and marriage are extremely mediaeval, for she has always rather imagined herself as a Cinderella waiting for the advent of her Prince Charming. But he, as yet, has not appeared.

"Of course, I want to marry," she explained, shocked

at my inference that perhaps she thought her career of too great importance. "I'd love to be mistress of my own home, to have a lot of children, to cook nice meals for my husband. I can cook almost anything spoken of in three languages."

But taking the place of her own children now are a number of orphans in Los Angeles whom Juanita has literally adopted. They call her Auntie, and she takes them presents and entertains them.

"Several of my girl friends and I have a system whereby we put money together into a 'pot,'" she added. "After a certain time has elapsed we open it, and one of us is elected to go shopping for the youngsters. Not long ago I sold several unused gowns to a costumier. I thought they were useless, but I was lucky and got money for 'em! Well, I just put the money into our orphans' pot."

Contrary to a great deal that has been said and written, the Juanita in Miss Hansen's name was not put there because she is Spanish. The Hansen, however, does signify that she has Danish blood. Her first name is pronounced Wa-nee-ta.

It is pretty and fanciful—precisely like Miss Hansen herself. She is a rather gay person, who likes society, theatres, dancing. Her one out-of-doors diversion is horseback riding.

"I feel that I should like to go and go and go for days and days," she sighed. "And then, all of a sudden—perhaps when I get tired—something inside of me speaks up and sends me home to my own flat, to shut myself up and exclude myself from everybody for hours.

"My home is my own particular sanctuary. If I ever feel discouraged or 'blue,' I go there and console myself by writing in my diary or reading books that somebody else has written.

"Once I took an aeroplane spin with the late Lieutenant Ormer Locklear. When we got 'way up near the clouds, the people on the earth began to look like dots, and I couldn't help but think how very unimportant one little dot would be to the millions of other dots. It taught me not to worry."

Her moods are bizarre admixtures of the comic, the sentimental and the introspective. One moment she is telling a funny story, while the next, it seems, she is saying and thinking some whimsical thought.

"I'm terribly susceptible to the weather," she said.

"A damp, cold day depresses me horribly. Sunshine seems to bring me out, and I feel wonderful! Several times the camera-man has had to re-take scenes made on a rainy day because I got listless and let the action drag."

In spite of the fact that she is a star, she is exactly the same as she was when she went to a studio for the first time when she took her own lunch and ate it after working all the morning as a bathing-girl in a Sennett comedy. She continues to answer all of her own mail personally.

On a recent vaudeville tour she was met at the railway station of almost every city on her itinerary by the mayor and city officials. There were banquets and dinners for her nearly every night after the theatre performance--yet a friend writes me that she discovered Miss Hansen one morning sitting on the floor of her hotel room ironing a frail pair of silken pyjamas on the inverted bottom of a bureau drawer!

"Acting is not all brilliance and pleasure," Juanita declared. "There are a lot of disappointments--and a great deal of work. My ideal actress? Elsie Ferguson. What a brilliant success she is--and how many disappointments she has undergone to shape her career!"

It was perhaps six years ago that Miss Hansen set forth from home to take a chance at getting into the movies. First she played "extra" and small parts at the Sennett and old Griffith studios. Later she became a leading woman in Triangle pictures. Universal then starred her in *The Sea Flower* and other films, and shortly afterwards she played a big rôle opposite Bert Lytell in *Lombardi, Ltd.* Then came stardom in *The Lost City*, her first serial, following which she was starred in *The Phantom Foe* and *The Yellow Arm*. It was on completion of these that she made her vaudeville tour of the United States. Now that she is back in California, however, she is being starred by the Warner Company in vigorous, out-of-doors stories, written expressly for her.

Juanita had her full share of excitement when playing in the wild animal serial, *The Lost City*. One scene showed her in a pit surrounded by ferocious lions, her only means of escape being to climb up a rope dropped by a low-flying

aeroplane. In other scenes she indulged in mixed bathing with crocodiles, fought with a leopard, and had to pretend to be asleep whilst a black puma prowled about her.

The aeroplane referred to above provided Juanita's fellow-players with a good laugh. Whilst Juanita was enacting a scene with a savage lion for a co star, the aeroplane appeared overhead and commenced to loop the loop. Whereupon Juanita looked up and observed unblushingly, "It must take an awful lot of courage to be an aviator!" An old joke, of course, but it says much for Juanita's nerve that she was able to spring it whilst sojourning in the lions' den.

When she was appearing in *The Phantom Foe* with Warner Oland and Harry Semels, her co-stars made her the victim of an elaborate practical joke. One day the studio was visited by some spiritualists who wished to watch the filming of certain occult scenes, and after their departure mysterious things began to happen.

"It was uncanny," relates Juanita. "Articles in my dressing-room suddenly disappeared, or were whisked away just as I was ready to grasp them. For instance, I would reach out my hand to pick up a hair-brush, when the article would leap from the dressing-table and fall to the floor. I would be missing things one minute and finding them again, unexpectedly, a few seconds later.

"Finally, however, I discovered a deep-laid plot against me. Threads had been fastened to the various articles on my dressing-table and to gowns in my wardrobe, and these threads, manipulated through cracks in the wall and ceiling, accounted for the supernatural behaviour of the articles in question. It was a great relief to me to find out that I was not 'seeing things' at my time of life.

"All my life," she concluded, "I've felt the call of the Far East. When I've made enough money in pictures I shall go to the Orient to live. I've already got so that I can speak and understand quite a little of the Chinese language.

"Even now when I see anything Oriental I can hardly resist the temptation to carry it home with me--but these modern flats aren't large enough to harbour more than one incense burner and one Juanita at the same time!"

FRYMAN B. HANDEL.

Juanita is an idealist. She is unmarried, of course.



Juanita Hansen and her mother.



Everything about her suggests a flavouring of the Oriental.



Iileen Sedgwick, a member of a well-known stage family, started her screen career as Eddie Polo's leading-lady. She has appeared in many serials, including *The Radium Mystery*, *Man and Beast*, *Dropped From the Clouds*, and *The Diamond Queen*. She is 5 ft. 3 in. high, and has fair hair and dark-blue eyes.



George Cheseboro, a great favourite with serial "fans," specialises in films of the to-be-continued variety. He supported Ruth Roland in *Hands Up*, Juanita Hansen in *Lost City*, Grace Darmond in *The Hope Diamond*, and Eileen Sedgwick in *Diamond Queen*. He is a daring "stunt merchant," as well as a clever actor.



Merry Max Linder returns to the screen this month in a sparkling comedy entitled *The Little Café*. Since the war all his pictures have been made in America, for the famous French comedian now resides at Beverly Hills, the fashionable Californian film colony. He has just finished a new comedy entitled *Be My Wife*.



Following many famous footsteps along the road from gay to grave, Alice Lake turned her attention to drama after some years of comedy work, and promptly proved herself to be a very fine emotional actress. *Shore Acres*, *Should a Woman Tell*, and *Body and Soul* are some of her best-known films.



Florence Vidor was born at Houston, Texas, in 1895. She has appeared in many screen successes, including *New Wives for Old*, *The Honour of His House*, *The Turn in the Road*, *Poor Relations*, and Thomas Ince's super-production, *Hail the Woman*. She is married to King Vidor, the famous American producer.

The Screen Fashion Plate



Dainty Ann Forrest displays a becoming gown for the boudoir.



Bebe Daniels sports a dazzling evening creation.



A fortune in ermine and lynx worn by Miss Du Pont



Gladys Walton wears a full-length coat of moleskin.



Katherine MacDonald and a beautiful beaver wrap.



A gorgeous chinchilla coat worn by Norma Talmadge.

The Picturegoer



Constance Talmadge

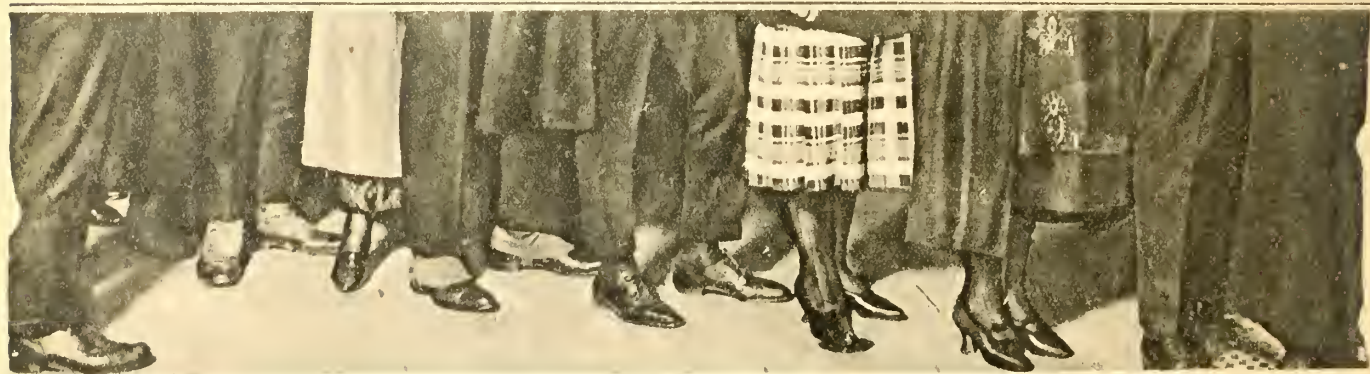
CALENDAR

	JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.							MARCH.							APRIL.						
SUNDAY	1	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30										
MONDAY	2	9	16	23	30	6	13	20	27	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24											
TUESDAY	3	10	17	24	31	7	14	21	28	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25											
WEDNESDAY	4	11	18	25	1	8	15	22	1	8	15	22	5	12	19	26												
THURSDAY	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	2	9	16	23	6	13	20	27												
FRIDAY	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	3	10	17	24	7	14	21	28												
SATURDAY	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25	4	11	18	25	1	8	15	22	29											
	MAY.							JUNE.							JULY.							AUGUST.						
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FRIDAY	5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25											
SATURDAY	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	1	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26											
	SEPTEMBER.							OCTOBER.							NOVEMBER.							DECEMBER.						
SUNDAY	3	10	17	24	1	8	15	22	29	5	12	19	26	3	10	17	24	31										
MONDAY	4	11	18	25	2	9	16	23	30	6	13	20	27	4	11	18	25											
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FRIDAY	1	8	15	22	29	6	13	20	27	3	10	17	24	1	8	15	22	29										
SATURDAY	2	9	16	23	30	7	14	21	28	4	11	18	25	2	9	16	23	30										

1922



AS OTHERS SEE THEM



It is nothing to a Los Angeles typist or tradesman to line up with Wallace Reid and Charles Ray and wait twenty minutes or half an hour to see a Wallace Reid or a Charlie Ray film. The average star's viewpoint is the healthy realisation that his or her ticket money is no better than anyone else's and that waiting in a queue is no worse for one person than for another. Besides, a long queue is a pleasant sight to the star whose picture is running, and well worth being put to a little inconvenience for! As Houdini said recently, when he was confronted with a "Standing Room Only" placard at the theatre where one of his Paramount thrillers was showing, "Can you think of a happier paradox than being pushed out by a crowd that's come to see you?"

Of course, it is not only in the public picture theatres that the stars can see themselves. Their films are always run through for official viewing in the studio projection rooms. But a film shown on a miniature sheet in a tiny, stuffy "business" theatre, under the criticism of those concerned in the making and selling, is a very different thing from a film exhibited under the most artistic conditions, to the accompaniment of a first-class orchestra, and with all the effects that an ordinary audience enjoys. It is not really until the film is viewed cheek by jowl with the "man in the street" that a star can judge of its success.

Much is gained, too, from the atmosphere of an audience the mood of the spectators, which a professional very quickly learns to sense—as well as from the remarks which are constantly let fall. Many of the stars go to see themselves again and again in the same film just in order to get this frank, first-hand criticism without the critics' knowledge!

Among the most regular picturegoers in Los Angeles are Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee, Douglas MacLean,

Wouldn't you be surprised if, when you took your place in the picture theatre queue, you found yourself rubbing shoulders with the star whom you expected to see on the screen? In the picture above you see Charles Ray, Raymond Hatton, Gloria Swanson, and Wallace Reid lining up with the general public to see themselves as others see them.

noticed. The latter is Charlie Chaplin's favorite dodge. He frequents his old films as conscientiously as his newest, and generally contrives to sit in the cheap seats so as to be among the class of people who readily voice their opinions. Bryant Washburn is another collector of comments. He likes to chase his shadow from one theatre to another, making copious notes of the manner in which that shadow is received.

When a friend of the writer came out of a Los Angeles theatre recently in which a Wallace Reid film had been showing, he saw the star in company with his wife and four-year-old son. "Did you enjoy the picture?" someone was asking of Wallace Reid, Junior. "Aw, it wasn't bad," came the little fellow's reply; "but I wish they'd put on Mutt and Jeff." Which shows how much a star is honoured by his own son!

There are some players who refuse to see their screen selves. Louise Fazenda hates her pictured person, and Hobart Bosworth declares it makes his nerves feel "all raw." He can't think why anyone wants to see such a "dud actor" on the screen. Funny enough, though, Bosworth takes great pride in his stage experiences, and likes to have his friends in the audience. Dorothy Gish has once or twice been kidnapped and literally dragged to see one of her own films, but she has always escaped before the end of the first reel. Yet, like most other players, she sees all the pictures in which her friends appear. On the whole, however, movie makers enjoy a "busman's holiday" at the pictures. DOROTHY OWEN BODIE

Photo. by "Picture Play Magazine" of America.

Dorothy Dalton, Charles Ray, Raymond Hatton, Wallace Reid, and Betty Compson. There are some stars who do their picture-going in disguise, and others who make a habit of drifting in late so that they will not be



In the year 1666, the good ship *Golden Swan* was returning from the Indies with a motley crowd of adventurers. They were an ill-assorted assembly, criminals of high and low degree, most of whom had been banished from England by Cromwell, and were now returning to enjoy the fruits of their nefarious practices in the easy reign of King Charles II.

Among these were Walter Roderick, once a courtier, fallen into evil ways; Stephanie Dangerfield, a vivid and fascinating adventuress, who for love of Roderick had become his confederate in crime; Bullfinch, a brutish creature, formerly a willing follower of Roderick, but now surly, and obeying his orders reluctantly; and Humpty, a half-wit, whose strange mentality gave him a shrewd sense of observation.

And there was Hugh Argyle, a romantic soldier of fortune, whose story of his early life in England had fired the imagination of Stephanie with rich prospects for Roderick and herself. Appealing to his sentiment, Stephanie extracted from Argyle the facts of his youth, while Roderick listened.

Argyle told of his having been summoned to England to claim the title and estate of his recently-deceased uncle, the Earl of Hillsdale; and, further, of a boyhood romance with the little Lady Beatrice Fair, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Moreland. His imagination had been roused by piratical yarns told him by an old farmer, and as a youth he had run away to the Indies in search of adventure. As he related his narrative, Argyle showed Stephanie and Roderick the locket given him at parting by the little Lady Beatrice, and also the documents establishing his claim to the Earldom of Hillsdale.

That night, as the ship neared England, and glorious moonlight danced about the deck, a strange thing happened. Argyle was standing at the deck-rail gazing longingly towards the shore-line now in view, when Bullfinch stole up behind him, stunned him with a blow, tore the locket and documents from his pocket, and threw Argyle overboard.

"This locket and these papers will establish my identity as the new Earl of Hillsdale," said Roderick with malicious satisfaction, as the articles were handed him by Stephanie.

The attack on Argyle meanwhile had aroused the ship, and the passengers rushed on deck screaming. Roderick, anxious to rid himself of Bullfinch, ordered his arrest. Bullfinch, aroused to fury at this, denounced his accuser, but was dragged away and placed in chains.



The revels at the royal palace were at their height when Lady Beatrice arrived.

The great Tapestry Room at Whitehall was never gayer than on this night. King Charles II., the Merry Monarch, watched the animated scene before him.

Nell Gwynne, once an orange girl at the Drury Lane Theatre, now the leading actress at that historical playhouse, and a favourite of the King, was unusually lively to-night. She shook her curls of reddish gold, and played all manner of pranks on those about her.

Barbara Castlemaine, another favourite of the King, bitterly jealous of Nell, assumed an imperious dignity unknown to the actress, and flashed her eyes haughtily at the laughter that greeted Nell's drolleries.

Charles sat on his throne, watching the scene intently. But he was scarcely the Merry Monarch to-night. He yawned. He was restless. Beside him was his unhappy and little-admired Queen, Catherine of Braganza.

Leaving the throne with little ceremony, Charles beckoned to the Secretary of the Admiralty and his confidant in many amorous adventures, Samuel Pepys, and together they went into an ante-room.

"I am bored, Pepys," said his Majesty. "I am tired of them all—Nell, Barbara, and the rest of them. The Queen is stupid."

Pepys' bright little eyes gleamed with interest.

"Ah, Sire," said he; "I have seen the most beautiful young woman in England—a dream of loveliness, your Majesty."

The King leaned forward, intent on what Pepys was saying as the Secretary of the Admiralty (a diarist of the Court of Charles in secret) told of the exquisite Lady Beatrice Fair, whom he had seen at a garden party some weeks since.

So it came about that the King invited himself (by Royal command) to visit the widowed Duchess of Moreland in order that he might meet her daughter, the beautiful Lady Beatrice Fair.

Very different from the gay scene in Whitehall was the drama enacted that same night in the Thieves' Kitchen, the rendezvous of London's most notorious adventurers of this time. Here Roderick, Stephanie, and Humpty soon wended their way after arriving in London. The old crowd of crooks welcomed them back, and immediately Roderick began planning schemes that would bring him and his followers riches.

To the Thieves' Kitchen came Thomas Unwin, a lawyer, outwardly respectable, but secretly mingling with and directing the activities of these denizens of London's underworld.

Roderick quickly unfolded his plan to Unwin, his colleague in crime of years before, showing the locket and documents that would establish his claim to the Earldom of Hillsdale.

This would all work out well, Unwin informed Roderick, with a sinister grin, for into his evil hands had fallen the management of the affairs of the Duchess of Moreland and her daughter, the Lady Beatrice Fair; and both the title and estate of the late Earl of Hillsdale and the meeting with the Lady Beatrice could be arranged—provided that Unwin shared equally with Roderick in the riches.

But this was not to the liking of Stephanie, and her jealousy was aroused.

Across the verdant carpet of grass on the splendid estate of the Duchess of Moreland moved the ceaseless procession of beautiful ladies and gallant courtiers of the King's entourage.

The Royal fête was at its height. The King with the Queen and his Court in all their gorgeous array were being entertained by Royal command. The widowed Duchess could ill-afford the vast expense of such a fête, but she was elated with pride at the honour conferred upon her and her house, and the King's will must be obeyed, whatever the consequences.

The garden of the castle had been converted into a bower of beauty. There were dancers, games, acrobats, tableaux, and all manner of amusements to please their Majesties.

As this pageant progressed and the Duchess proudly enacted the rôle of hostess, the Lady Beatrice, whom the King was so eager to see, stood at a window of the castle waiting to be escorted into the Royal presence.

A beautiful vision she made, girlishly peering through the window. Her slender form was enveloped in

a draped gown of soft satin of exquisite colouring; her head was crowned with a mass of golden hair arranged in curls and puffs; her wide blue eyes now smiled in interested gaiety or looked in wonder at all she saw outside.

"My Lady, the King pines for a sight of you."

Lady Beatrice turned quickly to find the speaker none other than Mr. Samuel Pepys. His small eyes smiled roguishly at her. The beautiful girl bowed low and accepted the arm of the courtier.

The King leaned forward in tense interest as Mr. Pepys approached the dais escorting the Lady Beatrice. What he saw was a maiden of radiant beauty and yet a loveliness of modesty.

The King did not try to conceal his admiration. As the fête proceeded, his attentions to the Lady Beatrice became increasingly flattering.

While the gaiety was at its height, Rosemary, the dainty little companion of the Lady Beatrice, came to her

CHARACTERS:

Lady Beatrice Fair	-	LADY DIANA MANNERS
King Charles II.	- - - -	WILLIAM LUFF
Queen Catherine	- - - -	ROSALIE HEATH
Samuel Pepys	- - - -	LENNOX PAWLE
Thomas Unwin	- -	RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA
Stephanie Dangerfield	- -	ALICE CRAWFORD
Walter Roderick	- - -	GERALD HUMPHRIES
Hugh Argyle	- - -	GERALD LAWRENCE
Rosemary	- - - -	FLORA LE BRETON
Bulfinch	- - - -	VICTOR MCLAGLEN
Nell Gwynne	- - -	THE HON LOIS STURT
Barbara Castlemaine	-	ELIZABETH BEERBOHM

Adapted (by permission) from the original film drama by J. STUART BLACKTON.

"Oh, my lady," she exclaimed plaintively, "that horrid Mr. Unwin from London is here, and wishes to see you at once."

In an arbour, some distance away, Unwin stood awaiting the Lady Beatrice. With him was Walter Roderick, elegantly attired and nervously pacing up and down.

"The plan will work perfectly," Unwin was saying to Roderick. "Your claim to the Earldom of Hillsdale has been established. Hugh Argyle lies in his ocean grave, and henceforth you will bear his name and control his estates. The Lady Beatrice shall be your bride."

At this moment Lady Beatrice and Rosemary came into view, and at a sign from Unwin, Roderick moved away and lost himself in the crowd.

"My lady, I am honoured to see you," said the oily Unwin with a profound bow as the Lady Beatrice approached, adding with a steely glance at her; "but I have bad news. Your creditors are pressing, and I apprehend grave difficulty."

A pained expression spread over the face of Lady Beatrice. "Oh, Mr. Unwin!" she exclaimed; "what are we to do? And now this royal entertainment will bankrupt us. Why did the King choose to honour us with this visit?"

Mr. Unwin comforted her, offering to advance a personal loan on the condition that she would come to London the week following the departure of the King, and reimburse him, as she believed she could.

Lady Beatrice was greatly cheered and smiled luminously as Unwin beckoned Roderick to approach.

"My lady," began Unwin; "this noble gentleman has just returned from the Indies. He was your childhood sweetheart, and has never forgotten the little girl who gave him her locket."

Roderick advanced and bowed low. "Don't you remember me, Lady Beatrice? I am Hugh Argyle."

His appearance was impressive; his voice earnest, but as the Lady Beatrice stared at him, she shook her head gently.

Unwin stole away, and Roderick pressed his suit upon the unimpressed Lady Beatrice. But Roderick's interest was not all monetary, for he had fallen in love with the beautiful girl at first sight.

On the last night of the fête the King was more than ever attentive to the Lady Beatrice. He caused Pepys to send Nell Gwynne and Barbara Castlemaine away; and finally left the throne erected in the great hall of the castle, and followed the Lady Beatrice into a corridor. There he made love to her, taking the unwilling girl into his arms. The King was infatuated; and, object as she might, the Lady Beatrice dared not resist his Majesty.

The White Swan Inn lay midway between London and the castle of the Duchess of Moreland. Here Roderick and Unwin had tarried on their return journey; and the wine proved so alluring to this pleasure-loving adventurer, that he remained after Unwin had left.

One afternoon there arrived at the inn a handsome stranger, about whom the habitués of the place observed a manner of mystery. He took a seat in a remote part of the inn, and kept himself well covered with a wide cloak and broad hat. From the moment of his entrance, the stranger gazed intently at Roderick, now well under the influence of the wine he had been drinking for two days, and engaged in a flirtation with Olivia, a semi-gipsy type of girl who had come to the inn with other friends of Roderick.

The sun was sink-

ing and a golden glow shed its radiance on the courtyard of the inn when a coach drew up, and out of it stepped the Lady Beatrice and Rosemary. They paused before the inn door hesitant to venture within.

"Oh, Rosemary, how I dread this trip to London, and staying at this inn overnight," Lady Beatrice said nervously. "but I promised Mr. Unwin to meet him in London, and this I must do."

Leclerc, keeper of the inn, opened the door and bowed low to the visitors, calling to his wife, Antoinette, to receive their fair guests. Lady Beatrice and Rosemary then entered the inn, and were astonished at the sight of the drinking patrons of the tavern.

The mysterious stranger in his corner rose and stared in admiring curiosity at the Lady Beatrice, who was about to ascend the stairway with Rosemary following Antoinette, when Roderick looked up and immediately recognised her. Rising and reeling, with a cup of wine in his hand, Roderick made a low bow to the Lady Beatrice, who shrank from him. But Roderick stood in her way, and in his drunken manner proposed a toast to her. The Lady Beatrice drew herself up to her full height, commanding him to stand aside. Roderick slunk back to his seat, and the Lady Beatrice passed up to her bedroom. This scene was watched intently by the mysterious stranger.

The evening crept on, and presently Roderick sat alone in a deserted part of the inn, while at a table near by Olivia and four friends from the Thieves' Kitchen in London lingered on over their mugs of ale.

And in the corner behind the stairway the mysterious stranger sat, watching Roderick with tense interest.

The hour grew late, Leclerc and Antoinette had retired. Roderick stole over to the table of his confederates and whispered; then crept up the stairs, felt his way along the wall, and paused at the door of Lady Beatrice's room.

Rosemary was brushing the long

Lady Beatrice awoke to find the horrible face of her prison bridegroom pressed close to hers.



any tresses of Lady Beatrice's hair when they heard a sudden and ominous turn of the door knob. Both girls started violently, staring at the door, which slowly opened to a width of a few inches. Through this space the wicked eyes of Roderick could be seen. Rosemary rushed to the door and slammed it in the man's face.

Roderick was slightly shocked by the sudden closing of the door. A quick feeling of dread shot through him. He sensed the presence of someone behind him. Swinging around, his hands still on the door knob, Roderick saw, standing under the dim light in the upper hallway, the mysterious stranger.

Horror showed in the eyes of Roderick, and he shrank back as he recognised the intruder as none other than Hugh Argyle, whom he had caused Bulfinch to throw overboard from the ship, and whose title and estates he had assumed.

Roderick had no way of knowing that Argyle had been providentially rescued by fishermen, and believed this figure to be a ghostly apparition. Terror-stricken, he rushed past him and down the stairs. Argyle followed, and confronted Roderick at the foot of the steps.

Staring at him, Roderick crept a bit closer, saw that the man was human, and drew his sword.

Argyle was ready with his rapier, taking his position on the low landing of the stairs. Roderick called his hirelings to his aid, and the five men rushed upon Argyle. At that moment Lady Beatrice and Rosemary appeared at the top of the stairs, and gazed in suspense at the combat.

Argyle attacked first one of his opponents and then the other. It was a battle of wits as much as of swords, and one after another of his adversaries was wounded or disarmed.

Finally Argyle and Roderick stood facing each other, the fight between them alone. Conscious of the power of his opponent, cringing in cowardly fear, and still superstitious of the return of the man he still believed to be dead, Roderick soon was out-matched by Argyle. Shaking along the wall, he reached the door, and before Argyle could get to him, Roderick had fled into the darkness of the night.

Lady Beatrice, with Rosemary at her side, hastened to congratulate the victor. Argyle stood below the stair landing over which she leaned, and listened delightedly to her expression of thanks.

On the following morning, Lady Beatrice and Rosemary resumed their journey to London town. Argyle rode on horseback at the side of their coach. Since ages gone by romance has held its sway in this grey-old world, and one needed only to glance at this dashing young man and this beautiful girl to realise that love for each other had crept into their hearts, there to remain.

At the outskirts of London, Argyle bade adieu to the Lady Beatrice.

"For the present," said he, "I must remain nameless to you; but should you ever need me, send a white rose to the Boar's Head Inn."

"My Knight of the Inn," murmured the Lady Beatrice, as he threw a kiss to him.

An atmosphere of tension pervaded the Thieves' Kitchen. The motley crowd of crooks crouched about on the floor, lounged in chairs, gambling and drinking.

Stephanie Dangerfield, pacing the floor in a temper of jealousy and anxiety, talked in outbursts to Unwin, who sat at a table, gazing sneakily into vacancy, and only occasionally taking notice of what Stephanie was saying.

"Where is he, I ask you?" she demanded. "Roderick has not been near me these three weeks! What is he doing? There is a woman! Oh, don't deny it, I know!"

"I tell you I know nothing," snapped Unwin. "I last saw him at the White Swan Inn on our way back from the royal fête. He should have been here at least two days ago."

"Oh, if he should desert me after what I have been to him!" murmured Stephanie, with a dark suggestion.

Scarcely had she finished speaking when Roderick appeared at the foot of the stairs. His clothes were dishevelled; his face was scratched, and there was a wild look in his eyes.

Seeing Unwin, he hurried to his side, agitated.

"I have ill news," he said, in a husky voice. "Argyle is alive. I have seen him."

Stephanie scrutinised Roderick closely and broke out laughing.

"Yes," said Roderick, weakly; "Argyle is responsible for this," indicating the condition of his face and garments. "He all but killed me. And, hear me further, the Lady Beatrice was there, and they met!"

Unwin was not affected by Roderick's nervous outburst. He slowly drew from his pocket a letter, and glanced through it with a malevolent grin.

"Have no fear, my good friend Roderick," said Unwin. "The Lady Beatrice is in London, and has been so good as to write me. She has come to square accounts with me, and I have her Ladyship in the palm of my hand. As for Argyle, if he be alive, we shall settle with him in due course."

Stephanie approached Roderick and embraced him, but Roderick pushed her away.

"Be careful, Roderick!" she warned.

Roderick reflected a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and suffered her to kiss him.

Unwin sat at the table, quietly scheming. "Stephanie, my dear," he said in his oily way, "you know it is our plan to draw the Lady Beatrice still further

into our power. What say you to involving her in gambling debts, eh?"

Unwin turned to Roderick, who bowed his assent.

"And here, my dear Stephanie, is where you come in. You remember the young Lord Fitzroy, a conveniently dissolute courtier. He is of her Ladyship's own social station. You shall go with the Lord Fitzroy to the Lady Beatrice, after you have gained her confidence, and suggest gambling as a means out of her extremity. The rest will be easy."

And so it was arranged that the little-suspecting Lady Beatrice was to be drawn tightly into the spider's web.

Radiant sunshine shed its glory in the room of Lady Beatrice at her London home as she awoke and quickly dressed on the morning after her arrival.



Quickly Bulfinch ran through the crowded thoroughfares carrying his precious burden.

Compressed Careers N^o.1. Elsie Ferguson

When Elsie F. was seventeen, she starred in "Such a Little Queen." I may be wrong about her age, but as I have to fill this page with rhyme, I'll let it go, I guess. Her first play was a huge success. Her second play, I understand, was called "First Lady of the Land"; "The Out-cast," next. I grieve to tell the rest don't fit my rhymes so well. Their titles are a

trifle queer; so now we'll take her film career.

From stage to screen she made a leap, and

won success in *Barbary Sheep*. Then having made *The Danger Mark*, she married Mr. Thomas Clark. (*Sub rosa*, I must say that I'm obliged to Thomas for that rhyme.)

Heart of the Wild she next essayed; then Hardy's *Greenwood Tree* was made. Remarking, "This is quite the life," she next made *The Parisian Wife*, which by *The Marriage Price* was followed, so eagerly her films were swallowed. The public recognised her worth. Her next films were *Salt of the Earth*, *The Avalanche*, *Eyes of the Soul* (the second had a dual rôle), *Society Exile*, *Counterfeit* (in which she played a heartless cheat), and then *Witness for the Defence* (in which she really was immense), *His House in Order*, *Sacred and Profane Love* (both were simply grand), *Pete Ibbotson*, and *Foot-lights*—here endeth our Elsie's screen career.

And now that list is off her chest, my muse can go ahead with zest. Elsie is very tall and fair, with deep blue eyes and golden hair. Her favourite recreations: walking, reading in hammocks, swimming, talking, riding (in summer). wintry days she likes to witness theatre plays.

"When from the stage I made a change," says she; "I found things rather strange. In a stage play the acts, you see, are all in order—one, two, three; but on the film things are reversed: you sometimes play the last scene first.

One Sunday you, upon the screen, marry a man you have not seen. Monday he begs you, "Be my wife!" You swear to love him all your life. Tuesday his face first time you see, and think "that is the man for me."

On Wednesday he pleads "Forgive! And I a better life will live." On Thursday he will run away—the crime forgiven Wednesday! On Friday morning you'll be found with all your happy children

round. On Saturday your beau will bring a very nice engagement ring! Embarrassing, I must admit. But soon one gets quite used to it.

Folks say the movies' chief appeal is that they are so very real. But when you get behind the scenes and see what is not shown on screens, you

wake up from your pleasant dream to find things are not what they seem.

My first film gave me a surprise and helped to open wide my eyes. One day my stern director said: "'Tis night. Before you go to bed, step out upon the balcony, the night's black loveliness to see. Look at the view, express delight at seeing such a perfect night that Nature's beauteous form doth veil. Fling out your arms, the air inhale, crying: 'How pure beyond compare, this smokeless, crystal evening air!'"

Mine not to reason why. I did the things that the producer bid. "Oh, night of nights," quoth I, "thy form doth take my simple heart by storm. No words of mine could e'er express my wonder at thy loveliness!" (The "night of nights," I may remark, was made of canvas painted dark, splashed here and there with silver bars to represent the twinkling stars). I cried: "Oh, twinkling stars out there; I've often wondered what you were. And now I know—"

"Enough! Enough! Get on with your deep-breathing stuff!" cried the producer at this juncture, and like a tyre that's had a puncture, I breathed out air and breathed it in. "Oh, air," I cried; "how black is sin compared with thy sweet purity! Blow, lovely wind; oh, blow on me!" And, then, behind the scenes, a man set off a large electric fan!

Last year she took a holiday and travelled round the world half-way. From 'Frisco down to Yokohama, and found a lot of scenes to charm her. She sailed across the Inland Sea to get a glimpse of Kiobe. From thence she hurried off to China, and thought the temples there much finer than those on Japanese-y lines. After, she toured the Philippines, and took a trip to Singapore, and travelled by the Suez shore the European sights to see. She finished up in gay Páree. When she returned to old New York the interviewers made her talk. Of wondrous sights she'd seen a host. They asked: "What views impressed you most?" And Elsie answered: "Let me see. The gowns I saw in gay Páree!"



To-Morrow

Doug. will be too old for stunts.



Twenty years hence Mary Miles Minter will be too old for ingénue rôles; Wallace Reid will be "the perfect lover" no longer.



Tom Mix will be fat and fifty.

Twenty years ago, what was the Motion Picture? Nothing. A peep-show! A penn'orth! A thing of fair-grounds, a cast-off cousin of the penny gaff. It was a "curiosity" hiding in back streets and shops that could not be "let." The "palaces" were barns, the laughter of the doubters was very loud. The "best people" did not discuss it.

That was twenty years ago, the Motion Picture's yesterday. To-day, the palaces *are*, and the best people are first upon the step. It is a very excellent, a very satisfactory to-day.

But what of to-morrow?

Where will the Motion Picture be in twenty years from now? What will the "movie nights" be like in 1942?

Here is my answer. Like all predictions, it may be wrong. But I think it is right.

Twenty years hence! The programme that we know to-day will be as dead as "Marley" in the first chapter of "The Carol." The programme of two--and sometimes three--"features," helped by a "comic" and a "topical," will be only a memory--not even that to the younger folk. The present system is developing a tendency to *split*; it has arrived at the parting of the ways--and it will take *both*.

In other words, to-morrow will see two distinct kinds of picture palace in existence. There will be the Picture Theatre and the Picture Magazine.

A year or two ago one was as likely to see the film version of "Only a Lancashire Lassie: or, Why She Left Home," in a West End "palace" as in Oldham; as likely to see a filmed Ibsen in a back-street kinema in the Black Country as in Regent Street. To-day, things are "evening out." The situation has been roughly as if a classic and a novelette were thrust before the eyes of a bewildered reader. Novelettes are excellent in their place; so are classics. But together they do not mix. For years the kinema has been trying to mix them. To-day it is being realised that there has been a mistake made. To-morrow the mistake will be remedied. To-day a poor and "thin" story is dragged out to five reels because that is the *custom*; and a story that is a classic, a photoplay that should "live," is hacked *down* to five reels for the same reason. The reason is dying

What will movie nights be like in 1942? Nobody knows, of course, but here is a prophetic article written by an earnest student of the kinema who prefers to remain anonymous for obvious reasons.

Pictures like *Blind Husbands*, *Madame X*, *Earthbound*, and similar subjects that are now going the rounds of the "palaces," are not things that can be handled adequately in five reels. At least eight reels are necessary, even by the standards of to-day. By the standards of to-morrow, ten will be nearer the mark. Ten reels! Two hours and a-half! One picture, one entertainment! The best pictures will grow. I predict that they will find their level in twenty years or less, and that the level will be from ten to twelve reels.

Similarly, the smaller picture, the usual "feature" film of to-day, will shrink. Its limit will be three reels; it may shrink to two, but I think it will remain always at three. This will be the popular film, the film made only to amuse, to pass away an idle evening; it will be the "food" of the masses. But . . .

And here is a development that few people see to-day; here is a particular in which the Motion Picture has definitely taken the wrong turning . . .

The "small" picture, the "food" of the masses, the film for an idle evening, *will be shown in the biggest theatres.*

To-day, the bigger the picture the bigger the theatre. *Broken Blossoms* had its first showing at the Alhambra; *The Mark of Zorro*, at the Palace; *Way Down East*, at the Empire. When first-rank pictures begin to tour, they settle first in the largest halls or theatres in the largest towns. The inference seems to be that when eventually the photoplay produces its Shakespeare, his pictures will only be shown in some monster place several sizes larger than Olympia. Which, again, is silly.

There are many and obvious disadvantages in presentation in a large theatre. The greatest is, perhaps, the fact that the picture on the screen is *too big*. This may sound to you too simple a thing to stress. As a matter of fact, great faults, like great virtues, are invariably simple. The picture in the big theatre is *too big*. And also, owing to the number of times it must be enlarged, it is too "fuzzy"

I say that a screen of about twelve feet by nine will be universally adopted as ideal for the perfect picture. This means a *small theatre*, and it means also high prices. So that by the time the to-morrow of Movieland is here in twenty years we shall see the best pictures in the best (smallest) theatres at the best prices, and the less important pictures at the big theatres at smaller prices. The picture prices at the large theatres have now a tendency to rise. This is temporary. They will fall within ten years. They will become as cheap as the cheapest now.

It is the big theatre of to-morrow the hall to seat from two to four thousand people that I have called the *Picture Magazine*. It is my own word, or use of it. It may be that the places will be called magazines, instead of "halls" or "palaces." Certainly it is appropriate. It will be the place of short stories (limit, three reels), of topical and "comics" and "How To's." It will be the place of the hotch-potch entertainment—a *magazine moving*.

In the big theatre, too and in the big theatre only you will find to-morrow the "continuous performance." In the higher grade and smaller theatres this will die within five years from now. Audiences will be in their seats at the showing of the title, and when the picture is ended the show will be ended.

The big technical improvement that must come swiftly will be the "non-tear" film. Non-inflammable films are here; but something will have to be done to ensure that when a film dies, it shall be at least as complete as when it was born. I saw the other day in a good class provincial picture theatre a photoplay, adapted from a famous novel; a photoplay that had been boomed as "coming" for at least a couple of months before the showing. It had cost anything near ten thousand pounds to produce, and it had been produced perfect. In the book and in the stage version there was a "big moment" that had captured the popular imagination. The "big moment" was as famous as the play itself. When the production ran in London it was this "big moment" that filled the posters and all the advertising matter. But in the film it so happened that this big moment was very near to the end of a reel; and in transit the end of the reel had been torn and—cut off by some over-zeal and idiotic operator. The opening movement of the big scene was there, then—cut, darkness, and on to another incident that did not properly follow after. This particular reel is going around England now, causing annoyance in town after town

simply because it is possible for operators of advanced disintelligence to play about prettily with scissors. Inside twenty years the "non-tear" film will be with us, and nothing short of a charge of dynamite or the producer himself will be able to alter the product once it is finished.

In twenty years England will predominate in the best theatres, but America will still hold the field in the Magazine Theatres. I infer this from the facts that the American level is very high, but not advancing, and that the "big" American pictures are not vastly superior to the usual American "features"; and that, whereas the usual British "feature" is a poor thing, the "big" British film is not only really big, but gives every sign of very shortly developing into something really great.

But Britain's predominance, or the predominance of any nation in the world of the Motion



Theodore Roberts will have to play grandfather rôles



Jackie Coogan will be nursing

Jackie, Jun.; Chaplin will be fifty-two.



Picture, will be at most a passing thing. America has been supreme for a decade. It has given us speed, and very nearly perfected technique. Britain will give dignity and character; but then it, too, must hand over the reins. The kings of the Motion Picture of the future will be not nations, but men. There is one man only at present pointing the right way. That man is Eric Stroheim, who wrote, starred in, and produced *Blind Husbands*. The Stroheims will be the monarchs of the screen, but that they will hold the

(Continued on page 42)

Change & the Kinema Jeanie MacPherson

In the following article, the second of a series specially contributed to "The Picturegoer," Jeanie MacPherson discourses on pictures past and present, and shows that a scenario-writer must keep abreast of film fashions.

The old idea of a scenario that had production possibilities was one that involved the maximum amount of action. To receive the approval of a producer, a story had to have physical action, and plenty of it.

That idea had its origin in the fact that motion pictures first attracted attention because they were literally "pictures that moved." The mechanical miracle was the screen's first claim to glory.

Naturally, the makers of motion pictures of that day made the most of that fact. Pictures were designed to show the mechanical possibilities of the camera and projecting machine rather than the dramatic and artistic possibilities.

We can all remember motion pictures of that era. It was the day of the chase, the racing locomotive, the leap from the cliff, and all the rest of the melodramatic clap-trap that attended the debut of the motion picture.

As the mechanical feature became gradually subordinated and drama crept into motion pictures, this idea of action persisted. Not only were the public and the producer used to this kind of thing, but the public that supported the motion picture of that day demanded just that sort of story. The

motion picture at that stage was a worthy successor to the penny dreadful and the cheap melodrama of the speaking stage.

Ideas that did not involve violent action held no merit at this point in the photoplay's development. A story that did not reek of melodrama was foredoomed to failure.

But even at that early date there were men of vision who believed that this type of story would give place to something finer, saner, and more artistic as time went on. These men were in the minority, but they persisted. They experimented with stories of different calibre.

And thus was developed the modern photoplay. To-day the scenario is a direct opposite of the scenario of yesterday. How to photograph thought has been mastered by the technicians of the screen, and the scenario of to-day must convey thought, or it will never find favour with producer or public.

In other words, the present day scenario must have first, last, and always a theme. There, in one word, is the sum total of the basic element of scenario-writing success. Get an idea first of all. Never mind the action



Jeanie MacPherson,
the famous scenario
writer.

qualities of your story. Develop your idea in action, but, first of all, have an idea to develop.

I realise that a certain percentage of the public will point out that pictures are still being made in which action is the main essential. There are still serials, and there are still five-reel photoplays in which thrills and melodrama are the principal ingredients.

But these pictures are partly survivals of the past, which are gradually passing, and partly efforts on the part of a minority of the producers to maintain the old order, because it is easier to produce action pictures than thought pictures.

It is only necessary to check over the notable successes of the past year or two to prove that the day of the action picture has passed. It is impossible to name a notable artistic and financial success that has not depended primarily upon its theme for all the other elements of its success.

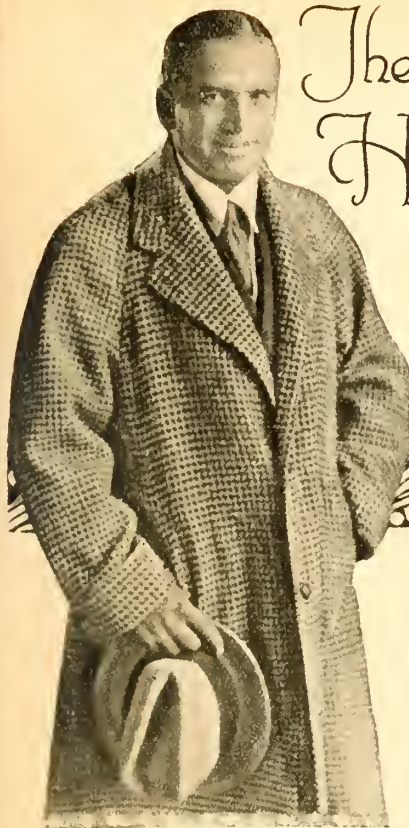
The scenario-writer who would hope to succeed must recognise this fact, and write accordingly. He or she must have something to say. It is not enough to develop a highly complicated plot replete with thrills. These things are not barred from photoplay production entirely. But they are only permissible when they tend to put over an idea—when they are a means to an end that involves thought. And the complicated plot is never comparable with the simple plot that has the advantage of clarity and directness in presenting its message.

(Another article by Jeanie MacPherson will appear in the February "Picturegoer").

Cecil B. De Mille and Jeanie
MacPherson examining dress
material and designs.



The Persistent Honeymooners



Doug and Mary got the honeymoon habit soon after their wedding in 1920. After honeymooning in America, they honeymooned in Europe, and now they are at it again. Life, as they see it, is just one honeymoon after another; and, honestly, can you blame them?



IN Wardour Street all things are possible. You may decide to take a meal at one of its semi-Pohemian restaurants, or your steps may lead you into the big church there. You may be tempted to purchase curiosities at one of the little second-hand shops farther along, or Paris models at one of the many modistes scattered up and down the street. No matter if the day be wet and windy, you have only to step inside one of

the great film Renting Houses to be transported at will to the tropics. There,

in office or projecting theatre, behind those business-like looking exteriors, the most romantic and exciting events happen—sometimes only in celluloid, sometimes in reality. This is one of the realities.

Once, in the scurry dusk of a winter's afternoon, I found part of the Street of Films so packed with people that even the police could scarcely clear a path. All sorts and conditions of people they were, all gazing upward towards a small, brilliantly lit window on high.

"Is it Royalty?" I enquired of the biggest policeman, who was keeping some children out of the road with extended arms. "Something like it, miss," was the reply. "It's Mary and Doug."

Just then the window opened, and a lithe, black-haired figure leaped upon the three-inch sill and balanced itself there on one leg whilst a girlish voice cried, "Oh, Douglas, be careful!" Together they stood in that small square of light, Mary and Doug, that persistent pair of honeymooners, throwing pink and red roses, and smiling at the enthusiastic cheers that greeted them. I watched the upturned adoring faces with the rain beating upon them. "Stolid, undemonstrative Britishers," who neither felt the cold, nor heeded the wet. "There you are, then!" they shouted.

"We're here all right." Douglas seemed rather puzzled.

As an earnest and persevering interviewer, my duty was clearly to be there too. And duty looked pleasant to me.

The word "Picturegoer" is a talisman that overcomes every barrier. A very few moments later I stood on the *inside* of that brilliantly lit window on high. And the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime was mine as I responded to Douglas Fairbanks' greeting, and looked into Mary Pickford's sweet eyes. I had to look down—a long way down—she's no bigger than a fully-grown fairy, smaller far than she looks on the screen. Douglas, on the contrary, is bigger. About 5 ft. 11, I should say, very black of hair, very brown and merry of eye, with a smile that's as good as a tonic, and the perfect poise that comes from perfect physical condition. There's a great deal of spontaneous humour about Douglas—he says the breeziest things in the quietest way. Impossible to say whether he's serious or teasing.

And Mary, best known and best beloved little lady in all the world, how can I describe her?

One sees Mary Pickford on the screen, with her curls and her childish sweetness. One reads about her, the smallest and greatest actress in filmland to-day. A successful producer, a business genius, acknowledged by the best authorities as knowing every angle of the movie game. One who has known work and worry, sorrow, and poverty, too, ever since she was five. A millionairess, not once, but many times over, and by her own efforts, solely. And then one sees her in the flesh—and marvels.

Such a wee bit of a thing to have done all that! Slender, almost transparently tiny, a lovely wistful face, with a still lovelier expression, a tiny hand that is lost in one's own. Eyes that are sometimes blue and sometimes a misty grey, always soft and compelling. A simple, half-shy, wholly winsome manner; exactly the kind of voice one imagines Mary Pickford would have—gentle and girlish, with little or no accent.

The ample office was continually being invaded by all sorts of people on all sorts of errands. Yet, somehow, between whiles, we managed to chat.

"We've been to Rome---" Mary began.

"Where we did as the Romans do." Douglas finished the sentence for her.

"We only arrived in London last night from Paris. We were talking until midnight, and then the Countess of Sutherland 'phoned and asked us to go to—some place—"



Mary at home.

How Doug keeps fit.

Photos for her admirers.

Where was it, Douglas? And we were there till three. To-day we've been looking at studios: for we mean to work this side—in London, if possible."

"What will you do?" I enquired.

"We haven't decided yet; an English story, I hope."

"Not *Ben Hur*." Douglas was very positive about it. And then I lost him. He had gone to receive a deputation, mainly men, who got him into a corner and hid him from view.

"I shall surely re-film *Tessiel of the Storm Country*," Mary affirmed, with a smile.

"Tess" is a favourite with her, as it is with most people, even to-day, when faults in photography, technique, and scenario are plainly visible. Yet the story and her acting rings true still. I think she likes *Stella Maris*, too. I asked her about her child rôles, and how she worked them out.

"It's easy to play some of the pretty ones," she replied. "But the ugly ducklings, like 'Unity' in *Stella Maris*, and 'Amanda' in *Suds*, appeal to me the most. We all love the attractive kiddies; but if I can get the public to love and sympathise with the others, I feel that I've really accomplished something.

"I usually try to get into the spirit of the child I am supposed to be. It comes with the clothes, somehow. I never want to walk when I'm dressed as a kiddie—always run or skip."

From kiddies in general to Mary Pickford, junior, was a natural transition. Mary adores her little niece. I'm certain that she loves all children.

"We usually have quite a few of them at home in California every Sunday, when Douglas and I are not working," she told me. "We go swimming together. Little Mary can swim, and sometimes I watch them. I learn quite a lot from them, though if I copied them exactly, I'm sure I should be accused of over-acting. Little Mary loves fairy tales. She has my secretary read them to her, and then she comes and tells them to me. And the longer the words are the better she likes them.

"She's in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* with me. She was in *The Nut*, one of Doug's films, too. It was one day when I wasn't working, we went to watch him. She had on a little white coat; you can distinguish her if you look out for her." Then added, by way of after-thought, "I am in it, too!"

She was so simply attired, this famous little lady: the frills and jewels one might expect of such a brilliant star conspicuously absent. She wore an unassuming little navy frock, and a hat that shaded her eyes and hid almost all her sunny hair.

She had bought lots of frocks in Paris, she said. And told me how once, when she had just finished *Romance of the Redwoods*, and had only a fortnight before she was due to commence *The Little American*, she made a flying trip to New York with her mother; spent four days at her dressmaker's there, and was back again with the fascinating array of dainty frocks she wore in that production in time to be the first on the lot that morning. She designs many of the charming kiddie-frocks she wears.

"'Fauntleroy,'" she declared, "is one of my most difficult parts. There are lots of little details of difference between a boy and a girl. And I got 'Cedric's' swagger from watching



A tasteful interior at "Pickfair."

Douglas as 'D'Artagnan.'

"What made you play both 'Cedric' and 'Dearest'? I think that is something we'd all like to know."

"Well," Mary's screen self peeped from her mischievous eyes. "It wasn't because I wanted to be the only star. And it wasn't because I wanted to save money. No. But I had an idea that women would like me to play 'Cedric,' and men would like me better as 'Dearest'; and I thought I'd like to please everybody, so I played both."

And then a very rosy, stammering damsel presented her with a great sheaf of roses. "They're from us, out there." She pointed to the window. "We're—we're so glad to see you," and fled.

"I think that's wonderful of them," said Mary, and went to the window and spoke her

Douglas D'Artagnan.

thanks, and threw a rose or two. But there was a scramble. "I won't throw any more." Mary drew back. "There are children there, and they might get hurt." There were children there, numbers of them. One, quite a midget on someone's shoulder, held its arms out to her. I liked the way her own instinctively went out in response.

When we turned, two photographers wanted Mary and Douglas to pose for flashlight photos, which they obligingly did, with Mrs. Pickford; all holding tea-cups. After the first flash, it was discovered that Douglas had substituted an inkwell for his tea-cup, so they had to do it again. Then a fresh crowd arrived and wanted signed pictures. I watched Mary and Douglas receive them all with such unflinching courtesy and charm. Douglas signs his name with a dashing "D'Artagnan" flourish. Mary puckers her bud of a mouth over hers much as we've seen her do on the screen so many times.

"Don't you suffer from writer's cramp?" someone inquired. "Oh, no," Mary laughed. "You see, I don't sign the cheques. Douglas does that; he's the head of this family."

"Do you think Mary looks English?" Mrs. Pickford asked me. "Her father was born in London, you know."

Mrs. Pickford is small, too, though not so small as Mary, who resembles her greatly.

"I think she looks just a little like an Irish girl," I replied.

"My folks are Irish." Mrs. Pickford told me much that was interesting about "Miss Mary," as they call Mary Pickford in the studios. "She was always a kind, sweet, happy little girl," she said. "Good, too. Mary has never been 'spanked' in all her life. She mothered Lottie and Jack, and me, too. I'm her baby still.

"They all started acting when they were very young, and when Mary wasn't acting she was scrubbing Jack, who was just as untidy as she was neat and dainty. She was five when she had her first part, as the child in 'Bootle's Baby.' I don't know whether my ambitions for her or the others would have led that way, but necessity forced my hand.

"Many of the habitués of the old Princess' Theatre in Toronto remember Mary to-day. She was successful, because she worked so hard; and her crowning triumph was when David Belasco engaged her for 'The Warrens of Virginia' in New York.



Their private bathing lake.



Little Lord Fauntleroy.

"Pickfair" as seen from the lake.



"Real fame came to Mary through Motion Pictures. No names of players were given in the days when she played for Biograph."

This we know; also how Mary's charm and personality rose above that anonymity. Then came her stage triumph in "A Good Little Devil," and the starring contract that followed the filming of it.

Caprice, In the Bishop's Carriage, Tess, Hearts Adrift, Such a Little Queen, Rags, Fanchon the Cricket, Mistress Nell, Poor Little Peppina, The Foundling, Madame Butterfly, Pride of the Clan, Less Than the Dust, A Poor Little Rich Girl, Stella Maris, Hulda From Holland (not a favourite of Mary's, this one), A Little Princess, Dawn of a To-morrow, The Little American, Romance of the Redwoods, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley, An Old-Fashioned Girl, M'liss, How Could You, Jean? Captain Kidd, Junior, and Johanna Enlists—all these belong to Mary's Famous-Lasky-Artcraft days. I believe I have included them all. "Then," Mrs. Pickford went on, "Mary, in 1918, opened up her own studios with me as her business manager, and commenced carrying out her own ideas of picture-making.

"Daddy Long-Legs was her first. Others were The Hoodlum (we knew it as The Ragamuffin), Heart o' the Hills, Suds, Pollyanna, The Love Light, Through the Back Door, and Little Lord Fauntleroy."

I wish I had space for some of the interesting anecdotes I heard about the making of some of these films.

Presently Douglas Fairbanks joined us. Douglas is every bit as good-natured as he

looks, but it is not easy to get him talking about himself. He "cut back" to his boyhood, at length, with "I do not come of a theatrical family. No; my father was a lawyer. But he was friends with Booth and Mansfield, and the whole bunch. They used to come and stay at Denver. Hearing them talk, made me want to act, too. I was a puny little kid. I wanted to be tall—had a hunch that I should be fat if I didn't exercise. So I tried every kind of athletics, known and unknown. They used to catch me out on the front step imitating the errand boys' stunts. The parents thought I'd make a fine engineer. Sent me to Colorado, where they tried to teach me calculus and higher mathematics. I've hated 'em ever since. I was on the stage, yes, on Broadway, too, in 'Clothes,' 'Hawthorne of the U.S.A.,' 'Officer 666,' and 'He Comes Up Smiling.'

"My first picture—*The Lamb*. It was mainly fights and fistcuffs. No; not slapstick, ever. I received a black eye or some little thing like that in every scene but the last, and then I had my way. Was the other fellow hurt? I'll say so. It was *his* first film, too.

"In the old days at Denver, Dad was strict and sent us to bed early. There was a tailor's shop opposite, and some nights he used to work late, and we saw his light. So I determined to be a tailor when I was a man, and stay up late. I thought of that the first time we worked all night."

Two years after he made his first movie, Douglas had formed his own company. His smile had spread across two continents. Some of his successes are *Wild and Woolly*, *His Picture In the Papers*, *American Aristocracy*, *Mr. Fixit*, *A Modern*

Mary and Doug at breakfast.



Musketeer, *Say! Young Fellow*, *Arizona*, *Down to Earth*, *The Knickerbocker Buckaroo*, and his latest *The Mark of Zorro*, *The Nut*, *When the Clouds Roll By*, *His Majesty The American*, and *The Three Musketeers*.

"My favourite rôle." He looked at Mary, but said: "D'Artagnan. I've dreamed of making *The Three Musketeers* for a good many years."

I mentioned the word "stunt."

"Say. What is a stunt?" Douglas tried to look rapid, but grinned and gave up the idea.

He knows all the cowboy tricks of riding and roping, and as for jumping, swimming, and shooting, he's pretty well all there on every count.

He recalled one occasion when speech-making from a high platform in New York. He spied a friend in a passing automobile, took a flying leap over the heads of the spectators into the roadway, and held up the car.

Taking it one way and another, life on the set when he is

at work must be a thrilling game. No chance to be lazy there!

"When our day's work is done," he said finally, "we swim. Don't we, Mary? Or see films. We have our own theatre at 'Pickfair.' Sometimes Charlie drops in. He's very serious, Charlie. He and Mary get arguing and reasoning for hours, until I have to separate them."

"Don't you believe it. He's just teasing."

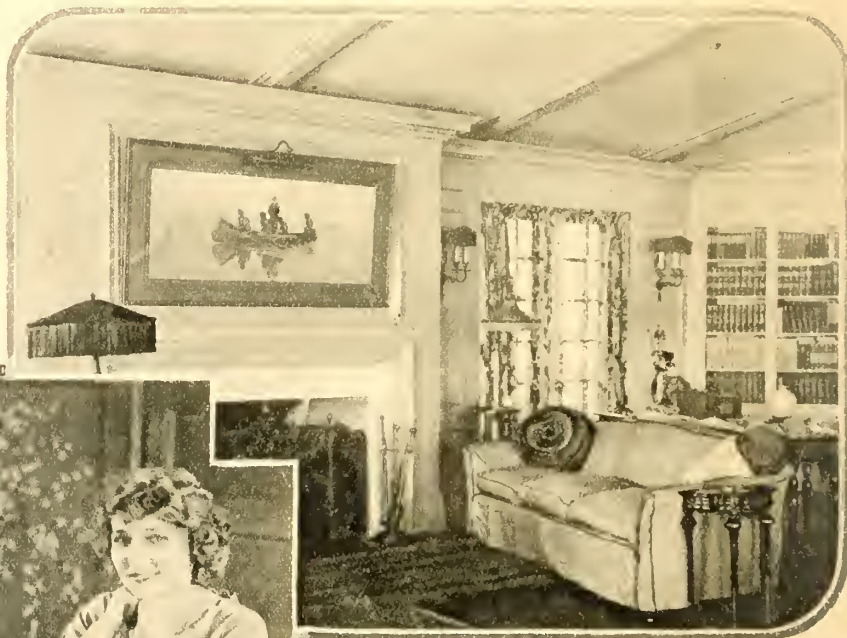
Mary's smile was radiant as she shook a finger at her big husband. No need to ask if they are happy, these two: their faces when they look at, or speak of one another, are sufficient voucher.

They commenced an anecdote about Griffith in his early days.

"He used to sell the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' at one time," Mary said.

"I never knew," I interrupted, "that he was ever a book agent."

"Book agent!" This from Doug. "Say, that's not a book: it's a freight commodity. Anyway, he took a long drive out to Burgoyne County to sell one to a farmer.



The dining-room at "Pickfair."

Also took some fine steaks, knowing that meat was a rarity in those parts. But, driving through a dark wood, a panther smelled those steaks, and dropped from a tree into the seat beside Griffith. He dropped out of the buggy. But he managed to head it off, and he made

his sale at the finish."

Here another consignment of roses arrived for Mary. From the staff of Allied Artists this time, in whose offices we were. And Mary began signing photos for distribution to them all.

It was quite late when they finally left the building. "We're off to Sweden almost immediately," Mary told me, last thing.

"On our honeymoon," chimed in Doug. "We may go on to Germany afterwards, like we did last time. But we'll be back here again in March."

The crowd surged around the car, and followed it to the end of Wardour Street, and in five minutes all the excitement was over, and the street was its usual self. I followed in the wake of a few of those patient ones. "He said it was their honeymoon," remarked one. "But he said that last year." "Silly!" The reply came with decision from a boy with a rose in his cap. "It will always be honeymoon for Mary and Doug when they're together. Everybody knows that."

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CRITICAL — Gossip ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN CURRENT PICTURES.

January, 1922, opens most auspiciously with what will probably be the best film of the year—most certainly the best film of the month. This is *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness*, adapted from a story by Selma Lagerlof, the Nobel Prize winner, and produced by the Swedish Biograph Company. These Scandinavian film players have been responsible for many successes, but *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness* reaches a pitch of perfection seldom, alas! seen on the screen. The only point to which exception may be taken is the sub-titling, which is heavy and pretentious; but the artistry of the lighting and photography, the grip of the story and the splendid characterisation more than atone for this defect. The plot of *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness* concerns simple folk, and though full of the ironic tragedy of life, its human appeal cannot fail to conquer all who see it. Its hero, David Holm, comes out of prison, determined to make good, only to find that his wife has left him. Revenge now animates his soul, and when, later, he is united to his wife through the efforts of Edith Larsson, a woman who has dedicated her ideals to the saving of such men as he, David pursues a course of remorseless cruelty, and sinks lower and lower into crime. On New Year's Eve he is left for dead in a churchyard brawl, and according to the old Scandinavian superstition, his soul is collected by a dead man who has been doomed to drive the cart of Death through the year. It would be

unfair to divulge the dramatic climax. Victor Seastrom, who also directed the picture, plays the part of David with a wealth of genius; Hilda Borgstrom is the wife; and Astrid Holm is Edith.

The adventure and romance that seem a logical part of the life of the Canadian North-West Mounted Police—in fiction, at least, if not in fact—are present in good measure in *The Challenge of the Law*. William Russell is the star of this picture, and gives us a good all-round portrayal of Sergeant Bruce Cavanagh, whose grim devotion to duty is brightened by his affection for Madeline, a girl whom he rescues from her smuggler-father. Helen Ferguson plays Madeline with great charm; she is a featured player at the Metro studio these days, and well deserves her success, for her work dates back to old Essanay days when she played with H. B. Walthall.

An Ethel Clayton picture is always an attraction. This star is usually unaffected, sweet and sincere; moreover, she is charming to look at, and knows her work thoroughly well. Picturegoers will be sorry to hear that her Famous-Lasky contract having ended, Ethel Clayton is meditating going back to the stage; but, of course, a large number of her films are yet to be shown on this side. *The City Sparrow*, her picture of the month, shows her as a cabaret dancer who falls in love with a country

farmer. The story is simple and full of pathos, but there are some comedy touches by Walter Hiers, who acts the part of the rejected and heart-broken lover with much gusto. Walter complains that he is constantly being refused by fair ladies—on the screen—and that he holds the record in disappointed affection.

Thomas Meighan ought to be familiar with the duties of a butler. He "buddled" in *The Admirable Crichton*, and he does so again in his January release, *Civilian Clothes*. This picture tells the story of a type of romance common enough during the war for Thomas, in the rôle of Captain Sam McGinnis, marries a girl who, after the tension of that stirring time is over, becomes secretly ashamed of her handsome though somewhat uncouth husband. Captain Sam thereupon develops into a wife-tamer, another rôle which Thomas Meighan essays most satisfactorily on the screen.

Since the filming of *Civilian Clothes*, this popular actor has been promoted to stardom in a very fine series of photoplays which Tom Forman (not long ago a well-loved player, too) has directed. And the latest news reports that George Ade, in whose play, "The College Widow," Tommie Meighan acted in England, has been signed by Paramount to write Meighan scenarios. So there is a good time in store for the many admirers of this clever and capable

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray outside their home at Beverley Hills, California.

actor, who, by the way, has just been making a film called *If You Believe It, It's So*, a title that ought to appeal to picturegoers who are also admirers of Professor Coué!

IN *Desert Love*, we have the typical Western picture, and admirers of Tom Mix will be more than satisfied with their idol's prowess in this film. The story is really composed of two episodes, one dealing with the youth, the other with the manhood of the hero. There is plenty of action, and the production is marked by an amount of artistic effort which is seldom found in the average Western drama. The cast of *Desert Love* is noteworthy, for it includes Francelia Billington (whose delightful work in *Blind Husbands* is still remembered), Eva Novak, and Lester Cuneo, who is a well-known cowboy star.

Galsworthy's play, *The Skin Game*, had a long and successful run upon the London stage, and this month sees the release of its film version. The clever dialogue that held audiences enthralled is missing from the picture, which suffers badly in this respect. Otherwise, it is well produced and presents an interesting angle of modern conditions. It shows the difference between the old rich and the new rich, and also the lengths to which men will go in order to attain their ends, even though, as in this case, the helpless suffer as a result. The original London cast of *The Skin Game* appear in the film, and very well, too, do they handle their parts. Their names are all familiar to theatre-goers—Edmund Gwenn, Dawson Milward, Helen Haye and Meggie Albanesi.

THE honours amongst British films of the month go to *Squibs* and *The Right to Live*. Both are stories of "plain people," told with that simplicity and unsophisticated charm which is one of the most pleasing characteristics of the best British productions. Betty Balfour is the heroine of *Squibs*, and gives an interpretation of a London flower girl which will make her audience tremble between laughter and tears. A child entertainer upon the London stage, Betty Balfour has developed from a clever imitator into an equally clever creator; she has no qualms about sacrificing her prettiness for the sake of characterisation. Fred Groves is the policeman hero and a heart-breaker at that.

A. E. Coleby, who produced *The Open Road*, is responsible for *The Right to Live*. Here again the simple joys of the poor is the theme around which the story is woven, and quite pleasant is the result. The incidents depicted concern a family of East End fishmongers, and there are three fine racing scenes.

THE future of the British screen looks all the brighter for the arrival of Fay Compton in the shadow world. She is one of our most attractive actresses, and, unlike the majority of "speaking" stars, she films extremely well. This month she appears in *Judge Not*, *A Woman of No Importance*, and *The Old Wives' Tale*; all three pictures are great. The first does not give her much opportunity of displaying her talent, but Fred Groves, who is also in three of the month's releases, has a fine part.

The second, typical of its author, Oscar Wilde, provides both Fay Compton and Milton Rosmer with many highly emotional scenes, to which they do full justice. The story is the old one of a deserted girl and a boy who becomes the enemy of his unknown father. Directed by Denison Clift, it is full of artistry and dramatic value.

The third is adapted from Arnold Bennett's book, and is also directed by Denison Clift. It is of all-round excellence, and the cast is especially interesting. Florence Turner, whom British picturegoers frankly adore, has come back to the screen over here as one of the sisters, while Karsavina, the Russian dancer, adds her fascination to the production. Denison Clift—British, but with much American experience—is doing much to raise the standard of technique on this side. He will soon film *Mary Queen of Scots*, with Fay Compton, who bears a striking resemblance to the tragic queen, in the title-role.

Another good British film is *Pillars of Society*, adapted from an Ibsen story. It is satirical and tragic, but a good many people will appreciate its power. Ellen Terry has a small part in it, and, needless to say, gives a finished performance.

Having played in so many stories of the sea, Hobart Bosworth must have developed almost an amphibian personality. Killing sharks, and escaping from the tentacles of the octopus, are merely incidents in his life, and only a month or two ago he fought a shark in fifteen feet of water for one of his films, *The Cup of Life*. True, the shark was harnessed with wires, but no one knew its capacity for escape. This month we see Hobart Bosworth in *Below the Surface*, which is concerned with the

fates of an old diver, an adventurer and his female accomplice, and a sunken treasure ship. Good, sound melodrama, it is marvellously reproduced, the diving and submarine scenes, as well as the sea-fog episode, being particularly fine. Grace Darmond, whom we also see in one or two other of the month's pictures, and whose serial, *The Hope Diamond*, has just completed its final episodes, makes a very fascinating "vamp."

The first of the films made by the British-Famous-Players at their London studio is something of a disappointment. Picturegoers had been hoping that this much-hailed combination of American methods and British talent would have resulted in screen masterpieces. Instead, the first arrival from Islington, *The Great Day*, is a very ordinary melodrama. The scenes in the big steelworks are interesting, and there are some thrilling moments in a Paris Apache den. The cast includes Arthur Bourchier (to whom the screen is not a sympathetic medium), Bertram Burleigh, Meggie Albanesi, and Marjorie Hume (one of the most pleasing of our British actresses).

The Dorothy Dalton picture, *A Romantic Adventuress*, is rather a disappointment, although admirers of this versatile star are always glad to see their favourite on the screen. In this film she is a dancing girl, not the mining-saloon variety of her early career, but the daughter of an old dancing professor in New Orleans. This latter character is played with wonderful feeling by Howard Lang, who, in justification to the sterner sex, ought to be starred in a "father" film. There are some beautiful settings, and Dorothy Dalton dances well. The film was directed by Harley Knoles, of *Carnival* fame, who is again in England making *The Bohemian Girl*. Dorothy Dalton has just lately been

Tom Terriss, the well-known British screen player and producer, directing a street scene in America. Terriss is posing a child before the camera. Lionel Barrymore stands at his elbow.



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Herbert Hayes, Claire Windsor, and Frank Mayo

enjoying an at fresco lunch between scenes.

co-starred with Rudolph Valentino in *Moran of the Lady Letty*, and their company have been experiencing an adventurous time off San Francisco, making sea scenes.

Charles Ray is always sure of a welcome in one of his hobbledehoy types. In *Homer Comes Home* he is the village failure, but full of lovable, boyish traits and with a sweetheart as young and ingenuous as himself. The latter part is played by Priscilla Bonner, who has since appeared opposite Tom Moore in *Mr. Barnes of New York*, and opposite Tom Gallery in *The Son of Wallingford*. *Homer Comes Home* is full of real, true-to-life humour, and with its clever sidelights on human nature, which is the same the world over, it will add to the already long list of Charles Ray's triumphs.

There is not enough dignity in his old name of "Buck," so Mr. Jones, of cowboy fame, asserts. He has therefore been re-christened "Charles," but it will be a long time before picturegoers forget "Buck" Jones. This month he is starred in *Sunset Sprague*, a Western that is full of "punch," well-staged fights, lassoing and beautiful backgrounds—everything, in fact, that will please lovers of action.

Two well-known plays are screened this month *The Thief*, starring Pearl White, and *Passers-By*, featuring Herbert Rawlinson. The former was played at the St. James's Theatre, London, in the good old days of Sir George Alexander; it is a society drama concerned with the efforts of a young wife to keep her husband's love. In order to appear always beautiful, she steals that she may buy expensive clothes, and Pearl White gives a very vivid and emotional presentation of the rôle. Needless to say, she looks very lovely in the exquisite gowns she wears. Wallace McCutcheon plays villain to his wife's

heroine. Stuart Blackton, the man at the helm in *Lady Diana Manners'* film of old London, *The Glorious Adventure*, directed *Passers-By*, and his son takes the part of the hero's small boy. Blackton is British, but in spite of every care, he has not been able to achieve quite the right English atmosphere. However, it is a picturesque and entertaining production, with Rawlinson as a handsome and appealing hero.

Although January sees the advent of some new stars, we still have the old, well-loved ones with us. Tom Moore appears in *Duds*, a story with crook and amateur detective interest, and reminiscent of "Bulldog Drummond," for Tom is a demobbed officer seeking a job that offers excitement. Needless to say, he gets it, and provides his audience with entertainment in his turn. Madge Kennedy is in *Dollars and Sense*, a picture of great charm, with this vivacious little favourite as natural and attractive as ever. For some time past, Madge Kennedy has been on the stage in *Cornered*, and she has talked of turning this into a film.

The Stoll Company release this month a fine Franco-American film, called *The Empire of Diamonds*. This is frankly a melodrama, but it has to commend it excellent acting, one or two cleverly managed "stunts," and some very beautiful scenic settings, the latter ranging from London and New York to Paris and Monte Carlo. Lucy Fox, the heroine, has since been starred, as have so many of the players who appear in the year's new crop of releases.

Alice Joyce, another old favourite, has rather a weak picture this month, entitled *The Prey*; it has rather a wearisome plot, but Alice Joyce, of course, is graceful and charming. In real life she is Mrs. Regan, and has the sweetest of baby

daughters—a star of the future, maybe. Louise Glann also has many admirers who will like her in *The Lone Wolf's Daughter*. This, a Louis Vance story, is a sequel to *The Lone Wolf* and *False Faces*, and in it Louise has a dual rôle; as the Princess Sonia and her daughter. Though improbable, the film is full of excitement and mystery. Corinne Griffith is another player with a dual rôle; in *A Broadway Bubble* she is herself and her twin sister, and kisses herself in a remarkable bit of double photography.

Mary Odette has two releases—*Inheritance* and *Cherry Ripe*. Both are rather artificial productions, although the great glory of the British film and lovely exteriors is present to the full in each. Mary Odette is always natural and sweetly appealing, and picturegoers all over the country will join in congratulating her upon her instant success as a fully grown-up actress on the London stage. She is appearing in a dual rôle—as a sailor's sweetheart and, years after, as her own daughter in "The Faithful Heart," at Comedy Theatre, opposite Godfrey Tearle. As Mary Odette has not been on the stage since she was a child, the last few years of her young life having been occupied with making twenty-four pictures, the screen has scored a triumph in training this girl for the speaking drama, quite refuting the views of many critics.

Another young favourite, Shirley Mason, has a double appearance this month. *Wing Toy*, in which Shirley is a mischievous and affectionate Chinese girl (in reality a kidnapped American child brought up as an Oriental), is an entertaining picture; *The Awakening of Ruth* is also pleasant, and with little Miss Mason this time as a fisher girl, gives plenty of opportunity to show us that she can rival the comedy belles in swimming and diving as well as in charm and fascination.

A twentieth-century problem of married life is the axis around which *Silk Husbands* and *Calico Hoses* revolves. A man who has risen in his profession finds that he and his wife, lacking interests in common, are drifting apart. "A man expects his wife to climb the social ladder with him," says "Deane Kendall," who is impersonated by House Peters, an expert in films dealing with modern matrimonial difficulties. The wife is Mary Alden, who has done some wonderful characterisation of late; she was the mother, tragic in spite of her selfishness, in *The Old Nest*. Eva Novak is the "other woman," while Edward Kimball (Clara Kimball Young's father) is a familiar figure in the cast. Those who like "something to think about" will greatly enjoy this picture.

Francelia Billington is seen a second time this month as the featured player in *Hearts are Trumps*. This is melodrama of the best type, and originated in play form at Drury Lane. Like most melodramas, it screens better than it stages, for the spectacular scenes can be given full value. The Swiss episodes are full of suspense and excitement, the avalanche scenes being especially awesome. Picturegoers should look out for Alice Terry, who plays the part of Lady Winifred's daughter with much charm. She has lately been given leads in four big pictures, which we shall see later on—*The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, *The Conquering Power*, *Turn to the Right*, and a new version of *The Prisoner of Zenda*; and film fans will find much in her to admire.

Lovers of melodrama are well catered for this month, both in British and American films. One of the former is *A Man's Shadow*, starring Langhorne Burton, who has graced many a good costume play with his handsome presence. In this picture he has a dual rôle, the hero of the story

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Members of the R. A. Walsh "Kindred of the Dust" company on location. From left: Ralph Graves, W. J. Ferguson, Miriam Cooper, R. A. Walsh, and Lionel Belmore.

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having a double; and the entire production is more interesting than the usual British photoplay of this type. *Saved from the Sea* has the real Cornish coast as setting; its heroine is Norah Swinburne, who pulls off some daring shipwreck stunts with a truly noble disregard of personal safety. Norah will soon become known as a screen dare-devil; she has lately come home from making a distinctly dangerous wild animal film in Germany. *Love's Pay Day*, starring Rosemary Theby, is also melodrama of the sea, and shows some interesting scenes in connection with the fish-packing industry.

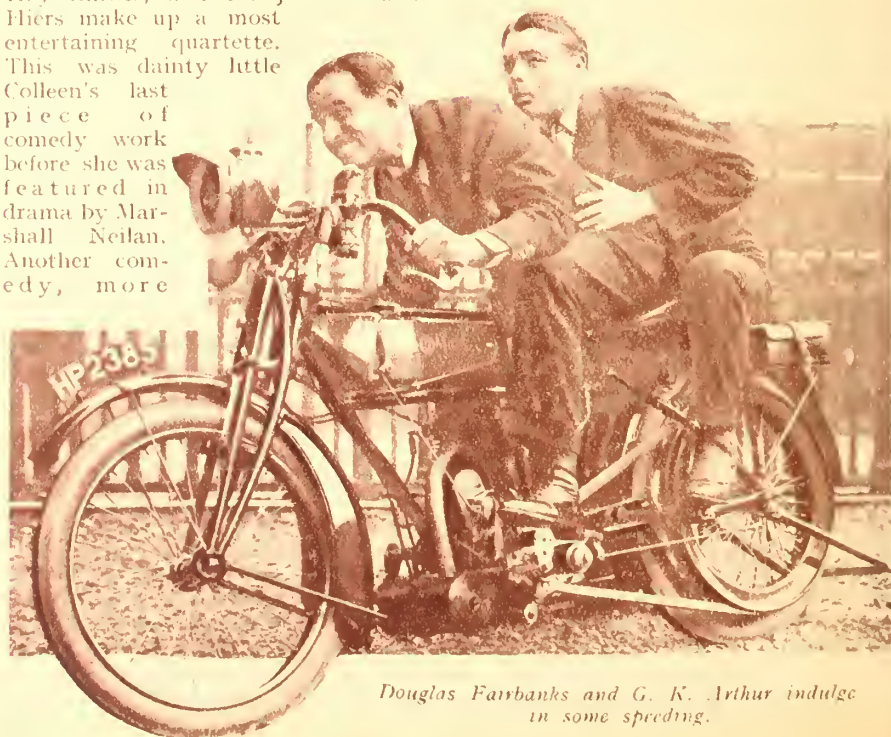
The only fault with *The Forbidden Woman* is its rather slow movement. Otherwise it is very fine, and in it Clara Kimball Young looks her usual beautiful and magnificent self. The gowns she wears are gorgeous, and feminine picturegoers in particular will revel in the creations she displays. Conway Tearle, now starring in Selznick features, is her leading man. May Allison is another actress whose pretty frocks fascinate feminine audiences, and in her January film, *The Walk Offs*, she makes a delightful Kitty Rutherford. The story of *The Walk Offs* is distinctly clever, but a pretty love-story serves to mitigate its rather flippant satire. May Allison, reported married to many different swains, has at last revealed the fact that she forsook spinsterhood some time ago. Her husband is Robert Elliott.

Grace Darmond we see again in *So Long, Letty*, a gay five-reel Christie comedy. Its sub-titles are the wittiest of the month's screen-literature, and Grace, Colleen Moore, T. Roy Barnes, and the jovial Walter Hiers make up a most entertaining quartette. This was dainty little Colleen's last piece of comedy work before she was featured in drama by Marshall Neilan. Another comedy, more

interesting than most, is *The Little Café*, featuring Max Linder, who comes back to the screen after a long absence, due to war service, with the French army. The inimitable Max is as amusing as ever in this five-reeler.

Another extremely well done mystery melodrama is *The Purple Cipher*, starring Earle Williams and Vola Vale. It has the thrill of a serial with the added grip consequent upon its story being condensed into a five-reeler—a process which would improve practically every serial yet shown! In *Windows*, or *While New York Sleeps*, we have real screen Grand Guignol. There are three playlets knit together, and we peep at life as it is lived by respectable society, the "gay" set, and the human derelicts of the underworld. The stage management is excellent, and Estelle Taylor, who has since become a Fox star, acts brilliantly.

Again a "wife-taming" picture this time with Constance Talmadge as the fascinating heroine of *Dangerous Business*. She is a spoilt darling, and makes a convenience in her usual heartless fashion, which is nevertheless so captivating that every man in the audience would willingly change places with her victim—of her father's secretary. She even marries him to escape marrying someone else! Kenneth Harlan, who plays leading man in many of the Talmadge sisters' films, is the husband, and provides both Comie and us with some surprises. Norma and Constance have both deserted New York at last, and are making pictures on "the Coast."



Douglas Fairbanks and G. K. Arthur indulge in some speeding.

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OPENING THE BRITISH OYSTER

(Continued from page 55)

occurred. I wanted some photographs of Mr. Pearson "in action" to illustrate this article. Mr. Pearson did not want to be photographed. We cajoled him in vain.

"Let me tell you," said I, warmly, "that I consider you England's greatest prod."

"Tush!" said Mr. Pearson. "That is your first remark to every British producer whom you meet."

Now, how the deuce did he know that?

Finally, Mr. Welsh promised to obtain the photos for me. "If necessary," said he, "Rex will hold George, whilst Betty takes the picture."

The others agreed. How they kept their promise the illustrations on these pages will show.

We talked of divers things. Rex Davis was recounting some sporting exploits when:

"I'm tired of sausage and mashed!" interjected Mr. Welsh, suddenly, and with remarkable vehemence.

(Do you remember Miss Somebody's aunt in Dickens who used to interject a vindictive "There's milestones on the Dover Road!" during any lull in the dinner-table conversation? It was just like that.)

"Yes, I'm sick to death of sausage and mashed," continued Mr. Welsh. "I'm fed up with jellied eels and tripe and onions."

Mr. Pearson turned a reproachful gaze on his partner.

"Not liver and bacon?" he pleaded.

"And liver and bacon," declared Mr. Welsh, violently. "People have been eating these things in our films for about two years—particularly in *Squibs* and *Maud Em'ly*. We must have a change for our next picture. Let us rise in the world and allow our artistes to eat roast beef and apple."

"Talking of changes," said Rex Davis: "this is going to be my last boxing picture absolutely. I want to let my scars heal. I want to give up being a human punching-bag. That's what I want."

Camping-out is one of Bert Lytell's creations. In this clever double-exposure he is entertaining himself at breakfast.



I asked Betty Balfour what she wanted.

"I want to meet somebody who has met Mary Pickford," said the little star. "Someone who can tell me just what she's really like."

Nobody asked me what I wanted, so I knew that I had outstayed my welcome. Moreover, Mr. Pearson broke the sad news that the hand-biting scene would not be filmed that day.

"Funny little studio, isn't it?" said Mr. Welsh, as I took my departure. "It started life as a school, then it became a chapel, and then the Government commandeered it and used it as a store. Now, as a motion-picture studio, it has reached its lowest level."

With which remark—remembering what *Nothing Else Matters* was, what *Squibs* is, and what *Maud Em'ly* will be—I most emphatically do not agree.

(Another British studio article will appear in next month's issue.)

ON OTHER PAGES.

"I never use soap," a well-known film player was heard to remark the other day. Sounds rather startling, does it not? But the lady in question possessed a beautiful complexion—soft, smooth, and satiny. After a while, she was persuaded to reveal her secret—that a "face-washer" took the place of soap in her facial ablutions. "What is a face-washer?" followed, of course. "A dainty little sachet," she replied, "which cleanses and whitens the skin, besides softening and perfuming the water." Expensive? Oh, no; for though they cost five shillings a dozen, one sachet can be used many times. They're made by that noted beauty expert, Mrs. Neville Ross, of 12, Mandeville Place, London, the preserver of the poor film-players' good looks. She will send you a trial sachet for a shilling, as well as generous samples of her delightful face-cream, "Charmides Magique," and her specially sifted face powder, also christened "Charmides."

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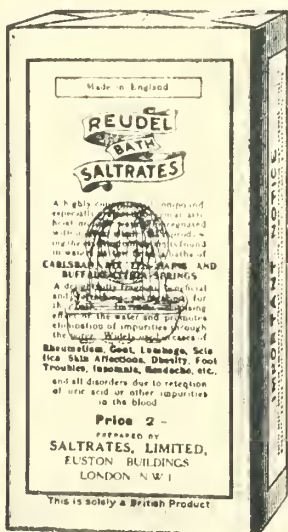
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"THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE"

(Continued from page 38.)

Rosemary hastened to assist her.

"Quick! Rosemary," exclaimed Lady Beatrice, "there is important business for me to transact to-day. It means everything to me—and to my mother!"

"And what may it be? I pray thee tell me, my Lady," replied Rosemary, worried.

"Money! That and nothing more; but it is all—oh so serious!"

Lady Beatrice by now was dressed. "Hasten, Rosemary," she directed, "and get together all my jewels. I must humiliate myself by pledging them to meet our debts."

"Oh, my Lady," sobbed Rosemary.

"Waste no time weeping, good Rosemary," affirmed Lady Beatrice with self-determination; "this is a time for action. If I procure not this money, the blessed Saviour help me! Your horrid Mr. Unwin will be here this afternoon."

Noon saw Lady Beatrice at home again after a morning of worries. She sank, exhausted, into a chair in her bedroom, and stared vacantly at a small bag of money she held in her hand.

"Is it not enough to satisfy Mr. Unwin, my Lady?" asked Rosemary, eagerly.

"It is far too little," plaintively replied Lady Beatrice. "What shall I do? It is useless to take this."

At this moment a servant stood at the door.

"My Lady," said he.

"Oh, Peter, whatever is it?" Lady Beatrice inquired tremulously.

"The honourable Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. Samuel Pepys sends his compliments to the Lady Beatrice, and requests the privilege of an interview." The bewildered butler heard Lady Beatrice's agreement to see Mr. Pepys, and withdrew.

Lady Beatrice and Rosemary exchanged quick, nervous glances.

"I am afraid, Rosemary. The King was so forward—and 'tis said he has many women at Whitehall. Lady Beatrice was worried but mustered up courage and quickly prepared to see the King's emissary.

Mr. Pepys paced the floor of the drawing room, now and again glancing toward the door and drawing his face into quaint, puckered expressions, as was characteristic of him.

"Ah, my Lady, how exquisite you are to day!" he exclaimed roushly, as he bowed low and kissed Lady Beatrice's hand.

"My mission must be executed swiftly," continued he, "as grave duties of State await me at the Admiralty, and in conference with his gracious Majesty the King. My Lady, I am commanded by the King to convey to you his expressions of high esteem and admiration. His Majesty bids me invite you to the banquet at Whitehall at eight of the clock to-morrow evening."

Chuckling and murmuring to himself as he made his departure, Mr. Pepys was surprised to note the arrival of two other visitors. One was a woman of im-

pressive appearance—tall, handsome, but rather too elegantly dressed. The other was a young man of striking face and figure.

Lady Beatrice had not yet recovered from the shock of the King's command when Rosemary announced the Lord Fitzroy and Mistress Stephanie Dangerfield.

"My Lady, it is such a joy to see you again after these months of missing the privilege of meeting you!" exclaimed the rather too enthusiastic young Lord Fitzroy, as he kissed her hand. "I saw your Ladyship this morning as you entered your coach, and I have made bold to pay this visit and bring with me my dear friend, Mistress Dangerfield, whom

The prison marriage. A thrilling scene from next month's instalment.



I am very eager to have you know."

Stephanie was watching the beautiful Lady Beatrice with a quizzical expression, and now bowed as she was introduced. Lady Beatrice motioned her visitors to chairs. Lord Fitzroy referred to entertainments where he had met Lady Beatrice; and she, knowing of the high station of his family, little suspected that he had fallen into a dissolute manner of life, associating with criminals.

"My Lady, I see you are indisposed and worried," said Lord Fitzroy, after a spell of conversation. "At such a time one woman can comfort another, and so I shall leave Mistress Dangerfield with you. She and you, I am certain, will become friends."

Lord Fitzroy kissed Lady Beatrice's hand, and with a knowing glance at Stephanie, departed.

Left alone, the two women engaged in

a conversation at first perfunctory; but, later, as the wiles of Stephanie were exerted upon the unsuspecting Lady Beatrice, became confidential. Worried and perplexed, Lady Beatrice fell under the spell of the artful pretensions of friendship of the experienced Stephanie.

And finally the truth of Lady Beatrice's predicament was revealed by her. Stephanie pretended to be greatly surprised.

"Listen closely to me, my Lady," she said with assumed emotion; "there is a way out of your difficulty, and I shall guide you. I, too, was in debt, and in a position more dangerous than yours; but I played at a game of chance, and in one afternoon my winnings saved me."

Lady Beatrice was eagerly interested on hearing this.

"Will you go with me to this gaming place—to-morrow?" pressed Stephanie.

Lady Beatrice bowed in assent.

When Stephanie had departed Lady Beatrice visited Mr. Unwin, but she met with little consolation. The cunning lawyer informed her that the money which she offered him would not pay a tithe of her dressmaker's bills.

In a private room, commanding a view of the *ensemble* of gamblers, sat Unwin and Roderick, darkly meditating on their plans. Stephanie entered in haste, and both men sprang up at sight of her.

"Are you certain she will come?" asked Roderick.

"She may arrive at any moment," answered Stephanie confidently, as she took her stand beside the door to watch.

"She must be made to lose and give notes for not less than five thousand pounds," emphasised Unwin.

"There she is!" exclaimed Stephanie, as she passed out into the main room.

Lady Beatrice nervously entered the place, escorted by the Lord Fitzroy. She looked about her uneasily as she saw the crowd of well-dressed men and women at the gaming tables.

Stephanie advanced to meet her, offering reassuring expressions that made the embryo gambler more at ease.

A table had been reserved at one end of the room, and here Lady Beatrice, Stephanie and Lord Fitzroy took their stand, while the girl, expectant of large gains, was instructed in a game that was to prove her undoing.

Standing within the private room, Unwin and Roderick looked on.

Lady Beatrice was quick to learn the rules of play, and at first luck appeared to be with her. She was quite thrilled by her gains, and smiled radiantly on Stephanie and Lord Fitzroy.

Then, of a sudden, everything changed, and she suffered a loss. Again and again the game went against her. Worried, she turned to Stephanie in mute inquiry.

"Don't worry, my Lady," answered Stephanie; "any round may be the turning point. You are bound to win."

Thus comforted, Lady Beatrice played until her last money had been lost and she was already in debt. One note after

another was signed, as in the flush of hope and excitement, and under the encouragement of Stephanie, she played on, losing heavily.

At last, in desperation, she abandoned the game, and asked Lord Fitzroy to escort her to her home.

Rosemary sought to comfort Lady Beatrice upon her return to her home, but her difficulties now seemed insurmountable. Lord Fitzroy had emphasised to her the serious obligation involved in the notes she had signed at the gaming house.

"My Lady," said Rosemary, "there is a way out—a way that I have heard of ladies of high station taking."

From a pocket in her dress Rosemary drew a copy of THE LONDON GAZETTE, which she showed to Lady Beatrice.

"Look here, my Lady, read that." Rosemary pointed to an article on the front page narrating that ladies of fashion had taken advantage of a law then prevailing in England automatically transferring the debts of a woman upon marriage to her husband by marrying a condemned felon in Newgate Gaol on the night before his execution.

"I could never do that; it is too terrible, Rosemary!" exclaimed Lady Beatrice.

"It is a way out of your difficulty, my Lady," pressed Rosemary.

Lady Beatrice sat in deep thought. Suddenly her face brightened. She rose, her whole appearance illumined with a new inspiration.

"But why marry a horrible criminal?" she asked. "Is there no one else?"

"Who?" asked Rosemary.

"My Knight of the Inn," answered Lady Beatrice. "Quick, Rosemary, there is no time to lose. Bring me a box and ribbon to tie it up, a white rose from the vase, and call Peter at once."

Rosemary did as directed. Lady Beatrice placed the white rose in the box, tied it up with ribbon, and handed it to Peter, the servant.

"Peter, carry this in all possible haste to the Boar's Head Inn, and give it to the inn-keeper. He will understand. Do hurry, Peter!"

Scarcely an hour later, Peter returned with the message that the nameless Knight of the Inn would call upon Lady Beatrice forthwith.

Lady Beatrice quickly dressed, in her new prospect of happiness forgetting all her worries. She awaited her visitor in the garden.

The handsome stranger arrived and found Lady Beatrice in a flutter of gaiety. Mutually happy at meeting again, they talked over their meeting at the inn, the dramatic sword combat and their strange parting. Lady Beatrice plainly showed her elation, and her maidenly reserve was cast aside in the realisation of her purpose.

"Is there any service I can render your Ladyship?" asked Argyle.

"Yes," replied Lady Beatrice archly. "Marry me at once—and ask no reasons!"

"Marry you at once!" repeated Argyle, surprised and happy. Then he knelt before Lady Beatrice.

"I shall be happy to comply with your request, my Lady," he said seriously. "But you do not even know my name."

"'Tis the man that matters, sir; not the name," she answered archly.

So it was arranged that they would be married the following afternoon at the Templars' Chapel. He would call at three o'clock for her.

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The 
Dawson
Girl in
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"Opera Undies."
"Courtesy of the
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Little did they suspect that this interview had been overheard by Humpty, the spy for Roderick. But before Argyle had left, Lady Beatrice, Unwin and Roderick had been informed of the marriage plan, and decided to entrap Argyle.

Roderick in the meantime had legally established his right to the Earldom of Hillsdale, and Argyle, upon presenting himself to claim his title and estate, had been regarded as an impostor. Roderick knew that Argyle was aware of the identity of the successful claimant and was searching for him.

"I shall stand where he can see me from his coach," Roderick told Unwin. "He will then follow me here, and my men will make a prisoner of him."

"Excellent!" agreed Unwin.

The plan worked perfectly. As Argyle's coach passed through a street on his way from Lady Beatrice's home to the Boar's Head Inn, he looked out and saw Roderick. Quickly he ordered his driver to stop. Argyle jumped out, and as he did so Roderick moved on, cleverly leading Argyle to the Thieves' Kitchen.

At the entrance, Roderick hurried downstairs, notifying the thugs awaiting there that their prey was coming. Argyle quickly descended the stairs, and no sooner was inside the place than the thieves closed upon him from all sides and held him and bound him with ropes.

On the following afternoon, Lady Beatrice, dressed for her wedding, and happy, awaited her bridegroom. Three o'clock passed; then half an hour and an hour more. She was bewildered.

Then Peter entered with a box. Lady Beatrice opened it quickly, and therein

found a white rose, its petals smeared with dark spots. And attached to it a note which read: "Your rose and his heart's blood."

She broke out sobbing as the realisation of the meaning of this dawned on her.

"Dead, my beloved!" she moaned.

"Oh, what villains could have done this? What shall I do?"

The part played by Stephanie in this deep-laid scheme was one of importance. Though her spirit rebelled against engulfing the beautiful and innocent Lady Beatrice in this mesh of intrigue, her love for Roderick compelled her to do anything that he requested of her.

But now her jealousy was aroused. "What is Roderick's interest in Lady Beatrice?" she asked herself over and over again.

She brooded over this as she sat outside watching the gamblers. Suddenly she looked up, saw Unwin and Roderick moving about the room, and came to a quick resolution. She would hide behind the screen and overhear their conversation upon their return to the private room.

Stephanie crouched in her secret place, and presently the two conspirators re-entered the room and closed the door.

"The King is enamoured of her Ladyship, and Mr. Secretary Pepys is to take her to Whitehall," Unwin said, as they took their seats.

"But I do not desire that the King have her!" exclaimed Roderick hotly, jumping up and pacing the floor.

"You fool!" laughed Unwin. "The King's favourite and your wife—what more could you desire?"

(Continued on page 56.)

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production
should read
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TO MORROW.

By H. C. W. [unclear]

throne in twenty years is in my opinion, hoping too hard. There will be more of them than there are to-day, but, like Shakespeares, they do not grow on plum trees. The day after to-morrow—three decades hence—will be their full dawn. There will never be a lot of them, they will be almost "exclusive" to the smaller and better theatre, but they will have their lesser followers, and these lesser followers will sit on the smaller thrones of the more popular and bigger theatres. At that day the "superiority" of American or English or Swedish films will begin to be forgotten. "Bigger and better pictures" is the cry in the industry to-day. "Bigger and better MEN" is the proper cry. It is not heard to-day. It will be heard to-morrow. The day after it will be unnecessary.

The big men of the industry will be the authors. I believe that either these authors will actually produce their films themselves, or will write scenarios that will admit of no mistakes or "twiddly biting" on the part of the producer. The producer, as such, is nearing his zenith. In the next twenty years he will slowly decline as the author steps into prominence and in the following decade we shall see his eclipse. Within the next twenty years we shall see what producers are left shrink to the position of workmen skilled workmen, but of no more importance than the property man and the camera. When the really big film authors arrive the producer, at least in the better class of photoplays, will vanish altogether. The Stevensons and Tennysons and the Thackerays of the screen will be no more willing to let the producer "interpret" their work than they have in literature been willing to let the printer's maiden aunt "improve" on their manuscripts.

The sub-title will be gasping for breath in 1942. In the small theatres it will be very nearly abolished. It will remain for snatches of dialogue that are absolutely necessary, and for casts and introductions. Passage of time, the falling of night, etc., will be denoted by curtains, time-glasses, or some other pictorial means. Speech you cannot photograph, but the passing of time can be shown as well as talked about. Even speech is not always necessary. In 1942 there will

be more than one photoplay without a single sub-title after the introductory.

So much for the places and the plays. What of the players? There will, of course, be stars in 1942, just as there are stars to-day. We hear much abuse of the star "system," but really the stars of to-day are "all right." It is the stuff they are thrust into that is so often shoddy. The fact that Mary Pickford may have a poor part in the worst picture that was ever produced does not make her a third-rate actress, and is no criticism of the "star system." It is, however, slashing criticism of the policy of putting out third-rate pictures, even with first-rate actresses in them.

A moving thought: what of the stars of to-day, to-morrow? Of the favourites we applaud nightly, how many will be with us then? And will they still be playing, still be popular? Time will bring many changes. Douglas Fairbanks, at that year, will be nearing sixty. Will he be—can he be—so dashing then as now? Will Mary still be the "world's sweetheart"? She cannot then be "that little girl with curls." Shall we still be cheering the little lady and telling the youngsters how we remember her "first coming out—a kid of sixteen or so?" And what will her rôles be then? Our stars of to-day are all children, more or less counting from the birth of their careers. They have been with us only a little while. They have not had time to alter very much. But the children must grow up.

Wallace Reid, in 1942, may be the handsomest "father" or "villain," or handsomest something that flits across the screen; we cannot in fairness ask him still to be the "bonniest boy in the movies." Why? Jackie Coogan will be nearly thirty—a Kid no longer. And the immortal Charlie—*fifty-two!*

It is hard indeed to think of Charles Spencer as a film actor of fifty-two! We suppose the old run and gallop will be gone, and he may not be able to dodge the sawdust brick so cutely as to-day. But I think that age will not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety. Charlie old will be wonderful as Charlie young, and if he is still filming in filmland's to-morrow, I will wager that he has as many new tricks up his ancient sleeve as the youngest of 'em.

In 1942! In twenty years!
May he be there to do the tricks.
And may I be there to see.

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THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 59).

"Desire?" snapped Roderick. "I tell you I am mad for her. I am not willing to share her even with the King!"

"So you love the Lady Beatrice!" The voice was that of Stephanie, full of fury and menace. Both men turned and saw her emerge from behind the screen. Her face was livid with rage. She approached Roderick and spoke in tones tense with emotion, as her breast rose and fell with excited breathing.

"This, then, is my reward for my years of devotion and service! You have made me your confederate in crime, and my foolish love has caused me to yield and do your bidding. Now you love another woman, but would use me as a tool to further your ends. You are not so clever, Roderick, as you think; nor you, Solicitor Unwin, for I tell you that neither of you will win in this game of treachery. You will never have the Lady Beatrice, Roderick!"

As she spoke, Stephanie's fury mounted, and she moved stealthily closer to the table. She stood, her back to the table, facing the men, her hand behind her reaching for a knife that lay among the papers.

(The concluding instalment of this splendid film story will appear next month.)

A VALUABLE GIFT.

This is still gift-time, although Christmas is past and the New Year begun. Girls going back to school or to work, birthdays, "last-minute" presents—camouflaged by blaming the tardy postman!—New Year parties and so forth call for gifts that shall please, prove useful, and not take too much time in their choosing. A Cutex travelling set fulfils all these demands, for there is no girl or woman who does not appreciate this artistic and compact outfit, which will keep her nails ever dainty and beautiful. The Cutex Travelling Set, in the familiar black-and-pink, costs only nine-and-sixpence, but for more elaborate gifts there is the beautiful Cutex Boudoir Set, at nineteen shillings. You can purchase them at your nearest chemists—a great advantage if the usual New Year "rush" has descended upon you.



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YOU will, I think, agree that this month's issue of "THE PICTUREGOER" is worthy of your "great expectations," and you may take it as a sample of the good things we have in store for our readers during 1922. This issue contains many new and attractive features, and "there's more to come." Keep your eye on "THE PICTUREGOER," and tell your friends about the paper.

Purely Personal.

LAST month I wrote Finis to the Nazimova-Frederick controversy, but I can't resist the following letter, which I reproduce without comment:

The Last Word.

"I have just seen 'THE PICTUREGOER' for December, and should very much like to know why, in your column, Nazimova's name is printed in large type, and Pauline Frederick's name in small type. As one of Polly's adorers, I strongly object to this, and should like to know the reason for it, for, of the two, surely Pauline Frederick's name should be in bigger type than Nazimova's, for she is the acknowledged emotional Queen of the Screen."—U. D. Y.-J. (Gloucestershire).

NOW that there's peace in old Ireland once more, I hope movie-makers will get busy and let us have some Irish pictures. Years ago the Kalem Company made a large number of pictures in Ireland, but since then our country

has been shamefully neglected by film producers. It's all wrong. We have unrivalled scenic backgrounds, and everyone knows that our Irish girls are the finest in the world."—Pat (Dublin).

I SHOULD like to enter a plea for the Happy Ending. Real life is composed of far too many 'sad endings' to make a constant reflection of them

A Plea for "Happy Endings."

on the screen popular with the majority of picturegoers. Let us have the sad ending occasionally as a change to the happy finale, but a succession of sad ending pictures would be very undesirable."—L. P.-B. (Manchester).

SOMEONE entered a protest in a recent issue against the over-dressing of the movies. I should like to address a few words

Mounting the Movies.

to those producers who select their 'sets' with a keen eye for spectacular effect, but no eye at all for realism. One sees 'dining-rooms' on the screen that possess the dimensions of old-English baronial halls, and the spacious rooms in an average screen 'house' could not be kept clean by anything less than a battalion of servants. I wish film producers would not be so 'expansive.'"—M. G. (Rochester).

READERS are sending in their selections for "the best all-British film," but this issue will have closed before the final result

can be known. I should like to mention, however, that the majority of readers so far are voting for *The Best British Film. Carnival*, which was not an all-British picture, as the producer, whose art contributed so much to its success, is an American. Bear this in mind when making your selection.

CAN nothing be done to stop this desecration by film producers of the works of Sir J. M. Barrie? Why must they film his stories? They *A Caledonian* only spoil them *Stern and Wild*. in the process.

There was not one touch of Barrie in the film version of *The Admirable Crichton*, and I tremble when I think of American film versions of *The Little Minister* and *Sentimental Tommy*. There should be a law forbidding the filming of literary masterpieces."—G. N. M. (Glasgow).

SOME picturegoers object very strongly to the re-issue of old films, and consider themselves cheated if they find a re-issue of the programme of their kinema.

Are Re-issues Wanted?

There are, on the other hand, many people who love to see old favourites. I see no objection to re-issues, provided that they are always labelled as such, both on the film and on the posters outside.

I THINK that if Bessie Barriscale took other parts in pictures than the wife whose husband deserts her for the 'Vamp' and then returns to her, after he has

Artistes in "Stock" Rôles. failed, to ask her to forgive him, it

would be a great improvement. I like Bessie Barriscale's acting myself, but it is not very satisfactory to see the star in different pictures yet all having the same theme."—Jinx (Blackpool).

The above introduces the vexed question: "Should stars remain true to a certain type, or should they seek new characterisations for each successive picture?" What do you think? Address "The Thinker," c.o. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.



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Charles Ray



Picturegoers are divided sharply into two classes: those who adore Alla Nazimova, and those who do not care about her. Which are you? The incomparable Alla has just completed a film version of Ibsen's "Doll's House," the play in which she scored so heavily on the legitimate stage.

THE PICTUREGOER

Editorial Offices:
93, Long Acre, London.

VOL. 3. NO. 14.
FEBRUARY, 1922.

Registered for Transmission
by Canadian Magazine post.

A February Diary

ON Friday, Feb. 5th, 1897, Olga Nethersole as "Carmen" was the toast of Philadelphia, and playing the smallish part of "Don Manuel Sarceda" in her company at the Broad Street Theatre was a biggish, fairish, very blue-eyed young man of 21, called William Farnum. He made quite a swash-buckling success of it, decided that he liked romantic parts, and that he felt he was fitted to play leading rôles. We think he was a wise guy.

On Saturday, Feb. 6th, 1911, the word "Tarzan" meant less than nothing to Elmo Lincoln, who worked on a railroad and had never been inside a kinema or seen a film. It was Elmo's 22nd birthday (he was known as Otto E. Linkenhelt those days) and he celebrated the occasion by spending hours cleaning up the engine he drove. Nowadays, Elmo and Tarzan of the Apes are as one, and you'll be seeing him in his latest serial *The Adventures of Tarzan* before Feb. 6th, 1923.

On Tuesday, Feb. 8th, 1921, *Carnival*, acknowledged by public vote to be the best and most popular British film of the year, was shown to the Trade. On the same date in the year 1918, a special attraction at the Princess Theatre, New York, U.S.A., was the delightful solo dancing of pretty little Constance Binney, who is now a Realart star.

On Wednesday, Feb. 15th, 1882, the young gentleman who was to achieve the double distinction of being both America's favourite matinee idol, and one of screenland's finest character actors, opened his small mouth and uttered his first very large yell, and there was great rejoicing in the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blythe. Their stage name was Barrymore, and they christened their small son, John.

On Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1906, "Way Down East" was billed at the Grand Opera House, Salem, Oregon, U.S.A., and the part of "Martha Perkins," the mischief-making gossip, was played by Vivian Ogden—a remarkable bit of character-work. Now, in 1922, sixteen years later, Vivian Ogden is still playing "Martha Perkins"—in the Griffith film of the famous old play this time.

On Thursday, Feb. 22nd, 1898, little eleven-years-old Marguerite Clark "cried, and cried, and cried" because it was her birthday and she was spending it in an Ohio convent. But she cheered up a little in the afternoon when her elder sister arrived from Avondale, and brought her a doll nearly as big as herself, and a book of her favourite kind—fairy tales. In the year 1877, Feb. 22nd fell on Sunday, and as it was George Washington's birthday, the son and heir of the Costello family, who arrived on that day, was saddled for life with the names of Maurice George Washington Costello. But you can't keep a good man down, and he became a world-favourite in the movies in spite of it.

On Friday, Feb. 23rd, 1917, two extraordinarily pretty fair girls both graced the same musical show in a New York Theatre. Justine Johnstone and Marion Davies were the bright particular stars of "Oh, Boy!", the musical comedy hit of the season, and, far from Justine casting black looks at Marion when Marion's mail-bag was heavier than her own, or Marion looking peeved when Justine had the most flowers and candy, the two pretty dancers and singers were bosom friends. They still are, though Marion heads her own film productions in America, and Justine Johnstone has settled down to being Mrs. Walter Wanger in England.



Mae Murray
in "Idols of
Clay."

Let's Be Fashionable



Everybody who is anybody in the world of fashion has now fled from England to "winter" in sunnier lands. So let's be fashionable and travel in search of the sun by the magical movie route along which the poorest may travel.

Those fortunate mortals gifted with worldly wealth flee from the drear skies of wintry England and bask in the sunshine of the Riviera and climes of similar brightness. But even if you are not a Croesus, the sunny-blue skies and sparkling seas of lands caressed by nature in its loveliest mood are not beyond your reach. For the kinema screen, like the magic *genii* who nightly spring through pantomime trapdoors at this season of the year, carries you to such an Elysium. For the price of a seat in a kinema you can be whisked away to sunny lands and become as fashionable and opulent as the plutocrats who throng the marble terraces of cloudless Monte Carlo.

Come with Mae Murray and David Powell to the South Seas, where, amidst nature's panorama of turquoise waters and vivid tropical scenery, the love story of *Idols of Clay* is unfolded. The southern sun radiates from the screen and the placid waters that frame this island romance are balm for the jaded nerves of city dwellers. *Idols of Clay* breathes the atmosphere of the tropics, for the picture is a production of that artist in colourful screen presentations, George Fitzmaurice. The story of the young London sculptor, whose faith in his career and human nature has been shattered by an unscrupulous woman, and who drifts southwards to find happiness in the simple love of a pearl smuggler's daughter, harmonises effectively with the beautiful southern scenery. It banishes from your mind the thoughts of the wind that may be howling round the



Norma Talmadge and Wynndham Standing in "The Isle of Conquest."

Houdini had
some anxious
moments in
"Terror Island."

picture hall in which you are seated, or the chilling sleet that is drifting on to the roof.

The sunny charm of the Pacific is reflected in the film version of *The Admirable Crichton*, for in order to supply the correct atmosphere for the island scenes that are the main feature of the play, a locale was selected on Santa Cruz Island. Brilliant sunshine was there, and the necessary cloudless horizon, but not the indispensable tropical atmosphere. So the resourceful director had great loads of foliage and tropical plants transplanted so that the American island resembled a spot in the South Seas. Thus the illusion of a tropical jungle

was obtained, and Society men and women, suddenly stripped by the hazard of shipwreck of their wealth, trappings, and position, worked out their destinies on the lines of Barrie's immortal play. In the scene where the survivors of the wrecked yacht are cast up on the shore, the picturesque appeal carried away much of the suggestion of the tragedy that followed in the wake of the storm. The crystal waters of the Pacific lapped the sandy beach with restful ripples that were reminiscent of a bathing beach on the Riviera. In these highly civilised times the story of derelicts cast on to a desert island away from the conventions of everyday life has a fascinating appeal. The setting of the film play, *The Woman That God Changed*, dealt with two such castaways. But there is a twist in their story which raises it from the rut of conventionality. The man is a detective

and the girl is a murderess. He was holding her as his prisoner when the storm intervened and wrecked the vessel on which both were travelling back to New York, where the prison cell awaited the fair criminal. Thrown on a desert island, the detective and his prisoner find that they are but primitive man and woman. And the shackles of justice become the bonds of love. How the girl, years later, faces her trial, and is defended by the man who originally hounded her down, provides the thrilling climax to the story. Beautiful night scenes, with moonlight bathing the still, tropical seas with romantic rays, form the background for the island love scenes. Since the days of "The Blue Lagoon," seldom has a love story matured amidst more enchanting surroundings.

Even Houdini, whose wizardry is invariably presented on the screen amidst civilised surroundings that embrace the roofs of skyscrapers, railway tracks, and prison cells, has succumbed to the lure of the South Sea setting. In *Terror Island*, Houdini sets off on a chivalrous quest to rescue from island natives the father of the heroine played by dainty Lila Lee. South Sea Island adventures follow thick and fast. When the famous screen illusionist fights with a giant savage, and plunges from a high cliff into the ocean, the setting of the scene is a beautiful excerpt from nature. The placid seas, with the sun sinking with vivid splendour beneath the horizon, paints a peaceful picture that is a strange background for the presentation of an episode that breathes the ferocity of unbridled human emotions.

There is an arresting charm in the picture of the midnight rescue of Katharine McDonald from a horde of South Sea Island savages, which appears in *The Infidel*. The scene, taken at two o'clock in the morning, has caught the beauty of the tropical

E. K. Lincoln and Seena Owen in "The Woman God Changed."



Below: Geraldina in "The Woman Unchanged."
Right: Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee in "The Admirable Crichton."



Louise Lovely and William Scott in "Partners of Fate."

night, and although Sunlight arc lamps were utilised to put "more power to the elbow" of the moonbeams that played on the glistening waters, the effect of the luxurious warmth of the nocturnal hours of the South was realistically suggested.

The terrific storm produced by the mechanical arts of the director, that preceded the sunny scenes in *Trumpet Island*, scarcely suggested the beautiful views of southern seas that were to follow.

Marguerite de la Motte is caught in an electrical storm whilst flying with her husband, and she crashes with the wrecked machine amidst the tropical foliage of a desert island. There she finds a young millionaire who, after a life of reckless squandering, has isolated himself in an endeavour to regain his lost manhood. Placid seas caressing sand-dunes frescoed with tropical growths are the picturesque backgrounds of the subsequent love scenes. And the producer has taken full advantage of the beauty of the tropics to frame his romance.

Sapphire skies and blue lagoons fringed with the white spray of southern seas is the setting of Mary Miles Minter's latest picture, *South of Suva*. Romance on the silver sands of sheltered coves figures in this attractive love story. There is a picturesque climax when John Bowers ("Webster") rescues Mary Minter ("Phyllis Latimer") from a midnight feast of cannibals, who are sacrificing her on the altar of their gods. This scene was taken with the aid of a full tropical moon, and the effect is gripping in its realism.

There were many island scenes in *The Isle of Conquest* that charmed the spectator. For Norma Talmadge and Wyndham Standing evolved their love story on an uninhabited island, with a simple appeal that blended well with the wild naturalness of the picturesque scenery figuring throughout the tropical settings. But that is much of the charm of the South Sea picture—the romantic pleasure that it brings to kinemagoers to see a beautiful heroine wrecked on a desert island. Such stories revive the inherent romance in us all, just as the glimpses of the screen sunshine that such presentations portray bring passing sunshine to the mind.

Short & Sweet

Left: An excellent real-life camera-study of Flora Le Breton.



Two charming studies of Flora Le Breton in "The Glorious Adventure."



Dainty Flora Le Breton fits the above title to perfection. She is 5 ft. nothing in height, and the rest goes without saying. Flora has danced her way to film fame at the age of eighteen, via "La Poupée" and "The Glorious Adventure."

It is sweet to be hailed with song. As I walked into Gammont's by way of the emergency steps (it's the quickest way up), a man was torturing a melodeon, and putting his heart and soul into: "I know not, I *keer* not where Parydise may be. But I KNOW I'm in nexcellent Com-pan-ee." He and I had the rain and the whole of Lime Grove to ourselves. Perhaps he was right.

When I got inside I was greeted with such a burst of profanity that I went down again backwards, far quicker than I went up. The singer regarded me with a pessimistic optic. "It's the Baths you want," he wheezed. "Wrong door. They're exactly opperzit. People often makes that mistake."

I thanked him and went round to the front of the studios and asked for Flora Le Breton.

The Studio Manager piloted me across the studio, past a heap of tin cans, rubbish, and two dust-bins. The air was still full of bad language. Honest to goodness, I never knew there were so many adjectives beginning with "B." The "set" represented an attic Somewhere in Slumland. Two men and a pretty coster-girl were telling the world what they thought of one another in choice Limehouse lingo. A small fair-haired child covered under the table. "Come out, Maggie, you—(next five words censored)." "Maggie" came out, and the heftiest of the two huskies heaved a kettle of boiling water at her. She lifted up a Lillian-Gish-like countenance (and her voice) and wept. So realistically that they took a "close-up" of it.

Then the three linguists re-commenced full pelt. The assistant producer hastily put his hands over the ears of a small white pup who regarded the scene attentively. "Might stunt his growth," he remarked. The pup winked.

"That's Flora," volunteered my pilot, indicating the ten-year-old, who was crying harder than ever. "Not that one, please," I pleaded. "I thought Flora was a comedienne."

"So did we."

He left me to think this out. The biggest ruffian flung another flood of

adjectives directly at my defenceless head; the pup growled; the "Klieg's" growled and went out; the producer mopped his fevered brow, and the scene was ended. "Maggie" having pulled herself together, so to speak, danced off the set, and held out a grimy little paw.

"Come and have tea in my dressing-room," she invited; "and I'll introduce you to my tame bloater. We're going to use it again later on, and I have to keep it in a wooden box, because it's *really* bad."

"I didn't know you could 'emote' like that," I began, from the depths of Flora's pet cosy chair.

"Neither did I," she laughed. "It's my very first sad part, and my very first child part, too. I'm supposed to be about ten—the ill-used offspring of a man who steals dogs. He starves me, you know; so that I have to steal food from the dog-platter. He'd just caught me at it, and was beating me when the neighbours interfered. Father and the neighbours just said a few words to one another and——"

"I know," I interrupted. "I've learned at least half-a-dozen new 'swears' this afternoon. But I thought your hair was dark when I saw you in *The Glorious Adventure*."

"It is," said Flora; "look"—and removed her golden halo, in order to pour out tea more comfortably.

She's right. It's chestnut colour; and there's a great deal of it. I demanded particulars of Flora's screen career.

"Short and sweet," said Flora, fitting about the room like a coryphée. "I was in a revue, 'Bran Pie,' at the Prince of Wales', playing a low-comedy character-part, and I went to a studio one afternoon just out of curiosity. The producer answered all my questions very patiently, and then staggered me by an offer to play 'Alesia the Doll' in *La Poupée*, which he was about to film. I was delighted, because it's almost a dancing part, and I just adore dancing. I was only sixteen and a bit, and I could hardly believe it was true. My second film was *The Glorious Adventure*; then I danced again in Master's *Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay* song film, and now I'm 'Maggie' in *The Worker*. And that's all there is to tell." She subsided upon a stool, and awarded herself a cup of tea. "*La Poupée*," she continued, "was made in 1920; and then I went back to the stage again. I'm fond of stage work, too. I don't know which I like best."

"Begin right at the beginning again," I charged her in my best "maiden-aunt" manner. She looked at me for a moment, then stood up and put her hands behind her in approved school-girl fashion.

"I began," she told me, "by being one of those horrible inflictions—a show pupil. They used to sort of hold me up as an example, because I had such a lot of prizes and medals and things. But I'm doing my best to live it down, really I am. Afterwards I went to the Academy, for elocution and music and dancing, and my first stage effort was in 'Flora,' a short-lived musical show, in which Gertie Millar starred. Mine was just a thinking part. Then I took up the rôle of 'Cherry,' with Gerald du Maurier, when Mabel Russell retired. That was a lovely play. The little servant in 'Bran Pie' came next. It was Frohman who advised me to take up film work, you know. I left the cast of 'Bran Pie' to go to Teddington and make *La Poupée*; and before the film was Trade-shown, I was in America."

She put in over a year touring with "The Maid of the Mountains," playing the soubrette part Mabel Sealby created; and Fred Wright, the 'Hilarious' of *La Poupée*, was Flora's stage husband. They travelled all over Canada, and part of America.

"But I couldn't see much of Los," Flora confided, "because I was only there a fortnight. Perhaps I shall go again some day. I came home on the same boat as Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Blackton, who offered me the part of 'Rosemary' in their all-colour film, just before we landed."

We talked about *La Poupée*, and the truly wonderful dance in which the "doll" indulges. Flora gave me an illustration of how it was done. Her merry grey-blue eyes became fixed and staring; she pursed up her mouth, and her mobile face assumed the blank expression of the automaton she was in that film, as she performed

a few steps of that swaying, terpsichorean effort that is the cleverest of the many clever things in *La Poupée*. As to the tiny screen-blossom herself, she was born in London, but has (on her own confession) French and Irish ancestors. Also one ancestress who doted on dancing and amateur theatricals.

"She would have gone on the stage," Flora affirmed; "but she didn't dare. In her time it wasn't the thing at all for girls to do that. So I am the first one to break out, or break in. Which is correct?"

As "Alesia" in the film version of "La Poupée."



Flora had the famous bloater in its cage under one arm as we returned to the "set." "This is Cythia," she said, presenting a very pretty befurred maiden, "Sal" (Ethel

Oliver), who rescues me from Father and then marries him afterwards. This is 'Cosh'; he plays a dual rôle; but will persist in eating his disguise. He loves make-up."

"Cosh," alias Billy Gaumont, a pure-bred white terrier-pup, shook hands politely, then resumed his occupation of chewing up an electric cable. "Father" (David Hawthorne) was rolling up his shirt-sleeves, preparatory, I believe, to tackling the bloater.

"I'm a dorg-fancier," he informed me, in a muffled voice. "I sees a dorg I fancies, and I steals it. 'Corse I believe a little of what yer fancies does yer good. Can't shake hands, I'm too grimy. And you, Grannie (to Flora, whose nickname this is), bring out your bloater and we'll start."

"Is it a long scene?" I asked Flora. "I think I'd rather be off before you let that bloater loose."

"No, it's quite short," she reassured me, laughing. She didn't add, "and sweet" this time. In common candidness she couldn't. Because it wasn't sweet. At least, the bloater was very far from it. I fled before it came out of its box. But I wonder if Flora knows that Short and Sweet is an excellent description of her dear little self.



As "Rosemary" in "The Glorious Adventure."



As "Maggie" in "The Worker," her latest picture.



BACK to the OLD LOVE-



Billie Berlin in a scene from "The Intimate Strangers."

Left: Marie Doro in "Lilies of the Field."

Although many film stars are emigrating from the studios to the stage to shine in their original firmament, unlike the fickle swain, they are not altogether casting aside the old love and linking up with the new. For talented film artistes can simultaneously woo the sister arts of the screen and the stage, yet keep their symbolical households in order. This combination of kinema and theatrical work has become popular amongst the high lights of the film world for various reasons. There are occasions when the wholesale production of films has to ease up. The world cannot continually go on assimilating fresh celluloid fare without an occasional rest. Hence, when the studio arc lamps are temporarily dimmed, the migration of the film stars to the brighter lights of the stage commences. Also the film studios around New York considerably reduce their activities during the winter months. And those artistes who do not wish to leave the lights of Broadway and hike back to Los Angeles for the winter season prevent the depreciation of their bank balances by decoying bank-notes from theatre box-offices.

Although Lowell Sherman is flickering across the screen in this country as the villain in *Way Down East*, he is in reality playing a hero's part in a popular American stage play, "The Man's Name."

It is difficult to imagine Sherman, whose grim screech villainies have inspired the hisses of thousands, posing as a popular hero. But that is but one of the many Gilbertian situations that at times follow in the trail of the artiste who steps from the film studio to the stage and *vice versa*.

The flaring lights of Broadway at present flicker with giant electric signs, the names of many prominent film celebrities playing in the theatres. Vivian Martin, the Fox star, is now in her second season in "Just Married"; Ina Claire, who will be seen next May as the bright particular star of *Polly with a Past*, now plays a leading part in the stage success, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"; and dainty Billie Burke is back in the environment where she first became a public favourite, as the leading lady in the New



Alice Brady in "Forever After."

York play, "The Intimate Strangers."

Alice Brady, following the long stage run of "Forever After," is playing with Robert Warwick, the former Paramount Artercraft star, in "Drifting," a stage melodrama of coast town life in China. Alice Brady is a notorious character named "Cassie Cook," and Warwick is seen as "Bad Lands McKinney," a beachcomber of the Chinese coast. So here again two screen exponents of sympathetic human characteristics have been enrolled in the ranks of stage villainy. The cast of "Drifting" is practically composed of film artistes of note.

William Faversham has gone back to his old love, for he is appearing in "The Silver Box" as the leading man. Faversham has spent more of his acting life behind the footlights than be-

neath the studio arc lamps. He came to the screen from the theatre late in life. Appropriately enough, one of his best known screen successes was in the film version of the famous stage play, "The Silver King." Lionel Barrymore is acting in "The Claw"; George Arliss is "star" of "The Green Goddess"; and H. B. Warner and Faire Binney are bringing crowded houses to see them in the dramatic stage play, "Danger."

Matheson Lang, who is no stranger to the silver-sheet, is now playing in London in "Blood and Sand"; and



Henry Hull and Tallulah Bankhead in "Every Day."

George Arliss and Lotus Robb in "The Green Goddess."



Circle: Catherine Calvert and Otis Skinner in "Blood and Sand."

strangely enough, Catherine Calvert and Otis Skinner are achieving considerable success in the same play in New York. Marie Doro is the star in "Lilies of the Field," in the same city; and Elsie Ferguson, who at the height of her stage career, was persuaded to join the film forces of the Famous Players, has returned to her former field of success in the theatre drama, "Varying Shores."

In this country also well-known screen stars are migrating to the stage, whilst winter skies have temporarily silenced the click of the cameras and the hiss of the studio lights.

Cecil Humphreys is playing in the spectacular production of Oscar Asche's "Cairo," and he has dispensed with his elegant drawing-room suits and donned the scantier garments of the East with characteristic effectiveness. Clive Brook is now playing in "Clothes and the Woman," and Milton Rosmer has pleased the critics with his leading rôle in "The Rattlesnake." Mary Odette scored a triumph on the legitimate stage recently when she appeared with Godfrey Tearle in Monckton Hoffe's play, "The Faithful Heart."

Faith Bevan, the beautiful Stoll star, whose last film appearance was in *The River of Stars*, is back again behind the footlights. She is playing in the revival of "Sybil" at Daly's Theatre, where she was acting at the time when an astute film producer recognised her talent, and enlisted her for the films.

George K. Arthur, who came from the stage to the screen to gain fame as the star in the film version of *Kipps*, recently joined the merry party of entertainers, "The Co-Optimists," at the Palace Theatre.

One of the first of the prominent film actresses in this country to return to the stage was José Collins, who, after a series of photo-play successes that included *The Light That Failed*, *A Woman's Honour*, *Nobody's Child*, and *The Sword of Damocles*, has been away from the studios for a considerable period.

Not long ago Peter Upcher, the British screen Adonis, succumbed to a tempting offer to tour the variety theatres in a sketch with his inseparable company, his thoroughbred horse, "Midget." Upcher's horse has appeared with him in many of his films, and in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story* it was "Midget" that accomplished the daring swim through a raging stream to the rescue of the heroine, who was



Godfrey Tearle and Mary Odette in "The Faithful Heart."

clinging to the branch of a tree. Lest some may mourn at the thought that many popular screen favourites have been won back to the footlights, let it be said that such tears are unnecessary. It is a process of evolution—the development of the artiste who devotes time to both the screen and the stage, and the dual acting arts, will undoubtedly benefit by this welding of histrionic ability. Both screen and stage can learn from one another.



OPENING *the* BRITISH OYSTER

By
W.A. Williamson

No. II In the *Lion's Den*

These metaphors are a bit mixed, but the article below explains everything. Our intrepid contributor, who has undertaken the pious task of humanising the British Studios, penetrates into the fastnesses of another forbidden film citadel, and finds himself in excellent company.



Harley

Knoles.

"MEM.— See Harley Knoles and restore to him his nationality," ran the note in my desk-diary—a clarion call to doleful duty. So I bought a ticket to St. Margaret's, and set out to meet my fate.

Now, it is an easy matter to take away a man's nationality: "The Thinker" did it in two careless lines in last month's issue by calling Mr. Knoles an American. But putting it back is the very deuce. Travelling down in the train I had the newspaper head-lines all cut and dried: "Homicide in a Film Studio. Producer slays Traducer."

Lightly humming "Dare to be a Daniel," I presented my card at the inquiry office of the Alliance Studios, and the dread message, "Mr. Knoles will meet you on the floor," came back in less than a minute.



Producer and cast of "The Bohemian Girl." Left to right: Constance Collier, Henry Vibart, Harley Knoles, Ellen Terry, Gladys Cooper, Aubrey Smith and Ivor Novello.



Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper.

John Kelson, the assistant director, piloted me through a maze of electric cables, and I found myself "on the floor" with Harley Knoles, who was in the thick of a scene for *The Bohemian Girl*.

How does a lamb feel when the butcher says: "No! We'll have pork this week, and beef next. Mutton is a drug on the market?" You don't know, but I do. Because Harley Knoles shook me by the hand and said: "Are you the man I've got a fierce fend with? We'll have to postpone it, if you don't mind, because I'm in the middle of a scene."

Yes, I was relieved all right, but disappointed, too. Harley Knoles sounded so fierce over the telephone that I had quite made up my mind to find in him the realisation of a life-long ambition. I want very badly to meet one of those traditional movie directors. You know the men who bellow at artistes through a megaphone and throw scenery at their camera-men. "Harley Knoles," I

told myself, "is like that."

All wrong. He isn't. Not a bit like. Harley Knoles mounted the rostrum to direct operations, and the very next words I heard him mutter were: "God bless you. I don't want you to kneel yet"—delivered in the sad, sing-song of a parson pronouncing a benediction.

The scene was a gipsy encampment, complete with caravans and a goat that browsed contentedly on a triangular section of real turf, set amidst the studio "grass." It was a colourful scene; the vivid costumes of the gipsies harmonised so perfectly that it was apparent that an artistic eye had supervised the grouping.

"We'll try the whole scene again," announced Harley Knoles. Someone struck a call for silence on a ship's bell suspended near the camera, and the action commenced.

To the slow, sad strains of "The Rosary" on a piano, "Devilshoof" (C. Aubrey Smith) called the gipsies to witness the betrothal of "Arline" (Gladys Cooper) and "Thaddeus" (Ivor Novello). The Queen of the Gipsies (Constance Collier) presided, and a white-bearded patriarch pronounced a benediction upon the happy pair.

"It is a night scene," Harley Knoles explained. "This is the way I like to make them."

More rehearsals, and then the scene was repeated three times with Rene Guissart turning the camera crank. Harley Knoles' super-camera-man is a difficult individual to please, and many were the conferences before everybody was satisfied.



The Gipsy Queen supervises the betrothal of "Arline" and "Thaddeus."

They went on betrothing and betrothing until I grew giddy, and so I started a discussion with John Kelson on British Oysters and the opening thereof.

"We do not get," said I, "the same co-operation from British studios as we do from American. Why is it?"

"Women!" said Mr. Kelson, moodily.

I registered surprise.

"Editors send women to the studios," explained Mr. Kelson. "Women! Why, a woman came here the other week who had never heard of Aubrey Smith! Women!"

His voice rang with honest indignation.

"You surprise me," said I. "Whenever Miss Picturegoer goes to a studio she seems to do very well, indeed. They give her tea——"

("Come and have a cup of tea," interjected H. K. Winston, the Alliance film editor, at my elbow.)

"And cakes," I added, hastily. "Ivor Novello gave her cream buns, and Milton Rosmer caviare sandwiches."

"We'll see what we can do," said Mr. Winston, and he lead the way to his workshop, where we discussed tea, cakes, sets, and film-cutting.

When we returned to the studio a hideous old gipsy hag rushed up and shook me by the hand, insisting that she was a friend of mine. I was a bit taken aback till I discovered that it was only Elsie Prescott wearing one of her forty faces.

"I wanted to smoke a clay pipe, too," she informed me. "But they told me it would be an anachronism."

Harley Knoles, resting over a cup of tea, saw me looking like a Christian

martyr, and pounced upon me. "Touching that little matter of my nationality," said he.

"It's a pretty set," said I. "But don't you——"

"You called me an——"

"I like the soft lighting effect and——"

"American," concluded Harley Knoles, firmly.

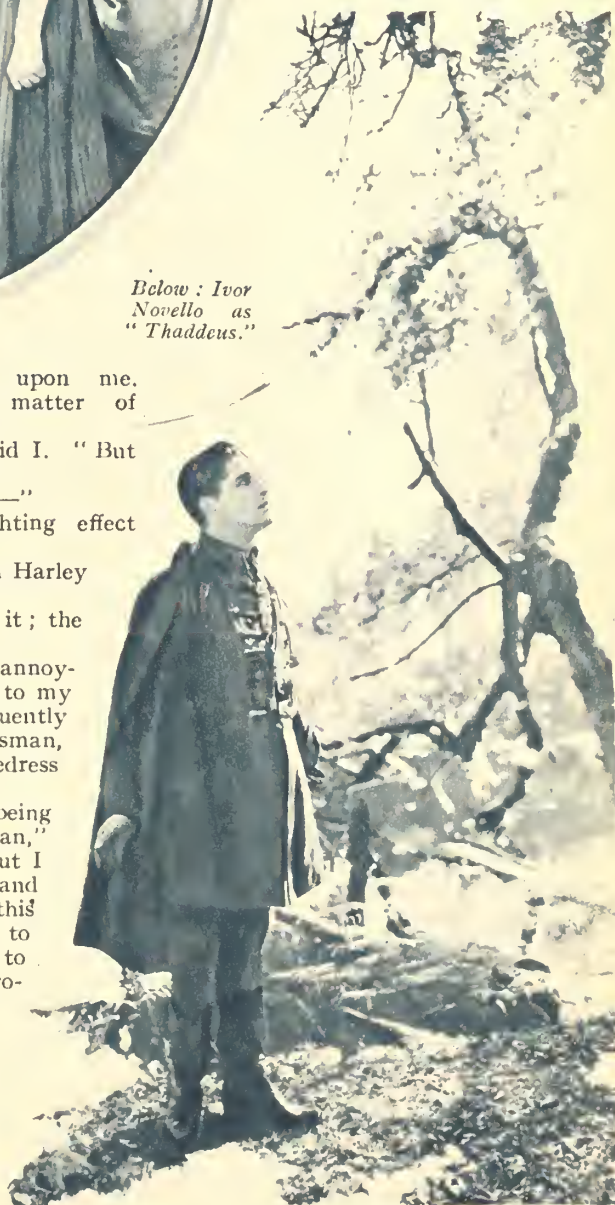
There was no help for it; the music must be faced.

"These things are very annoying," I agreed. "Owing to my name, I, myself, have frequently been mistaken for a Scotsman, but the law offers no redress in such cases."

"Not that I mind being mistaken for an American," said Harley Knoles. "But I was born at Rotherham, and lived forty years in this country before I went to America. I returned to show what an English producer could do in this country, and——"

"You showed them," I interrupted. "You surely showed them."

By-and-by all was forgiven, and we settled down to a pleasant chat. Mr. Knoles is determined to make *The Bohemian Girl* another milestone in British photo-play art, and he is sparing neither trouble nor expense in the process. The powerful cast in-



Below: Ivor Novello as "Thaddeus."

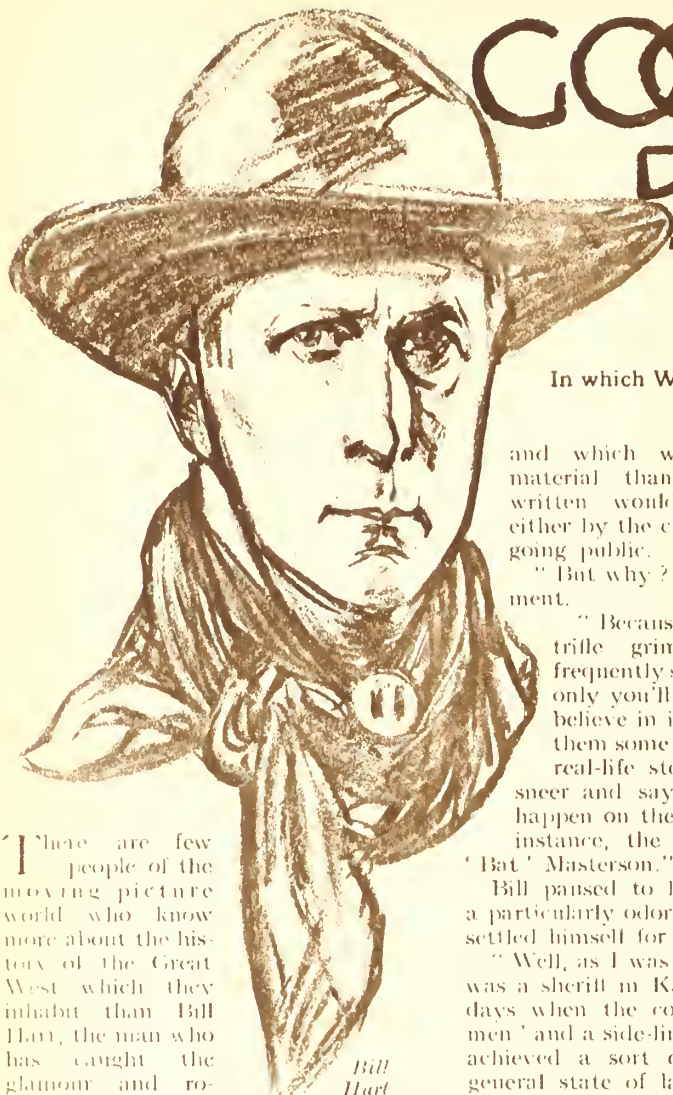
And so, having escaped from the (Al) lion's den, and said good-bye, we parted the best of friends.

(Another British Studio Article next month.)

cludes Ellen Terry, Gladys Cooper, Constance Collier, Ivor Novello, Aubrey Smith and Henry Vibart, and many of the sets in the film—notably the ballroom and "marble halls"—are gorgeous beyond description.

"I'm out to beat *Carnival*," said Harley Knoles. "That's my ambition with *The Bohemian Girl*—to make a picture that will beat *Carnival*."

If he does, I'll take off my hat to him.



Bill
Hart
a character
sketch from life.

GOOD MAN- BAD MAN

By Elsie Codd

In which William Shakespeare Hart indulges in some reminiscences about the Golden West.

There are few people of the moving picture world who know more about the history of the Great West which they inhabit than Bill Hart, the man who has caught the glamour and romance of the spirit of its past and materialised it for us once more on the screen.

And it will always be a very pleasant memory for me to recall a certain evening when Bill yarned and "reminisced" on his favourite subject for my own especial benefit in a quiet corner of a Los Angeles "restaurant de luxe."

The other day I happened to read in a New York paper of the death of a certain "Bat" Masterson. I know the name conveys very little to the average British reader, but it brought back to me the memory of that evening with Bill Hart; so I rummaged amongst some of the notes I made at the time, and have pieced together out of a mass of interesting material some of the facts Bill told me about a man who did his bit in making the history of the Golden West.

I remember it all started when I happened to ask Bill whether he invented all his own stories or based them on actual fact. He told me that he made them as true to the traditions of the West as far as he was able; but that many of the stories he had heard from "old-timers" stories which he knew to be authentic in every detail,

and which would furnish finer material than any script ever written would never be accepted either by the critics or the picture-going public.

"But why?" I asked in amazement.

"Because," he replied a trifle grimly, "truth is so frequently stranger than fiction, only you'll never get people to believe in it. If I were to give them some of those red-blooded real-life stories, they'd simply sneer and say, 'Such things only happen on the screen.' Take, for instance, the case of my friend, 'Bat' Masterson."

Bill paused to light a "stogie" of a particularly odoriferous variety, then settled himself for a comfortable yarn.

"Well, as I was going to say, 'Bat' was a sheriff in Kansas in the roaring days when the corn-belt raised 'bad men' and a side-line in wheat, and had achieved a sort of notoriety for its general state of lawlessness. I think they made 'Bat' sheriff because he not only had the reputation of being the whitest man that ever breathed, but also the quickest 'on the draw.' And, believe me, that meant something in the days when every man who valued his life and his worldly possessions had to be a lightning artist in the use of his gun.

"'Bat,' when he shouldered the burdens of office, lost no time in announcing his intention of cleaning up his district and making it into a law abiding community. It was not long before he was the terror of every outlaw in the surrounding country. Being the sort of guy who has no nerves to speak of, and who doesn't know the meaning of fear, he seemed to bear a sort of charmed life. Most of the 'bad

men' boasted they'd get him some day, but it was always 'Bat' who got a look in first. He was so fast with the trigger, so sure of his aim, that with a single movement of his hand he'd wing his man without even removing his gun from the holster.

"Whether he got sort-a disgruntled at the general cussedness of humanity, or just damn tired of shooting 'bad men,' I'm not in a position to say. But, anyhow, one day he decided he'd had about enough of the sheriff business, so he bought a little ranch way back in Oklahoma, retired from public life, and promised himself a well-earned rest.

"Hardly had he settled down to the new life, when he heard that the 'bad men' of Kansas had elected his brother Ed, as his successor, just to give themselves the treat of 'getting' Ed, as they'd been so notably unfortunate in the matter of 'getting' 'Bat.'

(Continued on page 59.)



W. S. Hart in
a scene with
his wife Wini-
fred Westover.

The QUEER SIDE OF SHOOTING

By P. RUSSELL MALLINSON



The purpose of the screen, it is said, is to hold a mirror up to life. It is a pretty thought—an idealistic musing that one might expect to find inscribed in letters of gold on flawless vellum in the archives of a Utopian palace. But you will not discover it written in the notebook of any film camera-man. Neither will you detect any inclination to reflect life too close to realities in the methods of the real live camera-man who has turned handles, operated irises and changed spools, man and boy right down the kinema ages.

The art of the camera-man who searches for novelty in pictures, for which there is an insatiable demand, is to attack his subjects from a queer angle. He knows that the average human being has a restricted view of the things of life. The street that the suburbanite lives in always looks the same because his eyes gaze on it always on the level. Take Mr. Jones, of Tooting, up in an aeroplane, and let him gaze down on Acacia Avenue from an altitude of one hundred feet, and he will see his "desirable residential thoroughfare" from an entirely novel and new point of view. Mr. Smith will tell you that he is bored by his morning train journey to the City. He sees the same scenery every day from the same aspect. Strap him to the buffers of the engine of the 8.45 a.m. and his boredom will vanish into thin air. He will view the same scenery as he did from the window of the "third smoker," but the different view-point will spell just the difference between thrilling interest and trifling boredom.

There lies the secret of the art of the camera-man. Through the medium of his camera-lens he carries your eye to heights and points of vantage that convey to your mind a new view of things that grips your imagination through sheer originality. Here again you have further evidence of why first-class camera-men are paid four-figure salaries, and by many producers are treated with a deference greater than that extended to "stars." The man behind the lens has to wear a "thinking cap de luxe" when he is working on a first-class production for the screen. Apart from his knowledge of the technical side of his business, he has to co-operate with the producer in discovering those invaluable "view-points." Like the Editor who often gets the best effect out of an article or story by placing the concluding paragraphs first, so the knight of the lens will often scheme to introduce "topsy turvydom" into his scenes.

In a recent film serial an incident was introduced that depicted the hero escaping from a gang of aerial bandits, by diving headlong from an aeroplane containing the criminals and dropping to earth by parachute. The pro-

ducer was not entirely satisfied with this thrill. "It's hackneyed," was his comment. "Can't we strike something more original?" he questioned, appealing, as producers are wont, to the gum-chewing, handle-turning genius who presides over the destinies of the cameras.

The operator thought a moment, and then a satisfied smile stole over his benign countenance.

"For a parachute drop you've got to have the camera on the ground, and you'll have to take a 'shot' whilst the apparatus is settling down to earth," he commented. "Who gets the thrill? The man dangling on the end of the parachute, of course. Right. Get your camera off the earth, and put it where the thrills are being made—on the end of that parachute. That's the new twist you're after."

The producer agreed, and so the stunt matured. When the parachute was loosed from the hundred-mile-an-hour aeroplane, in addition to the man on the end, there was an aerscope camera worked by compressed air also. As the frail apparatus drifted earthwards the celluloid whirled through the velvet-lined slots of the camera as the operator pressed the button that set the internal machinery in motion. An extraordinary panorama of the earth was secured.

It conveyed to the audience with vivid impressiveness the sensations that were being experienced by the hero of the serial photoplay. The ground appeared to rush upwards with a sensational and bewildering swirl of fields, houses, and roads. It was a study of Mother Earth enveloped with a mantle of novelty that imbued the familiar old lady with a picturesque freshness. From a height of five thousand feet the ground appeared like a giant chess board. Then as it approached nearer and nearer to the lens, the square, trim fields of the countryside, the thatched roofs of farmhouses and the winding buff-coloured ribbons that in reality were the highways dissecting the landscape became discernible. And this remarkable feat of "shooting" ended with a thrilling final rush as the aeronaut reached the ground and the turf rushed towards his camera and imprinted a swaying jumble of soil and grass on to the film.

Compared with the mediocre picture of a parachute drop, this screen study of the emotions attending aviation is obviously a far greater manufacturer of novel thrills.

Another clever air study that can be ranked amongst the most novel efforts of the enterprising camera-man recently appeared in a screen war drama. A camera-man flying ten thousand feet above the earth in a military bomb-dropping machine secured a picture of two high-explosive

Big-game hunting is a tame sport in comparison with the "shooting" of motion picture scenes. Here are some good stories of "the man behind the gun,"—the cinematographer whose first and last ambition in life is to get good pictures no matter what the cost.

bombs being dropped on to a native village. The incident figured in the plot of the story that revolved around the hero's endeavours to rescue, by means of bombing planes, a party of explorers who had fallen into the hands of hostile tribesmen.

A sceptical Governor of a neighbouring province sneered at the hero's endeavours, and openly accused him in his club of not having the pluck to fly over the near-by village and bomb it.

"In twenty-four hours I will give you conclusive proof that I have dropped a dozen bombs on the village," was the hero's reply to the taunt.

The next day the disbelieving, arrogant Governor was requested to visit the young man's house. When he arrived, he found a screen erected in a darkened room, and a kinema projecting machine.

Hiding his curiosity under a sneering smile, he took the seat proffered to him, and sat and waited whilst the projector whirled into its stride.

First a bird's-eye view of the native village flashed on to the screen. It had been taken by a film camera from the bombing machine that a few hours previously had flown over it. Then a score of flashes were seen as the bombs fell on their destructive course amongst the squat native buildings.

Still the incredulous Governor was not satisfied. "How do I know that those explosions were produced by bombs from your machine?" he queried. "They could have been effected by gun fire from the ground."

Under cover of the prevailing darkness the camera-man winked at the projector operator.

"Show him the second film," ordered the hero with a grim smile.

Then an amazing picture flashed on to the screen. Once again the native village was shown. The dozen explosions flashed, and then from each tiny cloud of smoke a diminutive object commenced to rise. With relentless speed these mysterious things rose swiftly from the earth. As they approached nearer they gained in size. Onward they came, with a line of direction straight at the occupants of the room. The effect was uncanny as they swelled in size, and soon it was possible to discern that each of these objects was an unexploded bomb. Each of these vast projectiles seemed to be crashing out of the screen. With alarming realism they loomed huge and menacing, and just as they appeared about to smash into the room, the whole of the sheet became a dark, swirling mass. The sceptical Governor sat quaking in his seat, with beads of perspiration on his brow. His disbelief had been treated by a clever trick. An ordinary film picture had been taken of the descending bombs, and then the negative had been reversed. The process of the projectiles falling from the plane to the earth had been turned into a view of the bombs rising from the earth up to the bomb racks on the aeroplane. In this way the uncanny effect of a dozen wicked-looking projectiles apparently being hurled at one's head was realistically suggested.

It was the alert mind of Ruth Roland that conceived the idea of securing scenes for her new serial photoplay, *Ruth of the Rockies*, by having a camera-man strapped to the cowcatcher of an express train. Wisely she argued that everyone was naturally familiar with railroad scenery from the somewhat restricted view of a carriage window. But with the lens of the camera situated on the forefront of the engine, with the ever-changing panorama of the rugged scenery of the Rockies

swirling towards the apparatus, fresh imaginative pigment would be applied to an old canvas.

Travelling at sixty miles an hour through a temperature below zero is not exactly the form of amusement that would constitute the winning essay in a "How to Be Happy On One's Holidays" competition. The camera-man who accomplished it was frozen as stiff as a board. With that cheery optimism that hall-marks the camera-man fraternity he announced that he was so glad that he had been strapped to the front of the engine, as he was much too numbed to have ever been able to hang on to his precarious perch by physical effort.

On occasions icicles gathered on his clothes and camera. But the pictures were a success. And in the warmth of the private projecting theatre, when a camera-man sees his pictures run through, and the murmurs of appreciation from the "heads" tell him that he has secured successful "shots," the hardships that attended the taking are forgotten in the limbo of the past.

For the purpose of blending into a film picture the plot of which revolved around the exploration of a volcano, an intrepid camera-man was recently lowered into the crater of Vesuvius. Secured by intricate tackle, and supplied with life-lines with which to signal, should he find himself in difficulties, the man behind the lens dropped downwards into the evil-smelling pit. He penetrated into the crater's mouth to a depth of over a thousand feet, where his position was most perilous. Any moment the lava floor on which he lightly rested might have caved in and thrown him into the boiling lava, which cackled and seethed with the clamour of a dozen blast furnaces.



Filming wild animals is far more exciting than hunting them with guns.

David Wark Griffith, although such a master of screen illusion, often allows his mind to swing in the direction of practical realities where production is concerned. In *The Love Flower*, his love romance of the Southern Seas, he spurned the best efforts of his gifted studio staff to portray for the cameras the scenic effects of an underwater fight. Griffith had decided that in this case materialism should displace illusion.

After an exciting voyage to the Bahamas, during which Griffith and his party were lost in a typhoon for five days, the venue for the filming of the deep sea struggle was chosen. By means of a special apparatus consisting of pivoted wooden supports jutting out from motor boats, the cameras were placed so that the lenses were directed downwards towards the water. Then Carol Dempster, who had to stay beneath the surface for one and a half minutes and struggle with the villain, dived into position. Crouching like hunchbacks over their queerly placed viewfinders, the camera-men had to focus the swirling forms of the girl and the man operating beneath the water at a depth of eight feet. In the Bahamas the sea is as clear as crystal, and this made the difficult feat of under-water filming possible. And to add to the difficulties of this strange form of filming, a sharp look-out had to be kept for man-eating sharks that lurked in the vicinity.

The clearness of the finished pictures was extraordinary, despite the depth of water that intervened between the lenses of the cameras and the aquatic portrayals of Carol Dempster and her bedraggled persecutor.

The amazing spectacle of a boat-load of camera-men with their eyes and noses swathed in respiratory apparatus,

reminiscent of the soldiers' gas mask, was seen during the filming of the Path serial, *The Hidden Hand*, in which Mahlon Hamilton and Doris Kenyon played leading rôles.

The main scene in the picture depicted a thrilling race of a motor-boat through gallons of blazing oil that had been scattered on to the surface of a lake. It was a type of picture that demanded reality bordering on grave danger. To present it otherwise than in grim reality was not possible. Two high-speed racing motor-boats were requisitioned, and for two days expert engineers tuned up the powerful engines. The fatal consequences that could ensue should one of the frail craft break down and drift out of control amidst the inferno of smoke and flame, made such precautions imperative.

With their faces protected against the smoke, the camera-men dashed into the burning oil close in the wake of the craft in which Mahlon Hamilton and Doris Kenyon were crouching. With their eyes streaming from the effects of the fumes and smoke, the operators had to focus their cameras on the elusive, twisting motor-boat ahead. At times it was swallowed up in the thick smoke. Then suddenly it would loom out of the mist in perilous proximity to the craft hurtling in the rear. The climax to this amazing picture consisted of the hero and heroine diving overboard into the flaming water. Three times this feat had to be repeated owing to the difficulties that ensued in recording it. For almost uncanny judgment was necessary to keep the lenses directed on the evasive, shadowy forms that were enacting amidst the smoke a story with what was surely one of the most unique settings in kinema history.

Although there is generally a suggestion of humour in the spectacle of a wild animal chasing an unfortunate mortal who has, unwittingly, roused the ire of the beast, there are some camera-men whose funny bones adamantly refuse to vibrate when such stories are retailed.

For pictures in which wild animals are filmed often produce thrills that do not appear in the scenario. During the filming of *Mary of Magdala*, recently, the kinema cameras surrounded a lion that was to fight a Roman guard in the arena. The animal evinced a ferocious interest in the cameras, however, and eventually broke through a line of mounted Romans and charged the operators. The camera-men ran for safety, leaving behind their new and expensive cameras. The lion thoroughly smashed the slender tripods and the cameras before he submitted to be led back to his cage by the infuriated director and his staff.

Some of the queerest aspects of camera work occur when problems of speed have to be dealt with. When Rex Davis appeared in *Won By a Head*, he rode Vermont, the Grand National winner, in a thrilling race.

The camera men had to race alongside the course in a car and film the speedy progress of the thoroughbred and the rider. Keeping the fleeting form of a horse in focus under such circumstances is not the easiest of tasks. Exploring a coal mine for scenes appearing in a screen drama of the mines, was the recent task of a camera-man. "Sunlight" arc lamps placed on portable platforms supplied the light which splayed the dank, shadowed depths of the underground galleries with an uncanny glare. Sliding through narrow crevices on his stomach and dragging his grimed camera behind him was part of the day's work on this occasion.

Filming in mid-air has its full share of thrills. The late Lieutenant Locklear





The filming of a thrilling race of a motor-boat through gallons of blazing oil scattered on the surface of a lake proved a difficult and dangerous venture.

had two special camera-men who soared after him in the clouds, and in a companion machine recorded for the screen the blood-chilling feats of this airman actor. When the last film drama that Locklear appeared in, *The Skywayman*, was filmed, two helmeted and goggled camera-men, crouching behind the wind-screen of a hundred-mile-an-hour aeroplane, operated the cameras that had to keep within their narrow view-finders the swaying, vibrating machine that carried Locklear.

It was a nerve-racking task. On occasions the wings of the aeroplanes swung together in dangerous proximity. When some five thousand feet divides one from solid earth it is not a comforting sight to see a matter of inches separating the wing-tip of one machine from another, with the thought thumping in one's mind that should they touch, disaster would be inevitable.

It was during the filming of *The Skywayman* that Locklear met with his untimely end. Whilst stunting his machine before the cameras it nose-dived, and diving at breathless speed out of control, narrowly missed ramming the aeroplane from which the camera-men were filming the

proceedings, unaware that a real life drama was taking place before their eyes.

Poor Locklear was crushed to death when his biplane smashed into the earth, and became a mass of splintered spars, torn fabric and twisted wire.

In a sea drama that was recently filmed, the camera-men, accommodated in a tug-boat, had in one scene to chase a submarine. On one occasion the submersible dived beneath the water and then returned to the surface to enable the hero to get on board from a frail rowing boat.

An unexpected thrill was added to the proceedings when the submarine without warning suddenly rose almost beneath the bows of the tug-boat containing the camera-men. The bells in the engine-room clanged warningly as the skipper on the bridge signalled to the men in the stokehold to reverse the propeller and drag the ship out of danger. In the nick of time the blunt nose of the tug swung clear of the glistening submarine and the camera-men, who, with their characteristic eye for business, were just a little disappointed that their lenses had missed an exciting collision.

One of the most fatiguing forms of "shooting" is that which entails continual change of position of the cameras. When an alert film actor is going through a rapid succession of feats for the cameras, the difficult task confronts the camera-men of keeping the elusive artist in focus, and within the range of the lens. Sadie Bennet, when she was filmed in *The Great London Mystery*, gave the operators a strenuous time: Within the space of a few minutes she dived off Westminster Bridge, climbed to the top of a crane one hundred and ten feet high, slid down a wire rope into a basket, rescued a man who was tied in the receptacle, and brought the stirring scene to a conclusion by diving into the Thames from a height of eighty feet.

After that scene the camera-men were bathed in perspiration. By utilising the various levers and handles that control the directional destinies of a film camera, they had to swing their lenses from the bridge on to the water, then up to the heights of the crane, down into the basket, and then back to the murky waters of the Thames again. And all the time the picture had to be taken at a uniform speed, and questions of focus and the correct angle for the most effective "shots" had to be determined with lightning thought.

It was the Williamson Brothers who conceived one of the most novel forms of "shooting," that even taxed the ingenuity of the versatile camera-man. These film pioneers invented a cleverly designed diving apparatus that enabled under-water pictures to be obtained.

The device consisted of a flat-boat-look contrivance, from beneath which extended a cylinder of large dimensions that carried on its extremity, beneath the water, a circular chamber in which cameras could be operated.

Plate-glass windows were let into this compartment so that the lenses could record happenings in the waters around. Just above the window was a flat "float" carrying powerful arc lamps that radiated beams of light through the water, and lit up the surroundings for the benefit of the cameras.

It was this novel apparatus that enabled a thrilling picture of an under-water fight between a shark and a man to be obtained. The mechanism was taken to the Bahamas, where the crystal clearness of the water, through which the powerful sun shines, made an excellent setting for the drama.

At first endeavours were made to secure a native to fight the shark, but a coloured man willing to take on this risky task was not forthcoming. So one of the brothers Williamson filled the breach.

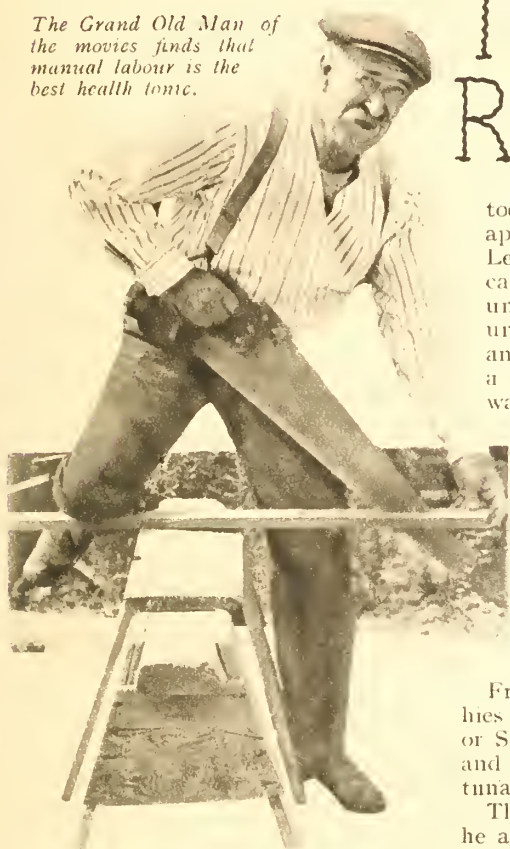
He enacted a thrilling struggle with a man-eating fish beneath the sea, whilst the camera-men, peering through the glass window of the diving bell, filmed the details of this startling struggle.

Thus camera-men work amidst the secrecy that of necessity veils the intricacies of film production. And the novelty and thrill that these stalwarts bring to the shadow-play are playing an invaluable part in the development of the kinema as a promoter of the gaiety of nations.

AT HOME WITH ~

THEODORE ROBERTS

The Grand Old Man of the movies finds that manual labour is the best health tonic.



too many restrictions as applied by human masters. Left to themselves, dogs, cats and birds will develop unexpected idiosyncrasies, unexpected characteristics, and Mrs. Roberts and I get a lot of real joy from watching them."

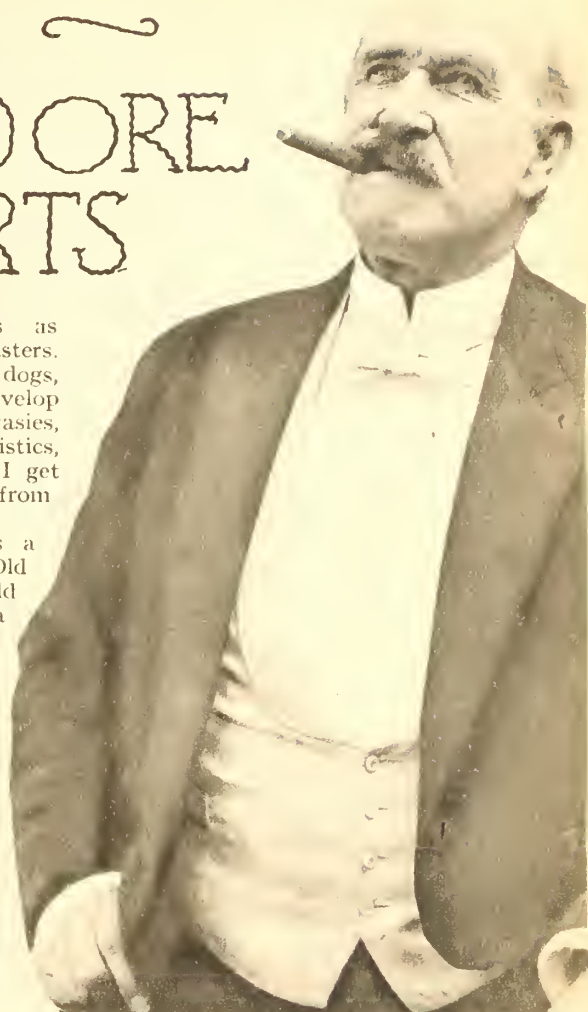
Theodore Roberts is a great fisherman. Old Izaak Walton would have found him a boon companion; but he has gone the old philosopher a few better, and likes to go after big and gamey fish, such as tuna.

Frequently the actor hies himself to Catalina or St. Clemente Islands, and seeks the festive tuna in his lair.

These are the things, he avers, which keep him young. He has worked hard at his profession—thirty-five years on the stage and screen, playing almost every famous rôle to which he was suited, and with great success. His relaxed moments, his home life, all tend to ward off the encroachments of time. It was probably because of his fine constitution and his mental cheerfulness that he was able to come so successfully through a recent period of illness.

In Paramount pictures he reigns a supreme favourite, beloved of old and young. He can do more things with a cigar than most men can with a whole cart-load of props. To see the weed in one corner of his mouth suggests infinite possibilities of expression. That cigar simply talks when held between the actor's teeth. Also, in the matter of whiskers, Theodore Roberts is a constant source of surprise. He can trim, shave, alter the general shape and size or colour of his beard or his moustache, and be as many different people of as many different ages. Here is his recipe for health:

"The best way in the world to keep fit, especially for anyone in professional work, is to get out in the garden, or build a chicken coop, or do anything in the way of real manual labour. It not only affords a relaxation, but enables the worker to exercise muscles that would otherwise become weakened by disuse."



"Come right in and make yourself at home."

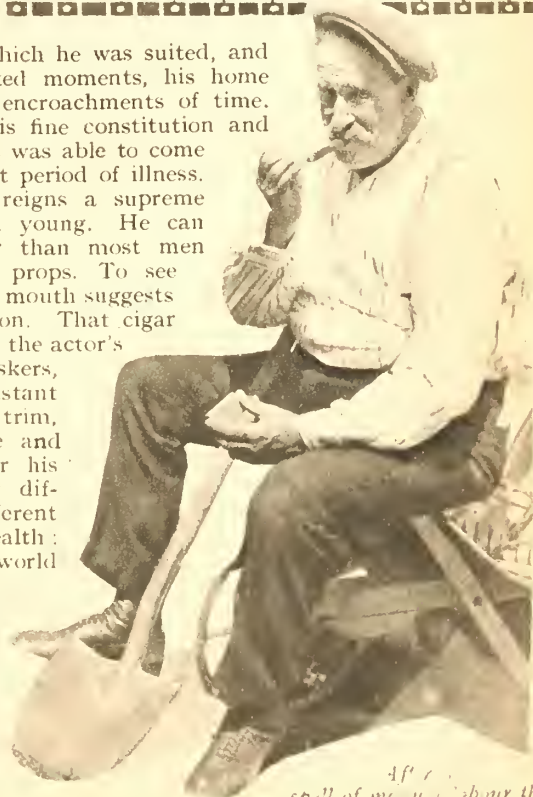
Theodore Roberts, the youngest old man in pictures, smiled affably. His home, on the peak of Vine Street Hill, Hollywood, is not only beautiful in itself, but affords a view that is incomparable. It is a new place, recently built according to the ideas of the actor and Mrs. Roberts.

After a general view of the house itself, Theodore Roberts led me into the yard and introduced me to his "Zoo." Airedale and other pedigreed dogs, a couple of tame sea-gulls, a Siamese cat, several other ornithological and zoological specimens, made up a very respectable menagerie.

"These are all my pets," observed the actor, with a wave of his head. "They're a regular happy family. You can't imagine the pleasure I get out of taking care of them, watching them play and develop—as in case of the dogs—from little shavers to full-grown and serious-minded grown-ups.

"Animals are a lot like humans—and everyone has a different character; they have their moments of thought and their moments of relaxation, even as you and I.

"A good deal of instruction can be derived from simply studying animal life when it is lived without



After the spell of manual labour the inevitable cigar is Theodore's reward.

Polly Reforming Herself



Above: Pauline on the porch of her home. Right: In sporting kit.



Never again will Pauline Frederick play rôles which call for doubtful doings, for questionable pasts, and lurid presents. She has shed the "Zazas," "Fedoras," "Mrs. Danes," and "Iris" with whom she climbed to fame as a butterfly sheds its drab cocoon, and so far as Pauline is concerned, her future rôles are to be as sweet as that of "Little Eva."

When we met for the very first time, in the luxurious managerial offices of Robertson-Cole studios in Hollywood, a small figure garbed in riding breeches and coat jumped from a deeply upholstered chair to greet me. It was Miss Frederick, and she extended a slim, tanned hand which took mine in a grip which might be termed a knuckle cracker. Where I had expected to find a languorous lady of haughty mien, garbed in a low and behold gown, the sort of lady who looks as though she has a past, I found a blithesome, girlish imp with a Western frankness you could almost scrape off.

"You are just in time to hear about my next picture," she exclaimed. "I'm going to make a real 'Western' with cowboys and lariats and a big ranch. I'm so happy about it I can hardly sit still!"

Pauline Frederick playing the rôle of a Western ranch hound! Could this be the same actress who had given us the vibrant "Iris," the zippy "Zaza," and the dubious "Mrs. Dane"? I could remember her in slinky gown, with narrowed eyes and many jewels and in the black shawl of the sorrowful "Madame X," but it took a mental right-about-face to visualise her in the great open spaces of the West.

"What's the big idea?" I stammered inelegantly. "What is it that has worked this change in you? We thought you were an out-and-out N'Yorker, epitomising Fifth Avenue, and all of a sudden here you are bubbling with Western enthusiasm minus all camouflage, and about to play a real outdoors Western story. What's the answer?"

Incomparable Pauline Frederick has checked her hectic film past and gone in for a new type of picture. Allow us to present some one you have always known—to be different.

"Horses!" she replied with her famous smile, which is as inclusive as June sunshine.

There is no doubt about it, cow ponies have worked a miracle in the life of Pauline Frederick. Of course, Will Rogers has had something to do with it. Oh, no, she has no matrimonial designs on Will; he just taught her how to "rope," and he plays truant from the studio to come over and play cow-puncher in her back-yard. He has been a part of the great Western ameliorating process which has changed Pauline for ever from a down-Easterner to a dyed-in-the-wool out-Westerner.

Sans lip rouge, *sans* powder, *sans* hair-dress, *sans* every feminine first aid to beauty, save a brilliant manicure, she greeted me with a cowboy yip-ay-aye upon our second meeting. This was on the day I had motored to her Beverly Hills estate to see her as she is. She came galloping across a broad field rimmed with eucalyptus, and I knew that she was mistress of all she surveyed, for she has spent money in California with a lavish hand when it comes to increasing her private domain so that she and her hard-riding friends would have plenty of space for their "petit rodeos."

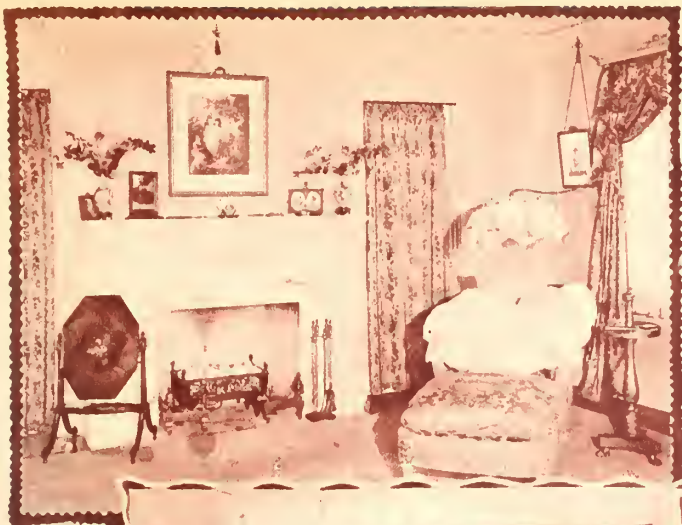
Every day's a rodeo in the life of Pauline Frederick now. She staged one for my benefit that late afternoon of which I speak. I was carried to the opposite side of the broad acres adjoining her luxurious home, riding "double" on a pony behind her uncle and manager, Mr. Pettingill. Deposited in the shade of the eucalyptus rim, I found a seat on an upturned barrel and grandly ordered the ropin' to commence. In the little group before me were the men who attend



Below: A glimpse of Pauline's home at Beverly Hills.



Pauline has renounced gorgeous gowns in favour of outdoor sports suits.



Two tasteful interiors at Pauline Frederick's home.

Above: The star's bedroom.

Right: The music-room.



Even her vocabulary has undergone a change out West. She has adopted the chatter of the corral, and it falls naturally from her lips as you see her wearing her natty little leather "chaps" and her cowboy shirt.

In an attempt to finally settle the reason for this remarkable return to the soil of one of America's greatest drawing-room beauties, I asked, as we wended our way toward the house through the twilight shadows:

"Perhaps some of your family were farmers or Western ranchers?"

"Yes," she replied. "My grandfather was a farmer in northern New York State. My family are really of the soil, but I was born in Boston. My style was cramped after I went on the stage in N'York, and I became as much of a drawing-room drone as any of the rest of them there, but I see now that my heart always longed for the outdoors. My family was not a stage family at all. I was 'just a nice girl from Boston,' and then I took up the theatre because it gave me the widest possible scope for the outlet of my temperament. And now the pictures give me even a greater horizon.

Pauline Frederick's greatest pleasure, outside of straddling a horse, is to spend the afternoon shopping. And is she purchasing ribbons and hairnets and perfume and cosmetics? She is not! She is buying bridles and new cinches that will not rub the ponies' tummies, and chaps and gauntlets. She only wears one evening gown in her new Western ranch picture, and her modiste had an awful time getting her to "sit" for that.

After our "petit rodeo" that afternoon she invited me, a poor reporter, to "stop for dinner." In town they would never do that, but on a Western ranch the most casual acquaintance is never turned out into the twilight—hungry. Of course, one doesn't accept, and it was with the memory of her little cowboy "Aye-yip-ay" ringing in my ears that I left.

GORDON GASSAWAY.

to the Frederick requirements in the way of stabling and grooming the wiry ponies she rides, Miss Frederick herself—and Uncle Pettingill. That was all. And then she started to rope. She roped everything from a barrel to uncle. Will Rogers has taught her thoroughly and well, and one of her grooms is a cowboy roper of no small ability. Besides which, she is at it, they told me, from early morning until dusk. She doesn't know what the mystic "tea hour" is any more. And she gets up with the dawn to go out and see the ponies eat their breakfast grape-fruit, or whatever it is with which they feed cow horses.

Western winds and California zephyrs are sweeping the memories of a rather hectic career from the fair Pauline's mind. She is through with vicarious marriage, with late parties and with Society snickers and snickerers, her uncle confided to me as we sat on adjoining barrels and watched the "Mistress of Shenstone" toss a snaky spiral of rope about two horses as they galloped abreast across the field. She abhors the sight of a newspaper. She feels that all news sheets are enemies of hers.

"They never print anything nice about me," she said later as we perched atop the brick wall which separates her "rodeo field" from the magnificent gardens of her home. "It is only the unhappinesses to which they give space. I have no time to read them now. My horses and the pictures take all my time."

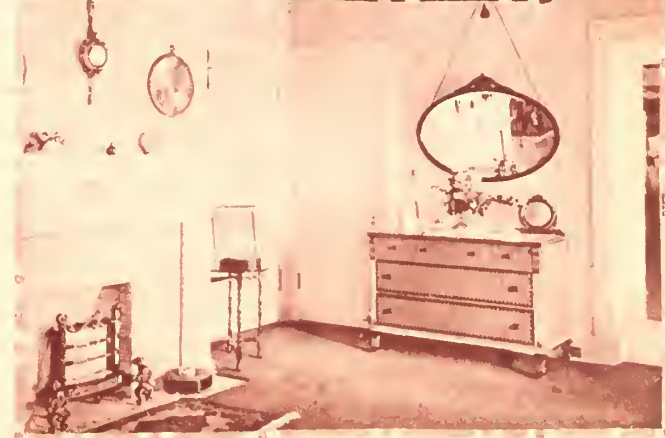
"Are you going back to the stage?" I asked rather fatuously, since this has been a moot question for some weeks in Hollywood anent the penitent Pauline.

"I can go back on the stage with a sixty-day notice to my company," she replied rather seriously, I thought, "and if I can find a rip-snorting good play, there is no telling what I might do. An animate audience affects me like a herd of cattle affects my ponies—I'm rarin' to go!"



Left: Pauline Frederick's living-room.

Below: The guest room.





Bryant Washburn is happiest by his own fireside.

Three Reasons and Bryant Washburn

When people chaff Bryant Washburn about being domesticated, he always retorts that he has three reasons for being a home-loving soul. All three "reasons" appear in the picture at the bottom of this page.

He is a typical romanticist. A good explanation of "why-girls-leave-home." I remarked about this. He laughed and seemed surprised.

"But I'm very much of a family man," he said sparklingly. "They say I'm an ideal husband and father. There are just three reasons why I happen to be a home-loving soul—and when we get home I'll show them to you."

Of course, his wife is the most important of the "three reasons." She is a lovely woman, with hair and eyes a shade lighter than her husband's. Once she was an actress. In fact, Bryant met her and wooed her at the studio a few years ago in Chicago. She is full of life, and high-spirited. Marriage and motherhood has only increased her happiness. Yet she looks too young to be the mother of two big boys. I would have taken her for a

Bryant Washburn is an actor who doesn't act. His off-stage personality is almost the same as that he has manifested on the screen. You like him, no matter if you have just met him, because his is the same ingratiating manner, the same lissom smile, the same personal warmth, the same jolly insouciance that you've seen so often before in pictures.

There were innumerable Jewish "types" wearing odd make-ups on the glass stage at the Goldwyn studio when I chanced to meet him. Everybody was waiting for a call from the director. Many women and a flock of children sat idly by behind the camera lines chatting among themselves: some of the women sewing, others attempting to read magazines, others just sitting, talking to the children. It was a scene for the new story, *Hungry Hearts*, in which Washburn is taking the leading rôle. It recalled glimpses of Zangwill's *Ghetto*, of Mary Antin's "promised land," of New York's East side. Atmospheric, colourful—all to be recorded on the film.

This picture is undoubtedly the most important dramatic venture as yet made by Mr. Washburn. It will give him a chance to act rather than merely to essay a series of light-comedy situations. His make-up revealed him as a person whom we have not seen before—although underneath the grease-paint he remains the same bubbling, ebullient soul, the same Bryant that we have known since the days of *Skinner's Dress Suit*.

Even though I had known Mr. Washburn less than a week, his attitude made me feel as if, perhaps, we had been lifelong friends. That is one of his characteristics—making people feel at ease. His smile is made all the more pleasant by the dimple in his chin. His eyes reflect mirth. They are dark—the same colour as his hair—a dark brown.



Mr. and Mrs. Washburn at home.



Bryant Washburn and his "three reasons." His wife, Mabel Forrest, and their two children.

high-school girl. The other "two reasons" for Washburn's home-loving proclivities are his sons—both healthy, robust, typical Yankee lads. Sonny, the elder, aged seven, is prankish, and, according to his father, the terror of the neighbourhood. I was convinced of this when he came home from school with signs of a recent fistic encounter still showing on his face. One eye was bruised.

"But you oughta see the other feller!" he remarked, in defence. "He has two 'shiners'!"

The baby is one of these age-old children—quite fond of his "home brew," which is the name Sonny has given his milk. Of course, Washburn's is the typical paternal attitude; he is going to make athletes of them both.

In his high-school days Washburn was quite an athlete himself. During his last two years he had a record in both track and basket-ball. He still plays the latter at gymnasium. A Los Angeles athletic club sees him regularly in training, or else exercising in the swimming pool.

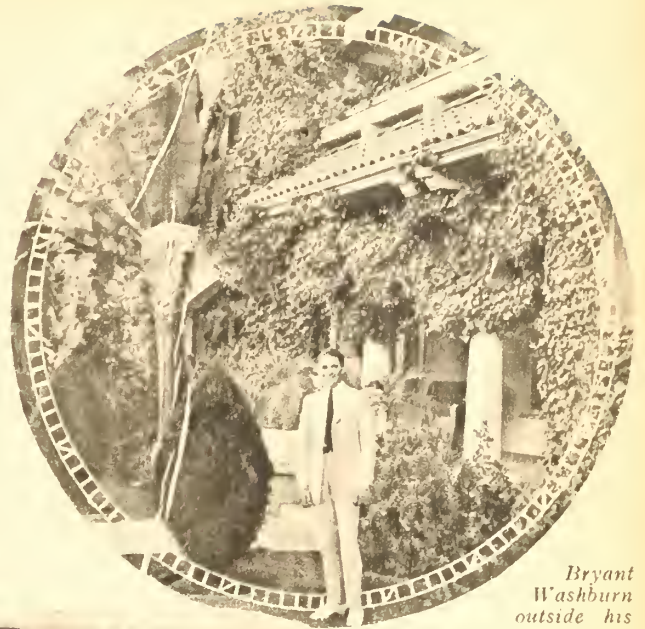
If you'd happen to be around the Washburn home some evening you would perhaps be surprised to see a dignified-looking young man, Washburn *père*, romping with the boys on the lawn. Both of them regard him more or less, he says, as a useful sort of hobby horse who has no bad habits. Part of his routine is to ride them on his back.

"Golfing is the only other pastime I get to take part in away from home," added Bryant. "Ever since I came back from England I've been a regular golf fiend."

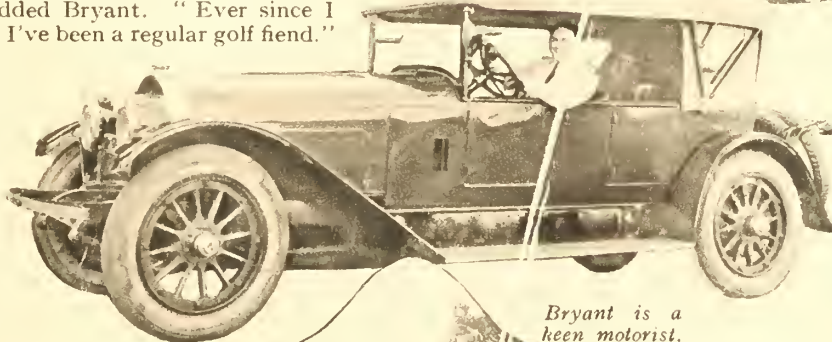
I asked him about his occupations in early life. Did he intend being an actor? Strange to say, he admitted that he's always wanted to act. I say, strange to say, because the majority of film stars usually mention how they were literally roped into the kinema. But Bryant holds no such illusions.

"I went on the stage when I left school," he declared, "and played dramatics and in stock with that eminent actor, George Fawcett. It was a lot of work, but it was fun—getting started."

At this juncture Mrs. Washburn interrupted. "Hubby used to be quite a dare-devil," she said. "For instance, he was walking down the street one day with a fellow actor. Both became very much disgusted by a man in front of them on the pavement who was trying to sing. Bryant made a wager with his friend that he could kick the singer and get by with it. The bet was made. Bryant administered a healthy kick, and the stranger turned around angrily and demanded an explanation."



Bryant Washburn outside his home.



Bryant is a keen motorist.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Washburn perfunctorily to the man; "but I thought you were my friend Caruso."

"The 'singer' smiled and walked away. Bryant collected his bet."

Washburn's success on the screen was rapid.

It was barely half a dozen years ago that he started in pictures by playing minor parts at the former Essanay company in Chicago. Last year, when his Lasky contract expired, he made a trip to England to film his own production, *The Road to London*.

"England is charming!" he reminisced. "One of the most fascinating countries! The most beautiful natural scenery I've ever seen! Conditions there are excellent for picture-making. In America we don't have sufficient 'atmosphere,' and have to depend too much on manufacturing it. In England, however, it lies just outside the studio door."

"The British climate, too, isn't really so black as it pleases Londoners to paint it. We were over rather late in the summer, and though the sun tried its best to dodge us, we managed to get the picture done before the leaves began to fall. Some days we get as many as twenty-seven scenes; some days none whatever. Those we took in the West End of London were the most exciting; we hid the camera in a big motor-lorry, and got some wonderful 'shots' of Piccadilly Circus. And I nearly made that film my last one, for

when I was driving my car through the Admiralty Arch, Trafalgar Square, at a good forty miles an hour, a taxi suddenly dashed right in front of me. We collided, of course, but it didn't damage me any, only lurched in the side of my car. It came out great in the film though."

While he was in London, he said, he made several personal appearances at theatres.

"Even though I've been given tremendous welcomes in America, the Londoners gave me a greater thrill. I look forward to the day when, with Mrs. Washburn, I can again visit London, where I may eventually be able to live."

A game with the kiddies.



Bryant and his wife in their garden.





Alma Rubens was born at San Francisco, and commenced her screen career in Triangle pictures. Her biggest film success was in *Humoresque*. Other pictures in which she has appeared are *The World and His Wife*, *The Gown of Destiny*, *Judith*, *The Ghost Flower*, and *Find the Woman*.



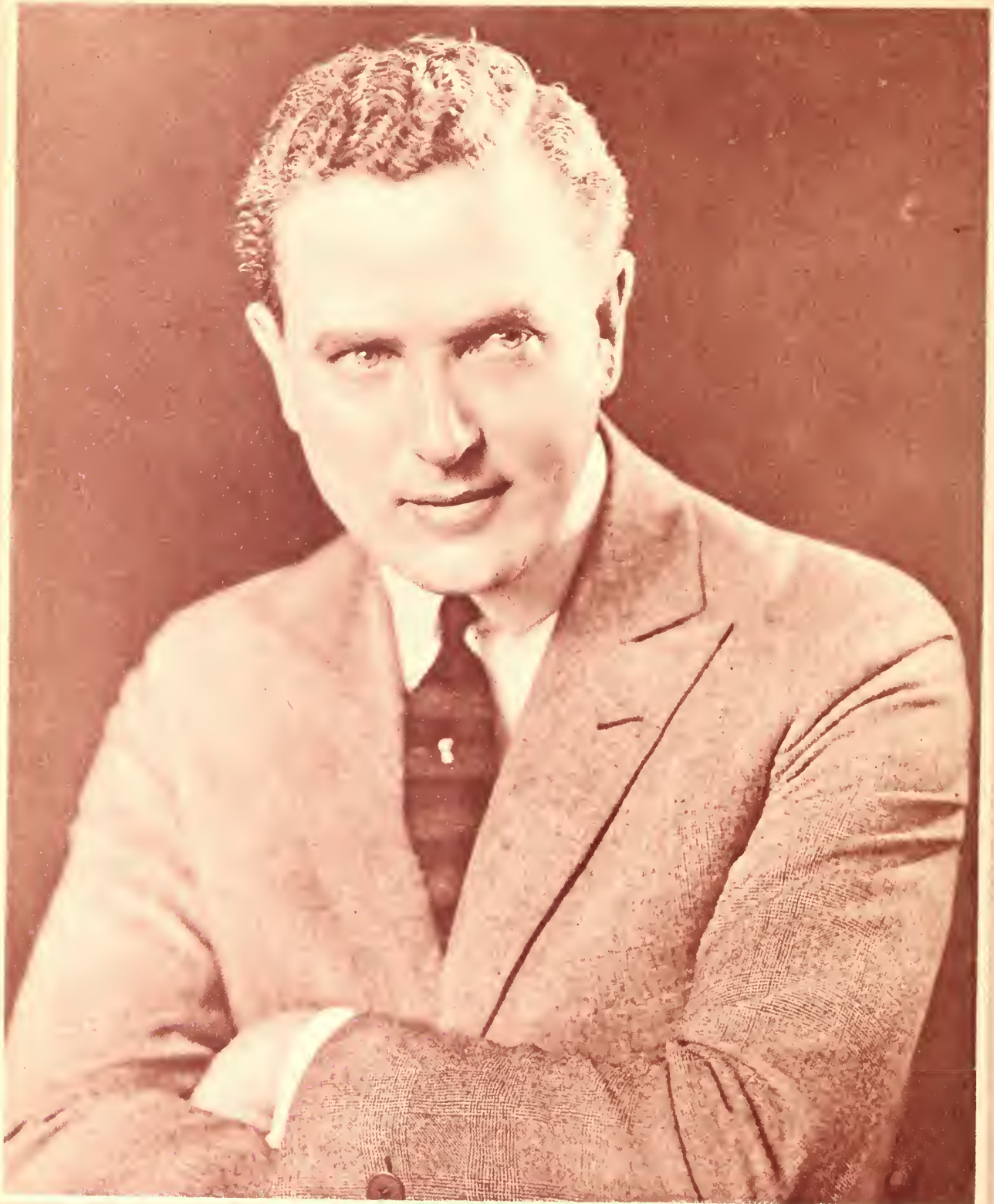
Even those who knew Eille Norwood's reputation as a master of make-up were amazed by his wonderful delineation of Sherlock Holmes, which takes rank with the screen's finest character portrayals. He has been equally successful in costume drama, for his work in *The Tavern Knight* has won him thousands of admirers



Juanita Hansen is so beautiful that it is not surprising to learn that Mack Sennett found her first. After playing in Sennett comedies, and opposite Jack Pickford, Juanita became a serial star, and won world-wide fame in *The Lost City* and *The Phantom Foe*.



Freckle-faced Wesley Barry owes much of his screen success to the careful coaching of Marshall Neilan, who discovered him and gave him his first chance in *Daddy-Long-Legs*. Wesley, who is not yet fifteen, is now being starred in Marshall Neilan's production of the Penrod stories by Booth Tarkington.



Handsome Herbert Rawlinson was born at Brighton, but emigrated to Canada at the age of thirteen. He was successively farmer, circus-hand, sailor, factory-worker, and stage-actor. Then he joined the first Selig stock company, and has been a movie player ever since, appearing in a large number of screen successes.

The Screen Fashion Plate



Alice Terry wearing a simple one-piece gown of Canton crepe.



A sleeveless dress of pale blue georgette with blue and apricot beads worn by Zeena Keefe.



Agnes Ayres in a model of blue tricotine, with antique panels of gold embroidery.



Gloria Swanson displays a gown of white Salome velvet with draped bodice and skirt and a black lace coat.



Katherine MacDonald shows an original way of applying fur in narrow straps on a wide rolling collar.



Zeena Keefe's golf costume of Scottish tweed and navy willcord.





*THE IRISH MOTHER—a beautiful study of Mary Alden in
"The Man with Two Mothers," a Goldwyn picture of Irish life.*

Movies in the Making

by Gertrude M. Allen

II THE LEADING LADY

The second of a series of Behind the Screen articles, being intimate glimpses into the work and personality of all those connected with the making of a picture-play.



Norma Talmadge giving a lesson in make-up to a new recruit.

"She is young, and oh! so beautiful." She is adored by the multitudes whom she has never seen—the multitudes who have never seen her, but who worship at the shrine of her shadow.

And her life? Does she sleep on a bed of pale pink roses, quaff champagne from golden goblets, dance to sweet symphonies, and roll over life's roadways in a luxurious limousine? Maybe, she does some or all of these things—sometimes. Her cheque-book should open the golden gates to luxury and contentment. But she does none of these things all the time. Life's alphabet spells much the same thing for her as it does for her sister in the factory, the workshop, the store, the office, or the home.

She has climbed up every rung of the rickety ladder that leads to fame and fortune. She has worked—still works—through the appointed hours of the worker. And sometimes she is *still* working when you are seeking rest in the arms of Morphius.

Come walk beside this Queen of the Screen for a typical day in her career, and then. . . .

She is up—with the lark if he favours her neighbourhood—without him, but just as soon, if he doesn't.

A surreptitious peep through the drawn curtains. Yes, the sun has consented to get up too, and so she knows that plans made yesterday will mature to-day, and she will be called on to appear in the scenes to be photographed.

She is at the studios by nine a.m. One of the many penalties of fame is the inevitable stack of letters she must open and determine how to answer when the sun fades and she is free once more. There will be the usual motley of correspondence. Scores of letters from the four corners of the world—some eligible, some distinctly uncertain, will be sure to contain the same request, written in various degrees of ardour.

"You are my favourite actress. I think you are beautiful. I should love a photograph of you. Will you send me an

autographed one?" And the pathetic little note, on greasy paper, which begs for "any of the old clothes you won't want any more. My mother is an invalid, my father is in prison, and I have a crippled brother and a blind grandmother to support."

Then the girl who is "dying to act for the films. I have fair curls (like Mary Pickford), blue eyes, and am sure I should make a good screen actress. I like your work very much, but I think I could do just as well as you, if somebody would give me the chance. Will you please do your best to get me on to the screen?"

But she must not get too enmeshed in this web of curiosity, pathos and conceit. She has to be "on the set" at 9.30, and has still to make-up and dress for her rôle. So she discards her own little morning dress, and proceeds to convert herself into "the Lady Angelina, daughter of the Duke of Doddington." Her dresser will help her with the transformation, and at 9.30 she is in the studio, clad in the priceless silks and velvet that it is the function of the "Lady Angelina" to wear.

After a morning's work, which has, perchance, been of the straightforward and (because of her competence and the absence of "supers") easy kind, the sun decides to shed an extra brilliance upon the face of the earth.

"Half an hour for lunch, and then exteriors!"

So decrees the producer, and the leading lady will divide the half-hour's grace between the consumption of sandwiches and tea, and the change to another frock. She is privileged to know the

pre-arranged programme, so this time she dons a simple little dark

(Continued on page 60.)



The blue gown she is making with her own fingers—posed by Ann Forrest.



Hortense Bodamere was both too young and too beautiful to remain a widow for long. So that when Ostend looked and saw her every morning on the beach, every afternoon in the gardens, and every evening at the tables, with Elton Reeves—who was not only a handsome American, but an astoundingly rich one into the bargain—Ostend made up its mind. So did Elton Reeves. The rest was a matter of time, and of a very little time, too. This was in 1903. Jeanne Bodamere was four years of age at that time. Her mother, the widow, was twenty-two.

"I wish," said Reeves, as they sat upon the sands one morning, Hortense embracing Jeanne, "I wish that your maid could be trained to take proper care of the child."

"Why?" said Hortense. "It is only for a moment or two. I don't suppose we need see Jeanne more than once a day."

"So long as she does not spoil the honeymoon," murmured Reeves. "Children are very well in their place, but their place is not everywhere."

The mother instinct sat lightly upon the shoulders of Hortense Bodamere.

"Of course, we shall leave her behind," she consented.

When the time came, therefore, they left her behind, going forth into the future hand in hand and unencumbered.

"Mummy is forgetting me!" cried little Jeanne, as the door closed, and with her on the wrong side of it. Then the child burst into tears.

"Some day God will make your mother remember and punish her," said Marie. Marie was the nurse who, in the eyes of Elton Reeves, was untrained in the art of taking proper care of a child. But in these amateur hands the child had been left. Marie was a Belgian of thirty, and knew, perhaps, a few things that were beyond the vision of Elton Reeves.

"When will Mummy come for me?" asked the child.

"She says in a month," replied Marie, gently.

"Is a month a long time?"

This month was a very long time. Marie was married and settled on a farm far inland, and Jeanne was growing up and calling her Mamma Marie, with no memory at all of the luxurious Mummy of the Ostend sands, before the month came to an end.

Jeanne was nine, and the greatest "sport" in the province. By the lane side, outside the farm, was a pond. The villagers saw her fishing here every day in summer. They stopped to watch, and to laugh. It was the village's chief amusement for one whole summer. "Come, quickly! Jeanne is fishing!" For the fish was caught many times, the same fish, long after it was bought (or stolen) from the shop of Fishman Jules. Jeanne's angling method was unique, if not artistic. She tied the fish to the end of the line—which was used sometimes for the washing—and drooped it into the pond until the time came that she decided it had bitten. After the catch it went back for another—a hundred others. Marie had not taught Jeanne economy for nothing.

One day Marie's husband met the postman at the gate and came into the farm with a letter from abroad.

"It is from mistress," cried Marie; "she will be in Paris on the seventeenth, and is coming for Jeanne. After five years! She will come for Jeanne!"

"God's will be done," sighed the honest farmer. "It will be hard to part with the child."

"Part with her!" cried his wife. "Part with her—with little Jeanne—with my Jeanne! Who is saying such a thing?"

"There is nothing you can do," protested the man.

"There is this I can do," retorted Mamma Marie; "I can make sure that she goes back to her precious millionaire without my precious Jeanne. No! A lie is sometimes an honest thing. Jeanne shall stay with me."

CHARACTERS:

Elton Reeves - - - - -	- WILFRED LUCAS
Marie - - - - -	- HELEN RAYMOND
Jeanne - - - - -	- MARY PICKFORD
James Brewster - - - - -	- A. J. MENJOU
Margaret Brewster - - - - -	- ELINOR FAIR
Billy Boy - - - - -	- JOHN HARRON

Narrated by permission from the Allied Artists' film of the same title.

Jeanne was nine, and the greatest "sport" in the province.



The day came round, and on its morning Jeanne was sent across the country to help a neighbour in the care of her cottage. Mrs. Reeves arrived to find Marie alone.

"You are looking well, Marie," she gushed. "And how is Jeanne?"

"You promised to write," faltered Marie. "You promised to come for her. You did not write; nor did you come. Not having your address I could not write to you."

"Write to me? Marie! Look at me—is anything wrong?"

"Jeanne—"

"What?"

"—is dead!"

"Dead!" The woman sank back upon an ancient oak chair, stunned and sobbing. She looked up through her tears at the old nurse, unable to speak, dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief as fine as money could buy. Marie's belief was that the society butterfly had a small, shrunken heart left somewhere. Small and shrunken. Nothing to matter.

Mrs. Reeves spoke.

"I must see the grave before I go."

But Marie was no fool.

"It was the river," she said. "We never found her. It was one night in winter, when the stream was at the flood. . . ."

The elegant Mrs. Reeves returned to America childless. She fretted a lot and cried more than it was pleasant to see; but take it all in all, Elton Reeves was not displeased by the development.

The years passed. Jeanne's frocks and her hair grew longer. Marie and her husband grew older, too. And the world itself seemed to take on a wrinkle or two. There came a day when the lane outside the farm gate was filled with tired men and women, fleeing with wreckage of their homes from an iron heel. The autumn of 1914 passed, but the ghastly human stream seemed endless.

"The girl's place is with her mother," decided Marie. "She must go to America."

She communicated the news to Jeanne, telling her the truth for the first time.

"And here," she said, "is a confession telling your mother all and explaining my action. The good Father Barrard has witnessed it; the Church testifies to its truth. Give this to your mother and ask for her forgiveness for me."

"But, Mamma Marie," began Jeanne, and then hesitated. "You will come with me?"

"I shall come to you when Belgium no longer needs her daughters," replied the faithful Marie. "Go now; and God's blessing be with you."

There were tears and many embraces, farewells, and halting returns that no farewell might be the last, and then the last good-bye was said, and Jeanne was one of the ghastly human stream that seemed to have no end.

She was two days getting to the port. Her ticket was in her hand, and a little money—more than she thought was in all the world—safe in her little shabby purse. On the morning of the second day she found two tiny fugitives, two friendless little boys, weeping by the wayside. One was six years old, the other four.

"Mummy went to sleep down the lane and she wouldn't wake up," said the younger.

"We have lost her!" sobbed the "big brother."

Jeanne smiled a little wistful smile.

"Well, I have lost my mummy, too," she said. "I know! I will be your mummy!"

"Thank you," said the big brother. "Conrad, come along with our new mummy."

And so when Ellis Island, New York, admitted Jeanne, not with open arms, but grudgingly, with a kind of unspoken protest, she was not so friendless as some of the other Jeanne's around her. She entered America by the back door, but she brought her "family" with her.

The Reeves' Fifth Avenue home was still boarded up for the season. Summer lingered oddly on Long Island and the Elton Reeves lingered with her.

"What d'yer want with 'em, anyhow—you!" sneered the caretaker.

"What do I want with them?" repeated Jeanne.

"Why, what do you think I want with them, you sour-faced, nasty—Mrs. Reeves—Madame Reeves, is it? I am a stranger to her—she is my mother."

"Cut out the funny stnt!" roared the caretaker; "less you want me to have the cops around for blackmail. I've seen your sort before. Like daisies in a field!"

"Why can't I have Madame Reeves for my mummy?" asked the innocent Jeanne.

"Go on with you!" said the caretaker, threateningly. "Cut out the funny stuff and hop along."

Jeanne hopped along, wondering vaguely why she could not have her mummy for her mummy. It seemed unfair. Why should the horrid police be called, just because she had come to her mother?

She trudged away, her "family" after her. Late in the afternoon she was "home."

"Home" was a commonplace of the Long Island shore; but it staggered the imagination of the girl from the Belgian farm. The lawns! The unbelievable terraces and gardens! The— the *look* of the thing!

And there was simply the most bewildering motor-car that was ever made standing at the very gate. And this beautiful man in this wonderful dress. A great man—oh, a wonderful man! A prince? Or, perhaps, he was a king?

He was only a butler, and none too civil.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

He was so wonderful and so beautiful that poor Jeanne could barely find the words to address him. A lady, even more beautiful and dazzling than the beautiful and dazzling man, came down the steps from the finest terrace, and stood with little patience beside the car.

"I want Madame Reeves," ventured Jeanne at length.

The beautiful lady spoke. But not to Jeanne. To the beautiful man. She did not call him "Your Highness." She called him Johnson. Jeanne was of the opinion that the lady, though beautiful, was rude.

"You know very well, Johnson, that I must not be troubled with these charity children. Take them to the kitchen and feed them. Don't bother me."

And the dazzling Mrs. Reeves ascended to her moving throne and rode away.

"Anyway," thought Jeanne, as she grasped the "family's" hands, a feed will be a good idea, while we're waiting. And she made for the terrace.

"Not that way for you," commanded Prince Johnson.

"You come round the side and in through the back door."

So Jeanne came home—through the back door. The kitchen found her vastly entertaining, and the "family" two small but priceless jokes.

"Your own?" asked Prince Johnson.

"My own," she replied, gravely.

Prince Johnson winked solemnly at another imperial personage. Then there swept across the room a great personage who looked like a grandfather angel, but was really a cook.

"Out of it, all of you," he roared. "Leave the girl alone." He turned to Jeannè. "Oh, the language, the beautiful words and tones and accents."

She stared.

"I, too, am the Belge," he beamed.

They shook hands and laughed and embraced.

"My mother is here," said Jeanne. "I must see her: M a d a m e Reeves."

"Ah," smiled the cook, who didn't believe her, Belge or not; "I am afraid that is impossible. But I tell you what I can do," he went on, seeing the shadow that crossed her face; "I can give you work. I have full control. You can be a parlour-maid."

It was the first bright idea that she had happened upon since her arrival. But there was the "family"!

"I will hide them in the loft!" laughed the cook, and so it was settled.

The family took a good deal of hiding. They objected to the loft. They objected to the kitchen. They objected to pretty well everything. Two things they swore by: fun and freedom. The first evening saw them making off through the gardens for the freedom of the woods, and the fun of anything that chanced to be around.

"My!" exclaimed Jeanne; and she tore off in pursuit.

The way led to a high road, but between this and the woods was a delightful puddle. The "family" voted the puddle a great idea. Jeanne, when she fell into it, was by no means so sure.

And there was an audience.

A party of the youngest of New York's best was riding by on some of the best of New York's thoroughbreds. Their verdict was that of the "family's." The thing was a joke. They laughed. Except one.

This one, known to his friends as Billy Boy, sprang from his saddle and rushed to Jeanne's assistance.

"You are not hurt?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she gasped.

"Now, if you want these

young rascals thrashed," he suggested with a smile.

"No, no!"

she cried.

"They are mine."

"Yours?"

"Yes; I found them."

"Oh!" He laughed a gay laugh. Then he sat beside her on a log, and they talked.

"I know what

Mrs. Reeves turned a tear-stained face towards her. "Mother!" cried Jeanne.



will keep them good," he suggested. "A basket of cakes and candy! I'll help you smuggle some in to-morrow."

And in the end he "saw her home." But it wasn't the end, really. He saw her every day. And that wasn't the end, either.

The Elton Reeves were famous for other things besides their family disagreements. They were famous for their Saturday to Mondays. Everybody who was anybody angled for a Saturday to Monday at the Reeves' mansion. They were always certain of enough scandal to last from Monday to Saturday. The Brewsters, James and Margaret, had not missed a week-end for years. Margaret was young and beautiful. James had wits, and existed upon them excellently.

This week-end pressure of business did not prevent his customary visit. It was pressure of business that brought him.

"Don't forget. To-night," he whispered to Margaret. "Trust me," smiled the girl.

When evening came, Jeanne executed her long-deferred plan of bringing Marie's letter to the notice of her mother. She slipped into Mrs.

Reeves' bedroom and laid it on the dressing-table. Unfortunately there was a strong wind blowing. And, unfortunately, the letter was blown into the waste-paper basket.

The way that Jeanne

figured things out, Mrs. Reeves just didn't want her daughter back again. Else she would have spoken during the evening, after getting such a letter. Very well, Jeanne knew what to do. Nothing. Remain a parlour-maid.

There was a beautiful scene that night. Something that would last a good deal longer than the usual Monday to Saturday. Elton Reeves kissed the beautiful Margaret Brewster and—Mrs. Elton Reeves was a witness. As one of New York's chattiest remarked, "The fat was in the fire."

"Once Margaret's dear brother James hears of this . . . " Yes, the fat was in the fire. Margaret fled from the room. Brother James Brewster was, fortunately, nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Elton Reeves followed Mr. Elton Reeves to privacy, and an explanation.

"Either that woman leaves this house or I do," she said.

"Very well!" stormed Reeves. "If that's your choice. . . . I have compromised the girl and must make amends. It is your own fault. Your confounded snivelling has driven me to this. Your child is dead—you should have forgotten her, and remembered you had a husband."

"That I can never forget—now," she replied. "You have chosen. Good-bye."

Jeanne's duties had taken her this evening to the bedroom of the beautiful Margaret. When Margaret and brother James flared into the room Jeanne was behind in the clothes cupboard. She stayed there, closing the door and opening her ears.

Ten minutes later she stood before her parting master and mistress.

"I have heard!" she panted. "I—I—the Brewsters are not brother and sister. They are man and wife. They did this to—to blackmail master! They—"

Reeves stormed away for a horse-whip and an explanation. Mrs. Reeves turned aside and collapsed upon her bed. Sadly, Jeanne looked at her.

"Did you—" she began.

"Leave me," sobbed the miserable wife. "I must be alone."

(Continued on page 60.)



The servants found Jeanne vastly entertaining, and her "family" two small but priceless jokes. "Your own?" asked everybody. "My own," replied Jeanne gravely.

Compressed Careers

NO. 2 Norma Talmadge

Once upon a morning dreary, Stuart Blackton, very weary, called his company together out upon the studio floor. Final scenes and "close-ups" taking for the picture he was making. 'Twas the famous Dickens story of the days of '04, and a far, far, better "feature" than they'd ever made before, in those movie days of yore).

He'd five actresses "evicted" from that incident depicted of the hero and the seamstress in *The Tale of Cities Two*; time and patience fast were flying, "Carton" had grown tired of trying to complete his task of "dying." Half the day was nearly through. Stole a timid little figure into the director's view: "Let me be the seamstress, do." And a pair of eyes magnetic, large and brown and sympathetic, emphasised this shy entreaty of a girl he'd scarcely seen when his practised glance detected that her mobile, unaffected, striking beauty made her eminently suited to the screen. (In a few *Belinda* comedies for Vitagraph she'd been, and her age was "just sixteen.")

Then, whilst everyone applauded, her persistence was rewarded, and the rôle, small, but outstanding, Stuart Blackton let her play. Next Leo Delaney prayed he might have her for leading lady in *A Daughter's Strange Inheritance*. They cast that film next day. As the heroine seemed made for Norma Talmadge to portray, they let Leo have his way. Though to star was her ambition, Norma loved her new position; many happy months she worked on and achieved a great success. Then Triangle put forth "feelers." In a series of five-reelers, and a very tempting contract, offered stardom—nothing less. Would delightful Norma Talmadge change her studio address? Norma Talmadge answered "Yes."

So, in *Martha's Vindication*, she enhanced her reputation; people raved about her beauty, grace, and versatility. In *The Social Secretary*, *Going Straight* (a good one, very), *Missing Bank Notes*, *Children in the House*, her charm and sympathy brought this gifted little lady wealth and popularity. Loved by everyone was she. When her Fine Arts contract ended, though Triangle felt offended, little Norma said, "I couldn't sign another one, I fear. Now I'm married, goodness knows if my dear husband, Mr. Joseph Schenk, who part-owns Select-Selznick, will not star me in *Panthea*. Sister Constance, too, will shortly have to follow me, 'tis clear that I cannot leave her here."

Norma's time has since been taken up with *Law of Compensation*, *De Luxe Annie*, *Ghosts of Yesterday*, *Forbidden City* too. In her long and strenuous screen-life, I am certain she has been wife to some scores of fascinating movie fav'rites old and new. From her lengthy list of film-plays I must needs omit a few. But her last one's *Smilin' Through*. This had quite a pretty story, and in "flashes" showed the glory of the old-time ballroom dances of the nineteenth century. Little Miriam Battista played the heroine's small sister, Wyndham Standing was the hero; all New York society said they felt extremely sorry that no more of her they'd see. Now the whole big company have gone off, not "on location," or to take a short vacation, but to work in California in Norma's newest play. Hollywood, so pleased to greet her, sent its Lord Mayor up to meet her with a present of a golden key; and all along the way little groups of famous favourites had all come out to say, "Hope she'll make a lengthy stay."

Though she's only five-and-twenty, she's accumulated plenty of "fan" mail, and gifts from Overseas admirers by the score. Norma gets these things in showers. Some send diamonds; some just flowers. How I wish the Gracious Powers would send me another store of new words. My stock's exhausted—every rhyme I've used before. Still, the page is overflowing, though my thinking-gear is sore, and I'm feeling just as craven as the Edgar Allan raven that "Qnoth Never-never-more."



In Los Angeles Ann exhibits a section of film to Sir Gabriel Palfy



THE EXCURSIONS OF ANN

Dainty Ann Forrest has been picture-making in England and on the Continent, combined with a little globe-trotting in her spare time.

When the Vikings of old set out in search of adventures upon the seas, they little realised the trouble that they were storing up for their descendants. These bearded roamers laid the basis of *Wanderlust* in the generations that followed them—and when one has such an inheritance in these days of speedy travel, it inspires globe-trotting of an ambitious order.

That is just what has happened to Ann Forrest. Whenever she has the opportunity of emulating the spirit of her Scandinavian Viking ancestors, she grasps it with no hesitation. When she was ten years old, she left Norway—her childhood home—and went to America. With

the characteristic Norse temperament, she sighed for an opportunity of expressing the depth of emotional fire that lurks in children of the Northland.

She attracted the attention of Reginald Barker, who was casting his picture, *Dangerous Days*.

"It's an emotional part that requires a lot of weeping," warned Barker. Ann smiled whimsically, and a smile of confidence lurked in her deep-set sea-blue eyes. She wept so wonderfully in that film that the director and her companion-players overwhelmed her with congratulations. Since then she has risen to stellar heights in the film firmament, and has played with William Farnum in "Westerns" in *The Prince Chap* with Thomas Meighan, with Houdini in *The Grim Game*, and in George Melford's *Behold My Wife*.

Then the Viking instinct for travel attacked Ann. She packed up her most delightful dresses and her prettiest jewellery and came to London. From the metropolis she went to Paris, and then, like a dutiful snow maiden, she re-visited her beloved Denmark. And now she is back in America. These excursions of Ann had a business object, in addition to a holiday one.

The diminutive star with the spun-gold hair and eyes of deep baby-blue that sparkle with the ice crystals of her north country has been hard at work at the Lasky studios in London. She has been filmed in her latest screen production, *Perpetua*, which has been re-named *Love's Boomerang*. The childish appeal that lurks in the attractive personality of this charming Dane has been given full rein in this screen presentation. She plays the part of a little girl of nine in short frocks and a youthful hat. Youth seems to have prevailed during the recent wanderings of Ann. In England and in France, where exteriors of *Love's Boomerang* were filmed, she reflected in her screen part the characterisation of a child.

"And when I visited Denmark after an absence of ten years," Ann told me in her rapid English that she speaks so quickly that sometimes she is difficult to follow, "I found myself speaking my native tongue with the accent of a child. For when I left Norway I spoke with the lisps of youth, and that characteristic has never left me.



Leaving the palace after her interview with the King of Denmark.

"I went back to Norway to visit the scenes of my childhood, just for a holiday. But everyone was so kind to me that dinners, receptions, and dances were crowded upon me before I had set foot on my native soil for a few days.

"The memory that is most strongly imprinted on my mind is my talk with the King of Denmark. His Majesty kindly sent for me, and because I am a sentimentalist and have always weaved fairy-stories around kings and their princes, I loved the thought of meeting him in his great palace."

Ann will say little of her interview with the King, although she is one of the few film stars who have ever been honoured by the Royal command.

"Such things we do not talk about" is her reply when she is asked to disclose what her King said to her.

He received her quite informally in his palace, and congratulated her on being a representative on the screen of the country over which he reigned.

"It was not the first time that I have met a king," Ann laughingly told me, with a flash of her perfect teeth.

"When I was seven years old, I met King Christian the Ninth of Norway. He was walking along the road one day, very democratically. Always, with my brother in Norway, I was a terrific tomboy, and I was running along, when I bumped into his Majesty. He placed his hand kindly on my head and led me to one side, 'Children should show deference to their elders,' he said gravely.

"I was so thrilled at meeting a real King that I have always cherished the experience as one of my fondest memories."

Her several years in America at her most impressionable age have imbued Ann Forrest with many characteristics associated with the country where she experienced her film baptism.

She has all the American's love of exploring historical places. She spent one of her first free afternoons in England by making a pilgrimage to Chalfont St. Giles, where John Milton lived from 1665 to 1666. She lingered in the little low-ceilinged latticed-windowed room of the small house where the poet completed his immortal epic, "Paradise Lost." And with womanly instinct, she discovered the little oaken cupboard where she was sure Milton kept his manuscript.

In France Ann explored the quaint, crooked streets and picturesque old houses of the French towns—not in a luxurious limousine car, but on a simple bicycle.

"It was such fun," sparkled Ann. "Dave Powell and I rode for miles on our hired machines. Everybody

seemed to take us and our bicycles as a matter of course. But imagine the sensation that we should have both created trundling our ancient machines, for instance, along the Hollywood Boulevards."

Certainly there is no false pride about this beautiful snow-maiden. Fame will never plunder from her lovable personality that childish simplicity that leavens the character of the Norse people.



Right: Ann Forrest in the doorway of Milton's cottage, Chalfont St. Giles.

Below: With David Powell on location in France.





The second of a new series of articles dealing with British picture theatres and their audiences. This month's article deals with the kinema that is the pride of Glasgow.



To decide which of Glasgow's several super-kinemas is premier is a task as delicate almost as that which faced Paris in the green-and-salad days of mythology. Glasgow prides itself on being the Second City in the Empire. It is a commercial city, crowded and utilitarian in structure as such cities are; but it never lets its commercial instincts obscure its sense of the beautiful in art. Remember it was the dull grey stones of Glasgow that first inspired the needle of D. Y. Cameron and Muirhead Bone, to mention only two modern master-etchers. So that when Glasgow sets out to erect a new picture-house, the money that is made out of "ships, and shoes, and sealing-wax," is expended with a lavish hand in the production of some-thing that is the last word in structural elegance.

Looking at the problem from this aspect, one can unhesitatingly award the golden apple to The Picture House, Sauchiehall Street. The Picture House, which belongs to Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, Ltd., was one of the first kinemas to be built in Glasgow; and even in those far-off days, before it took its present palatial form, we regarded it as something unique. When the renovation was completed to meet the growing public demand for kinema entertainment, Glasgow held its breath. We have not yet overcome our pride and amazement when we think of The Picture House. It is one of the surprises we keep in store for boastful Yankee cousins and cynical Sassenach friends when they grudgingly admit that Glasgow isn't such a bad place, after all. We take them to The Picture House, and watch the feeling of awe and wonder stealing over their faces.

Let us lead you there. Entering from Sauchiehall Street, which is one of the city's main thoroughfares, you step into a sort of Arabian Nights' palace which is known as the Palm Court. It is entirely built of rare and costly marble. In the centre there is a lovely marble basin let into the tessellated floor, from which, on summer nights, tall jets of crystal clear water spring high into the air. Golden carp dart swiftly about the basin, their sheen mingling with the coloured mosaics which line its bottom. Slender palms lean gracefully to catch the descending spray on their delicate leaves. Beneath these palms one can sit in luxurious ease and have tea and cakes or sip an ice. Following the line of the majestic marble columns which gleam against tapestry-hung walls, the eye sees above a circular marble balcony; and if one prefers to have tea up there, one may look down from the cool white balustrade upon the Palm Court, with its marble fountain, its diners, and its passing crowds of patrons entering and leaving the area of the picture-hall behind. Soft lights shed a glow over all, and hidden birds warble enchantingly. Tea, before or after the pictures, is an instinct with Glasgow audiences. The Picture House caters for this custom with its Palm Court, its Wedgwood Salon, and its Old Oak Room. Any of these may be entered without payment, or without going into the auditorium.

The projection hall is in keeping with all this exterior grandeur. True, the marble is absent, but there are the tapestries; there are comfortable seats, an air of spaciousness and a pervading sense of elegance and refinement. A perfect orchestra plays the best and the latest in music. Music at The Picture House is always good, but at one time they made a feature of a Symphony Orchestra, forty strong, which helped to give the house the *cachet* it now enjoys. Famous violinists and vocalists have enjoyed engagements of several weeks' duration here, for the audiences are nothing if not eclectic. While it is true that all classes of the community have at one time or another passed through the Palm Court on their way to the auditorium, The Picture House has built up a reputation which appeals mainly to the better-placed or more artistic among the citizens. It has never shown anything that is vulgar or cheap, and has consistently avoided the sensational. Everyone who is anyone in filmdom has flashed on to the screen, but the tendency is always towards selective choice.

It would be difficult to say who are favourites with The Picture House audiences. Pauline Frederick, for example, figures frequently on the programme, but then so do Nazimova, Wallace Reid, Charles Ray, Sessue Hayakawa, Priscilla Dean, Tom Mix, Mary Pickford, "Doug.," "Charlie" they each and all have their day; not so much on account of their name, we should imagine, as for the general quality of a particular film. Glasgow audiences are somewhat critical, but they have their likes and dislikes.

Probably the above list gives an idea of where the taste of The Picture House patrons leans. It is the sort of place you can enter without worrying about who's appearing; it's certain to be a good film, with a good cast.

Plays with a philosophical or literary leaning find their proper appreciation here. *Earthbound* was a great success, and recently the somewhat gloomy but undeniably powerful Swedish production, *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness*, ran for a week. Soon after that came *Alf's Button*, a re-issue. Which proves that, although we may be "highbrow" in Glasgow, we do relish a little nonsense now and then.

(Another picture theatre article will appear next month.)

EAST MEETS WEST



Although the writer of this interview with Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki has shown wonderful restraint in *not* quoting Kipling's "Ballad of East and West," we couldn't resist the title. Anyway, Sessue has brought the East nearer to the West than any poet, author or diplomat ever did.

"Nishiki ware."
 "No. Satsuma. That's a Satsuma vase."
 "Not that one. The taller one on the black stand is Satsuma."

Thus we argued fiercely, a little bunch of guests gathered in the corner our hostess devotes to Japanese curios. The vase in question was, as a matter of fact, Noritaké ware. I hastened to tell them so, and was politely but persistently howled down.

"Never heard of him." "Not a bit of it," came from all sides, and the discussion proceeded merrily until someone was inspired to remark, "Ask Sessue Hayakawa about it. He's the one sure sage on things Japanese." So they sent a deputation for the guest of the evening, and, escorting the famous Japanese screen-star in triumph to the object of the controversy, awaited his verdict. A most distinguished figure was Sessue in his immaculate evening attire, which seemed to accentuate the blackness of his smoothly parted hair and the pallor of his complexion. He listened, in that grave, unsmiling fashion he has, until we had all stated our convictions, then replacing the bone of contention, he said: "It is Noritaké ware. Pretty, but modern,

and quite valueless. Now, this," picking up a small piece of cloisonné, "is of more interest. For it took any time from fifty to one hundred days to make it. 'Shippo,' we call it in Japan." And he told us of the cloisonné makers, with their tiny charcoal forges, and of the six or more pairs of hands through which each piece must pass before it is complete. Then he showed us also how the great fighting swords were worn and used. The "Samurai" (knights) were privileged to wear two of these. "My great-grandfather always wore them. But nowadays," he concluded with a sigh, "they are no longer seen in the streets, and most of the Samurai have become business men."

"Let us hope they still keep their high ideals," I told him.

"Some do, some not." And with a somewhat reticent smile he left us. Later on in the evening, Sessue and I held further converse on the subject of Samurai, which culminated in an invitation to Castle Glengarry, his beautiful Hollywood home. "Let me make it an interview," I suggested.

"I do not mind. Only you must promise not to quote Kipling in referring to me afterwards."

"I'll promise. But I can't answer

Tsuru Aoki, Sessue's talented wife, has won film fame opposite her husband, and in her own productions.

Mr. and
Mrs.
Sessue
Hayakawa
at home.



for my Editor." And we left it at that.

However, when Sessue Hayakawa sent his car for me one afternoon a few days later, I knew he had decided to risk it. Castle Glengarry lies in the Hollywood foothills, not very far from Los. It looks like a feudal chateau from the outside, and was modelled, I believe, from an ancient French ancestral

castle. The Hayakawas bought it from a very wealthy Society woman, and re-arranged it to suit their own tastes.

Inside, the great hall is panelled and hung with ancient Japanese weapons of all kinds, relieved by beautiful paintings. There is velvet carpet on the floor, a divan against one wall, and a huge table in the centre. Through the library, with its lovely French tapestried walls, past the large portrait of Hayakawa that stands over the dining-room door, and into the spacious grounds, I had to go. Out there, in a perfect reproduction of a Japanese tea-house, I found my host and hostess awaiting me. They wore, to match their setting, the picturesque garb of their own country, in which—although both can and do usually wear conventional American dress—to my mind, both look their very best. Tsuru Aoki was attired in a kimono of heavy grey satin, embroidered with wisteria sprays in their natural colours, and a many-coloured *obi* (sash) tied in a great bow. Looking like the spirit of Japan, she chattered to me, in her perfect English, about the latest thing in New York novels and plays. Apart from appearance, she is extremely American, and extremely vivacious.

Sessue, in his plain black kimono, impressed me, much as he always does on the screen, as being a typical Samurai himself. Certainly, with that grave courtesy of his, the low voice, with its pronounced accent, and that charming, if infrequent smile, he represents all that is best in Japan. He is very quiet, and always rather reserved, though he can both take and make a joke. We had tea, served *à la* Japan, in tiny bowls by a dot of a Japanese maiden. They tucked themselves away neatly upon cushions, but one has to be born to it to do things like that, and observing my uncertain movements towards my cushion, Tsuru's little maid brought me a three-legged stool.

"Neither of us are working, at the moment," Tsuru told me. "Sessue (Sess-shoe is her pronunciation of her husband's name) has just finished *The Vermilion Pencil*, and we hope to both appear in the next one. Our last was *The Street of the Dragon*, a Chinese story; for which we sent to China for

that wonderful bridal outfit I wore. Sessue plays many Chinese characters these days."

She gave him a very arch look, as though there were some secret joke between them upon this score, but Sessue preserved his attitude of attentive calm.

"Tell me," I queried, when we had concluded the tea-drinking ceremonies, "how long you have been making screen plays."

"Ever since the end of 1913." This from Tsuru Aoki.

"But before that I was on the stage. I was adopted by my uncle, Kawakimi, and my Aunt Satta Yacco (I shan't attempt to reproduce the sound of these names. You have to hear it to believe it!), and they trained me for the stage. When I was seven, these two brought me from Tokio to America, where they toured the United States in repertory. Theirs was the first all-Japanese company to attempt such a thing. At San Francisco, the authorities decided that I was too young to appear, so I was sent to boarding-school, where I remained after my relatives had gone their way. I was then formally adopted by the artist, T. Aoki, whose name I still use."

Tsuru, it appears, had a thoroughly Occidental education, and graduated from high-school in approved American fashion. After that she studied dancing

and singing, and went into Society a good deal. Fred Mace, the well-known comedian, met her several

times at various affairs, and persuaded the shy little

lady to play opposite him in a Japanese comedy. Tsuru found

the experience bewildering; but the studio lost its heart

to her, and decided to keep her. Accordingly, an emotional

drama was specially written for her by William Nigh. It

was a two-reeler, *The Oath of Tsuru San*.



Above:
Sessue examining a
new purchase for
his collection.

Right:
In the garden at
Castle Glengarry.

"After that I went to Ince as a star; and whilst I was working there I met a fellow-countryman, new to America. Like myself, he had been on the stage, with Kawakimi and Mme. Yacco, in Tokio. Like me, too, he had been educated here in America. We met at a social function, and I was very much interested in his brave attempts to play Ibsen and Shakespeare in Japanese, at the Japanese Theatre in Los Angeles, and promised to help in any way I could. I told him about my cherished plan to return to Japan some day, and go on reforming the theatre, like my uncle and aunt had been doing, and I found that our ideals were identical. Afterwards, when the precarious Japanese Theatre was no more, I introduced him to Mr. Ince, and his name, Sessue Hayakawa, appeared in the cast of the film I was then starring in, *The Wrath of the Gods*."

Here the silent Samurai opposite us broke into one of his rare smiles.

"Tsuru and I," he said (he calls her "Shoo-ru"), "were lone workers in country that, not strange to us, was yet not home. We were much together; both worshipped at the same shrine—that of our art. We used to study much, both at the studio and after working

Right: Sessue in repose. Below: A dramatic study from "The Firstborn."



hours. And so, little later (Sessue doesn't worry about little things like "a's" and "the's" when he's really comfortably conversational), we were married, and went to live in little Hollywood bungalow.

"As for me, I was originally in the Japanese Navy, although I always wished to act. One of my uncles was a well-known stage-manager and actor, and eventually I persuaded my parents to let me follow my desire. I entered my uncle's company of players, and from there went with Mme. Yacco on one of her foreign tours. In America, with her company, I realised that my countrymen knew little or nothing of the great foreign plays and playwrights like Shakespeare. I wished, to introduce these—classics is your name for it, is it not?—to Japan.

"I studied at the Chicago University, learning many things besides English. Sports of all kinds—tennis, I love it well; base-ball too. Then I began to translate many plays into Japanese; and played many Shakesperian rôles at home in Tokio. 'Othello,' my favourite, was also my best success."

With a company of twenty he next returned to America, and toured the Western coast for two and a-half years. Already he spoke fluently Russian, French, Spanish, English, and Italian. Afterwards, in the studios, he acquired yet another language—that of the screen.

Typhoon, the film version of the well-known play, was the production that fully established him as a star. Then he and his wife joined Famous-Lasky, where they made many films, either singly or co-starring. *Alien Souls* is one of their favourites. The story partly resembles their own romance. *The Cheat*, in which Fannie Ward was starred, but Sessue was most prominent, is not a favourite with him. I believe I know the reason, too. Sessue, though he camouflages it so cleverly, is always the propagandist for his beloved Japan. Seldom—never, I might say—will you catch him portraying a Japanese who is not everything a Japanese ought to be. And his character in *The Cheat* was—well, not exactly heroic!

Sessue likes films like *Hidden Pearls*, in which he was an Hawaiian, and *The Bottle Imp*, with its fantastic story and fairy-like settings. He also likes to, as he terms it, "act wild" in pictures occasionally. He and his wife appeared together in *Alien Souls*, *The Call of the East*, *The Bravest Way*, *The Honourable Friend*, *The Curse of Iku*, *Each To His Kind*, and *His Debt*. Then Sessue formed his own company, and Tsuru retired for a time, for they had just bought Castle Glengarry, and there was much to occupy her there. Sessue starred alone in a great many films—*The Courageous Coward*, *Hashimura Togo*, *Call of the East*, *The Man Beneath*, *The Jaguar's Claw* (in which, with



a fine black moustache, Hayakawa out-Olanded Warner Oland in both appearance and ferocity), *The Honour of His House*, *The Temple of Dusk* (his first feature), *The Grey Horizon*, *The City of Dim Faces*, *The Firstborn*, and *The Swamp*. In *The Dragon Painter* and *Black Roses*, two fairly recent productions, Tsuru Aoki also appears.

The two have many interests besides their work. Sessue draws and paints splendidly, both in Japanese and European fashion: his collection of rare and beautiful *objets d'art* of all kinds threatens to turn Castle Glengarry into a museum. He also writes much, and has evolved many scenarios; and (I hate to have to blazon forth his one iniquity) he has written poems—in Japanese; and he says he may one day surprise us with some in English. He plays, too, and his wife sings charmingly; anything, from a weird songlet of Nippon about plum blossoms, to "Good-bye," or operatic arias, and a rattling rag-time chorus-song. Just now they're interested in a club formed for social activities between Americans and Japanese residing at Los. Hayakawa was much amused at an English newspaper cutting of mine, concerning a man who had perfected a typewriter which typed Japanese characters. He and his wife are very hospitable (a national trait), and they entertain lavishly and often.

They still study much together: for Tsuru signed a contract in 1920 with a Japanese theatrical syndicate to adapt and translate thirty plays between then and 1922. Her recent visit to Japan was mainly to supervise the production of some of these.

We spent quite a while in the music room, a harmony in pink and grey, in one corner of which stands an almost priceless cloisonné vase, the gem of their collection. It is a huge affair, nearly as tall as Sessue, and he's 5 ft. 7 in., and once belonged to an Emperor of Japan. Sessue is a veritable store-house of Japanese lore and legend. I

imbibed a surprising amount of knowledge from him concerning the nine hundred thousand gods and goddesses of Old Japan. And was presented with a small image of Ebizu the Fisherman, one of the seven gods of luck, and his own particular patron-deity (Hayakawa means a successful fisherman), as a souvenir of my visit. His expressive face is stirred by strong emotion when he speaks of Japan.

"Some day," he declared, as we stood on the great steps exchanging good-byes, "when I have saved one million dollars, we shall return to Tokio, Tsuru, myself, and my whole studio. There we shall make a picture. One only. But this one will realise my wish to show to all other nations, on the screen, the history of Japan. From the very beginning, it shall commence with the Korean invasion, six hundred years B.C. Then it shall show all the wars and religious quarrels, the Russo-Japanese War, and the coming of Christianity, right up to present-day Japan, which is as modern, in the big cities, as we are here in Hollywood."

"We never tire of discussing it, and many plans are already in hand for the production." This from Tsuru. "The title we have already chosen. It is to be called *The Open Door*." Which reminded me that standing chatting in the draught of an open door is not the best thing in the world for a man who has just recovered from a serious operation for appendicitis.

"*Sayonara*," I ventured. (It means "farewell," and is the only Japanese word pronounced as written.)

"Say *Au revoir*," Sessue replied politely.

"Samurai, those gallant, two-sword gentlemen of Japan, are no longer seen nowadays," Sessue Hayakawa once said. I think he's wrong. I think one, at least, is to be both seen and heard in and around Castle Glengarry, Beverly Hills, California, U.S.A. VIOLA MCCONNELL

Sessue Hayakawa outside his home, which boasts the un-Japanesque name of Castle Glengarry.





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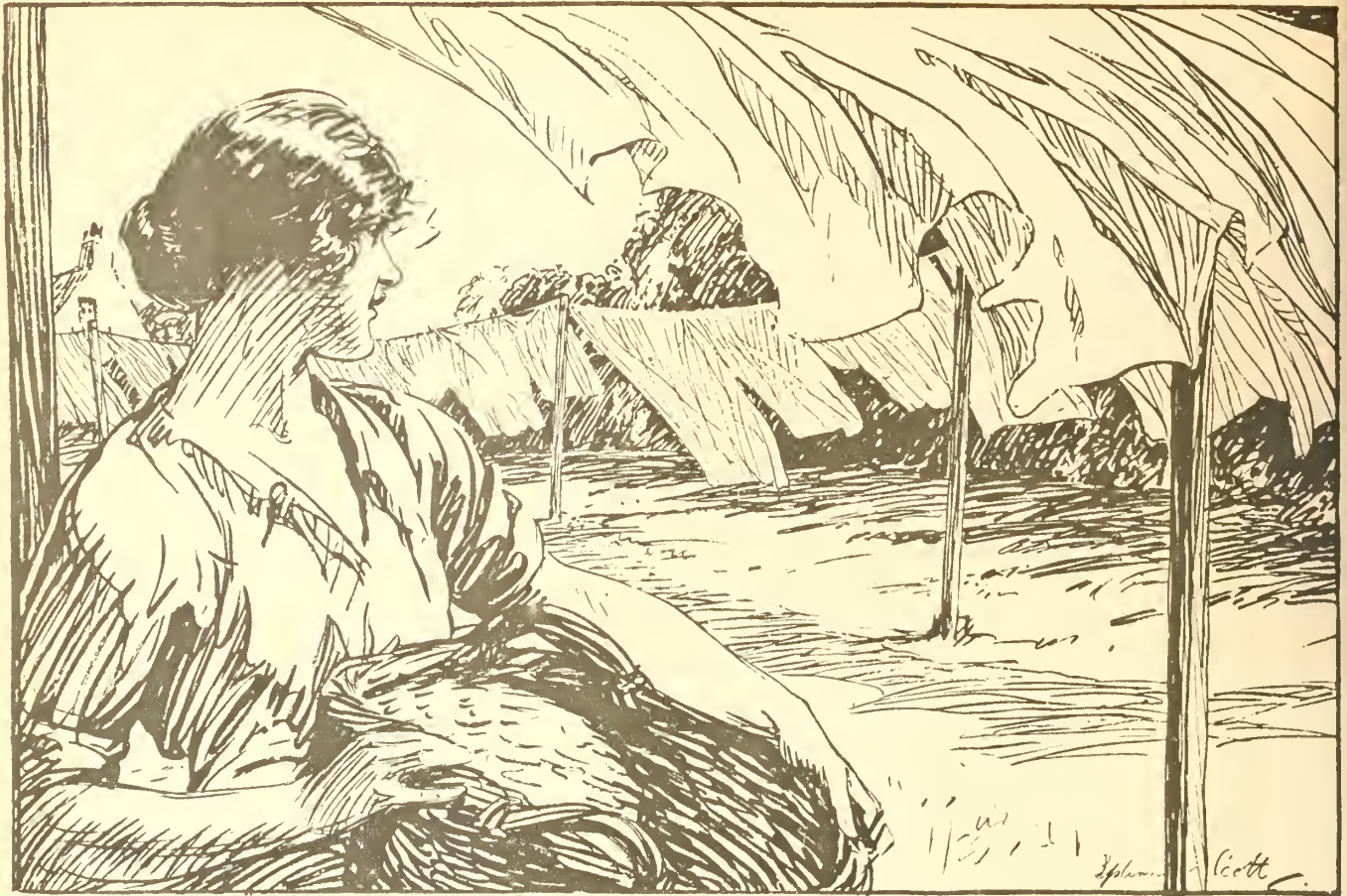
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SHADOWLAND

CRITICAL ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN—CURRENT PICTURES
GOSSIP—

Unusually good, on the whole, and unusually plentiful are this month's releases, so it is to be hoped that picturegoers' pockets are by now replenished after the Christmas and New Year festivities. Sixty feature films are due, a record number for so short a month, and all countries except Sweden are represented. Besides those dealt with below, Bert Lytell will be seen in a very good drama, *The Temple of Dagon*; Marie Doro appears in *The Wood Nymph*, Annette Kellerman has a spectacular swimming entertainment in *What Women Love*, and Alice Joyce an interesting society drama in *The Vice of Fools*. *Going Straight*, a popular Norma Talmadge feature, is re-issued, Eva Novak appears in a sparkling light comedy, *Up In Mary's Attic*, and *Sinister Street*, a British adaptation of Compton Mackenzie's novel; which has Amy Verity, John Stewart, Molly Adair and Maudie Dunham for its leading players, is one of the most interesting productions of the month. It is directed by George Beranger, a former assistant director of Griffith, and was only completed three weeks before its release date. No "cold storage" here, at any rate.

Although an "inside" organ, picture "fans" will find "The Motion Picture Studio," price 4d. weekly, of absorbing interest. Especially those with kinematic aspirations, for many helpful articles and a symposium are always to be found within its covers. A splendid series of articles on scenario writing by a former member of the Hepworth literary department has just been concluded, and make-up, photography, cutting and assembling are subjects to come. The "Studio" also gives full criticisms and accounts of British

productions as they are Trade-shown. It is also the official organ of the Kinema Club.

Early days in the Golden West, a mystery-ring, and wonderful backgrounds, not to mention the fine acting, all go to make up that very fine Clara Kimball Young production *For the Soul of Rafael*. The star herself is more than usually good as the heroine, a girl brought up to sub-mission, but a rebel at heart. The novel by Marah Ellis Ryan is a well-known favourite, and all the scenes described therein were made on the actual spots of Southern California's ancient missions. Many native workers helped to give the film its true atmosphere. There is one jarring note—the character of the mercenary woman described as "English," which is an exaggerated and ridiculous caricature. It is, though, in good contrast to the reposeful dignity of the heroine. Clara herself, after a lengthy tour and a short vaudeville engagement, is busy picture-making once more, and *What No Man Knows*, her newest completed film, has just been released in America.

May Allison is always at her best in a part that affords scope for a slight touch of caricature or satire. In *Are All Men Alike?* she gives a character study of an irrepressible, unconventional girl with a passion for having her own way, when and wherever she pleases. In her hunt for freedom, she tests men to find out whether or no they are all alike. Before the end of the photoplay she *does* find out, and is extremely glad to let her childhood sweetheart (a lawyer) get her out of the scrapes she falls into so readily, and lead her to the altar. Wallace MacDonald

plays opposite May Allison in this well-produced comedy-drama, and two other favourites, Ruth Stonehouse and Winifred Greenwood, also appear.

Quite the most romantic of screen marriages was that of May Allison. A year ago, in Greenwich, not the Greenwich amid which some of the scenes in *Are All Men Alike?* takes place, but Greenwich, Conn., she and Robert Ellis were secretly married. They parted almost immediately after the ceremony, because both were under contract which led their paths far apart. In these days of ultra-publicity it is really an achievement for so popular a pair of film players to have kept their secret so long and so well. Robert Ellis, besides being a director, is a well-known leading man. He appeared opposite his pretty wife in *Are All Men Alike?* and more recently he has played with Katherine MacDonald and in *Ladies Must Live* with Betty Compson.

Anita Stewart is none too happily cast in *Harriet and the Pilot*, which is adapted from the novel by Kathleen Norris. The story is a familiar one: that of a wife with a past, and there is no new twist to counterbalance its obviousness. Coincidence plays the star rôle, and the villains are disposed of wholesale. The heavy is stabbed to death, the good man's wife, and the adventurer with whom she eloped, are conveniently killed in an accident, and so everything is made easy for the hero and heroine. Otherwise the feature holds great appeal for feminine "fans": the backgrounds, costumes, and lighting are first class, and the production and acting splendid. Ward Crane, Irving Cummings, Myrtle



Stedman, Charles Richman, Margaret Landis (Cullen's sister), and Barbara La Marr, are included in a long and capable cast. Anita Stewart has nearly finished *A Question of Honour*, the first of her 1922 First National Productions.

A handful for the director. Wallace Beery and Lon Chaney as they appear in "The Octave of Claudius."

Quite true to life, although it has been used many times before, is the story of *His Greatest Sacrifice*, William Farnum's February release. The star gives a careful and always interesting portrait of an author whose wife leaves him in order to win fame as an opera singer. His "sacrifice" consists of spending twenty years in prison for a crime his wife accidentally commits; but, though a "sob" story, the end is a happy one. Evelyn Greeley plays the leading feminine rôle, and little Loreta Volare is an appealing child-star. J. Gordon Edwards, whose *Queen of Sheba* will be released next month, produced *His Greatest Sacrifice*, which suffers from many superfluous sub-titles.

William Farnum is hard at work again after his long holiday. According to a recent interview, he had the time of his life in Deauville, France, where, with the usual beginner's luck, he played baccarat for one hour, and found himself the possessor of 73,000 francs at the end of it. William declares himself the only American who has ever visited the Casino and left a winner. After Deauville the Farnums went to Marseilles and Paris, and spent several weeks on an extensive tour of the battlefields of France. There was one very young lady in Paris who gave him the warmest welcome he received anywhere — wouldn't leave him, in

fact, and insisted on accompanying Mrs. Farnum back to America. Her name is Olive, and she hadn't seen her daddy since she left home, bound for a finishing school in the capital of France.

The first all-Australian production, *The Sentimental Bloke*, appears this month, a very human and humorous story which is undeniably fascinating. C. J. Dennis's verses are now famous, and the Sydney "larrikin," with his factory-girl sweetheart, "Doreen," and his unaffected love story, will probably live a long while in screen history. Much of the poem is in the sub-titles, and the specimens of slang show plainly that U.S.A. has very little on Sydney in the way of weird and fearsome expressions. The settings match the story; they are the homely surroundings of a group of homely folk, but the exteriors are remarkably beautiful. Arthur Tanchert, "The Bloke," Lottie Lyell, "Doreen," Gilbert Emery, Stanley Robinson and Harry Young will be seen later on in the year in a sequel to *The Sentimental Bloke*, which is equally fine.

A good old-fashioned sentimental screen-drama is *The Atom*, which features Pauline Starke as a boarding-house slavey who worships one of the lodgers in "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness" fashion. Pathos is the keynote of the story; but there are many quite interesting character-studies, and some good thrills brought

about in a natural and artistic way. The photography and backgrounds are good, and the acting excellent. Harry Mestayer plays the actor-hero, and Belle Bennett, Ruth Handford, and Walter Roberts are all extremely good in smaller rôles. Pathos is, of course, Pauline Starke's forte; she has latterly done splendid work in Vitagraph features, one of the most recent of which is *Flower of the North*, from the James Oliver Curwood story of the same name.

It is a pity those in command could not have chosen a better vehicle for delightful Peggy Hyland than *Love Maggie*. The facts that the novel is a popular one, and that the photography, acting and production are good, especially the country and theatre scenes, may commend this British feature to kinemagoers who like sentimentality, with a little snobbery. There is plenty of incident, but little real story, because most of the incidents have no visible results. Peggy Hyland should be in England again by the time these lines are in print. She has been travelling with her director and camera-man in America making a story scenic. Maudie Dunham, James Lindsay, and Campbell Gullan are the other principals in *Love Maggie*.

Possessing a most unusual story, which gives much food for discussion, *One Hour Before Dawn* contains mystery, horror, crime, and a slight flavour of romance, and is the best Pathé release of the month. The plot, though intricate, is easy to follow, and the duel of wits between a man who believes in hypnotism and a man who does not is highly interesting. Nobody, however, can really persuade themselves that H. B. Warner could have committed the crime of which he is suspected. The feature contains some beautiful photography, and many clever "close-ups." Anna Q. Nilsson is a charming leading lady. Lillian Rich and Adele Farington, Thomas Guise and Frank Leigh also appear. The full story of *One Hour Before Dawn* is told in the Feb. "Pictures."

Anna Sewell's appealing story, "Black Beauty — the Autobiography of a Horse," has made a very charming photoplay. Picturegoers who have read it will doubtless remember that the narrative only hints at certain happenings at the Big House, which were naturally beyond the ken of Black Beauty. But the screen version very cleverly fills in these details, explains the reason why the Squire went to town the day the bridge was swept away, and also what the family were doing at the hotel the night Black Beauty had such a thrilling escape from the burning stable. The story has been carefully kept to period, and bonnie little Jean Paige looks perfectly delightful as "Jessie Gordon," as well as acting the character throughout. "Jessie" is seen aged thirteen

at the beginning of the story and grows up before the end. James Morrison, too, is excellent; and the equine star who plays the title-rôle, "Ginger," "Merrylegs" and his other companions are highly satisfying. The producers' idea of English life differs a good deal from the real article, some of the "Cockney" sub-titles, too, might have been improved upon; but the hunt, the fire scenes, and the neck-and-neck race to the station are all thrillingly attractive.

It was a glad day for picture-lovers when Will Rogers and J. G. Holland's novel "Seven Oaks" made each other's acquaintance. As "Jim Fenton," the happy-go-lucky hunter, Rogers dominates this somewhat melodramatic feature. His characterisation is so subtly built up, that, like the rogues Will out-generals, the spectator takes a long time to realise what a shrewd fellow the seemingly simple Jim Fenton really is. The Will Rogers sub-title, like the Will Rogers smile, is quite inimitable. *Jes' Call Me Jim* contains many specimens of both; production and photography are of the usual high standard. Jimmie Rogers has a small boy part that fits him well, and Raymond Hatton puts in one of his clever cameos as "Paul Benedict." Irene Rich, the only feminine name in the cast, has appeared in several Will Rogers features before. Will is still in vaudeville, but it is probable that he will be back in Film-land shortly.

Some good serials are released this month. *The Count of Monte Cristo*, a French production of a new kind, relies on story, not stunts, for its interest. It is a faithful picturisation of the Napoleonic story, and features Leon Mathot, Nelly Cormon, and a large cast composed of mainly stage artistes. The famous stunt by which (in the novel) the prisoner escapes is well screened and very thrilling, and the whole thing is picturesque and impressive. There is also *The Double Adventure*, Charles Hutchison's serial, which is packed with stunts, each one more thrilling than the last, and in which Josie Sedgwick, Carl Stockdale and Ruth Langston support the star. Charles, who plays a dual rôle, undergoes some surprising adventures in New York and in a South American republic. Francis Ford, too, a well-beloved serial hero, reappears in this guise in *The Great Reward*, which is quite good of its kind, and contains some of the cleverest double exposure work going.

Mary Pickford "fans" will enjoy the lovable little star's February offering, *Through the Back Door*, and picturegoers who wonder wherein lies the secret of Mary's world-wide popularity will find the reason therein, for it was this type of film that made Mary famous. The unwanted child of rich parents, little Jeanne, the heroine, is brought up by Belgians; then, when

war breaks out, she is sent to America and finds a position as maid in the house of her own mother. Mary is sweetly wistful, in her own familiar way, and her juvenile pranks are very good fun indeed. Elinor Fair, who has not been seen in a Pickford feature since *Daddy Long Legs*, is once more a member of the company, and Peaches Jackson, Dorien Turner (the two children), Gertrude Astor and John Harron appear in supporting rôles. *The Ragamuffin*, an early favourite Pickford film, is also released. The set showing the five rooms in the American mansion, with hall-way and stairs, took up 4,300 square feet of the huge Brunton studios. It is most magnificently furnished and arranged, and forms an effective contrast to the farm scenes at the beginning of the film.

Testimony is sure of a warm welcome from British picturegoers, for, besides featuring Ivy Duke, it is exquisitely presented. The rural settings comprise typically British landscapes and old farms; both exteriors and interiors are well chosen, and prove without a doubt that Old England need fear no competition from America so far as natural settings are concerned. The story is a domestic one, and Ivy Duke as an unhappy wife, and Mary Rorke as the harsh mother who ultimately repents of her harshness, are both excellent. David Hawthorne makes his first screen bow in this film. David has progressed much in the year he has been in studioland; he will be seen starring in half-a-dozen good British films this year. Guy Newall, just back from a successful American trip, writes us that he hopes to start work again as soon as possible with his beautiful screen partner, Ivy Duke, as his star.

The Gish Sisters as they will appear in "Orphans of the Storm."



The best British comedy film of the month is *La Poupée*, both for its novelty, its clever sub-titling, and its delightful star. Adapted from the comic opera beloved so much a few years ago, it tells the story of a shy youth who, compelled to marry in order to obtain a large sum of money from a rich uncle, buys and "weds" a wonderful mechanical doll that walks, talks, sings and dances. But the maker of the doll has a fair and mischievous daughter who, having lost her heart to the shy woman-hater, substitutes herself for her father's masterpiece, and after some amusing and surprising adventures in a monastery, manages to reconcile her husband to his fate. Quite a fantasy, *La Poupée* is beautifully photographed (the exteriors were made at Medmenham Abbey), prettily costumed in the brocades and powder of Old France, and well acted by Flora Le Breton, Fred Wright, Richard Scott, and others.

Wally Reid has a delightful piece of romantic nonsense in *The Charm School*. Claiming to be an adaptation of the play in which Owen Nares starred this side, it bears very slight resemblance to it. This, however, does not prevent it from being a highly entertaining comedy. As the hero who inherits an old-fashioned boarding school and transforms it into a very modern idea of a girl's seminary, Wally Reid is rather more flippant than is necessary. A hero of exaggerated seriousness would have been better in keeping with the idea of the play. Lila Lee heads the bunch of pretty girl pupils at *The Charm School*. Wally Reid threatens to pay London a visit some time this year, and shoot some scenes there for his *Across the Continent* film, in which



Rowland Lee directing Raymond Hatton and Shannon Day in "His Back Against the Wall."

Mary Maclaren appears as the heroine. They will need a few extra policemen to keep the crowds in order if Wally doesn't change his mind.

Staunch supporters of Western thrillers will find Harry Carey's *Bullet-Proof* and William Russell's *The Iron Rider* well worth their consideration. The Carey five-reeler presents Harry as a bandit, who roams about and indulges in wholesale killings without apparently the law interfering with his simple pleasures. This hero seems to bear a charmed life, hence the title; the film contains plenty of healthy Western action, fine back-grounds, and a good cast including Fred Gamble, Kathleen O'Connor, Robert McKim, W. Y. Regno and Beatrice Burnham. *The Iron Rider*, too, contains much that is entertaining and has only one murder. William Russell has so much riding and fighting to do that he has not much time for acting, though he is as good as ever in his part. Viola Vale is a pretty if vague heroine, and the scenic effects are very fine.

Always a lovable boyden, Viola Dana has another good stage story in *The Chorus Girl's Romance*, which will please all but the hyper-critical. The feature is not nearly so melodramatic as its title would suggest; the characterisation is good, so is the humour; and the gradual reversal of positions of the husband and wife, who are the chief characters in the plot, is an attractive new twist to a simple story. The stage scenes are extremely well done, and Gareth Hughes, now a star himself, is an effective foil to the dynamic Viola. Tom Gallery, Anne Shaefer (a former Vitagraph favourite), and William Mong all do good work. Viola Dana, after having seemingly settled down as a permanent member of her sister Shirley Mason's (Mrs. Bernard Durning's) household, has at length bought herself a lovely home in Hollywood. Viola's house-warming party was the event of the film month in Los

Mae Murray's star picture of the month is rather old material, and might be described as a mixture of *The Idol Dancer* and *Broken Blossoms*, the story containing slabs of each. The beginning of the picture is very good, but the middle is uninteresting. It picks up again at the end, and it gives Mae Murray an opportunity for her best work to date. Particularly good is she in the Limehouse scenes, which are well and effectively composed, and afford good contrast to the South Sea sequences which follow. George Fitzmaurice's staging and lighting effects are masterly always. David Powell and Dorothy Cummings are particularly good, though the whole cast leaves little cause for complaint. This feature will please picturegoers who like well staged and well played melodrama.

Another good melodrama is *Trumpet Island*, which stars Marguerite de la Motte, Wallace Macdonald and Hallam Cooley. This is a Gouverneur Morris story, and its fast-moving action is punctuated with thrills and suspense. Its scenes range from convent life to jazz parties, and aeroplane stunts in the sky, and at such a pace that one has no time to reflect upon improbabilities until it is ended. Marguerite de la Motte has her first star part in *Trumpet Island*; she has been a sweet and dainty heroine in many Douglas Fairbanks features, including his magnum opus, *The Three Musketeers*, wherein her "Constance" provided good reason for "D'Artagnan's" daring deeds. Marguerite is at Inceville at present, co-starring in *Jim*.

The Right to Happiness, which stars Dorothy Phillips in a remarkable dual rôle, is a spectacular production in which twin sisters are separated when children one becoming a Russian revolutionist, and one a selfish American butterfly. The agitatrix leads a violent mob on to destroy her father's house, but is shot,

and when dying, is reconciled to her kindred. There is much that is fine in both production and acting, and the story is well told and quite interesting. Dorothy Phillips is at her best as the agitatrix; the nervous yet passionate sincerity of the character suits her style well. She and Allan Holubar, her husband and director, contemplated making a feature in Europe this summer, but they have just commenced another super-feature in the U.S.A. instead.

From Italy comes a very tragic story of the mid-nineteenth century. It shows the whole life of a man who made ambition his god. Mario Bonnard, who plays this character, is surprisingly stolid for an Italian actor. Victoria Lepanto, Hugo Piperno and Nina Dinelli have important rôles. There are some interesting incidental scenes introduced, dealing with the times of Henry of Navarre, and the lighting and production are fine. *Naryana*, a Gaumont Fine Arts offering, was made in France by Poirier, producer of *The Thinker*. It is a remarkable story of the East, with magnificent settings and artistic photography and production. The plot is fascinating; it concerns a Hindu image which confers five wishes upon its possessor, each of which, however, will drain a part of his life. The wishes are carried out quite naturally, and might or might not have been connected with the little god of happiness, and the man's death at the end is a logical conclusion.

Another drama that is different is *The Trembling Hour*, in which the hero, played by Kenneth Harlan, is a neurasthenic. As the convict who reforms and returns from the war a hero and victim of shell-shock, Kenneth has a rôle unlike his usual characterisations, and comes through the ordeal very well indeed. The villain (Carl Stockdale) is very grim and convincing, and Willis Marks and Helen Jerome Eddy both contribute excellent character studies respectively of a nervous old convict and the heroine. *The Trembling Hour* belongs in the detective story class; and its photography, production and lighting are good. Kenneth Harlan figures in many Constance Talmadge releases this year; he went to Vitagraphs recently for a feature opposite Corinne Griffith.

Lon Chaney, whose first star picture, *The Penalty*, is released, likes better than anything else playing the rôle of a denizen of the underworld, especially if there is a suggestion of fiendishness about it. He became famous after his work as the deformed crook in *The Miracle Man*, and has since specialised in such character studies. In *The Penalty* he plays a legless and evil crook who is later cured by an operation on his

head, which changes his nature completely. Under world stories are not uncommon, but this one is quite out of the ordinary. Though containing some grim and brutal incidents, it should interest everybody, for the production is excellent, the acting restrained and true to type, and the central figure (the crook), in spite of his brutality, excites more compassion than hatred. Chaney's is a remarkable performance; and Ethel Grey Terry, as a spy, Charles Clary and James Mason lend capable support.

British releases are plentiful and, on the whole, very good. *The Street of Adventure*, picturised from the famous novel, has been altered from the famous novel quite a bit. Also Lionelle Howard's "Frank Luttrell" is a little disappointing. With its glimpses of the well-known purlieus and offices of Fleet Street, this story of journalistic life is both romantic and exciting. Irene Rooke is excellent in her characterisation of the middle-aged fashion-plate artist on "The Morning Sun," who mothers the rest of the staff. The secrets of the editorial sanctum have been open secrets for some time, but everybody will be interested in watching the happenings in the offices of "The Morning Sun," and Londoners will delight in seeing the well-known thoroughfares of their native heath on the screen.

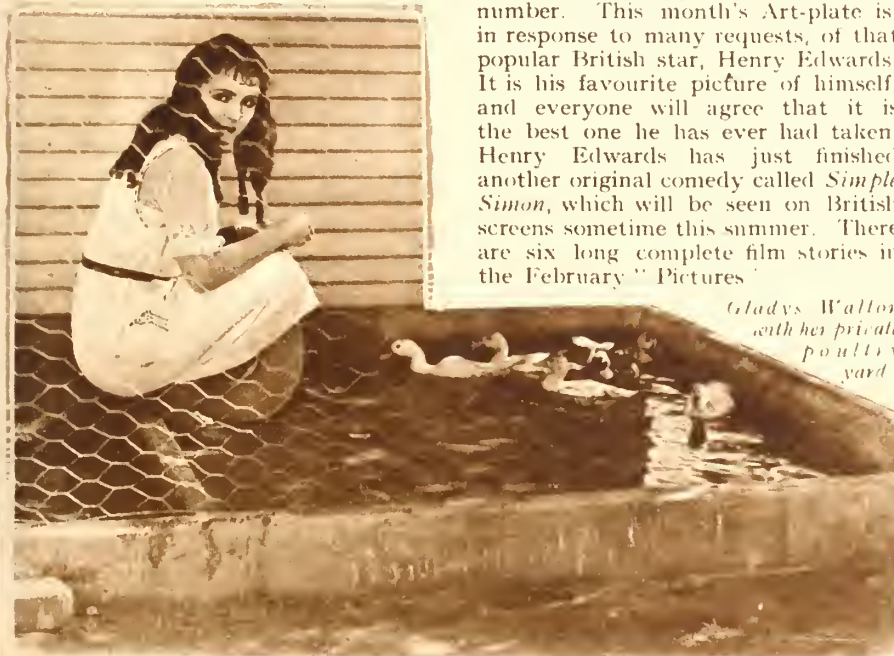
Two Stoll adaptations of well-known novels are *The Woman of His Dream*, an Ethel M. Dell story, and *The Four Feathers*. The first-named stars Mary Dibley, Alec Fraser, and Sydney Seaward, and has some exciting moments. Mary Dibley nearly lost her life when the shipwreck scenes were filmed. They had chosen a really dangerous bit of coast near Dieppe

for their operations, and the natives, though much interested, did not warn the players. Mary Dibley was swept away and was quite unconscious when she was rescued. The car smash episode was filmed at Stanmore, and was far from being tragic when made. The camera-man and his machine were perched on the bonnet of the motor, of which (needless to add) the engine had been stopped. Sidney Seaward who 'drove' sat at the wheel, but the car was actually pushed from behind.

The whole company, bending low so as to escape the camera's eye, pushed and shook for all they were worth, and the zig-zag motion which looks so well on the screen is the result of their efforts. The incident was filmed twice, and the "hands that rocked the motor" were very glad indeed when the affair was over. The high road where the "accident" occurs is in reality the drive of a well-known and wonderful old house at Stanmore. *The Four Feathers* (from A. E. W. Mason's novel) is a fine production, with good acting, and characterisation, and wonderful and spectacular desert scenes. Harry Hamm as the coward who receives the four feathers is exceedingly good; and Cyril Percival, Henry Vibart, Mary Massart, and Tony Fraser lend adequate support.

"Pictures," in its new and permanent form, supplies a long-felt want with its "Kinema Guide" (Always a pioneer (it was the first of the-movie journals), it is the initial publication to give the ardent picture-lover the information he values most, i.e. where and when he can see his favourite films. "Pictures" is retaining all its popular features, and "Brickbats and Bouquets," which was crowded out of the February issue, will positively appear in the March number. This month's Art-plate is, in response to many requests, of that popular British star, Henry Edwards. It is his favourite picture of himself, and everyone will agree that it is the best one he has ever had taken. Henry Edwards has just finished another original comedy called *Simple Simon*, which will be seen on British screens sometime this summer. There are six long complete film stories in the February "Pictures."

Gladys Wallon with her private poultry yard



"Just fourteen years too late," said Julia. "Fourteen years as far as you are concerned," he said gently. But in Lilla's case, well, really, who can say?



He was a Bad Hat, but—

When Dick Paton came back he became the god-in-the-machine that brought success in a night to Lilla, his daughter, and saved her from a marriage that would have made shipwreck of her life. Even so, Lilla's situation was gall and bitterness to Julia, her mother. Through the years she had fought and striven and schemed single-handed. And when at long last she saw the bail at her feet—it was Lilla who seize it. Youth had won; as it always has done and always will.

If you enjoy a story that grips, read "THE PRODIGAL FATHER," by Earl Den Biggers, of which the foregoing is a brief outline. It appears in the February "PAN." There are 14 other stories for all moods equally as good.

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"Roderick!" he muttered, "By heaven, I'll get him now." Bulfinch was near the lovers before his presence was detected.



The GLORIOUS ADVENTURE

By Felix Orman

WITH hysterical laughter Stephanie suddenly lunged forward, and aimed the knife at Roderick, who shrank just in time to escape the thrust. Unwin hastily summoned all his energy and threw himself against Stephanie, grasping her wrists and pushing her back towards the table. With a gasp of sobbing, she dropped the knife, and started towards the door.

"Now, Roderick," she exclaimed imperiously, "you will find that Stephanie Dangerfield can hate as well as she can love!" And she swept out of the room.

The revels at the royal palace were at their height when Lady Beatrice, her heart full of despair, arrived to answer the King's command. Pepys escorted the fair visitor into an anteroom, and there she remained alone while he went into the banquet hall to inform the King of her arrival.

Lady Beatrice sat in deep thought, and as she reflected upon all that lay before her, she saw a vision of herself in the position of the King's favourite. She visualised herself as the King's plaything, forced to yield to his embraces. Her repulsion at this mental picture was such that she quivered from head to foot and rose quickly to make her escape.

As she opened the door she stood facing the King, who motioned Pepys to await without, and entered, closing the door behind him.

Lady Beatrice was in a tremor. The King advanced towards her, but noticed that she shrank from him. He addressed her with great courtesy, and she replied with the deference due to his high position.

The infatuation of the King for her was plain. At last she was his. He took her in his arms and ardently kissed her coronet of golden hair, speaking rapturously of his affection for her.

Then the King turned her face towards his, and as he was about to press his lips on hers, he looked into her eyes. What he saw there frightened him. He stared into those wide blue eyes, and slowly

loosened his embrace. For in her eyes he saw an expression of such exquisite and poignant pain, tenderness and innocence, that he stood gazing at her with the best of his manhood expressed in his rising emotion.

"Mr. Pepys!" he called. And Samuel Pepys entered, bowing to the King, who now gently led Lady Beatrice to the side of the curious official of the royal house.

"Mr. Pepys," said the King, "escort this sweet lady to her home, and guard

Adapted from the natural-colour film drama presenting Lady Diana Manners and an all-star British cast. The original narrative of "The Glorious Adventure" was written by the producer, Mr. J. Stuart Blackton, and the photo-drama by Felix Orman. Copies of the January issue containing the first instalment of this story may be obtained from the Publisher, Long Acre, W.C., price 1s. 3d. post free.

her as you would your own daughter."

Lady Beatrice knelt before the King and kissed his hand.

"A King and a gentleman," murmured Samuel Pepys, as he watched the scene.

Stephanie was in the drawing-room at Lady Beatrice's home talking with Rosemary in a fury of anger when the much-worried girl returned.

In a burst of passion Stephanie told of all the perfidy of Unwin and Roderick, and of their plans to draw Lady Beatrice completely under their power. She related that Roderick was not the Earl of Hillsdale. "Oh, my Lady, they have the most sinister designs against you," exclaimed the excited Stephanie. "Let me help you, my Lady; I shall befriend you and save you from those villains."

Lady Beatrice's confidence in Stephanie had been shaken by her experience at the gaming house, but now she sensed the reality of the woman's reports and the

sincerity of her desire to aid her in opposing the schemes of Unwin and Roderick.

As they spoke, there was a knock at the door.

"They are there now," whispered Stephanie, huskily. "They said they would be here to-night, and waited your return from Whitehall."

Stephanie hastened into a rear room. Rosemary opened the door and admitted Unwin and Roderick.

"We beg your Ladyship's pardon for coming at this late hour," apologised Unwin, bowing obsequiously, "but we knew the King had commanded you to visit him at Whitehall this evening. I trust your Ladyship created a very favourable impression upon his Majesty."

Lady Beatrice remained silent.

"My Lady," continued Unwin, "your affairs are in a most serious state. In addition to your other debts, you have now contracted large gaming debts, the note for which my noble clients the Earl of Hillsdale, holds."

Lady Beatrice was startled when she heard this and saw

Roderick draw from his pocket the notes she had signed at the gaming house. Roderick bowed low to her.

"I have no wish to cause your Ladyship any difficulty," he said.

"No," said Unwin. "My client and I have talked this over. This noble gentleman is deeply in love with you, my Lady, and we are anxious to show you the utmost consideration. My Lady, marry this worthy gentleman, and your troubles will all be over."

Lady Beatrice informed Unwin that she would take the matter under consideration.

"You must decide and notify me to-morrow," warned Unwin. "I can no longer hold your creditors in check. A further delay, and you may be imprisoned for debt." Lady Beatrice bowed coldly, and the two men departed.

Stephanie and Rosemary hurried into the room, to find Lady Beatrice in tears.

"To-morrow I may be in prison!" she moaned. Rosemary drew from a pocket in her skirt the copy of the LONDON GAZETTE, and again showed it to Lady Beatrice, pleading the alternative of her marriage to a condemned felon in Newgate Gaol.

Stephanie gasped on hearing this. "Bulfinch!" she exclaimed. "He is to hang for the murder of Argyle!"

Then she turned to Lady Beatrice and supported Rosemary's plan.

"I understand, my Lady," she said, excitedly. "To-night you marry; at dawn he is executed, and you are free of all debt. It is the law."

That midnight a strange and tragic scene was enacted in a corridor of Newgate Gaol. Bulfinch, morose in his hatred of Roderick for betraying him, was awaiting the dawn when he would be hanged. The prison chaplain came to him and bade him prepare for the coming ceremony, and Bulfinch laughed mockingly. And then appeared Lady Beatrice, Rosemary, Stephanie and the servants from Lady Beatrice's household. Stephanie kept in the background so that Bulfinch

(Continued on page 50.)



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THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE.

would not recognise her and create a scene.

The British felon in his cell stared in admiration at the beautiful girl who was to be his wife in name only for a few hours. The priest handed Bullfinch the ring through the bars, and the great hairy arm of the brute was extended through the bars to take the hand of his fan bride.

"I pronounce you man and wife," said the priest.

With a sudden motion, Bullfinch drew the arm of Lady Beatrice through the bars, ripped back the sleeve, and pressed and kissed the soft flesh. The terrified girl collapsed in the arms of the chaplain. The brutal action of the convict was stopped only when the prison guards prodded him with their swords.

Stephanie walked near the cell and smiled mockingly as the fainting Lady Beatrice was carried away.

Solomon Eagle, a religious fanatic, was wont to wander about the streets of London, predicting a grave disaster as a punishment for the sins of the city.

Solomon Eagle had predicted the Plague a year before, and it had come to pass. Now his foretelling of a great fire that would destroy London caused foreboding.

The people in the streets were terrified when Solomon Eagle, with more than usual solemnity, declared the doom of London was at hand, that the great fire he had been predicting would consume London very soon, and the people of the city would suffer for their sins.

And the catastrophe occurred as the zealot predicted.

Scarcely two hours after Lady Beatrice's prison marriage, flames broke out in the bakery of Thomas Farryner, in Pudding Lane, off Thames Street.

A strong wind was blowing and the fire was fanned with a rapidity that thwarted all efforts at control.

From the bakery the flames swept along Pudding Lane to Thames Street. The Star Inn, a resort of travellers, soon lay in ashes, and then one after another of the great churches—St. Margaret's, St. Magnus the Martyr, those fine old medieval structures that were the pride of London.

Soon the conflagration rushed on to Old St. Paul's. The glare of the flames tinted the flames with a vivid glow. The river was thronged with all kinds of craft loaded with household effects and people fleeing from the danger of the fire.

In the midst of all this chaos, Roderick and his band of thieves were securing rich loot, which was systematically removed to the rendezvous of the thieves in the crypt of the church.

London was in an uproar. The streets were thronged with hysterical people.

Simon, the warden of Newgate Gaol, watched from the prison as the flames drew nearer. He called to the Chaplain, and together they, with the guards, released all prisoners and herded them together in the chapel.

Here the Chaplain addressed the convicts, his discourse bearing solemnly upon the wages of sin.

Bullfinch, lurking in a corner, cared little for the Lonely on good and evil. His one thought was how he might effect his escape.

Stealthily he crept toward the door. There he quietly choked a guard and fled down the hallway.

Out into the street he passed, grinning maliciously. Now he would possess this beautiful girl who had married him, expecting him to be hung at dawn! He knew the name of his bride, and could find his way to her home.

Through the fire lit streets, thronged with excited people, he groped his way. The extraordinary figure of this British creature attracted little attention in the crowd. The home of Lady Beatrice lay some distance from the fire area at this early stage of the conflagration, but Bullfinch had no difficulty in finding it.

After her return to her room, Lady Beatrice had fallen into a state of nervous exhaustion. She tore the ring from her finger in disgust and flung it on the floor, then throwing herself, dressed, upon the bed, fell into a heavy sleep.

It was near four o'clock when the curtains of the window of her room were thrown aside and the British face of Bullfinch peered in. Seeing Lady Beatrice asleep on the bed, he gazed at his victim like a wild beast about to spring upon its prey. He crept through the window and was stealing across the floor when he stepped on the ring, which he recognised in the glare from the window, and snatched with a sinister growl.

In a minute the bulky figure of Bullfinch was bending over the bed upon which lay asleep the beautiful girl who a few hours before had married him in Newgate Gaol.

He grasped her hand, and with a fierce laugh forced the ring upon her finger, taking her savagely into his arms.

The shrieks of Lady Beatrice resounded through the house, and the door burst open, admitting Rosemary and the servants in night attire. They were terrified upon seeing Bullfinch, who by now had raised the fainting Lady Beatrice in his arms.

He pushed Rosemary and the servants aside, hurried down the stairs, and out into the street.

Quickly he ran through the crowded thoroughfares carrying his precious burden, the people too excited to stop him.

After leaving Lady Beatrice, following the marriage at Newgate Gaol, Stephanie had wandered the streets like a lost soul. The misery of her situation now bore heavily upon her mind.

Where could she go? Certainly not to the Thieves' Kitchen, nor to the crypt of Saint Paul's, where the thieves often met and stored their loot.

While thus reflecting, the first cries of fire were heard, and, looking up, she saw the glare of the flames on the sky.

Then she beheld something that shocked her. Within a few yards of her, Bullfinch rushed by, his face tense and brutal. She took in the situation at once. "He is on his way to the home of Lady Beatrice!" she said to herself.

What could she do? Lady Beatrice must be saved from this frightful fate. Neither Unwin nor Roderick was at the Thieves' Kitchen; perhaps she could find there one or two of the gang who would help her protect Lady Beatrice from Bullfinch.

In the Thieves' Kitchen she found Argyle securely bound and guarded by Malloy, one of the gang who had always been friendly to her.

Argyle, remembering her perfidy on the ship, stared at her.

"I must secure your freedom," cried Stephanie, almost hysterically. "She is in danger, grave danger. You are the one man most needed now."

Malloy cautioned Stephanie to go away. "Listen to me, Malloy," said Stephanie. "This man bound here is the real Earl of Hillsdale. If you release him, you will be rewarded with riches. I swear it."

Malloy was impressed by her argument and cut the ropes that bound Argyle. At first loath to trust her, Argyle was finally convinced that she had turned against Roderick, and was eager to serve Lady Beatrice and himself. They hurried to the home of Lady Beatrice, and Stephanie hammered on the door excitedly. Peter admitted them, and Rosemary greeted Stephanie hysterically, gazing in astonishment at Argyle, whom she believed to be dead.

"That terrible criminal has taken her," wailed Rosemary.

"As I feared," said Stephanie. "Where would he take her? I know." And she turned suddenly to Argyle. "He would carry her to his old haunt in the crypt of Saint Paul's. The place would be deserted now. Come with us, Rosemary; we must save Lady Beatrice from a fate worse than death."

In a remote corner of the crypt of Saint Paul's, a nook formed by the old Norman arches, Bullfinch had placed his captive bride, and prepared for their residence there.

"You thought I would be hanged at dawn, so you did, my Lady," he said exultantly. "You would get out of debt while I would go to the gallows! Well, my aristocratic beauty, your felon bridegroom has you here, and here you will stay with him! Do you understand, my beauty, here you stay with me?"

The man appeared like a fiend incarnate. In the midst of his brutal advances to the terrified girl, he heard a sound outside. He stopped short, and crept to the entrance of the nook, peering out toward the stairway leading into the crypt.

"Roderick!" he exclaimed. "By heaven, I'll get him now!"

Roderick had run into the place to gather together what valuables he could, for the church was already in flames.

In his thirst for revenge on Roderick, Bullfinch forgot Lady Beatrice, and crept out toward the enclosure where his enemy stood, hastily throwing money and jewels into a box. Bullfinch moved towards Roderick like a panther making for attack. He was near Roderick before his presence was detected. Suddenly looking up, Roderick saw him not more than ten feet away; and terror transformed his face as he felt himself in the presence of the powerful man whom he had so wronged. He could expect no mercy and, if he had known, no help. Unwin had been killed by a falling beam. There was an explosion, and a wall at the end of the enclosure collapsed, showing a mass of flame beyond.

Bullfinch saw this and laughed, pushing his adversary nearer and nearer the fire. Roderick, seeing his purpose, fought harder and emitted shrill cries of despair.

Lady Beatrice was horrified to see Bullfinch suddenly lift Roderick in his arms and hurl him into the roaring flames.

Old St. Paul's was in flames. The crowd stood in awe as this fine old architectural classic succumbed to the fire.

Stephanie, with Argyle and Rosemary, reached the crypt entrance of the church as the whole roof blazed.

"There is the door; I know you will find them there," said Stephanie, as she pointed toward the crypt entrance; and Argyle fearlessly entered.



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THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE.

(Continued from Page 56.)

Lady Beatrice uttered a cry of joy as she saw Argyle, and hastened toward him. Argyle took her in his arms, but mechanically, for he was watching Bulfinch. He had nothing to fear, for Bulfinch was filled with alarm at what he believed to be a ghost and ran in a panic up the stairs.

"Oh, my dear, again you save me!" exclaimed Lady Beatrice joyfully, as Argyle enfolded her in his arms.

Stephanie at this moment appeared on the stairs, and excitedly urged them to hurry out before it was too late.

In a shaft of light on the floor, as if left there by a fairy, lay the locket Lady Beatrice had given Hugh Argyle when he had parted from her as a boy. Argyle picked this up and showed it to Lady Beatrice, and then for the first time made known to her his identity.

Then they hurried to the stairs, but as they reached the exit an explosion occurred. A mass of burning beams and debris crashed through the doorway and down the stairs, and Argyle and Lady Beatrice escaped death only by quickly moving to the other side of the crypt.

How could they escape now? On two sides were burning walls, and no other doorway appeared anywhere.

Argyle searched the place. "Here is a door," he exclaimed. But then added dejectedly: "It is tightly locked."

There seemed to be little hope for them. Further and further back they were forced by the flames creeping closer upon them, until at last they stood near the old abandoned doorway.

Then a new and graver danger confronted them. Drawing closer to them, Argyle saw a hissing, boiling fluid, which he knew to be molten lead from the metal roof and structural work of the burning building.

"We must die, dear; hold me in your arms," sobbed Lady Beatrice.

Stephanie and Rosemary were standing near the doorway of the crypt when Bulfinch came out. They watched him hurry on and pause about fifty yards beyond.

Then they saw the explosion which they feared sealed the fate of Argyle and Lady Beatrice.

Bulfinch was standing reflecting on what had happened; and as he stood there the thought filtered into his dull brain that Argyle was alive, that the figure he had seen was not a ghost, that to save Argyle was to save himself from the gallows, and also to win Lady Beatrice for himself.

He was on his way back to carry out this resolution when he met Stephanie and Rosemary.

"Roderick," laughed Bulfinch. "His charred bones lie in the flames down there!"

Bulfinch knew of an unused entrance to the crypt, and swiftly he, Stephanie and Rosemary hurried there. The door opened under his pressure, and they entered a long underground corridor, not touched by the fire. At the end of this was a secret doorway. With the strength of a wild animal Bulfinch forced it open.

From within came a cry of relief. Just inside stood Lady Beatrice and Argyle. The excitement that had sustained her during the great peril was too much after she had been rescued, and she fainted in the arms of Argyle.

The joy of Rosemary at sight of her

beloved mistress was unbounded. Stephanie tried to restore Lady Beatrice to consciousness, while Bulfinch looked on in a surly manner.

They found their way to the street, and all had reached the top of the stairs save Stephanie.

And then, as they were about to pass out, the roof of the corridor gave way, and heaps of burning wood fell into the open way.

Stephanie saw her danger and called to the others, only a few feet ahead of her, but too late. A wall of flame enclosed her and, suffocated, she sank to the ground.

Lady Beatrice was quickly revived in the open air. They paused after the fate of Stephanie became known to them, and walked on, Argyle holding the arm of Lady Beatrice.

Bulfinch had disappeared. Argyle, Lady Beatrice and Rosemary found a place apart from the crowd and stood watching the burning church. Rosemary suddenly gasped. Looking in the direction she pointed, Lady Beatrice saw Bulfinch regarding her with a brutal grin and approaching them.

Bulfinch drew near them and faced Lady Beatrice in a familiar and commanding manner.

"Come with me, my Lady!" he said, as Lady Beatrice shrank from him.

"We are indebted to you for saving our lives, my good man, and shall reward you," said Argyle, addressing Bulfinch. "But you insult her Ladyship when you command her to come with you."

"Her Ladyship is my wife," declared Bulfinch.

"Your wife!" Argyle laughed at this.

"Ask her!" commanded Bulfinch.

Argyle turned to Lady Beatrice, now terrified.

"Dare you deny you married me at midnight?" demanded the felon.

Lady Beatrice shook her head. Argyle was astounded. Rosemary stood trembling.

"Then come with your lawful husband!" snapped Bulfinch.

There was a sudden commotion in the crowd as a small woman, with a determined manner and a vixenish face, pushed her way through, making for the place where Lady Beatrice and the others stood.

She moved with a tense, concentrated stare centred on Bulfinch. As she reached his side, she stood close to him, placing her hands on her hips, and looking up at the face of the man who had not yet seen her.

"Bulfinch!" she exclaimed.

The man addressed turned, startled, as he heard the voice. He looked at the little woman, and for the first time showed signs of weakening.

"Where have you been these two years?" she demanded. "Come home with your wife and children."

It is an odd fact of human psychology that some men of big strength and fearlessness can be dominated by little women, and this was such a case. Bulfinch yielded meekly to the command of his wife. He followed her to a place not far away where their children and a number of bundles of household effects awaited them.

"Then I am saved," murmured Lady Beatrice. "I shall tell you all, dear Hugh."

"I do not care to know," replied Argyle tenderly, as he took her in his arms. "I have you, and I am happy."

GOOD MAN - BAD MAN.

(Continued from Page 10.)

"The ex-sheriff lost no time, but returned post-haste to that peaceful little community which he had so lately deserted. And just as he was riding up the main street, whom should he see but his brother Ed. coming out of a saloon. At that same moment, three masked men materialised from nowhere and the boy fell at his horse's feet riddled with bullets.

"Then they saw 'Bat.' You might have imagined it was the Prince of Darkness himself the way those three guys took to their heels. He ran them to earth in a corral, where they had taken some sort of cover behind the cattle. They'd managed to reload, but the instant their guns started to bark, those three men instantly dropped dead.

"Yes," Mr. Hart concluded in his lively humorous way, "'Bat' Master-son was sure a quick man on the draw."

I was not surprised, when he showed me on a later occasion his most treasured possessions, to notice that pride of place had been given to a battered six-shooter which had been presented to him by the one-time Sheriff of Kansas.

Another friend of Bill's is Al Jennings, once a notorious gunman of Oklahoma, now a law-abiding citizen of California.

Bill told me that his first meeting with Jennings occurred many years ago when he himself was a member of a "stock" company touring the Western States of the Union.

On their arrival at Muskogee, in Oklahoma, Bill hired a horse and went for a ride. About mid-day he came upon some rough-looking men preparing a meal over a camp-fire on the border of a little cotton wood.

"They looked at me a bit suspiciously at first," he said, "but when I asked them the nearest trail back to the town, they were civil enough, and even invited me to stop and rest and share their 'chuck,' I did so.

"I was very young at the time, very proud of my status as a 'kid actor,' so I talked quite a lot about myself. I told them I was appearing that night at the Turner Opera House, and invited them to come and see me act. I even gave them tickets for the show, and casually mentioned, as an additional attraction, that the new marshal who had just arrived in the town for the sworn purpose of getting the notorious Jennings gang had promised to attend.

"Then their leader told me he was Al Jennings, and that the other gentlemen were members of his gang.

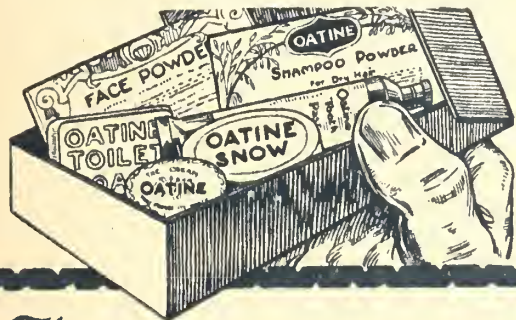
"They made no definite answer, but we shook hands and parted on the best of terms.

"However, that night the first faces I recognised in the front row of the orchestra stalls were those of Al Jennings and his gang, whilst within a stone's throw from them, enthroned in a stage box decorated with flags and bunting, sat the very man who had sworn to get them!

"And I still feel a certain satisfaction," Bill concluded with a chuckle, "that Al. got away with it—at any rate, that time!"

Bill told me, however, that they did manage to capture him in the end, and that he served his time in the Ohio State Penitentiary. It was during the period of his enforced retirement that he "got religion" and reformed. After his release, he settled down in Oklahoma and managed to deserve so well the confidence of his community that he ran for Governor of the State, and only lost by a very few votes.

There must be a strong vein of poetical sentiment in the composition of Al Jennings. He eventually came to Los Angeles and started making motion pictures. His first call on Bill Hart was made for the purpose of handing him a pass for a pre-view of his first production. He said it was a return for the courtesy Bill had shown him in giving him a ticket for the show many years before at the Turner Opera House at Muskogee!



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MOVIES IN THE MAKING. *(Continued from Page 58)*

costume, hides her curls beneath a shabby little hat, and covers her small hands with gloves that her own maid wouldn't wear to "the picketers."

The exteriors to be photographed are for another film, and this time she is plain "Jane Jones," friendless, workless, and desperate.

A certain famous leading lady, cast in a similar role, and working on a similar location, experienced a new and entirely unlooked for thrill when she was acting in a well known London thoroughfare. The camera had been hidden in the dark recesses of a shop doorway, and the "friendless, workless and desperate" one walked slowly past it, on the other side of the road, clutching a worn little handbag, her wide eyes gazing pitifully into space. The actress knew that the scene was "just right," and at the correct moment she stopped outside a brilliantly lit confectioner's shop, opened the shabby handbag, gazed desperately at the emptiness thereof, shook her head and turned away from the temptation in despair. As she did so, a girl of the "City clerk" type stopped suddenly, impulsively slipped some small object into the actress's hand, murmured something about its "being all right soon, dear cheer up!" and disappeared into the throng of hurrying people.

It was an unrehearsed but invaluable incident, and the revelation of the existence of a bright sixpence in the palm of her hand sent a momentary thrill of remorse—a sense of criminal false pretences—through the heart of the player who had acted so well that she had deceived the unconscious sympathiser. But, as she rightly contended, "it proved that humanity still possesses a heart, and that sixpenny piece will for ever remain one

of my most valued and appreciated souvenirs!"

But the "sympathy" of the passer-by is not always so conveniently expressed as it was in this case.

Another "leading lady" of my acquaintance had a similar proof of the goodness of mankind, which spoils the picture!

She was playing in a scene where the scenario demanded that she should fall from a punt, founder helplessly in the River Thames, and be "rescued" by the hero. The producer selected a very quiet spot for his location, hid the camera in the half-way of a bungalow, and after rehearsing the scene through, gave the order to "Take!" The heroine, at the punt-pole, glided her craft gently down-stream, and, at the chosen moment, suddenly lost her grip of the pole, overbalanced, and fell into the water. From the mysterious land of nowhere a rushing figure emerged, flung its coat off, leapt into the stream, and rescued the "drowning" lady before the hero had a chance to appear!

Such episodes form the "extra turns" on the leading lady's programme, but she learns to expect them, and either forgive and forget, or sanction and remember the intruders, as the case demands.

When she gets back to her dressing-room, tired, hungry and ready for home and bed, she will probably find that there is still a little more work to be done before her dream comes true. Her dresser confesses that she doesn't know what her mistress will want to wear to-morrow—is it the Dolly Varden hat or the black velvet one? And does my lady remember that the blue gown she is making with her own fingers will be needed for use on Friday next?

And then, maybe, she will settle down to pen an answer to some of those effusive epistles which are assuming gigantic proportions and *cannot* be quelled. Or she may manufacture a few moments to renew acquaintance with her own mother, brother or sister.

Her shadow self is so much bigger than her real one—her work-time so much more plentiful than her play-time. She will be glad to nestle in the soft sheets of her bed, and leave the "bed-of-pale-pink-roses" for her declining years. When they come, she may have time to lead a lady's life, but *pour le moment* she is a film actress, and her life spells WORK!

Next month, "The Stage Director."

THROUGH THE BACK DOOR.

(Continued from Page 58)

"Did you get my letter?"

"I don't get letters from servants, Go!"

Jeanne swayed forward and touched the woman's hair with her finger-tips. Mrs. Reeves turned a tear-stained face towards her.

"Mother!" cried Jeanne.

The broken butterfly sprang to her feet and stared long, without speaking, into those blue eyes before her—those blue eyes that were so like . . . other eyes . . . dead eyes . . .

"What—what are you saying?" she gasped.

"Mother!" repeated Jeanne. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, and her smile was gone. She held out her arms and came closer.

When the furious Elton Reeves returned to the room a few moments later he saw, to his vast astonishment, his wife and the parlourmaid locked in an embrace, sobbing on each other's shoulders.

After the storm the sunshine. After the sunshine the storm again. Almost before the gossips had had time to understand the reconciliation of the estranged husband and wife, another hubbub had broken out in the Reeves' mansion. This time it was below, and somewhere at the back.

"I'll 'ave 'em out!" thundered a mighty voice. "Right out! All of 'em! None o' this nonsense with me."

It was the voice of the housekeeper, the terrible voice of a terrible woman. The Elton Reeves went below to investigate. And Jeanne went with them, also to investigate. For the voice that replied was the voice of Billy Boy.

"No, Please—really."

"Kids!" the astounded housekeeper was bellowing. "Kids! Livin' here! Actually livin' here!"

"Take your hands off them" commanded Jeanne. "They're my kids! I found them in Belgium and brought them here."

"Well, they can't live in the loft," said somebody.

"Not now—no."

"I know," said Billy Boy, "they'd better come home and live with me."

"They shall never live with anyone but me," said Jeanne firmly.

"That's what I meant," said Billy Boy without a blush.

Jeanne turned to him with a puzzled look.

"How—"

"We'll talk about it later," he said.

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DRUMMER DYES





ANGRY readers are demanding my head on a charger. "You talk," they tell me scornfully, "of starting the New Year right, and you start off by calling Harley Sackcloth and Ashes. Knoles an American. He is an Englishman, and you cannot withhold from him the credit of having produced the best British picture ever made." I cannot. Harley Knoles was born at Rotherham, Yorks, and I have pleasure in announcing that his production of *Carnival* stands at the head of the popularity poll.

THIS is a double triumph for Mr. Knoles, because doubtless many readers have abstained from voting for his picture on my assumption that he was an American; but he has won "hands down," so there is no harm done. Other British pictures that received a large number of votes were *The Tavern Knight* (Stoll), *Nothing Else Matters* (Welsh-Pearson), and *The Breed of the Treshams* (Astra).

A READER writes to condemn the practice of putting the full cast of a picture in one subtitle at the beginning of a film. He thinks it "a very silly idea," as many readers collect casts for their albums, and unless the artistes are announced individually it is

hard to make a note of their names. The cast of *The Cheater*, which my correspondent asks me to give, is as follows: "Lily Meany," May Allison; "Lord Asgarby," King Baggot; "Peg Meany," Frank Currier; "Bill Tozer," Harry van Meter; "Eve Asgarby," May Giraci; "Prall," Percy Challenger; "Mrs. Prall," Lucille Ward; "The Doctor," J. Demsey Tabler.

WHILST on the subject of casts, I should like to introduce you to George, the Human Encyclopædia, who is featured each month in our photogravure companion paper, "Pictures," the Screen Magazine. "George" spends his nights and his days in answering the queries of curious picturegoers. If there is any movie matter concerning which you desire information or advice, a letter to "George" will bring you an answer in the columns of "Pictures."

I AM asked by a reader: "Where do the movie folk go when they get old, or rather when the public get tired of them?" This sounds like a companion query to "Where do the flies go?" but it is more easily answered. Stars may disappear from the silver-sheet for scores of reasons. Some get married and settle down to domesticity; some find the stage and the music-halls more suited to their talents;

some retire with their accumulated wealth; some get swollen-headed and are thrown overboard; and some give way to dissipation and pass into oblivion.

THIS "M. E. R.," of Southport: "I went to the picture the other evening and paid 1s. 3d. I came away with the depression feeling that good films were a back number, and that the 1s. 3d. had certainly been wasted. Now why is such trash shown? Considering one can see really good films such as *Carnival*, *Kismet*, *Earthbound* and *Everywoman*, at exactly the same price, it is surprising to me that such rubbish is allowed to be dumped upon an unsuspecting public. All the films mentioned above gave one something to think about, and are worth remembering but films with no story at all which rely entirely upon the personality of the star, are, to my mind, never a success." The remedy is in your own hands, "M. E. R.," if you follow "Shadowland" in this paper, and "Picturegoers Guide" in "Pictures," you will know exactly which films to see and which to avoid.

A NEWCASTLE reader writes as follows on the "stars and types" question: "I vote that the stars should remain true to their type, but let them choose the right type. I agree with 'Jinx' that

Bessie Barriscale's acting is charming, but she has had no chance in her latest pictures. She has talent for more emotional parts. . . . May I introduce a new question? What is the greatest emotional male actor of the screen?" A very pertinent query. The Nazimova-Frederick controversy has had a good run, so we'll give the men a chance for a change. Send along your votes to "The Thinker," c.o. 'PICTUREGOER,' 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.





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Testimony
Produced by
GUY NEWALL
featuring
IVY DUKE

Don't miss this outstanding British film version of the famous novel by Alice and Claude Askey produced by Guy Newall and featuring Ivy Duke. The story is poignant with drama, the rural settings provide the most beautiful

glimpses of the English countryside ever thrown upon a screen. Story, production, acting and photography place this film in the category of super-pictures; it is a production that no lover of photoplay art can afford to miss.

George Clark Productions
 LTD

A MARCH DIARY

VOL. 3. NO. 15. MARCH, 1922.

Editorial Offices:
93, Long Acre, London.

Registered for Transmission
by Canadian Magazine post.

THE gallery patrons of the Palace Music Hall, Blackburn (Lancashire), England, on Saturday, March 7, 1908, were only languidly interested in "The Football Match," a "turn" which was making its final appearance in Blackburn that night. A serious, blue-eyed stripling, who had done his best to score a goal, and never succeeded in raising even one hearty laugh, rubbed the grease-paint off his face with great savagery, and muttered aloud to his companions in misery meanwhile something about "Some people not knowing a good thing when they get it." He was perfectly right. His name was Charles Spencer Chaplin, and if he appeared at the same hall in the same show on March 7, 1922, he'd get a very different reception.

DASHING, brocade-clad "Ernest Vane" in "Masks and Faces" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London, England, held a kind of informal reception in his dressing-room after the matinée on Saturday, March 9, 1901. The young actor, whose name was Henry B. Warner, was prevailed upon to meet the crowd of admirers who wanted to shake hands and congratulate him on his success all at once. He had never been to U.S.A. (that came fifteen years later) and did not know the meaning of the word Kinema. It would take more than a dressing-room to hold all the "fans" who'd like to shake H. B. Warner's hand, etc., etc., now he's a Movie star.

A pretty ten-year-old, with long dark-brown curls flying, shook her fist at her equally pretty seven-and-a-half-year-old sister and expressed the pious wish that said sister would accidentally break her neck. For which naughty remark ten-year-old Viola Dana promptly got the spanking she deserved. And then explained, between sobs, that "She didn't really want dear darling Leonie (now yeleft Shirley Mason) to hurt herself." Only she (Viola) was understudying her as "Little Hal" in "The Squaw Mail" and the thing was rapidly nearing its hundredth performance and the understudy hadn't had a look in yet! This occurred on Tuesday, March 10, 1908.

THREE interesting little people were appearing with Chauncey Olcott, the famous American actor, in "Edmund Burke" at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on Monday, March 12, 1906. They were the Misses Lottie and Gladys Smith, who were cast for boy rôles, and their small brother Jack of that ilk, who, to his intense disgust, had to wear skirts as Lady Phyllis, the outstanding girl-child part. Worse still, his name, according to the programme, was Edith Milbourne Smith. The last part of it was his own, anyway, though all three became Pickfords later on.

AN ambitious young actor calling himself Lawrence Brayington, played one of the minor rôles in "Richard III" at the Soo Opera House, Michigan, U.S.A., twice on Wednesday (Matinée day), March 31, 1897. A quiet, dark-haired fellow, neither he nor anyone else realised the fact that as David Wark Griffith his name would become a byword for all that is best and most artistic in the world of Motion Pictures.

MARCH BIRTHDAYS.

4	- -	Pearl White
5	- -	Gladys Leslie
10	- - -	Basil Gill
11	- -	Dorothy Gish
15	-	Evelyn Boucher
16	- -	Isobel Elsom
16	- - -	Elsie Janis
16	-	H. B. Walthall
17	- - -	Ella Hall
26	-	Pardoe Woodman



Gareth Hughes



William Farnum and his fellow-actors entertain a party at the Fox studios.



Sir Gilbert Parker discussing a film with George Melford, Milton Sills and Ann Forrest.

Visitors are not permitted at this studio. There can positively be no exception to this rule.

I wonder how often I have gazed at this neat little sign hung in front of some California studio? And the shameless little sign stares right back at me, unwinking little liar that it is, pretending that it means what it says. Everybody inside the studio, from the director-general to the least important extra, wishes that it *did* mean it, but it doesn't—far from it. What that little sign really means is:

VISITORS NOT PERMITTED

But the studios have to admit thousands of them just the same. You will be interested to know how it is possible for certain persons to get inside and watch pictures being made, and why everyone cannot do so.

"We don't want you in here; we'll keep you out if we can—but sometimes we *can't*." For, despite all positive ruling to the contrary, thousands of visitors pass right by that sign and get in, leaving greater numbers of would-be visitors outside simply bursting with longing to get in and see the pictures actually being made. It is hard, you know, when you have come to California and are a movie fan, and want to tell the folks in England just how you really saw Mary Pickford's curls and Wally Reid's winsome smile, that you have to go away without a single glimpse of either.

Most of the studios in California have grown in a mushroom sort of way with only one thing in mind—more space to produce more pictures. Visitors are sorely in the way. Coming to Los Angeles, as they do, by the hundred thousand, they could flood the studios if they were given easy admittance, so that there would be no room for the actors to move.

Then, again, in the short time that visitors spend at the studios they can get many false impressions that hurt the motion-picture business. Suppose a picture is made in which part of the action takes place on a ship at sea. The principal actors will have to go out on a ship for all of the longer shots, and some of the others pertaining to that part of the story, scenes taken on deck and the like. But suppose that later on in the picture there is a cabin scene which can be taken much better at the studio.

The ship is supposed to be rolling at sea, so it is arranged

on the set that stage hands shall roll the cabin on rockers to produce the effect that real waves have at sea. The scene is being taken when a crowd of visitors arrive. They see the fake cabin, they see the stage hat rolling it, and they at once leap to the conclusion the whole thing is a fake.

Seeing a few takes, people go off convinced that the picture business is all faked, and when they read of a genuine scene being filmed they take it with a knowing air and a tongue in their cheek.

Much more harm is done by those visitors who happen upon a scene where a director is trying to work up his people to the proper facial expressions for their rôles. When a director does this he talks to the actors in any way he thinks will get results. The actors understand this; they expect it, and they lend themselves to it by trying to let his words influence them. But the casual visitor is always shocked—and no wonder!

To come upon a set where a director is trying to induce fear in facial expression by making awful threats to a cowering, whimpering girl is enough to upset any visitor who does not understand the game.

In directing one picture in which Agnes Ayres appeared, that young woman was supposed to have lost her love for her husband. The husband, returning after an absence, insists upon their old relations being resumed,

and the heroine, loathing him, spurns him. Miss Ayres didn't loathe sufficiently to impress Cecil De Mille, and he started to help her to get the needed expression. He described the character of her husband, a very unpleasant character, reeking with vices, with exactitude and minuteness, while Miss Ayres listened in ever-growing horror, her imagination carrying De Mille's words to the actor playing the part of the husband. De Mille, delighted at the effect, went on and on. He didn't spare terms. He made that advancing husband a revolting creature, and when the camera began to crank, Miss Ayres had that look of absolute loathing for which they had worked so hard. And then the actors, relieved of the tension, and the director as well, became conscious of someone in the background, someone fastening them with intent gaze. Turning, they beheld six white-haired, conventionally attired, elderly gentlewomen, a delegation from some religious society in Indiana. The six were literally rooted to the ground in horror. As they filed out, both director and actors were morally certain that the motion-picture business was damned in their eyes

and that six tongues would carry the awful news to perhaps six hundred motion-picture fans in small towns thousands of miles away.

"Male visitors are likely to regard actresses as all of a type, and open to any kind of advances," said one of the men in charge of visitors at a studio. "Men travelling without their wives seem to think the girls in the studios are just waiting for them. Maybe some of them are, but not the stars. And, anyhow," he added, "a girl pretty enough to get a job in pictures is usually pretty enough to make all the appointments she wants without depending on men who happen to come in."

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNET

At the Welsh-Pearson studios.



Movie stars often visit one another on the set. Viola Dana is here seen watching Bert Lytell and Alice Lake at work.



The VAMPING of

Fritz Lieber
as King
Solomon.



A scene from "The Queen of Sheba."

Standing on his seventy-five-foot tower directing ten thousand people moving about an arena covering one hundred and fifty acres, where Solomon, amidst the glory of his Court, was watching the thrills of a chariot race, Director J. Edwards turned to his assistant with an anxious look. "I hope none of those people take it into their heads to smoke," he said, with sudden apprehension.

In that passing incident one has an interesting sidelight on the anxieties that beset those who go down to the studios to produce super-spectacular films for the screen. Breadth of vision in scheming out colossal sets and huge crowds has to be blended with an almost uncanny thought for tiny details. Had only one member of the vast concourse that thronged the arena, situated amidst the rolling hills of California, lit a cigarette, films worth tens of thousands would have been wasted, and the whole of that expensive setting for *The Queen of Sheba* picture would have had to be re-taken.

The reconstruction of history on the screen is an exacting task. The perspective of passing centuries has, in the case of Biblical history, conjured up in the minds of the public impressions of spectacular luxury existent in ancient times. And producers have to live



up to these traditions whether the most authentic records prove them to be strictly accurate or not. From our schooldays the glory of Solomon and his Court has stood for splendour that knew no limitations of wealth. So that any modern screen reflection of such times would have earned ridicule had it had any suggestion of tawdry, or unconvincing tinsel, where glittering display should have been.

Hence the producer of the love story that is woven around Solomon and the beautiful Queen of Sheba had to face a tremendous undertaking. For a mammoth spectacle was inevitable,

KING SOLOMON



One of the wonderful sets in the great Fox spectacle, "The Queen of Sheba."

if the picture was to fit in with the modern ideas on the legendary glory of the regal lovers' surroundings, three thousand years ago.

After five months of delving amongst musty volumes, when Virginia Tracy, who wrote the scenario, was turned loose amongst books including the Bible and the Koran, the work of producing the colourful story commenced. Before the barrage of cameras that were ultimately turned on the mammoth



spectacle could commence to click, the building of temples with colonnades of Assyrian pillars, the erection of the Tower of David and the Throne Room of King Solomon had to be completed. Experts armed with information laboriously gleaned from historical books planned the thousands of costumes, which, despite their scantiness, had to be correct to the smallest detail.

These preparations represented but the initial outlay of the picture that cost £200,000 in its entirety.

Although the spectacular appeal of the picture, with its gorgeous Temple settings, luxurious cavalcades in the desert, and courtiers and Arabs moving before regal backgrounds and buildings, captivates, it is the scene of the chariot race that lasts in the memory.

A hippodrome, consisting of an immense oval measuring 1,250 feet by 3,100 feet wide, was constructed for the purpose. The race-track was specially built with a view to allowing ten chariots to race abreast, and it measured 150 feet across. An eight-foot wall enclosed the course, on one side of which the ancient version of our modern grand-stand held the proud Solomon and his Court. In the original the scene must have been a riot of colour, with the multitude of Oriental costumes and the festoons and banners waving from the tall pillars placed every few yards around the arena.

When one is outlining the description of this ancient splendour, the

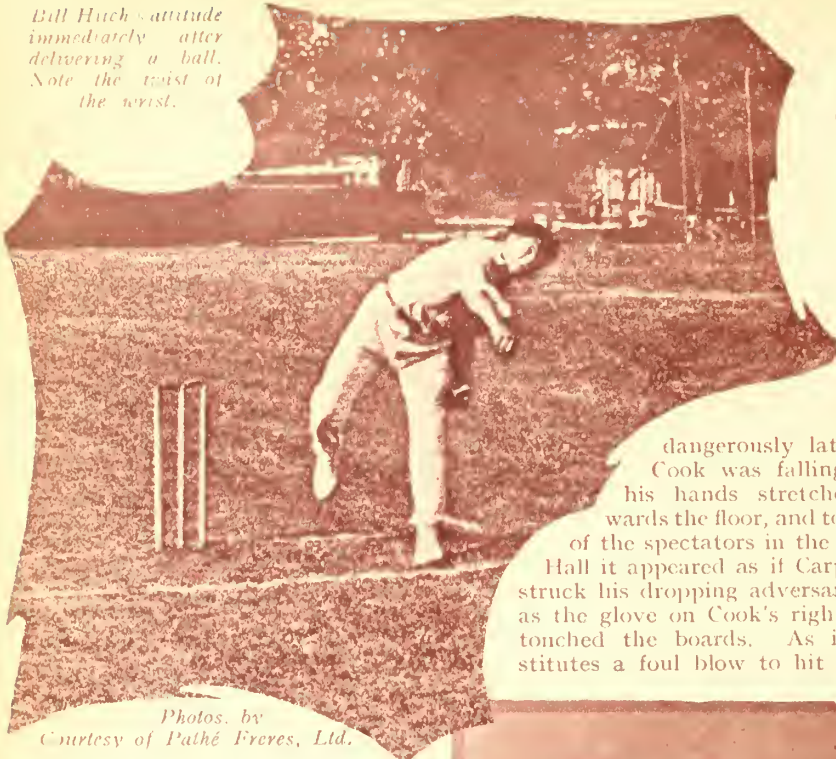


Betty Blythe as "The Queen of Sheba."

introduction of the name of that very modern cowboy screen favourite, Tom Mix, may sound somewhat bizarre. But the fact remains that Mix had a big hand in the presentation of the especially thrilling chariot race. He spent several weeks selecting the fastest and gamest horses that could be obtained, and he was responsible for the training of the chariot drivers who hurtled with such headlong speed around the three-quarter-of-a-mile track. Mix did not actually figure in the race, but he supervised it from nearby, having changed his familiar sombrero and leathers for an Arabian tunic. When two of the four-horsed chariots overturned amidst a

(Continued on page 57.)

Bill Huch's attitude immediately after delivering a ball. Note the twist of the wrist.



*Photos. by
Courtesy of Pathé Freres, Ltd.*

Tradition has always pictured Father Time as a venerable old gentleman whose wrinkled features and aged limbs suggest that only the utilisation of the proverbial seven league boots could enable him to display any attempt at velocity. The advent of the film camera, however, has proved that this impression of the patriarch with the hour glass is somewhat erroneous. Father Time has been keeping his tongue in his hoary cheek, and for centuries has hidden from the human eye many of the most interesting secrets of his domain. For it has remained for the lens of the kinema camera to record happenings that time has kept from the natural vision, owing to the fact that they have transpired with swiftness involving hundredths of seconds.

Take a powerful lens that relentlessly registers the tiniest details of every subject on which it is directed; place behind it a line of highly sensitised celluloid that hurtles through velvet lined slots at speeds ranging from sixteen to one hundred and sixty pictures a second, and you have what is practically a "third eye" directed on to the happenings of the universe.

It was the film camera that provided the final and the most convincing evidence for the defence in connection with the controversy that recently raged round the knock-out blow that Carpentier administered to Cook when he sent the Australian heavyweight to the boards for the full count.

The Frenchman, when he delivered his two lightning "rights" to his opponent's jaw, left the second blow

dangerously late: for Cook was falling with his hands stretched towards the floor, and to many of the spectators in the Albert Hall it appeared as if Carpentier struck his dropping adversary just as the glove on Cook's right hand touched the boards. As it constitutes a foul blow to hit a man

when one or both of his hands are on the floor, the incident naturally created a great deal of excitement and comment. It remained for the film camera that was taking pictures of the contest to prove that Carpentier did not foul his opponent and lose the fight. The screen showed the Frenchman's fist smashing on Cook's jaw a fraction of a second before the Australian's glove reached the ring floor. It was a dramatic incident that happened with a rapidity that confused the human eye.

When Moran, the American heavyweight boxer, swung his famous "Mary Ann" punch with terrific force to the chin of Joe Beckett, who at the same moment was getting in a heavy right to the Pittsburg fighter's face, both these giants of the Ring fell to the boards together.

The onlookers at first thought that they had witnessed the unique occurrence of a double knock-out. But Moran scrambled to his feet whilst Beckett writhed on the floor and took the count, and the American protested vigorously against the suggestion that the British champion had knocked him down.

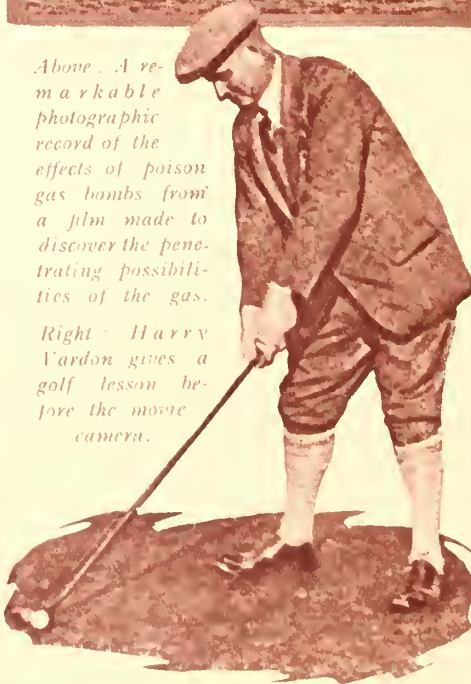
And the film camera proved that Moran was right. A long focus lens picture of the knock-out depicted Beckett falling in a huddled mass, whereas the lengthy Moran had both his arms stretched out to break his fall which had been caused by the fact that he had tripped over his opponent. Those few brief seconds that showed the American dropping on to his hands proved beyond doubt that his actions were not those of a man whose brain was reeling from the effects of a heavy blow.

It was at the time of the sensational Derby a few years ago, when Craganour, the winner, was disqualified for swerving on to Aboyeur, who was awarded the race, that the possibilities of the film camera as an aid to the occupants of the judges' box were first realised. For the film pictures of that historic race provided realistic evidence of the amount of boring and bumping for which Craganour was responsible, and the lens confirmed the good judgment of the Stewards. This method of recording



Above: A remarkable photographic record of the effects of poison gas bombs from a film made to discover the penetrating possibilities of the gas.

Right: Harry Vardon gives a golf lesson before the movie camera.



The THIRD EYE

every movement of horses participating in big Turf events has now advanced a stage. On a Continental racecourse a film camera set amongst a maze of levers, cog-wheels, and sliding platforms, automatically flashes into action when the racehorses speed past the judge's box. The picture of the finish is taken at the exact angle at which the judge's eye is directed, and thus human and mechanical observations are duplicated, although the mechanical process in cases of "neck-and-neck" finishes is invariably the most accurate.

The large assembly that saw Newman make his recent record break of 1,274 were astonished when the referee brought one of the greatest individual efforts in the history of billiards to a close with the words: "That was a foul shot, sir." Newman had infringed the rules in a manner that escaped the eyes of most of the spectators. In playing an easy shot when he went off the red ball into the right-hand top pocket, the champion grazed his opponent's ball with his cue. The relentless eye of the film camera recorded the incident in every detail, however. On the screen it showed the second white ball distinctly moved from its stationary position as Newman, with the slightest deviation of his cue, brushed the shining surface of the ivory resting behind the tip.

The ordinary type of film camera that takes pictures at the rate of sixteen a second has proved to be a very effective discoverer of high-speed movements that are hidden to normal sight; but the Ultra-Rapid camera is still more deadly in its penetrating powers. For the Slow-Motion apparatus films at the amazing speed of one hundred and sixty pictures a second, and it plays amazing tricks with time.

It was the Ultra-Rapid that discovered just how Hitch, England's fast bowler, created his deadly swerve when swinging the ball up the pitch. The screen pictures of the famous cricketer showed every movement of his arm, wrist and fingers. For his delivery from the wicket was slowed down to a speed less than ten times that seen on the cricket field. Few people realised the speed and accuracy with which Strudwick deflects a fast-travelling ball from his gloves on to a wicket until the film camera analysed every detail of the well-known wicket-keeper's lightning methods. The subtle twist of the wrists which enables Hobbs to "cut" a ball with eye-deceiving speed through the "slips" was also a discovery of the slow-motion camera Cricket, which, of necessity, must be watched by the public from afar, is likely to secure still greater interest now that the lens of the film camera is able to demonstrate the details of the science that lies behind first-class play.



Above: A pictorial record showing how Tom Newman accidentally disturbed his opponent's ball when making a shot.

Circle: Carpentier knocks out Cook.

Below: The finish of the Beckett-Moran fight showing how Moran stumbled after knocking out his opponent.



Those who have witnessed a parachute drop will remember the few breathless seconds that ensue between the time that a huddled mass falls from the aircraft until the life-saving apparatus folds open into an umbrella-like contrivance. To those on the ground the parachute and its human freight appear during those moments to be little but shapeless falling objects. In reality, many things are happening with lightning rapidity. The silken folds of the parachute are unfurling with a preconceived symmetrical motion, ropes are disentangling and dropping into position, and valves are automatically adjusting air-pressures.

It required many years of experiment and research to develop the parachute into its present reliable form. And the film camera played a big part in perfecting the airman's "life protector." The immobile eye of the lens has been turned on to experiments with explosives with very useful results. A camera was recently placed very near to the danger zone when the effects of a new type of poison-gas bomb were experimented with in connection with the war-ship *Alabama*. When the inspecting tug came alongside the *Alabama*, the fumes were so strong that the party of experts who were studying the new gas were unable to go aboard. But the film camera had most of the secrets they wished to know securely embalmed in rolls of celluloid. P. R. M.

Round the World of Popularity

Mary Johnson,
the Swedish
star.

This article shows that popularity may sometimes be a matter of geography.

Movie stars, like coming events, cast their shadows before. Many thousands of miles before, sometimes. On the good ship Kinematography, with Personality at the helm, the screen-star circles the globe with an ease and rapidity that sends magic carpets and seven league boots to the very bottom of the class. And poor old Puck, his forty-minute record broken at last, has to hand his World Championship medal back to Shakespeare, and go and take his seat amongst the Also-rans.

Many times over, these shadows fare them forth, according to the reception they receive. And this is as varied as the temperaments of the varied races of the earth. Tastes in stars differ widely: here countless thousands of picturegoers through the kinemas when Gloria Swanson's name heads the cast; there the famous Paramount star means less than nothing, and Ruth Roland or Eddie Polo reigns supreme.

Box-office returns, of course, are the surest guide. But to the stars themselves their mail-bag is a pretty good indicator. When the foreign mails come in, and the Hollywood postmen groan under the weight of the hundreds of missives addressed to one or another of the world-famous stars who live there, the United States Revenue Department know that a run on the stamp counter is imminent, and prepare stocks of them in advance.

Attraction of opposites plays its part, too. May Allison, the lovely little lady from Georgia, who is the screen's perfect blonde, is the delight of the Latin-American section of film lovers. A typical fun-loving American girl, her frank, fresh beauty and crown of glittering locks appeal, by force of contrast as much as anything else, to the darker, more serious denizens of South America and kindred countries. France appreciates the subtlety of May Allison's art, the satirical touch that is plainly discernible about her Society stories; England admires her golden beauty, and would very much like a chance of hearing her Dixie accent.

There are a few stars who are popular all over the world. One of these is Pearl White. Take a peep over Pearl's shapely shoulder as she prepares to deal with her foreign correspondence. If you are a stamp-collector, your fingers will itch to get at the envelopes thereof. From the four corners of the earth they come: from India, Australia, Africa, Java, Switzerland, Central Europe, New Zealand, Central America; there's one from Mesopotamia, and four from Russia. Yet for every one of these, you'll see two with the Paris postmark. For Paris adores Pearl White above every other movie star. Even "Charlot," as they have dubbed Chaplin, takes second place. Pearl was the first American

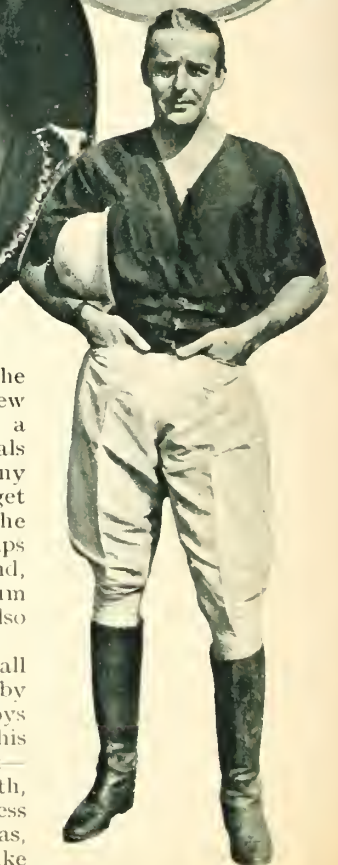


Above: Enid
Bennett.

Below: Tony
Moreno.



Below:
Sessue
Hayakawa.



Wallace Reid.

star Paris set eyes upon. During the dark days of 1914 and after a new Pearl White film was seen once a week, and the thrills of Pearl's serials distracted the thoughts of many anxious ones, and made them forget their own perils in those of the Serial Queen. India, too, worships Pearl White; but Ruth Roland, Eddie Polo, Helen Holmes, William Duncan, and Elmo Lincoln also share India's appreciation.

Charlie Chaplin's popularity is all but universal. Japanese "fans" by the hundred, from high-school boys to elderly merchants, flock to see his films. Germany—all Europe, in fact—America, both North and South, delight in his antics; but Asia is less susceptible. India (Calcutta, Madras, Delhi, and such towns) frankly dislike him. Because of his "sameness," it



Below:
Constance
Talmadge.

is averred. Their choice falls on Max Linder, M. Prince, and Harold Lloyd, when they wish to be amused.

The largest section of Wally Reid worshippers would seem to reside in his native America and Great Britain. Other countries, of course, contribute their share, for, taking it on the whole, Wally seems to be every girl's ideal of masculine charm, whether she be Italian, Swiss or Colonial. Winner of innumerable magazine popularity contests, he can do, and has done, so many different things, that by all the laws of cricket he should be a most tiresome and awe-inspiring personage. On the screen, however, besides being remarkably good-looking, he is an intriguing combination of actor, athlete, and rather mischievous boy, and he certainly carries his honours with great grace. But, as they say over there, "He's from Missouri," which would account for a lot of things! Marguerite Clark "fans," too, abound most in U.S.A.; her popularity abroad is mostly among English-speaking races.

In complete contrast to Wally, an American and a favourite in America, are Sessue Hayakawa and Mary Johnson. Sessue, like the prophet,

is almost without honour in his own country. Few of his films are shown there, and these are unappreciated. It was different when he was on the stage; but, as a film artiste, Hayakawa's countrymen haven't much use for him. Others have, though; particularly in the West, where his sternly handsome face and restrained work have endeared him to thousands. India has hardly heard of him, and Switzerland is in the same boat; but he is greatly beloved in Italy, France, and Spain.

Although she rejoices in the title of "Sweden's Sweetheart," lovable little Mary Johnson has never received a single "fan" letter from Sweden. The reason is extremely simple. There are no "fans" there. The star, as a star and a personality, simply doesn't count. The Swedish picturegoer is very critical as to story, technique, and acting, and highly appreciative, too; but as for writing to movie stars—perish the thought! Mary's mail-bag, however, is well filled with contributions from England, America, Switzerland, Africa, and many other lands.

Children of all countries and of all ages like Mary Pickford, and throng the kinemas showing her films. Excepting in certain parts of Asia, where neither her art, nor that of Fairbanks, W. S. Hart and Griffith is well understood. New Zealand, too, is only mildly en-

Left: Gregory Scott.

Below: Norma Talmadge.



Top, left: Gloria Swanson.

Left: Marguerite Clark.

Right: May Allison.



Violet Hopson's warmest admirers are picturegoers in the British Isles and New Zealand.



Charles Ray.

thusiastic; yet in Mexico, a typically Latin country (Latin races usually prefer to have the tragic side of life depicted on the screen), Mary is the most popular screen star of them all. Tahiti (South Sea Islands), too, adores her. But picturegoers all the world over get the "Make me a child again, just for to-night" feeling at times; and Mary Pickford is the one film-star who can do this. Also, there is never a

(Continued on page 57)

Shooting a "worm's eye" view of an up-in-the-air scene.



CAMERA!



To obtain a close-up of people sitting before a fire, the camera is operated from behind the fireplace.



Filming a close-up of the pages of a book.



When shooting railway scenes, the cameraman may be called on to operate from very uncomfortable positions. In some cases a platform is built out from the side of a train, as in the picture above.

If screen art can be linked with the methods of Mars, the producer's shout of "Camera" is equivalent to the Sergeant-Major's stentorian roar on the parade ground when he calls a battalion to "Attention." It is when the final rehearsals have been carried out, the arc lamps have flashed into their full power, and the final touches have been made to the set that the word "Camera" gives the signal for the men behind the lenses to commence "shooting the scene."

But it is not always in the comfortable precincts of the studio that this directional shout starts the wheels of production revolving. At times it

is blurred through a megaphone to artistes clinging like flies to the side of steep cliffs, swirling through rapids on logs, or clinging to the cable swinging from a hundred-mile-an-hour acroplane, as actually happened with Ruth Roland in her serial, *Ruth of the Rockies*.

Neither is the camera-man always standing happily behind his firmly tripoded filming apparatus. Often he is balancing himself with difficulty on a narrow platform built on the bonnet of a motor-car whilst he films the occupants of the vehicle, or lying on his back operating the crank whilst he directs his lens on artistes enacting their parts on the edge of cliffs.

The most thrilling moments, however, when the shout "Camera" comes to the operator's ears, is when the unexpected happens, and thrills such as the accidental collapse of the great oil derrick that threw Charles Hutchison into a tree and broke his wrists in *The Double Adventure*, or the sudden death-dive of the late Lieutenant Locklear, when he fell to his doom some months ago.

I was commanded by Earle to dip my fingers in the grease and smear my face and ears—evenly.



The MAN in the CROWD

THE great day had come! The hoped-for, longed-for morning had arrived!

It was no more next month—next week—not even to-morrow—but TODAY. I rose atingle with expectation.

"Dress—smart lounge," I repeated, over and over again.

I attired myself like the juvenile lead in a West End revue. I brushed and patted myself to Beau Brummel perfection.

Masculine vanity is a shameful thing.

The kinema train steamed out from St. Pancras at 8.35 a.m.—an unearthly hour for one whose usual day lies between noon and midnight.

But I did not think of that.

I was a passenger in the kinema train, and at the end of an hour's journey was—Adventure.

I thought of all the thousands of young men and maidens who would envy me.

I thought of the Society lady who went to a kinema producer and offered him £50 for a small part.

I thought of what that blunt, little Cockney had replied.

I shall not repeat it here.

The answer was quite unfit for the ears of ordinary, decent society.

I smiled.

Then I lost my nerve.

Panic seized me.

I had a bad attack of pre-over-the-top wind-up.

Would I remember what I had been told?

Would I make an unutterable ass of myself?

Would Denison Clift suddenly stop taking his picture, cry through a

megaphone—"That idiot!" and point unerringly at me?

Then I consoled myself.

Anyhow, I was engaged for the day.

Sidney Jay—most courageous of agents—had seen to that!

Thanks to him, I had a chit in my pocket saying, "Appear at the Ideal Studios at 9.30 a.m.—Dress—smart lounge—Salary, £1 is. and expenses."

That reassured me.

If you are screen-struck; if you yearn to spend a day as a studio "crowd-worker," step right up and digest this article. Perhaps when you have read it, you will change your ambitions; but, in any case, you'll enjoy this vivid pen-picture of a day in the life of a film-super as seen by "the man in the crowd."

I looked round the carriage with something like confidence.

The compartment was full of actors—real live actors—each with their little chit. They were talking stage and screen, and exchanging reminiscences of days gone by.

One of them turned to me and said, "Old man, you remember the stage at Camberwell Palace?"

I nearly fell off my seat with shock.

He took me for a brother actor!

I resolved to brazen it out!

My resolution would have been hopeless, however, if I had not met Edward Earle—a young man not yet 20, the brother of Frederick Earle, known to all playgoers in both England and America.

Edward is concentrating on screen work, and will assuredly make good.

With him was Percy Milton, who composes popular songs—such as "The Haven," which is the ballad of the

moment—plays the piano divinely, and likewise is a coming man in the world of films.

I must make mention of Edward Earle and Percy Milton, because without them my St. Pancras panic would have been more than justified.

They alone saved me from abysmal humiliation.

Arrived at Elstree Station, we proceeded by foot to the Ideal Studios—the only incidents on the way being supplied by the children of the village. They have long since become blasé to kinema people. Screen worship has departed from among them. Yet they noted our passing!

Oh, yes!

One bright youth pointed to me with a grimy finger of scorn.

"Look at 'Orace,'" he jeered. "Ain't 'e a nob?"

It was Elstree irony raised to the n-th degree; but it was music to my ears!

At least I had achieved the first essential of my kinema day—
"Dress—smart lounge."

Nevertheless, it was with a recurrence of wind-up that I passed through the portals of the studio. I wondered if the doorkeeper would "spot" me and scornfully send me hurtling back to London by the next train. I kept very close to Earle and Milton, and tried desperately hard to make commonplace conversation.

For an instant my feet faltered. If I meant to "funk" it was now or never.

The doorkeeper's voice smote my ears.

"Pass along, please."

I had faltered!

But long experience of London Tubes and buses has led me to respond automatically to the "Pass along" injunction.

I was inside! I had crossed the Rubicon of film-land.

I had burned my boats.

I was "for it."

There was a quiet hum of conversation.

"Which is ours?" asked someone.

"Sixteen," answered the doorkeeper quietly.

He was human, after all.

"Sixteen," said Earle.

"Sixteen," said Milton.

I hadn't the slightest idea what it was all about, but I lay low and said nothing.

Presently we came to a door with "16" painted on it. It was our dressing-room.

And now I was really in trouble, for I hadn't the least idea about make-up.

My two guardians said it would be all right. I devoutly hoped so!

The "call" was for 10 o'clock.

"We've just half an hour," I said timidly. Can I do it in that time?"

My guardians smiled.

I went hot and cold all over.

I had made a false move right away.

They explained that a "call" never comes at the time it is down for.

"Ten!" they said in chorus.

"They may want us by twelve. If they do, we'll be lucky."

And then I was initiated into one of the peculiarities of producers, as seen through the eyes of artists.

They love to keep "crowds" waiting.

The longer you wait the better they like it!

Milton told me of waiting one day from 9.30 a.m. till 8.30 p.m.

And seeing I am giving producers away, I'd better do the same for artists.

There is a studio in South-West London which is not beyond walking distance from a house of refreshment. And there at any hours of the lawful day you may find "crowds" waiting for their "call."

They have "sneaked" out. They have broken bounds, which is a grievous sin. They don't know when they will get back to the studio, but they *do* know they will be back before they are wanted!

"Make-up is very funny," said Earle. "You'll find we all stand around, perhaps for an hour. Then someone comes in and starts making-up in a great hurry, and we all follow like sheep."

And it was so! For at 11 a.m., someone came in and set about the mysteries of make-up as if his life depended on it.

It was as if an extinct volcano had suddenly burst into eruption.

Mirrors, towels, pots and sticks of grease-paint and natty little pencils for eye-brows were simultaneously produced like rabbits from a conjurer's hat.

I was commanded by Earle to dip my fingers in grease and smear my face and ears—evenly. I did my best but my efforts were a rank failure. Earle's practised hand put it straight for me, and then I proceeded to No. 5,

which was not another dressing-room, but the professional name for a yellow grease-paint, which likewise had to be spread carefully over my features. I did better with this, except that I got half the stick of No. 5 on my coat collar, and was informed that it is nasty stuff to get out of cloth.

Then a touch of No. 20, which is blue-black powder, on eye-brows and eye-lashes, then copious powdering, and I was like a soldier armed for battle.

"You'll do," said Earle.

"All right," said Milton.

I looked at the jaundiced apparition in the mirror, and I shuddered.

It was just 11.15.

"The prisoner ate a substantial breakfast and walked firmly to the scaffold," I repeated, and wondered

how long it would be before our "call" should come.

Noon passed without incident. The suspense was fraying my nerves beyond endurance. Why did I come? What fiendish journalistic curiosity led me into this fearful predicament?

Someone is shouting something down the passage way. I look round for some way of escape. There is none. I am trapped. My heart bumps and misses wildly.

"All go to lunch. Floor at 1.30."

The relief is too great.

A whole hour's respite.

And lunch!

Perhaps I shall feel better when I have fed.

I wonder if they sell brandy.

"You want a lunch ticket," says



I am waving my arms and shouting: "We want our money, and we want it now!" Next moment I am pitched sideways. Taken off my guard, I crash heavily. . . . A whistle goes.

Earle. Together we proceed to the studio office.

The sum of 1s. 4d. changes hands, and I am the possessor of a piece of paper which says 1s. 6d., and means food! I am faint and can do with it.

We tramp away to another building and line up to pass before an opening in the wall from which we may choose in exchange for our tickets—stewed beef or shepherd's pie, and prunes or apples with custard.

Plain food, but good!

I wish we could find such satisfying value in Fleet Street.

Shepherd's pie and apples for me.

I feel better—a lot better.

Now let it come—what may.

I think what a humane thing it is to give the condemned man a "substantial breakfast."

If I should walk that way I hope it will be on a "full stomach."

Back to our dressing-room. No. 16 is an old friend, now.

I take a peep in Earle's mirror. My grease-paint is shining a little. A shining face is a cardinal sin on the studio floor.

More of Earle's powder.

Earle is sorry I met him!

That stentorian voice is in the passage again.

"All in the studio!" is the cry.

We troop out.

Dear old No. 16, what shall happen before I see you again?

Through an iron door, into a blaze of lights.

Lights on the roof, lights on the

floor, lights hanging proudly alone, lights grouped in pillars—standards they call them.

After the greyness of an English winter day, they are blinding.

They redouble my confusion.

I stick close to my guardians—well behind them—and hope Denison Clift won't see me.

"Now you're supposed to be shareholders in an oil concern!"

Someone is speaking. But where?

"The newspapers have been full of the misconduct of this company, and you have come to get your money back."

Of course! There is Denison Clift on a platform in the shadows behind the lights. Beside him is a tripod and a man who is doing mysterious things with a cloth and shouting at the same time to studio workmen who are manœuvring the lights. This latter is the god of the camera.

Denison Clift is speaking again: "Now group yourselves round these two tables. These four gentlemen are directors of the company. Each director you see is guarded by a bobby. I want you to rush these bobbies and get at the directors."

My Rugby days may be useful here. "I want you spread out a bit," resumes Denison Clift. "There's a gap here. Fill it up."

No one moves.

"One of you men at the back, come forward. You. . . ."

Lord! he is pointing at me.

I move mechanically forward into a ridiculously prominent position. I try to look at ease. I feel terrible. The heat from the lights is making me perspire. Will my face shine?

"We'll just try it over," Denison Clift is saying. "Rush the bobbies and shake your fists in the directors' faces. Plenty of action in it. Remember you've lost a lot of money and you're angry. Now when I say 'Go,' you start, and I'll blow a whistle when I want you to stop. Ready. . . . Go!"

"Break through!" I say grimly.

I hurl a chair out of my way. Head down I go for it. The resistance is slight. I fancy there are goal-posts ahead of me. And, hey, presto! I am waving my arms in front of a director and shouting, "We want our money, and we want it now!"

Next moment I am pitched sideways. Taken off my guard, I stumble across the studio floor and crash heavily against a pile of props. My blood is up. I rush back.

"Come on, boys," I am yelling. "Get 'em. Get 'em. . . ."

A whistle goes.

The policeman I am "getting" stops and smiles.

I rush on and collide heavily.

He smiles.

I pull myself together, rather shamefaced. I have let myself go. I forgot we were acting. I wonder if I've hurt



anyone. Then I feel a stinging pain in my side. I had fallen heavily, but I did not notice it.

"Quite good," says Denison Clift; "but put a bit more devil into it."

We grin sheepishly at each other.

This time I remember I'm acting, and I go gently with open palms instead of clenched fists. I have a terrible desire to burst out laughing, but I know I mustn't.

The camera is purring satisfaction.

Clift is silent. The producer who knows his business gets all his speaking over before the "take" begins.

The whistle goes.

The first "shot" is over.

Clift is speaking again.

"Now Mr. Fisher White and Miss Betty Faire will come on. When they appear, I want you to surge towards them, gesticulating."

This is easy. I have forgotten my panic. I go to it!

"Quite good," says Clift.

I take it as a personal compliment.

"Now Robert Loraine is to come on from the side. When he appears he will jump on a table and speak to you. Before he gets to the table, hustle him. He will try to calm you, but you will refuse to be quieted. Hustle him, but let him get to the table."

This is good!

Many a time I have interviewed Mr. Loraine in what is, by comparison, the quiet dignity of a theatre dressing-room.

Now I have to hustle him!

We play the scene. I give Mr. Loraine a hearty dig in the ribs. He sends me spinning away. Other hands clutch at him. He gets to the table. I follow. I grab at his arms, and make to pull him down. Again the whistle.

This time, Clift's "Good!" has a splendidly appreciative ring about it.

Then right on to "close-ups," and through it all again in sections. We are getting fagged.

The blaze of heat from the arc lamps is testing our staying power. I think I am sadly out of training. I look at my watch. It is half-past four! We have been three hours hard at it. It is no wonder we are tired.

"One more shot," says Denison Clift.

We go to it again.

The prospect of release is welcome.

We make the scrum a good one!

Denison Clift is pleased. We know he is satisfied, because he utters the one word, "Finish."

We do not stand on ceremony when we hear that welcome word.

We scramble to the pay office for those "guineas, plus expenses." We rush back to No. 16. I remove my baptism of grease-paint. There is nothing but streaks of yellow on my coat collar to show that I ever was an actor! With Milton and Earle I wend my way to Elstree Station,



The policeman, I am "getting" stops and smiles. I rush on, and collide heavily.

and the train to London. They are talking "shop"—fascinating shop.

"Isn't Loraine marvellous?"

I agree. . . .

Somebody is kicking me!

"Break through!" I cry.

"We're at St. Pancras," is the answer.

Earle and Milton are smiling down on me.

I remember, now.

Elstree—St. Pancras.

I've been fast asleep!

Early rising and oil company crashing have been too much for me.

Now, up to the present, I think I've handed out praise all round, but here I want to be "real nasty."

I propose to give the kinema actor away.

In No. 16 I have said the conversation was shop, but carefully did I refrain from saying that fifty per cent. of the shop could be published under the title, "Films in which I have starred in vain."

Remember I was in a "crowd."

And evidently it is the ambition of every crowd-worker to be "seen."

You remember the Bairnsfather picture. "They've evidently seen me!"

"I was right in the foreground."

"For that bit I was the picture."

"Of course, people will watch me rather than Matheson Rosmer Ames."

That was the sort of conversation I heard.

Which being interpreted, means that the crowd-actor is so convinced of the brilliant way in which he bridged a critical gap in the film that he wonders why the producer has not since then offered him a star part.

On the studio floor on several occasions I found myself striving to be "seen."

In fact, being honest with myself and you, I believe that is why I went for the policeman as I did.

Anyway, I admit I tried to catch the producer's eye, and it was with the greatest of great expectations that I went to the trade show of "Bentley's Conscience."

And I was never "seen"!

All my good work had gone for nothing. All I spotted was one fleeting glimpse of half a face being rudely pushed out of the picture.

And the worst of it is I had taken my wife with me.

Well, I tell you I've led a dog's life since!

Also I've been to see Sidney Jay about it. He fixed the whole thing up, but he was most unsympathetic. He pointed out that when the film was pieced together all unessentials are cut out.

I would see my friend, Paul Trent, about it, but he is merely the author, and, therefore, has no influence whatsoever.

Anyway, I'm going back.

I've made up my mind to be "seen."

Tell Me a Story

by
ELSIE CODD

A chat with Ouida Bergère, whose original scene stories have laid the foundation of many movie masterpieces.

"Oh, I made that bit up as I went along." We sat together by the fire in Ouida Bergère's cosy flat in Park Lane. She had just been telling a new story, the one, in fact, which will be the theme of her director-husband's next undertaking after *The Man From Home*.

I have met few people who can tell a story as well as Ouida Bergère. You feel that she thrills as much to its interest as you do yourself. She is so intensely alive herself, that she seems to endow her characters with something of her own warm and vibrant personality, and to make them really live.

It wasn't a fairy story Ouida Bergère had been telling me at her own fireside, but a very poignant human narrative, so poignant and human, in fact, that I found myself listening to it with a suspicious and very feminine moisture gathering in my eyes.

"I think it's splendid," I said, when she had finished, and I was trying to make the production of a handkerchief look casual and easy. "And I just loved that bit about the little stray dog." It was then that she astounded me by the frank acknowledgment, "Oh, I made that up as I went along."

Afterwards she owned to me that she gets a good many inspirations this way. Once she has the outline of her story, she will set to work gauging the impression it conveys by telling it to her friends. And

these impressions, again react, as it were, upon her imagination, according to the personality of her listener, so that quite naturally little touches of beauty, humour, and pathos suggest themselves, and are woven into the narrative "as she goes along."

For years the George Fitzmaurice pro-

ductions have been intimately associated with the name of Ouida Bergère, for she has furnished the script of practically all her husband's pictures.

I asked her whether she took any active share in the actual work of production, and she told me that every night both she and "Fitz." go through every scene which is to be shot on the following day, discussing the psychology of the characters in its bearing on the action, so every movement and bit of business is in harmony with her conception of the different parts.

She is very rarely on the "set" with her husband. He knows exactly what her intentions are in the matter of the script, and she prefers to leave him to entire concentration on his business of production.

And so perfect is the spirit of co-operation in this ideal working partnership, that occasionally he entrusts the direction of some particularly "feminine" episode to his wife—perhaps an emotional "bit," or a scene in which a child is the central figure.

"I adore children," she told me, "and I suppose they instinc-

Ouida Bergère with her husband, George Fitzmaurice, the famous producer.



Three charming studies of beautiful Ouida Bergère.

tively know it, and trust me. I remember one small girl who gave me rather a bad time in one of our pictures. All day long I had been telling her pathetic stories in the hope of raising a few natural tears. But she was a sophisticated little miss, well used to our studio tricks, and she was evidently determined to make me play a waiting game."

"Perhaps she knew that as long as she could keep the tears back, there was another story coming," I suggested. "You know I can hardly blame her."

Mrs. Fitzmaurice laughed. "I don't think I was in a fit state of mind to appreciate so subtle a compliment at the end of that long hot day," she confessed. "My imagination had simply run dry, and my patience was about exhausted, too. I then tried a ruse which I have never known to fail me. I made a feint of packing up my belongings, and said casually: 'Well, Dorothy, I see you can't do it, so I'll have to get another little girl for the part.' That did the trick. Tears of chagrin gathered in her eyes, though she was trying hard to stand upon her dignity. I gave a secret signal to the cameraman, and we got a beautiful shot. And what do you think the little rogue had the audacity to say afterwards? 'I guessed you were only bluffing, Auntie Ouida. And now that's over, please tell me another nice story.'"



Opening the
British Oyster

FIVE HOURS in a HAREM

by
W. A.
WILLIAMSON



Douglas Munro
and Matheson Lang.

If an angel from Heaven had told me that, one day, I should go willingly to Walthamstow, I would not have believed it. If Planchette had predicted that I should motor joyously along the Lea Bridge Road, my reply would have been sarcastic laughter. But I did these things with a smile one Saturday morning in February.

What powerful magnet moved me to face unflinchingly the horrors of darkest London? What lure drew me from my native environment as surely as the succulent may-fly draws the hungry trout? What, as the Americans say, is the answer?

Turkish Bathing Girls.

Put yourself in my place. If Billie Bristow had sent you word that Kenelm Foss was filming Turkish Bathing Girls at the Band C Studios, what would you have done? So did I.

When we entered the studio the first thing that greeted us was a huge notice six feet by four, that read TIME IS MONEY. "This, then," said I, "is utterly unlike all other studios." But it wasn't.

For when we got there the studio was as bare as the Turkish bathing beauties. Everybody had been up all night, but the "set" for Abdul Bey's harem was only half-way towards completion. It was then 11.45.



Kenelm Foss directing "A Romance of Old Baghdad."

Maybe you have read "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" and "Five Weeks in a Balloon"? Tame stuff. Join our joyous contributor in his five hours' sojourn in the harem of Abdul Bey, and see Life at our expense.

Kenelm Foss hoped to start shooting round about 4 p.m.

Four hours in Walthamstow! I am as brave as the next man; but I did not take the sentence unflinchingly. To cheer me up the *Daily Sketch* man asked me if I was Billie Bristow's brother. "There is a strong likeness between you," said he. I told this to Miss Bristow, and she bore it very well. But I could see that it had spoiled her week-end for her.

It was a cold day, and I felt very

camels."

This was news to me, but I concealed my ignorance adroitly.

"No?" I queried, without turning a hair.

"You have to buy 'em," said the mournful man. "I've just bought two. One hundred and twenty pounds."

I told him that I should stick to white mice.

"We had to have camels for *A Romance of Old Baghdad*," continued the mournful man; "and so I went down to the docks and bought a couple."

He proceeded to explain that camels catch cold so easily that camel-dealers dislike supplying them on the hire-purchase system. The only thing to do is to buy them, and their price is



Manora Thew as
"Sourma."

sorry for the harem beauties, who sat in shivery circles round two huge stoves. They were experiencing the joys of crowd-work all right.

Whilst I watched, a man came to my elbow and murmured mournfully in my ear:

"You can't hire

far above canaries. After use, if they don't die on your hands, you look out for another camel-fancier, and resell them.

We went to lunch at the studio canteen, and I sat next to Manora Thew, who has emerged from domestic retirement to play "Sourma" in *A Romance of Old Baghdad*. Her many admirers will welcome her reappearance on the screen, after an absence of two years. There is an excellent cast for this film version of "Miss Haroun Al Raschid": Matheson Lang, Victor McLaglan, George Bellamy, Douglas Munro, Henry Victor, Jack Minster, Cecil and Evelyn Hone-Douglas, and Dacia.

After lunch we returned to the studio to inspect the harem "set," which was now getting into excellent shape. It was a pretty scene—decorative pillars, luxurious couches and rugs, and a tiled floor with a sunken plunge-bath. Workmen were adding the finishing touches to the details, whilst the bath slowly filled with warm water that oozed from a hose.

Kenelm Foss, the producer, saw me gazing lovingly at a megaphone that lay behind the cameras, and smiled approval. But just when I was kidding myself that I had discovered an authentic producer at last, he spoilt it all by remarking: "Useful thing that megaphone. I always use it—when I am having my photo taken for publicity purposes. The public can't bear to see a producer without a megaphone."

It was now three o'clock. The "set" looked good, and people smiled at each other and said: "Now, we shan't be long." They kept this up for quite a while; but by 4.30 the novelty had worn away, and smiles disappeared.

"Little things the public doesn't

appreciate," remarked Kenelm Foss, when the smallest details of the set had been readjusted for the fiftieth time. "Oh, damn that arch. We must put some high-lights on it."

It was a *pukka* arch, properly constructed, and two feet in thickness; but owing to a freak of lighting, it appeared to have no solidity. Whilst the scenic-artists got busy to remedy the illusion, Kenelm Foss commenced rehearsals.

As it was a long scene, he rehearsed it in sections, and shortly after five o'clock the people seemed perfect in their parts.

"Camera!" was the cry, followed by the ominous injunction: "EVERYBODY OFF THE SET!"

There and then I determined that Casabianca was my favourite figure in literature. I had waited five hours to see the Turkish bathing girls, and I was going to see them. Hurriedly snatching a still-camera, I disguised myself as a Press photographer, whilst the other unfortunate spectators departed in column of route for the nethermost portion of the studio, casting many longing, lingering looks behind.

Let me say, here and now, that Mack Sennett's bathing beauties have nothing on the Turkish variety. Nothing on—

I thank thee, America, for teaching me that phrase.

Filming commenced at five-fifteen; it finished at five-sixteen, when a

Right: Matheson Lang and Victor McLaglan. Below: Kenelm Foss directing Matheson Lang and Manora Thew.

resounding crack rang through the studio, and one of the harem couches collapsed, depositing on the floor its burden of lovely femininity. Two carpenters hurried up to render first-aid to the couch, and at five-twenty-two we were off again.

At five-twenty-four Kenelm Foss stopped the camera with what was, for me, a perfectly new curse. Six of Abdul's wives had forgotten their parts in the interim.

"H—!" said Kenelm Foss, as he strode across the "set," but, like the proverbial duchess, he said it more in sorrow than in anger. Very patiently he explained everything once again, and at five-thirty, the scene was really-and-truly filmed.

Then Kenelm Foss started work on a close-up. "I want it thus—and thus," he said, going through each detail of the action himself. He is an excellent actor, and can get inside the skin of any part without wasting time. "That's better. We'll shoot."

Then the assistant producer, who has a voice like a stentorphone, shouted "Quiet, please," and by the time the echoes had died away the whirr of the movie camera was the only sound heard on the set. The

studio became a haven of peace. Not a drum was heard, not a—
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

"* * * !!!" said Kenelm Foss, getting inside the skin of his part in four-fifths of a second. For at that critical moment a young cockerel pent in a coop alongside the set took it into his head to sing "Beloved, it is morn" in the rooster dialect. We laughed.

By this time I had been so long in the harem that I felt like a Mormon Elder. When I left, with my friends, Kenelm Foss was offering to give his job away. There were no takers.

You have heard how difficult it is to get into a harem. Maybe. But have you ever



tried to get out of one? It was six-fifteen before we found the right door, and passed through into the pouring rain of a Walthamstow night. Although we could not find our car for a long time, I whistled, "We've still got something to be thankful for," as I turned up my coat collar.

"You're right," said the *Daily Sketch* man. "We've got at least three things to be thankful for."

We crowded into the car. "What are the three things?" I asked. "Firstly, we are not film producers," said he. "Secondly, we are not film artistes. And, thirdly, we don't live at Walthamstow. Now, where the devil did I put my pipe?"

(Another British studio article next month.)



The Magazine Cover Girl


Maid Marion of old-time England, who figures in so many songs and legends, was wooed and won by bold Robin Hood; and, if we are to believe the story-tellers, "lived happily ever after." Maid Marion of twentieth-century New York, however, has no use for a Robin Hood—at least, not for the moment. She doesn't want to settle down; and, as for living happily ever after, she declares she is perfectly happy whilst she is at work. Her work takes up all of her days, and most of her evenings, so we may take it that Maid Marion of the Movies is very happy indeed.

Marion Davies is only twenty-four; a golden-haired, blue-eyed wisp of youth, with an earnestness of purpose and an inflexible will, in curious contrast to her dimples, and that lisp of hers that becomes a positive stammer in moments of excitement. She is a little lady (her height is 5 ft. 4½ in.), but she is out to do big things. She has done quite a few already, for she occupies a unique position.

On the strength of her beauty alone, Marion Davies became the best-known girl in America, when Harrison Fisher painted her as

"Morning." Marion was barely sixteen at the time, and her fair, fresh, spring-like beauty suggested to the famous artist both the subject and the title of his picture. "Morning," like most of Fisher's work, was very widely publicised, and eventually found its way to the man in the street via the cover of a popular monthly. And thus did Marion Davies become "The Magazine-Cover Girl."

Every artist of note (and there were not a few of them) who specialised in magazine covers, sought out Marion Davies for his next effort; and though each naturally painted her according to his own angle, the result, in each case, was charming. Month after month the radiant sweetness of the



Marion Davies posed for Penrhyn Stanlaws and many other famous painters. Each one delineated her according to his own angle.

new beauty graced the covers of the many monthly publications on the bookstands. The Marion Davies Calendar appeared, a Hamilton King study of a girl strictly *la mode*, in a toilette and hat which was immediately copied by every maiden of sixteen (or thereabouts) who could afford one. Such is fame! The same artist later produced a wonderful poster impression of the same cloudless-eyed beauty, attired in a costume which seemed to be entirely composed of her birth-stone—diamonds.

James Montgomery Flagg discovered an athletic side to Marion Davies: his studies of her strike a Grecian note of girlhood, superbly fit and graceful. According to Penrhyn

Stanlaw's first impression, she is pale, almost pathetic; his second painting of her shows her as April: it is less ethereal and more coquettish.

Nell Brinkley, amongst other sketches, drew a composite of Marion, showing the "Marion Davies face," expressing every kind of emotion, from horror to happiness—a delightful creation, which antedated Marion's official entry into Movieland by a very few weeks. Harrison Fisher, the discoverer of the Magazine-Cover Girl, painted her in a garden hat and a Gainsborough-like costume, with a basketful of buttercups and daisies, herself the queen flower of them all.

But Haskell Coffin saw farthest of any. He, when he painted the by then internationally famous model, suggested in his studies, her kinship

with those historic beauties of olden times, whose smiles sometimes settled the fate of nations. And it is curious to note that Marion Davies, now that she definitely has her own place in the movie world, introduces into each and every one of her star productions, vivid scenes and pictures of bygone days. Sometimes it is in the form of a mediæval inset, like that in *The Bride's Play*, where a marriage in the luxurious Middle Ages is faithfully pictured on the screen. It might be only a scene in a pageant (there was one in *The Restless Sex*), but there is always something of the kind. In *Buried Treasure*, it is the merest flash; but the lovely star is shown enthroned on a great barge on the Nile, amid surroundings that Cleopatra might have envied.

Maid Marion came to the screen by chance. Her earliest ambition was, like that of many fair-haired, blue-eyed little maids in convents, to be a dressmaker. Marion, though she was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., and loves New York as only one of the Brooklyn Bunch can love their home town, is of Southern origin. Her own name is Marion Douras; and she, her mother, and her sister Ethel, have French blood in them, too. Marion has all the *chic* of the traditional Frenchwoman.

Both girls were educated at one of the many convents at Hastings-on-the-Hudson; and tiny Marion's worst grievance was that, in all the little plays and other dramatic entertainments given by the pupils, she was always given parts that called for "looks" rather than action. The parts with "lines to speak" never came her way. History doesn't state whether sister Ethel came in for any of these. This sad state of affairs lasted till Marion was turned fifteen, when, spending a merry week-end at home with a pair of pretty chums who had left the convent, she found that they were on the stage in "Chin Chin," a light musical-comedy show, in which Elsie Janis and Montgomery Rock were the stars. This was the current attraction at the Globe Theatre, New York.

Instead of two pretty choristers showing up for the Monday rehearsal that week at the Globe, three charming girls danced past the stage doorkeeper, and successfully persuaded the manager that Marion Douras was the very girl he needed to make his beauty chorus complete. After that Marion went home and told mother what she had done. Luck favoured her. An epidemic broke out in the convent the week-end she was away, and an express message, asking Mrs. Douras to keep her daughter with her for a few weeks, awaited consideration when the would-be actress arrived to plead her cause.

And Marion won — easily. Her parents let her try her wings, and by the time the enforced vacation was at an end, she was securely launched at the Globe, where she remained until the end of the run of "Chin Chin." It was about this time that Harrison Fisher saw and painted her as "Morning." Flo Ziegfeld saw her, too, and cast her for his new Follies show. Marion had, at first, only a thinking part. "Just like it used to be at the convent," she complained, with an agrieved pout. But, by sheer will-power, and

(Continued on Page 26.)



Three studies of Marion Davies that cover a wide range of expression.





Ann Little's screen career has been varied in the extreme; she has played in every type of picture from comedies to blood-curdling serials. *The Bear Trap*, *The Roaring Road*, *Lightning Brice*, and *Square Deal Sanderson* are some of her best-known pictures. She is 5 ft. 5 in. high, and has black hair and brown eyes.



Stewart Rome was born at Newbury in 1886, and after a roving stage career joined the movies in 1912. Some of his best-known pictures are: *Coming Thro' the Rye*, *Trelawny of the Wells*, *Snow in the Desert*, *Her Son*, and *The Great Gay Road*. He will be seen opposite Violet Hopson in several pictures in the near future.



A school-girl named Gladys Walton was watching Bill Hart at work one day when a movie director saw her and offered her a rôle in a slapstick comedy. Being ambitious, she soon tired of this work, and ere long she had developed into a featured star. Gladys will be seen this month in *From Out of the Sky*.



Theodore Kosloff was born at Moscow, and won world-wide fame as a dancer before William De Mille tempted him to try his fortune on the screen. He has since appeared in many of Cecil De Mille's film successes, including *The Woman God Forgot*, *Why Change Your Wife*, and *Forbidden Fruit*.



His full name is Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno, but it saves a lot of time if you call him Tony. Born at Madrid in 1888, he came to America at the age of 14, and acted on the legitimate stage for many years. He is a typical Spaniard in appearance, with olive skin and dark eyes and hair.



Marie Prevost displays a gorgeous dress of iridescent sequins, striped in black and moonlight blue.



Bebe Daniels exhibits two extremes in watch design. On the left a pearl ring-watch of 18th century workmanship; on the right a diamond and platinum wrist-watch of ultra-modern construction.



Claire Windsor's dress of gold lace under blue sequined net, with wreaths of coloured flowers.



Alice Terry wears a becoming gown of mirror velvet, with a fashionable tight-fitting beaded corset. Paradise plumes complete this smart toilette.



Mary Glynn wears a sea-green mirror velvet evening dress, with a draped bodice trimmed with diamanté.

The Screen Fashion Plate



Film Stars
TOM

Tom Mix spends
time in his
Tom's trophies
the Chase,
As you will
pictures
West



me
are



The *Flower* CROSS EYED COMIC

If Ben Turpin had lived in the days of his infamous namesake, he would have made a wonderful highwayman. But he doesn't complain. He has just as much shooting as Dick, and he makes more money thereby.

Still, Ben has no regrets. He tells sympathisers that when he has accumulated sufficient money to retire, he will undergo a surgical operation and have his eyes straightened. But in the meantime his face is his fortune.

Ben realises this fact, and his director, Mack Sennett, holds the same views, for Ben was recently injured at Lloyd's against a return to normal vision. The policy, one of the strangest ever effected, provides for the sum of 25,000 dollars to be paid to the Mack Sennett Corporation should Ben's eyes become straight "from any cause whatsoever" during a specified period. The premium was a hundred dollars!

Ben's eyes secured him his first film engagement. He was doing odd jobs at the old Essanay studios when Chaplin was making comedies, and his eyes caught the director's. Ben was given a trial in a film, and screened so successfully that he appeared in many Chaplin comedies.

After that fortune smiled on Ben,

Mack Sennett engaged him as a featured player in his famous comedies, and ever since then he has been a member of Mack Sennett's beauty squad. There are many people who hold that Ben ruined his eyesight by gazing at the Sennett bathing beauties, but that is libellous. Outside the studio Ben is a happily married man, and all his spare moments are spent at home and on his small ranch. His biggest pet is a small cross-eyed dog, with eyes exactly like his master's.

Inside the studio Ben Turpin is deadly serious, as every true comedian must be. He frankly confesses that his comedy work is not spontaneous. Those clever little flashes of fun that raise laughter in his pictures are all carefully thought out beforehand.

Every day before work starts at the studio, Ben spends many minutes in earnest consultation with his fellow comedians. They discuss gags and little bits of business, each providing the others with ideas. Screen-struck people who spend their spare time in practising facial expressions and postures before a mirror will be pleased to hear that Ben Turpin has the same habit. He finds inspiration for many of his funniest antics by trying them out in front of a large mirror.

It's best to back Ben both ways—you can't tell if he's coming or going.

A time there was when Ben Turpin could follow the line of his vision. Once he could look his mother in the face and tell a lie like any good little boy. Now he can't look his own wife in the face, even when he is explaining why he was detained at the studio.

It all happened in the days of Ben's music-hall career. He had to impersonate "Happy Hooligan," and he criss-crossed his eyes in keeping with the character. Day in and day out he persevered with the criss-crossing until his eyes were firmly fixed in their unnatural orbits. Thereafter he became a man who couldn't go straight.

Conrad in Quest of His Youth

by

JOHN FLEMING



Back from the strife of Indian wars and the intrigues of frontier station life, Captain Conrad Warrener filled his lungs with the clean spring air of England, and was supremely thankful. It was good to be back in the old country again, for the call of India had not entered into his blood.

There was a far away look in his eyes—eyes that were wrinkled with the lines of worldly experience that told of approaching middle age. But Conrad's dreams were heedless of passing years. Imagination was carrying him back along the road to the glad hours of irresponsible fourteen.

CHARACTERS:

Conrad Warrener	THOMAS MEIGHAN
Nina	MABEL VAN BUREN
Gina	MAYM KELSO
Ted	BERTRAM JOHNS
Rosalind	MARGARET LOOMIS
Mary Page	SYLVIA ASHTON
Mrs. Adaile	KATHLYN WILLIAMS
Dobson	CHARLES OGLE
Tattie	RUTH RENECK

Narrated by permission from the Famous-Lasky film based on the novel by Leonard Merrick.

That night he fought the feeling of loneliness that comes to many bachelors when after-dinner optimism prompts desires for happy company. He wrote to the cousins that he had not seen for more than twenty years.

"I, Conrad, your old playmate, am back again," he told them. "We must all meet soon, and what could be happier than to relive our glad youth in the old country house together? I will wait for you there."

So, early the next morning, accompanied by the faithful Dobson, Conrad set off on the first journey in quest of his youth.

Also that morning three letters were opened by three mildly interested but unenthusiastic cousins. Bachelorhood was ever thoughtless where domestic ties are concerned. Conrad's dreams did not embrace such materialistic considerations as families to be cared, or household duties that enacted their relentless toll of time. His call to the comrades of his youth vibrated chords of memory. But only the wealthy, or the foolish, can afford to dream at breakfast. The raucous cries of tradesmen at the door, and the shrill note of children's voices petulantly clamouring for attention are effective dispersers of fancies.

Nina, Gina and Ted, had each found such domestic responsibilities as these, which came perilously near to wrecking the fanciful craft that Conrad had launched on the sea of his dreams.

"Poor dear Conrad. India must have affected his mind," soliloquised Nina.

"I'd love to go," thought Gina, "but how can I leave the children?"

Ted smiled at his old friend's letter, and reflectively stroked his grey streaked moustache.

"It's all right for Conrad with his comfortable income to gallivant about in the country. But how can I neglect my business for such folly," he mused.

Conrad's dream craft was surely foundering.

Then the frailness of human nature intervened.

Memories of childhood that had long lain dormant were resurrected in the hearts of the three cousins. They grew and strengthened in their appeal; penetrating the barrier of blaseness erected by increasing years.

Perhaps the old unforgettable thrill of youthful happiness was waiting for them in that old country house where Conrad was keeping his vigil.

Yes, they would go after all. And three hands that had hesitated with lifted pens searching for words of

The brooding mother of the East had taken the years of his manhood, but those of his youth were enshrined in England. Now he could roll back the years and live glad youth again as memory paints it. This was not the promptings of an impulse inspired by the joy of a long postponed return to his native country. He had planned it all when he lay awake beneath mosquito netting on torrid Indian nights that banished sleep. And even when sleep had come, wistful dreams of old loves, old scenes, the old careless happy hours of yesterday were his companions of the twilight hours.

"I did not expect you till tomorrow," said the grey-haired valet, as he gazed apologetically into the bronzed face of the man, who had been a careless laughing boy when he had gone in search of world adventure.

"To-morrow I go to my old home in the country, Dobson" laughed Conrad. "To-night I write to Nina, Gina and Ted to join me. We'll live all those happy days of youth over again."

excuse, now scrawled enthusiastic sentences of acceptance.

They met at the rose-covered porch beneath which the gate creaked with hinges bent by the weight of swinging children years before.

The women, because they were women, thought "How she has aged."

The men clapped one another on the shoulder. "You've filled out a bit, old boy." They chuckled like school-boys. And man-like, their survey of each other's persons ended there.

Four hearts beat more quickly at the sight of the picturesque old country house. It was like brushing the cobwebs from a long deserted nursery and picking up the toys where they had been thrown with youthful carelessness in preceding years.

But it was only the sweeping aside of the cobwebs of time that provided the pleasure. Toys, although fraught with happy memories, strike a note of pathos in the hands of the middle-aged.

With a cry of delight Nina lifted from the wall the brightly painted picture that had been the pride of her school days, when she had laboriously created it.

She peered at it through her glasses.

"I was so proud of it once," she said with a suggestion of wonder in her tone, as though she was thinking of one's lack of judgment in youthful days.

Gina discovered the lurid antimacassar that her girlish fingers had woven years ago.

Ted, with precocious memory unearthed from behind the loose brick in the chimney corner the catapult that had been the cause of many boyish escapades.

Conrad beamed on his old playmates and, framing judgment on their smiles, thought that his party was developing into a great success.

His dreams were deceiving him, for he could not read the thoughts that lay behind the forced laughter. He did not know that Nina looked upon her regained picture as crude and silly, that Gina would willingly have thrust the antimacassar, with its glaring colours, shamefacedly out of sight; that Ted had felt awkward and foolish when Conrad had suggested that he should go out into the garden and try his catapult.

AS the evening wore on the guests became more and more restless. Conrad had arranged the serving of a dinner consisting of milk and porridge and other unappetising com-

modities that formed the staple diet of the four old friends in youthful days. For Conrad's sake the visitors kept up a pretence of enjoying this crude fare. Ted, in desperation, secretly produced a spirit flask from his pocket and converted his glass of milk into a draught that possessed a "kick" that the milk of his nursery days had never known.

When the curtains were drawn, the visitors clamoured for a game of bridge.

Conrad was adamant. They must play the games that had inspired their childish laughter twenty years ago.

Out came the battered ludo board and the yellow-aged dice-box. Ted yawned openly, and Gina and Nina took courage from this first sign of mutiny.

"I'm so tired," pleaded Gina; "I think I'll be getting to bed." "And I'll come with you," interrupted Nina, seizing the opening presented to her with suspicious enthusiasm.

"But we must have a song," protested Conrad, crossing to the aged harmonium.

"Look, here's the very same song book that we had when we were children."

He placed it reverently on the music stand and prevailed upon the bored Gina to play.



Four hearts beat more quickly at the sight of the old house.

They sang of "Little Bo-Peep" and "Boy Blue" with a ludicrous lack of enthusiasm. The harmonium squeaked and was gratingly out of tune. Middle-aged voices that had long lost the treble of youth, wailed through the room.

Yet still Conrad thought that he was recapturing the careless happiness of youth.

"To-morrow I have planned a picnic," he announced, as his restless guests prepared to retire to the bare rooms where they had slept in the flickering glimmer of night lights in their youthful days.

Ted heard the rain swirling on to the thatched roof, and breathed a prayer to the thoughtful providence that had sent these tempestuous elements.

"We can't go if this rain keeps on," he announced with ill-concealed enthusiasm.

But Conrad had not yet wakened from his dream.

NINA and Gina tossed on their hard bed, whilst fickle sleep refused to be wooed.

"I wish I had never come," wailed the dispirited Nina. "I'm so cold and miserable."

"Conrad's a dear, but I believe India has affected his mind," responded Gina, sorrowfully. "He's behaving almost as though he were in his second childhood."

"That, my dear," said Nina philosophically, "is the blissful state into which Conrad expected that we should all drift when he invited us down here."

"He ought to get married," said Gina, with the air of a specialist diagnosing a simple case. "He's got nothing to think about but his dreams. A wife would be his salvation."

"It looks as if a doctor will have to be our salvation," announced Nina, as a steady stream of water commenced to trickle through the leaky thatched roof on to the counterpane. The howling wind outside hurled the rain with increasing violence against the time-battered covering of the old-fashioned house. The water now poured through the bedroom ceiling, and descended in icy rivulets on to the occupants of the couch.

Nina reached for her sun-shade and hoisted it like a signal of distress above the head of herself and her disconsolate companion. "The first train home for me in the morning," she announced, with tragic finality.

"And for me, too," said Gina, wiping away the rain water that was trickling dismally down her nose.

CONRAD was superintending the packing of the picnic basket when his distressed guests confronted him in the hall the next morning.

"We're so sorry, Conrad," they chorussed; "but we must be getting back to Town."

The ladies sneezed and snuffled dismally. Ted shuffled his feet and fidgetted nervously with his watch-chain. They all felt a little conscience-stricken at the look of disappointment that flashed into Conrad's grey eyes.

"But I've arranged a picnic for us all—down by the old oak where we used to go as children," he protested. His dream was toppling now.

Dobson stood pathetically by with the loaded basket of sandwiches and ginger-beer bottles. He and his master presented a spectacle almost as tragic as the forlorn trio who were flourishing their handkerchiefs, like dismal signals of distress.

"Can't be done, Conrad, old man. Must get to Town by the eleven o'clock train. Important business appointment. Must be kept," jerked Ted. "So be a good fellow and get a cab up from the station for the ladies and myself."

Conrad watched his unhappy guests trundle away down the road, with a wistful sadness in his eyes.

"Pack the bags, Dobson," he said, with sudden decision; "we're going back to Town."

"You're getting old, Conrad. You're getting old," his heart whispered as he turned his back on his boyhood home and left behind the memories of glad youth that he had so dismally failed to resurrect from the ashes of the past.

BACK in his town house Conrad sought the solace of books. He chose for his literary consumption volumes that had been his companions in boyhood days. For the warnings of his heart had not altogether quenched the enthusiasm for his quest in search of his youth. It smouldered into bright flame once more, when on the fly-leaf of one musty volume he read the inscription:

"From Mary, with love to Conrad."

It was a memory of Mary Page, his old sweetheart.

The book slipped unheeded from his fingers as his thoughts went back to the blue-eyed demure little girl whose golden hair, with the imagination of romantic youth, he had likened to fine-spun gold.

His memory pictured those breathless moments when he had thrown his first love-letter at her over the garden wall; the moonlight walks hand in hand, the ecstasy of the first faltering kiss

What would he not give to live those

The rain now poured through the bedroom ceiling. "The first train in the morning for me," announced Nina in tones of tragic finality.



Ted yawned openly.

thrilling moments over again.

"Why not," mocked his imagination.

"Go to her and re-live those glorious moments."

So Mary Page—although

that was not her name, now—had a visitor.

"Will you go into the drawing-room," said the untidy maid, with the snub nose and dirty apron.

Conrad nervously fingered his hat, and his heart beat absurdly fast. He was dreaming of the golden-spun hair of those blue eyes that had made Mary Page his fairy princess years ago.

"Well, this is a surprise, Mr. Warrener," gushed the stout, middle-aged occupant of the drawing-room, extending a fleshy hand in Conrad's direction. "Fancy you coming to see me after all this time."

He blinked his eyes unbelievably. Surely this portly lady with the simpering voice was not Mary—Mary of beautiful memory.

He faltered out a belated welcome, and sat awkwardly on an ugly horse-hair couch.

"You haven't altered, you know," sniggered Mary, sitting down beside him. "But there, we don't change very much, do we?"

Conrad stole a guarded glance at the ample proportions of his hostess. Then he lied valiantly.

"Of course, we don't," he assured her. "It's the thoughts of our youth that keep us young."

A plump finger went up to Mary's simpering mouth.

"Don't talk too loud about our young days," she giggled, warningly.

"Henry—that's my husband, you know, is so jealous."

"That's his picture on the wall."

The last shreds of romance fell from Conrad's mind as he gazed upon the crude portrait. Mary's spouse parted his hair in the middle and trained it in an oily strand over his forehead. His long moustache trailed over a bony, characterless chin. The face that gazed at him from the wall reminded Conrad of the raucous-voiced temperance lecturer who had once visited the school hall of his home town, and with the aid of a villainous set of glaringly coloured lantern slides had discoursed on the evils of strong drink.

So that was the "Prince Charming" that his Fairy Princess had married.

Conrad rose to go with a lump in his throat.

"So nice to have seen you again," gushed his old sweetheart. "Come in and see us any time."

Conrad assured her that he would. But he looked straight before him with grim intentness on his way to the station. Not once did he look back. Another chapter in the lexicon of his youth had been closed.

To the romantic flowers and scent are prolific revivers of old memories and scenes that have brought happiness in the past.

So it was with Conrad.

In a drawer he found a faded rose entwined with ribbon that exuded still a faint fascinating scent.

In a flash of happy recollection it brought back to him the unforgettable memory of warm Italian nights, the scent of a woman's luxuriant hair, the thrill of soft arms wound round his neck.

Mrs. Adaile, how he had loved her. That faded rose he had taken from her dress on that morning of terrible

parting when he had sobbed over a boyish heart that no womanly persuasion would convince him was not broken. That was love indeed. If he could but bring back one hour of such glorious life, surely the fire of his youth would be rekindled.

The idea grew until it obsessed him. He felt the call of the first passionate love of the hot-headed days of seventeen.

"Dobson," he said with sudden decision, "pack the trunks. We are going to Italy."

He found her in the picturesque garden surrounding the ornate hotel where years before he had left her.

Her eyes, that in his youthful ardour he had likened to violets floating beneath crystal waters, had faded a little. There were lines in that rose petal complexion now, and the familiar curves of her lips had straightened into lines of worldly experience.

"But how he had loved her once," was the thought that thumped in his mind. When he spoke to her he visualised in his memory the beautiful woman of the past. Imagination brought back the bloom to the faded rose, that in reality existed only in the fancy that possessed him.

"You remember me—Conrad Warrenner?" he asked eagerly, as he held her hand.

"Mr. Warrenner?—the name is familiar—where did we meet?" she asked. There was no light of recognition in her eyes.

"Years ago we parted at the very hotel in whose grounds we are now," went on Conrad, with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy recounting an adventure. "Surely you remember this?"

From his pocket he reverently took the crushed rose and held it towards her.

"You gave me that then," he said, simply.

The faded bloom brought memory back to her.

"Oh, you are that boy," she said, with a flash of her white teeth.

"Do sit down and tell me where you have been hiding yourself all this while."

Conrad sat beside her until dusk, striving to regain the threads of the broken romance that he had known with this once beautiful woman.

"I have never forgotten you, and always meant to come back to you one day," he told her.

She was shy and self-conscious under his ardent gaze. The love speeches of this serious-faced man were very different to the headstrong affection that had come from him as a young, irresponsible boy.

"I am sure you have often forgotten me," she chided him. "I expect that you are married now, and have a big family."

He protested indignantly against the laughing accusation.

"You have always been the only woman for me," he told her.

And because she was human she liked such pretty speeches, and she, too, had cared once. So she was swept along in the mirage of the dreams of yesterday. And almost unconsciously she became an accessory to Conrad's plans to revive the happy romance that they had known in the careless days of youth.

"We must see each other often, for the sake of old times," he said pleadingly, when they parted that evening.

"I should love to," she murmured, and for the moment she thought that she meant her words.

They dined and danced, and spent the evenings together beneath the cloudless skies of Italian nights. But was it real happiness? Conrad often asked himself that question, but he was afraid to supply the answer. Why shouldn't he be happy? The woman that he had once loved more than life itself was always in his company amidst all the old familiar surroundings that had framed their original romance.

He must be patient. Perhaps the smouldering love of youth would burst into flame even yet.

EVEN up to the night when Mrs. Adaile announced that her holiday was at an end, and that she would be departing in the morning, Conrad still lived in his fool's paradise. The thought of her going made him afraid—afraid to be alone again with his quest still unsuccessful. He must make one last desperate bid.

"Won't you come and see me in my room to-night, as you did when last we parted," he pleaded.

She shook her head and laughed, for she had long ago realised that there was no road back to seventeen.

(Continued on page 60)



The ladies sneezed and snuffled in dismal chorus.

Compressed Careers. No 3

THOMAS MEIGHAN



They said he was a Caveman, for he *can* look rather wild. But, truth to tell, Tom Meighan is as gentle as a child. The studio kiddies find this out, and through the "set" when he's about. 'Tis said no woman can resist Tom's sullen, dark-brown eyes, with their look of rugged power, which his kindly smile belies. (It was his wife who told me so, and she most certainly should know.)

We sat and talked it over beside Tommy's blazing fire. Quoth he: 'Faith! 'Tis a butler I shall be when I retire. For movie stars must often roam, and butlers always stay at home. And, though in films so many kinds of Cavemen I have been. These striking tactics I reserve severely for the screen. I much prefer a quiet life, besides, it might annoy my wife.'

Tom doesn't come from Ireland, Pennsylvania's his state. He was born at Pittsburg, U.S.A., in eighteen-eighty-eight. His dad was Irish, through and through, and Tom is very Irish, too. His parents thought their boy would make an excellent physician. But eighteen-year-old Tom defied the family tradition. And, though he pitied people's ills, preferred grease-paint to peptic pills.

Went on the stage in "Mistress Nell," a soldier "in the crowd." Quite soon achieved promotion, and poke three whole lines aloud. His winning smile and Irish wit immediately made a hit. He played in stock at Pittsburg; thence to New York for a while, where everybody hailed him as a coming juvenile. Then, in his first big leading part, Tom won success and lost his heart.

The farce ("The College Widow") was a slangy kind of thing. Tommie played a College student who was vamped by Frances Ring. And though the incident caused laughter, he married her a few weeks after. Then Tom joined David Warfield, and three years appeared with him. In New York and on tour in "The Return of Peter Grimm."

At Los (when in the same part still) he caught the eye of C. De Mille.

But Cecil didn't act at once, he waited quite a while, till Tom had been "The lawyer" in that well-known play, "On Trial." Then offered him much L.S.D. to join the Lasky Company. Soon Meighan took the first train home to tell his wife the news That her husband was a Lasky leading man for Laura Crews. Tom never went back to the stage. In film-land he became the rage.

They dubbed him "that big Irishman"; the "fans" adored his work. He soon was playing opposite Blanche Sweet and Billie Burke, and Mary Pickford (in *M'liss*; I guess you all remember this).

"From stately Elsie Ferguson and Pauline Fred'rick tall," Norma Talmadge, Betty Compson, Martha Mansfield, slim and small. "I've wooed screen stars of every type," mused Tommie, as he lit his pipe. I asked him which of all his film rôles Meighan liked the best. His choice was very quickly made: 'Tom Burke' beats all the rest. I rather liked 'Matt Peasley,' too. Did *Cappy Ricks* appeal to you?"

He played lead in *Don't Change Your Wife*, *Civilian Clothes*, and then *Coward*, *White and Unmarried*, and *The City of Silent Men*. And also in *The Miracle Man*, the joy of every Meighan "fan."

Tom Meighan's height is just 6 ft. (he's slender for his size). His curly hair is almost black, much darker than his eyes, which can be very twinkling too, when Tommie's tantalising you. I asked what made him *look* so fierce when really he is not. Said Tom: "That's the artistic temperament I haven't got." But then he *has* great personality.





Movies in the Making III
by Gertrude M. Allen
THE STAGE DIRECTOR

"I want the interior of the Central Criminal Courts for to-morrow morning, please. Then we'd better do the scenes in the church in the afternoon . . . just the altar, old boy, and a glimpse of the organ, perhaps."

Probably you've been asked (in that "of-course-you're-expected-to-do-it" tone) to make up the ledgers, or finish typing that batch of manuscripts, or fill the coal-scuttles and shake the mats, or do anything else to the order of the supreme individual for whom you create the sweat upon your brow, in return for your salary. But the demand for any one of these services, much as it may revolt the secret chambers of your soul, does not savour of the impossible to the same extent as that calm, cold, curt request for "the interior of the Central Criminal Courts."

But the Stage Director in the film studio remains unmoved and strangely unresentful when the Producer issues the demand. It's his business to supply it, and his face would betray the same amount of emotion as that of a sleeping babe if he were asked for a replica of the interior of an alligator, or a reproduction of Hades!

He is a wizard of re-creation, this creature whom they dub "the Stage Director" in the film studio. Other than well-stocked "property" sheds, his stock-in-trade usually only consists of an abnormal capacity for strategy—and a smile that draws the sweat from the brows of an army of willing subordinates.

Do you who sit in the plush chairs of your favourite picture house, indulging in the visual reproduction of

luxury that is so often a part of the entertainment menu on the screen, ever pause to wonder where it all comes from, how it's all made, and who makes it? No. The Stage Director has so disguised his art that he causes you temporary optical delusions. You believe that that magnificent structure which shelters the heroine in its comfortable confines is a magnificent structure, and thus does the

What do they know of movies who only movie-players know? This fascinating series takes you behind the kinema scenes and provides intimate glimpses of the people concerned in the making of a picture play.

S. D. justify his existence—for he is paid to give you delusions.

Perhaps you do not know, and perhaps I shouldn't tell you (but I want you to pay due homage to that unseen worker "behind the scenes") that the marble columns that rear into majestic space in the Shah's harem are really structures of painted wood that the leading lady might easily knock over if she were indiscreet enough to come into sudden contact with them! That "magnificent suite of furniture" which adorns the drawing-room of the Duchess of Bon-Bon is, in all probability, a decrepit shadow of its one-time magnificence; but if it is the right colour and the right shape it will photograph the right way . . . and there you are—and there, also, is the Stage Director.

I have seen many weird and amazing "forgeries" in film studios. There was a Producer who wanted

the interior of a fried-fish shop, and the Stage Director, who was stranded at least fifteen miles from the nearest town where it was likely that he could purchase the necessary implements for the scene. The set was required quickly. The S. D. had to get that set ready, so he sat down for ten minutes, minus cold towels, and then issued a request for several reams of brown paper! In less than fifteen minutes he had reproduced the most tempting looking morsels of "fried fish" out of the brown paper. But his soul didn't rest content at that attainment . . . he completed the illusion by also manufacturing a goodly supply of "chips"; and the artistes attacked the "feast" in such a convincing manner that I would wager not a soul who later saw the finished film had a passing doubt about the reality of that fish!

Amongst other attainments of these wizards I have seen the conversion of a blank, cold studio into a sun-lit rose-garden, with gravel paths, "growing" blooms, and fountains complete; these artificial means were necessary because an English winter debarred the Producer from cherishing a hope that the scene could be photographed on a real location.

The Stage Director is a veritable Font of Knowledge. He is an authority on all those elusive subjects which modern methods of education try to instil into the juvenile mind. But, unlike the juvenile, the S. D. has to retain his knowledge of things for future reference. Where and how he acquires his amazing acquaintance

with the modes and mannerisms of every known race, from the days of the Apple to the days of the Income Tax, the mere man in the tip-up chair will never know.

From mansions to maisonettes, churches to theatres, ball-rooms to bath-rooms, and Eastern temples to Western cathedrals, the Stage Director wends his wonderful way . . . and the Producer gets what he wants always.

On a recent tour of discovery, I was privileged to spend a day with the Stage Director of a large and well-known film-producing company. The following is a black-and-white account of his day's work, and an enlightening glimpse at his genius for those who don't know of its existence.

We started off in one corner of a very large studio, where work was about to commence on the erection of "part of a fashionable restaurant." In less than an hour a squad of stage carpenters and scenic artists had, under the guiding influence and gentle persuasions of the Stage Director, erected the structure of the restaurant. Occasionally, one or more of the subordinates would make a mistake, but there was no shouting or ruffling of tempers. Just: "Suppose we turn that flat round the right way, old man . . . it might photograph better!" from the S.D., and the flat was turned round the right way. A "flat," in stage parlance, is the definition of a portion of three-ply board, painted as required, which forms a part of the walls of any structure.

The skeleton of the "restaurant" completed, work started on the fur-

nishing thereof. Several small tables were brought up from the property sheds, and, still to the tune of the S. D.'s orations, were placed in various positions around the "set." Then another *faux pas* was committed. An enthusiastic, but not quite enlightened assistant, commenced to clothe the tables in dainty white cloths.

"Bury them, old man," quoth the S. D., with a benevolent smile. "There are some blue ones downstairs. I'll use those."

And the blue cloths were unearthed and substituted for the white ones; for the S. D. knew that his very own restaurant would photograph better if the table-cloths were blue—white is an irritant to the camera which every wiseacre knows it is best to avoid.

Then dainty vases of flowers were deposited on the tables, and again came a characteristic request from the S. D.

"Yellow blooms, please. Those red roses will look like black-beetles." And, from nowhere in particular, the yellow blooms appeared. And the S. D. was satisfied.

One more all-searching glance at the result of his wizardry, and, the S. D. bade a temporary

good-bye to his restaurant, and departed for the other extremity of the studio.

"Here we must 'discover' an opium den in the East End," he informed me, with about as much excitement as though he were remarking that the weather was bad, and we might have rain! Sure enough, the end of another hour saw the discovery of the opium den, reeking of that element of mystery and madness which we associate with the Chinese.

When the lunch hour had gone to join the dark spaces of the "things that have been," the restaurant scenes had been photographed, and the S. D. now gave the order to "strike" the set. This was done in something under fifteen minutes, and the cold, blank corner of the studio again appeared to remind me that mere details like restaurants are but passing phases in the lives of Stage Directors.

The afternoon saw the birth of an Early Victorian drawing-room on the ruins of the restaurant, and close to the vicinity of the "opium den"

Constructing a canal scene over the tank at the Famous-Lasky studios, Islington.



The mammoth Monte Carlo set built at Universal City for Stroheim's "Foolish Wives."



the S. D. and his army erected the interior of an old curio shop!

The curio shop completed, the S. D. turned to his army. "Thank you, boys. That's all for to-day. We'll have a heavy show to-morrow."

So I presumed to-day's "show" had been light! And my presumption was right, for the S. D. quietly informed me that to-morrow would demand a ball-room scene, a church scene for a wedding, the inside of a gipsy caravan and the lobby of the House of Commons!

Mr. & Mrs. Picturegoer at the BLUE HALLS, Hammersmith



The restful gleam of the myriad blue lights that throw fascinating shadows on turquoise pillars tipped with gargoyles of gold, bring the atmosphere of fairyland to the interior of the Blue Hall Kinema. It is a fitting setting, for romance is rife in this well-known West End hall. There the youth of Hammersmith and its environments combines the pleasure of the "pictures" with the rose-coloured hours of courtship. Perhaps, to the romantic, there is some appealing connection between the shaded blue lights of their favourite kinema and "the eyes of tender blue" immortalised in the familiar popular song, "A Bachelor Gay Am I."

But the number of coveted "back seats," after all, are limited, so the family atmosphere is also very strong in the Blue Halls. It is in suburban halls such as this that one can recognise how the kinema is the antidote to the strenuous life of our great cities. It lifts the tired worker out of the rut of conventionality and the boredom of everyday affairs.

He goes to the kinema after his day's work, just as his ancestors used to cross to the bookcase in the evenings in search of the solace of the bright and interesting novel. Now the advent of the kinema has animated the story book that in the past catered for tired imaginations. The modern worker, such as you can see in scores at the Hammersmith picture hall, no longer strolls over to the contents of

This is the third article in our series dealing with the leading British picture theatres and their audiences. Apart from their personal interest, you will find in these articles enthralling studies of the psychology of picturegoers in different parts of the kingdom.

his library. He reaches for his hat and says:

"What do you say to running down to the pictures, my dear?"

And because the Blue Hall Kinema will shortly reach its tenth birthday, there are some husbands who say to their wives in the evening:

"How would you like to come down to the kinema where we used to go in our courting days, darling?"

There was one happy couple whose stages of life were watched with interest by the manageress of the Blue Halls. She saw them come to the kinema as lovers. Then one day she saw a shining wedding-ring on the girl's finger. A few years passed, and still the old patrons occupied their customary seats on Thursday nights. They came later than usual now, as there was a son and heir to put to bed first. Then one sad day, during the war, the young bride came to her favourite seat in widow's weeds. But this is not the tragic end of the story. For a few nights ago she was seen sitting in the discreet glow of the blue lamps with a new admirer.

They like spectacular productions or strong, human drama down Hammersmith way. The picturesque appeal

of *Quo Vadis* filled the Blue Hall in its earliest days, and since then the super-films of recent years have figured prominently on the bills of the Hammersmith kinema.

The record house was achieved with Charlie Chaplin in *The Kid*. Charlie is always popular, but Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have not quite the magical effect on the box office proceeds that was once the case. Hammersmith may flock to see the funniness of Chaplin, but "Doug's" smile, and Mary's sentimental appeal do not ensure surging crowds and "standing room only" notices.

Suburbanites are traditionally sentimental. They like to see handsome screen Romeos sweep heroines off their dainty feet with demonstrations of cave-man affection. On Saturday nights they cheer blue-eyed Wally Reid when he thwarts the villain in the last reel.

"Hasn't he an adorable smile?" you can hear the impressionable murmur beneath the blue lights as Wally flickers on to the screen.

Immaculate H. B. Warner was a popular exponent of flicker affections down in West London. When he came to the Blue Hall recently in *One Hour Before Dawn* he proved a magnetic attraction.

The human appeal of *Why Girls Leave Home* exercised its influence on the Hammersmith picturegoers. This domestic story, that with a little imagination could have its reflection in so many suburban homes, proved to be the popular fare for the Blue Hall patrons.

In one direction the Hammersmith kinema is unique. Standing close to it is a duplicate of the hall that was first erected over nine years ago. The success of the undertaking made it necessary to cater for the increased patronage. The building could not expand in length or breadth—for in congested Hammersmith such architectural inflation is a problem that takes a deal of solving—so it was decided to erect a twin brother for the original Blue Hall. So to-day the two halls stand next to each other with duplicated staffs, projecting machines, and with similar artistic decorations prevailing in the interiors. As far as possible the films shown are the same in each building.

In these days of kinemas of mushroom growth, the Blue Halls are veterans amongst the younger generation of picture theatres. And as such they will figure in the annals of film history, for they pioneered the growth of that powerful attribute to the modern kinema—the invaluable patronage of London's suburban dwellers.

(Another picture theatre article will appear next month.)

The IMPORTANCE of BEING ERNEST

Strictly speaking, Ernest has no business at all in this Kinema Club interview with Guy Newall and Ivy Duke, but here he is, disguised as a Greek Chorus, and so we shall have to make the best of him.

"This" said Guy Newall politely holding open the swing doors of the Kinema Club, "is something one does not get in Nice."

"My dear sir," the voice came from the Hon. Secretary of the Club, whose lair is just inside, "there's nothing like it there, or anywhere else either. What do you think of the Club?"

"Excellent idea," responded Guy. "Only my remark referred to the weather. I haven't seen the Club yet."

"Then you must see it at once. Come with me, both of you." And the Hon. Sec. hopped out of his office like a Jack-in-the-box.

Of course anybody who has ever belonged to any kind of Club knows that the eleventh plague of the universe is the genus hon. sec. This particular specimen is a small Irishman with a large brain. His first name is Ernest. Believe me the combination is deadly. It took me all of five minutes to

persuade him that I had brought Guy Newall and Ivy Duke to the Kinema Club because I wanted to interview them in peace. "And without interruptions," I concluded, triumphantly shepherding Guy and Ivy into the cosy, well-lighted lounge, which afforded such a welcome refuge from the chill fogginess outside.

"But they ought to see the Kinema Club," objected the Hon. Sec. thereof. "It's the realisation of every artiste's pet daydream. It's—"

"It's awfully draughty with that door open, isn't it?" I asked Ivy Duke, who obligingly

shivered. Ernest took the hint and retired in good order. "As I was

Guy Newall and "Betty."



Ivy Duke in "The Bigamist."

saying," continued Guy, after I had them safely ensconced opposite me in one of the big Club lounge seats, "there are no yellow fogs like this at Nice."

"Oh! But one grows so tired of the eternal sunny glare," objected Ivy Duke. "Give me Old England any time."

Which proves that Ivy is as brave as she is beautiful. Only a film star who is fearless would dare disagree with her director. Especially in an interview.

"We had weeks of perfect weather at Nice," said Guy Newall, with a smile, "whilst we were making *The Persistent Lovers*. It's quite an open-air story, with scenes ranging from the Norfolk Broads to Southern France. Some of the scenery in and close to Nice is enchantingly lovely. Such brilliantly-hued foliage, and carnations (whole fields of them) growing in the open without glass. They have complicated arrangements of matting spread upon poles to draw over and protect the plants when it rains."



Ivy Duke in
"Testimony."

"Because when it rains there it *does* rain. And there's a wind something like our March wind." This from Ivy. "And then I used to grow homesick for the English countryside. It's so wonderful at home on a spring morning after a shower. You know. When things are just commencing to bud, and the air's a wee bit misty." She smiled dreamily at the thought.

Sad to relate, the atmosphere in the room was getting more than a wee bit misty. Decidedly thick was nearer the mark. I hastened to take a good look at my victims before the fog engulfed us all completely.

I saw a tallish, fairish, boyish (very) Englishman, clad in a grey suit, with a cigarette between his fingers. Age? Anywhere in the early thirties, I should say. Blue-grey eyes, somewhat wistful, and a whimsical, frequent smile; a countenance expressive rather than impressive, yet with something indisputably likeable about it. Guy Newall, like most movie men, looks younger off the screen than on it. At the moment he was looking at Ivy Duke, and she was gazing into the fire.

Ivy's was easily the brightest figure in the room. The fitful glow of the firelight reflected itself (so far as the fog would let it) in the gleam of her golden hair, and emphasised her perfect profile. Emphasised, too, the fascinating dimple in her right cheek when she laughed, which, to date (more's the pity), does not seem to have ever been photographed. Ivy Duke's bright colouring is not the least of her charm: it seems a shame that her pink cheeks and grey-blue eyes, with their long sweep of lashes,



A happy pair of
movie-makers.



A Country
Snapshot.



Guy
and Ivy
in "The
Persistent
Lovers."

cannot be transferred to the screen. Ivy wore a sapphire-blue feathery toque, very like the one she wore in *The Persistent Lovers*, which just about matched her eyes; and a filmy black frock with a touch of the same deep-blue at the waist. She had thrown her big beaver coat across the back of a chair.

I was only just in time. The room becoming full of drifting yellow fog, we three and the fire seemed surrounded by clouds of it. I fancied I heard the door open softly and close again.

"Which of you?" I inquired, addressing the tip of Guy's nose, which was all I could see of him. "Was the first to commence film work?"

"I was," replied Guy Newall.

"I started in 1912, as a small-part man with the London Film Co. Ivy didn't come along until six years afterwards.

Don't know how I managed to do without her all that while.

Before that I was on the stage. Do you know how I had my first taste of stage life? With a travelling pantomime and circus in the Isle of Wight (I lived there then). But

wild horses wouldn't make me tell you what my work was.

"I drifted to London after



Guy and Ivy at Nice during the filming of 'The Bigamist.'



a year or two and played in 'Milestones' there, and in the provinces. I used to specialise in comedy 'dude' rôles, and I was with Marie Tempest in several of her biggest successes. When 'The Duke of Killiecrankie' was produced at the Criterion, I had a part in it, and also understudied the leading man. I played in that comedy for two years, on and off, and took every single part in it, at one time or another. Every single MALE part," he amended, hastily, as his fair screen-partner sat up suddenly, and seemed about to speak.

"She loves to catch me out like that," he explained. "My first screen rôles were comedy ones; I was in *Smith*, with Elizabeth Risdon, and *The Heart of Sister Anne* (Edna Flurgrath was "Sister Anne"). Then I commenced writing scenarios, and one, *Money For Nothing*, I produced for London. It was a two-reeler, and very successful. Editing and producing, then, as now, interested me strongly, and I was very glad to become George Loane Tucker's assistant producer when Tucker filmed *The Manxman*."

The whole company went to the Isle of Man for exteriors, and Guy had some amusing stories to tell of the way the Tynwald scenes were made. The good folk of the island made a national holiday of the affair, closed up all the shops, and thoroughly enjoyed the filming. After that the war claimed Guy Newall for the next few years.

As he paused to light another cigarette, a still small voice penetrated the curtain of fog.

"Talking is thirsty work, Mr. Newall," it said; "and we have *such* a splendid bar in the gentlemen's lounge upstairs." Needless to add, the speaker was the indefatigable Ernest, who had crept in under cover of the fog. We couldn't very well turn him out of his

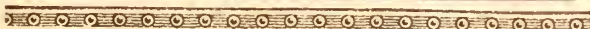
own club-room, and no doubt he was doing his duty. But, oh! if looks could kill, my steely glance should have stretched the energetic Ernest stone dead upon the hearth-rug. As it was, he bided his time in the background.

"Guy and I," the voice came from Ivy Duke's side of the lounge, "are always going to work together. We joined George Clark Productions together, and Guy wrote the scenarios, produced, and starred in the first three. He's always going to be my director if I have any say in the matter."

"And she's always going to be my star," said Guy. Wise Guy.

Certainly the two play splendidly together as

Guy indulges in a pipe between sets.



anyone who has seen their George Clark successes, *Garden of Resurrection*, *Lure of Crooning Water*, *Duke's Son*, and *The Bigamist*, will agree. Both are strong believers in the filmed novel, and, adapted and sub-titled in Guy Newall's distinctive way, there's much to be said in its favour. They have secured a dozen other novels for filming in the near future, and Ivy is responsible for the selection of these.

Both she and Guy Newall take their work very seriously. "Film-making is the Art," according to Guy. "I think it greater than the Stage," he told me. "But the trouble with us over here is that neither players nor producers take their work seriously enough—"

"Bless my soul, that's nothing short of libellous." The Hon. Sec. was quite agitated. No one could possibly accuse *him* of not taking his work seriously enough. "After we have worked and founded this Kinema Club, in which, if you'd only let me explain, producers, artists, and scenario-writers get together for their mutual good, and the good of British films—"

"Go with him, Guy. He won't be happy till he gets you." Ivy Duke was laughing so much that she could hardly speak. "And I'll take charge of the interview till you return. He doesn't seem to want me."

"Indeed! I've just detailed a lady member of the Committee to make you her special care, Miss Duke," said the Hon. Sec., pouncing upon Guy Newall and bearing him away in a twinkling.

Now there is one room in the Kinema Club where no mere male may venture. Unless he wishes to be instantly expelled and lose his membership card. This is that pleasant third-floor apartment known as the Ladies' Lounge. Even the Hon. Sec. dare not poke his persevering head in there; and I persuaded Ivy Duke to come and inspect it with me.

It wasn't nearly so foggy up there, either. We had coffee together, and Ivy took up the subject of seriousness where Guy had left off.

"I am head-over-heels in love with my work," she told me, her vivacious face alight with enthusiasm. "And I love highly emotional rôles best of all. Although I always like to introduce a wee bit of comedy somewhere. If I can. My favourite rôle? I'm not quite sure. I liked 'Pamela Arnott' in *The Bigamist*. I liked the story, too. I chose it, you know; and, although very few of the critics liked it, *The Bigamist* has proved very popular with the public. I've had such lots of nice letters about it, and America, too, liked it very much."

Ivy showed me her

morning's batch of letters. The greater part came from South Africa, India, and the East; for it was mail day; but England, Scotland, and Ireland were also represented. We discussed the beautiful settings and costumes in *The Bigamist*.

"Interior decoration interests me quite a lot," Ivy confided. "I don't want to be a producer, though I like helping Guy; but I shouldn't mind the post of Art Director. All those *Bigamist* scenes you admired were studio sets, and I made some of the curtains and frillies. I'm fond of sewing. I can make these things," patting the cretonne cushions with which the Ladies' Lounge is plentifully besprinkled. "I think I'll have to join this Club."

"Repeat that in the hearing of the Hon. Sec., and he'll be your friend for life," I told her.

Further conversation proved Ivy Duke to be very feminine, which means delightfully inconsistent. For instance, this highly-strung, emotional girl, who weeps upon the slightest provocation (so Guy Newall avers), is ardently devoted to shoot-

ing. Also though she adores country life, hard riding (Ivy rides astride), sailing, and other kindred sports, she is an authority on clothes, and her glowing descriptions of the lovely gowns and negligés she wears in her films, were extremely interesting.

"Guy and I," she said, "both like music when we're filming emotional scenes. Most of the tense moments in *The Bigamist* were accompanied by Massenet's 'Elégie.' (We have our own orchestra in the studios, always.) The new film we're commencing now, *Boy Woodburn*, is a winter story, and I as 'Boy' (that's just a nickname, of course), am in the saddle almost all the time. I'm so glad, because I've never had a chance to ride much in a film before. I'm going to buy my What-d'y-e-call-'ems this afternoon. I have all my other things. It's great fun, choosing one's clothes, I think."

Boy Woodburn is, of course, adapted from Alfred Ollivant's novel, and will be made in the New Forest, finishing up with scenes taken at the Grand National this month.

"Then we're going to do *Fox Farm*, in which Guy plays the part of a blind man; and then, in 1923, Guy says he's going to make the film of his life."

"That will be fun. He'll certainly have to be his own scenarist."

"Oh, don't be so literal," rebuked Ivy. "I meant *Seven Journeys*, by Dorota Flatau, only it will probably be reduced to five, and even then it will be very long. We think it's a wonderful story, and Miss Flatau is at work on it now for us. Yes; I shall play opposite Guy, if possible; but he will surely direct it, anyway."

I suppose all good picture fans know that Ivy Duke was in musical comedy before she came to filmland. She was very successful, too, although she dismisses the subject very casually when you ask her about it.

"I don't think I'll ever go back to the stage again," she said. "I like films so much better."

She is fond of reading, and Temple

Thurston is her favourite author. "Guy met him when London filmed *Driven*," she told me. "Guy's favourite rôle was in *The Garden of Resurrection*. I half believe it was because Betty was in it, too. Betty (Guy's terrier) is such a darling. But so is my Sammy."

"Sammy" is the smart black-and-white Samoyede who figures in so many of Ivy's photographs. Ivy Duke's pets also include three horses and two tiny ponies.

"When I retire," said Ivy, "I shall live in the country and breed Samoyedes. I haven't the time to do it now, but just you wait." I've an idea that we're in for a long wait before we see those prize pups, still—

(Continued on page 58.)

Guy "tries out"



F RHEUMATIC, DISSOLVE THIS IN YOUR MORNING TEA.

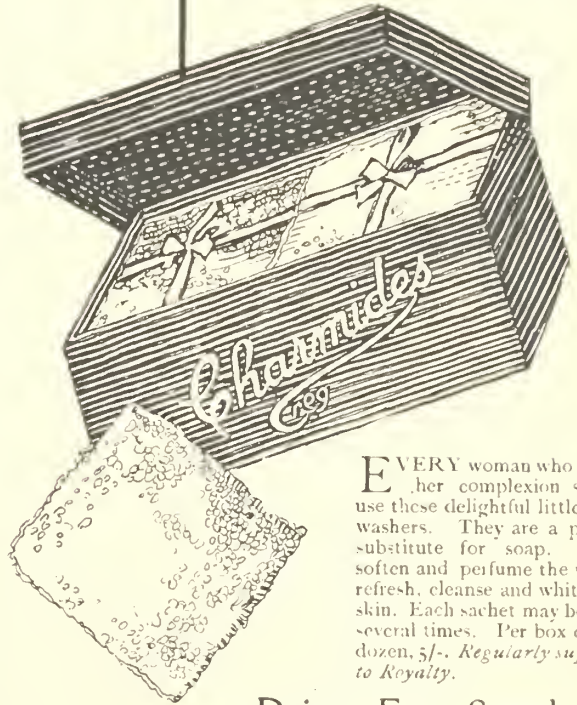
When watch the pains, aches, swellings, stiffness, and other misery disappear. They simply HAVE to go, says ALICE LANDLEES, certified nurse.

Rheumatism can be caused in but one way. That is by acids and impurities in the blood. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the blood prove this beyond the possibility of doubt or argument, as any standard medical work will explain in detail. Of course, various conditions, such as exposure to cold and dampness, or committing certain errors of diet, can make rheumatism worse, but the primary cause always remains the same. Therefore, trying to get rid of rheumatism without ridding your blood and system of the acidulous impurities which directly cause this physical calamity is exactly like trying to get rid of smoke without putting out the fire. Pain-causing and kidney-irritating uric acid is no different from any other acid in that it must be neutralised by an alkaline liquid. Nothing else can have just the same effect, this being an elementary principle of chemistry, of course. It naturally follows that to dissolve, neutralise and wash out the rheumatic acids the liquids you drink must contain the necessary alkaline elements to be absorbed into the blood and act upon the acids. These elements are easily provided. Simply get a small supply of the refined Alkia Saltrates compound from any chemist. As much of this as can be heaped on a sixpence should be dissolved in your tea, coffee, water, or other drink and taken every morning. No trace of any bitter, salty, sour, or other taste can possibly be detected. Also cannot upset or irritate even the most delicate stomach. The only evidence that you are taking a medicine will be the plainly noticeable relief from rheumatic pain which it quickly produces. In each package of Alkia Saltrates the refiners enclose an authoritative and extremely valuable treatise, giving useful diet hints and other interesting information for rheumatic sufferers.

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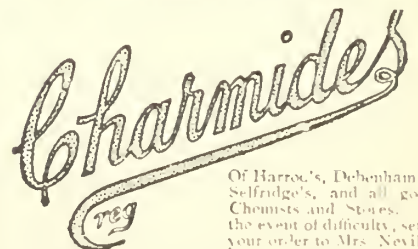
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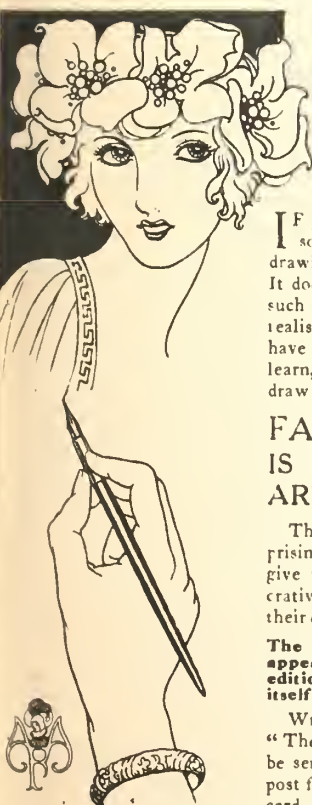
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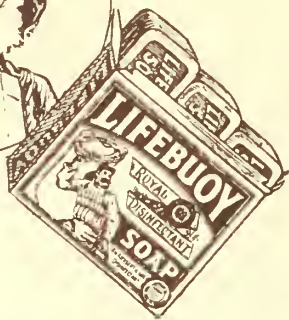
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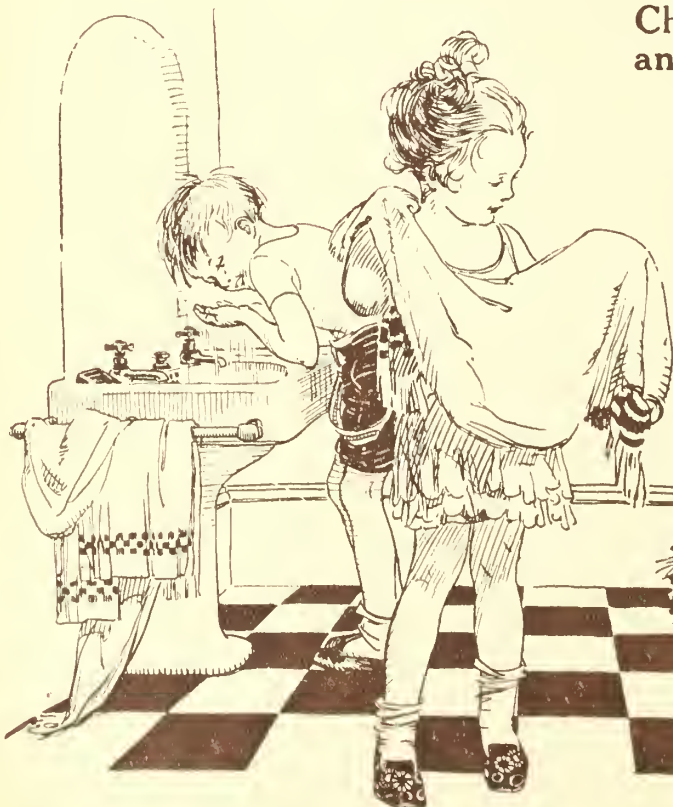
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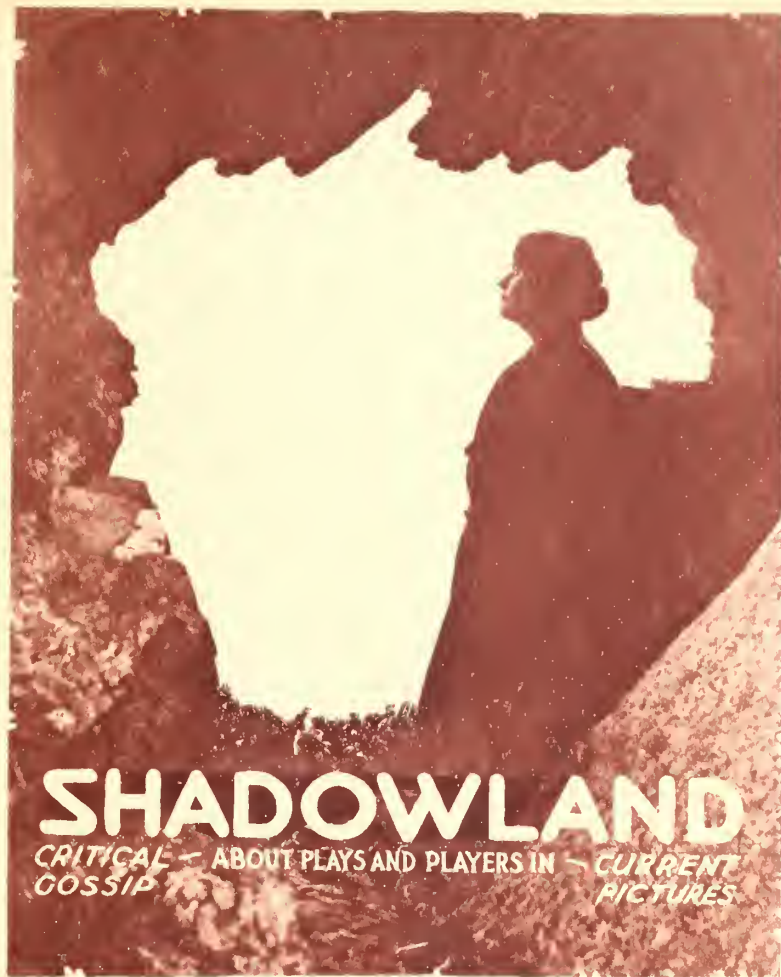


*"We haven't nine lives, Pussy
—but we've Lifebuoy Soap."*

In the January issue of the PICTUREGOER we published an advertisement for Turf Cigarettes illustrated with photographs of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The idea of the advertisement was to draw attention to three big public favourites Mary Pickford Douglas Fairbanks and Turf Cigarettes; but we wish to make it quite clear that the artistes in question gave, and have given, no testimonial to these cigarettes. As a matter of fact, in publishing the photographs we unwittingly transgressed the hard-and-fast rule made by Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks that their names should not be used in connection with advertising of any description beyond their ordinary film announcements. Many film stars have, of course, testified to the popularity of Turf Cigarettes, and this disclaimer, therefore, does not in any way reflect upon the well-known excellence of these popular cigarettes, which we unhesitatingly commend to the attention of our readers.

Variety is the keynote of the March releases. Picturegoers can take their choice of crook stories, mystery stories, spectaculars, farce comedies, sentimentality, satire, and sea stories. Western dramas, too, are here this month in plenty, for Charles (Buck) Jones, Harry Carey, Roy Stewart, Frank Mayo, William Russell, and W. S. Hart make their appearance on the screen. Contrary to the usual eighteen months' wait, Mae Murray's very latest film, *Pheasant Alley*, will be released not many days after it is trade-shown. The fact that both play and film of *The Sign On the Door* are to be seen is of interest. Stage versus Screen will provide many arguments after the show. Sixty-three features are due in March, three more than last month.

A very good play, *The Sign On the Door* is equally good as a photodrama, which is more than can be said of most plays, for as a rule the gaps between the acts are seldom or never filled in. Here, though, all works smoothly, and the interest and suspense is maintained all through. Norma Talmadge always at her best in a powerfully dramatic rôle such as she has here, is excellent as the self-sacrificing wife. Next in order of merit comes Lew Cody, who has a



Dagmar Godowsky is the daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the famous pianist. She is a lovely dark girl, whose first part in pictures was a smallish one in *The Hero King* with William Barnum Nazimova took great interest in the youthful Russian, and was instrumental in persuading her to remain in filmland. Dagmar has played a few vamp roles and has frequently appeared in support of Frank Mayo. One of her most recent roles was that of "Koree," in *In Honour Bound*, opposite Lou Chaney. This is a story of the Canadian North woods, written by Lon Chaney and Lucien Hubbard.

Something fresh in the way of outdoor melodrama is *The Red Lane*, a story of smugglers and Customs officers on the Canadian borderlands. Fresh, because undoubtedly the sympathy of most British kinemagoers will be given to the villains (the smugglers). The backgrounds are also picturesque and quaintly

typical Cody part, and makes a convincing villain of "Devereaux." But the acting throughout is first class, and challenges comparison with that of the clever company appearing at the Playhouse, London, in the stage play. *The Sign On the Door*, as shown at the Alhambra, London, was preceded by an amusing two-reeler, *Beauty and the Beast*, or *The Story of "It"*, in which Guy Newall and Ivy Duke indulge in some pleasant fooling. An ingenuous affair, *Beauty and the Beast* is the first "curtain raiser" film specially written for that purpose, and is in complete contrast to *The Sign On the Door*, which is decidedly ingenious.

The same adjective applies to Mary Maclaren's March offering. *The Forged Bride* is improbable, but so well constructed and acted that it grips, especially in the pathetic parts. The characterisation is good, particularly that of the nervous old criminal played by Thomas Jefferson (The Patriarch of *The Miracle Man*). The element of hoax in the plot is interesting, and the spectator is uncertain until those in command deem it time for him to know, which way the action will work out. Mary Maclaren is a calm and gentle heroine, and Harold Miller an energetic hero. Dagmar Godowsky (Mrs. Frank Mayo) also appears as "the other girl."

beautiful, the acting convincing (Frank Mayo always shines in virile melodrama of this kind), and the production convincing and skilful. Lilian Rich, the heroine, is of British birth, and was last seen on the London stage in "Three Cheers," the Harry Lauder revue at the Shaftesbury a year or two back. Lilian has also appeared at the London Hippodrome and the Alhambra.

Some British releases of the month are *The Fruitful Vine*, a magnificently produced screen version of a Robert Hichens novel, with Valia as the heroine, and a fine supporting cast; *The Call of Youth*, a famous Lasky production, with a good cast but a poor story; and *The Pride of the Fancy*, a screen play both entertaining and interesting. Good racecourse scenes, a thrilling fight, and Rex Davis, Tom Reynolds and Daisy Burdell atone for a story which is somewhat intricate, and does not carry much conviction.

Fanny Ward, the star who snaps her pretty fingers at Father Time, is the central figure of *She Played and Paid*, a well worked out tragedy produced in France. This feature has a somewhat unpleasant story, and contains a few ungrammatical subtitles, but the continuity is excellent, and so is the cast, which

includes M. Joffre, Jean Dan and Jean Dupré (a most convincing villain). Fanny herself lives in Paris these days. She has apparently abandoned screen work, but she and Jack Deans, her husband, make a point of meeting and entertaining every movie star who visits Paris. Many interesting reunions take place, for Fanny Ward did all her first screen-work in U.S.A. Who remembers her first film, *The Marriage of Kitty*?

Emerson Hough's novel picturised, *The Sagebrusher*, contains one of the best fistic encounters to be seen on the screen this month. It is a human story, exceedingly well told, with photography and production of the best. There is excitement in plenty, though not of the "stunt" variety, and the forest fire, which sweeps all before it, and the disastrous flood, provide very telling scenes. Roy Stewart (later to be seen with Pauline Frederick in *The Mistress of Shenstone*) makes a fine hero, and Noah Beery is excellent as the chivalrous "Sim Gage." Marguerite de la Motte plays heroine.

Quite one of the sweetest of movie maidens is petite Marguerite de la Motte. She commenced her career as a dancer, and became a celebrity on account of the originality of her dances. She is also a finished musician, and has three well-known compositions to her credit. Marguerite has graced many of Douglas Fairbank's productions. She may be Doug's leading lady in his new one, *The Spirit of Chivalry*, now in active preparation. She was left an orphan two years ago, when both parents were killed in a motor accident. Off the screen, Marguerite is Mrs. Mitchell Lysen; her husband is a director at Famous-Laskys.

Roy Stewart is sometimes known as the College Cowboy: for, though a Westerner in real as well as reel life (his mother was a pioneer of California). Roy is equally at home in a Society rôle. Witness his success opposite Katherine MacDonald in *The Bleeders*. And his stage career records contain many such characters as this one. Roy came into screenland via the old Ammex Company, and he was with Griffith for a time. (*The House Built Upon Sand*, a Lillian Gish picture, is one of the best-known he played in at that time.) His greatest successes, however, have been made in

films like *Cactus Crandall*, *The Westerners*, and *The Boss of the Lazy Y*. Roy's hobby is riding: he wouldn't miss his morning canter for any money.

The late Lieutenant O. Locklear is the star of *The Great Air Robbery*, which contains some of the most remarkable aeronautics ever filmed, including several wonderful "close-ups" of Locklear's famous change in mid-air. The camera was specially built into a fast aeroplane for these shots, and Milton Moore, Universal's flying camera-man, flew just ahead of Locklear's machine so as to secure the requisite views of it. It is a most exciting story, and was written by Jacques Jaccard, who also directed it. The scenes in the air were directed by means of wireless telegraphy. Francelia Billington, Allan Forrest, and Carmen Phillips are seen in the supporting cast, and several U.S. aviators from Rockwell Field, San Diego, were pressed into service to aid in maintaining the realistic note.

An amusing adaptation of a famous comedy success of a few years ago is *Officer 666*, which features Tom Moore in a rôle many well-known movie-men of to-day played on the American stage. One of the most famous exponents of the hero was Howard Estabrook, who, with most of the original cast, starred in the first film version, made about five years ago. It is a quick-action picture, and Shirley Mason and William Scott conduct a courtship under difficulties.

most of the sub-titles come straight from the stage play. Tom Moore makes an ideal policeman (this is his only policeman rôle since *One of the Finest*). The supporting cast is interesting. Jean Calhoun, Raymond Hatton (who gives a splendid character-study as "Whitney Barnes"), Kate Lester, and Priscilla Bonner figure therein. Priscilla is a young lady well worth watching, and a potential star. Tom himself has left Goldwyn, and is appearing opposite Betty Compson in her next Paramount production. *N.B.*—The full story of *Officer 666* will appear in the April "Pictures."

Douglas Fairbanks has another "winner" in *The Mollycoddle*, which shows, among other things, Doug's first screen moustache. At the commencement (as in *The Mark of Zorro*), Doug is a spineless creature, who fits the title of the film to a nicety, and submits to insult after insult because he wants to be a fashion-plate. Later, though, the fighting blood of "Richard Marshall's" ancestors comes uppermost, and when he meets the girl—well, then the fun begins. It terminates in a tremendous fight, when hero and villain both roll down a mountainside clean through a shack, and land in a pond. Wallace Beery shares this scene with Douglas, and Ruth Renick plays the girl of Doug's heart in charming fashion. The story of *The Mollycoddle* will be one of the many attractions of the April issue of our sister publication, "Pictures."

Mae Murray, in *Peacock Alley*, plays a Parisian dancer who falls in love with a young business man from Indiana. When he returns home, Cleo goes with him, but the French ways of his pretty wife shock the good folk of Indiana. There is a quarrel, so Cleo returns to Paris, but is restored to husband and happiness in the last reel. As Cleo of the wonderful wardrobe, sharp temper, and delectable dancing, Mae Murray is as good as she was in *On With the Dance*. The sub-titles of this feature, too, are notable, for they are the work of Fredric and Fanny Hatton, authors of *Lombardi, Ltd.*, and *The Walk Offs*, and many are in Prizma colour. Monte Blue is a realistic "man from Indiana," and Anders Randolph a sinister, bad man. Mae is in Spain just now, filming exteriors for *Fascination*. She had hoped to find the settings she wanted





Film Star sells Watches

During the Winter the life of a British Movie Star is far from cosy. At that season the English Climate does not exactly lend itself to "Location" work. Consequently, for some six months out of every twelve he is thrown on his own resources. This accounts for my figuring in the Advertisement columns of "Picturegoer."

Having secured at bargain price the entire stock of a leading manufacturer, I am offering facsimile £4 4 0 Ladies' Expanding Bracelet Watches, exactly as illustrated, for the astounding price of 18/6, post free.

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Readers can also secure this bargain by sending 5/- deposit and six weekly instalments of 2/6.

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Please send me your 8-page Prospectus of the Bransby Williams Course of Acting, &c., as offered in the "Picturegoer." Enclose 2d. stamp for postage.

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State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

at Coto, but author, star and director finally decided that Spain it would have to be.

Thrills in plenty will be found in *Dead Men Tell No Tales*, the best Vitagraph of the month. Very few changes have been made in transferring F. W. Horning's popular novel to the screen, and the whole thing does not contain a single dull moment. The cinematograph is an ideal vehicle for presenting stories of this kind. All the excitement, suspense, and real drama of the novel is intensified in the film, and Catherine Calvert, Percy Marmont, and Gustav von Seyffertitz head an excellent cast. Quite apropos is this film for there is an epidemic of things Spanish over here at present, and Catherine Calvert's semi-Spanish costumes become her admirably. *Dead Men Tell No Tales* is the first of several one feature-films in which Catherine Calvert will be seen on British screens this year.

Viola Dana and Shirley Mason appear in widely diverse rôles this month. A splendid cast, headed by Wyndham Standing, Florence Turner and Alfred Allen, support the captivating Viola in *Blackmail*, which is a screen version of "Rogues and Romance," by Lucia Chamberlain. The heroine is a Society blackmailer, daughter of a skilful thief, who attempts to extort large sums of money from a rich youth. A lawyer intervenes, but, as usual, the woman wins in the end. Shirley Mason's March release is *Merely Mary Ann*, from Zangwill's play of the same name. It is a good film, marred only by a totally unnecessary fight at the end. Henry Arley played the rôle of "Lancelot" in the London stage version, on the screen it is interpreted by Casson Ferguson.

Viola Dana's last-completed film was *The Five Dollar Baby*. Here's an extract from her diary, giving you a typical Dana day: "7:30 a.m. Alarm clock sounded. I leaped up and shut it off. Back to bed. 8 a.m. Enter Ma. Lifted me out of bed bodily and carried me to my shower. Did I kick. Wouldn't you? 8:55. Speedometer registered sixty an hour. Nearly knocked a post over whizzing into Metro grounds. Viola registered agitation. 9:30. On the set. Wore the identical kid dress I had made for 'The Poor Little Rich Girl' (stage play). This is the life! Irving Cobb was there. Told me I looked like a million dollar baby off

stage, and his Five Dollar Baby to the life on it. 6:30. Make-up removed. Change into silver blue Parmeuse gown. 7:30. With Ma and Pa at Alice Lake's for dinner.

"Nine p.m. Gang arrive for dancing. I wanted to stay. Ma said I must take a rest, so home by moonlight. Took Alice's new scenario *Hate* home with me. 10.—Home. Started rehearsing to-morrow's scenes. Ma ordered me off to bed. 10:30.—Spent twenty minutes with Pa doing army exercises. He says it sets me up. Pa knows. 11.—Bath. 11:30. Reading *Hate*. Got excited over it. Enter

George D. Baker, for the way he has done his work. The girl, about whom so much drama is centered, is entirely ignorant of what threatens her and what she escapes. The way in which the perfume "Heliotrope," always associated with the crook hero, is used as a weapon to baffle the adventuress is also made much of. Fred Burton as the father and William D. Marsh as his elum are excellent. Julia Swayne Gordon is inclined to staginess as the mother.

May Marsh's absence from the screen has not impaired her work in any way. In *The Little 'Fraid Lady*, her first production since her return, she makes the most of an improbable story, which strives after suspense and misses fire badly. But May's clever work atones for much. The production is good, the settings artistic, the exteriors beautiful. There is also a delightful dog, and a bright child-actor, George Bertholom, junior. May, who is in real life a clever artist, plays a girl painter, who, wishing to shun society, lives the life of a squatter on the estate of a Judge. May's second screen offering, *Nobody's Kid*, is a better film than this one, but it has not reached these shores yet.



Mary and Tom at the wedding of Allan Forrest and Lottie Proctor.

Ma with instructions to go to sleep. I said, "All right, Ma!" 11:45. Still reading. Ma switched off the lights. Viola waited till she was well away, and switched them on again." "11:55. Finished *Hate*. Lights out.

Father love, a theme uncommon in Movieland, forms the basis of *Heliotrope*, a picture that is decidedly "litterer" and decidedly touching. The intense love of an erring father for the daughter who, owing to his efforts has been educated as an orphan in a convent, carries him out of his prison, though his was a life sentence. The girl's mother, the villainess of the piece, tries to blackmail the girl, and the story develops into a game of cross-purposes between the two. Great credit must be given to the director

Novak. Hart wrote this story himself, it is good Western movie drama and possesses great appeal. "Itchie" Headrick, the four-year-old youngster whose blond head reminds one irresistibly of Juana Hansen's fluffy crown, plays Hart's film sonny. "Itchie," be it known, is a champion swimmer and diver, and holds more medals than his small chest can comfortably support.

Harry Carey's March release, *Riders of the Law*, though not one of his very best, has a tried and true formula for its groundwork. Love versus duty in a Texan town on the border of Mexico ought to have provided much red blooded action. Instead of that, the five-reeler contains only one strong dramatic scene. This has its thrill, for the villain, it

"I Love to Dance but—OH! MY FEET!"



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a fit of tardy remorse, commits suicide by plunging over a cliff on horse-back. Harry Carey has a sympathetic rôle; he is more human than ever, and his powers of restraint, not to speak of his horsemanship, make his an unusually interesting study of "Jim Kyneton." Gloria Hope is his leading lady.

Carey's Universal contract is now at an end. He was in New York quite recently, where he and Will Rogers renewed an old friendship. Harry took Mrs. Carey and Miss Carey with him. But when Eddie Polo, who, for some reason not yet made public, has abandoned his rôle of *Robinson Crusoe* for Universal, arrived on the scene, Harry basely deserted them, and, at the time of writing, Messrs. Polo and Carey are still among the missing. They have gone into hiding somewhere in the wilds, and the outcome of it all ought to be interesting. No one knows exactly where the pair are except Mrs. Carey, and she won't say.

Some excellent melodramatic effects have been achieved in *The House of the Tolling Bell*, a Stuart Blackton-Pathé production. The atmosphere, too, is good, the house of mystery being located in Louisiana, where the coloured folk are known to be intensely superstitious. It is not precisely a ghost story, but what with sliding panels, creepy shadows, eerie hands that disappear, piercing eyes and other aspects of spookland, to say nothing of the tolling bell that gives rise to such weird reports, picturegoers will get their money's worth of thrills. However, all these seemingly uncanny happenings are shown to be human in origin, and a cheerful *dénouement*, with the ommons bell ringing a merry

wedding peal, brings an exciting story to a satisfactory close. It is a kinematization of the novel of the same name by Edith Sessions Tupper.

May McAvoy and Bruce Gordon are the stars of *The House of the Tolling Bell*. May McAvoy sometimes describes herself as "The Girl Who Waited." There are many ways towards film fame, if we are to believe the biographers, but May's way is all her own. Waiting for an actress friend was she one day, when a friend of that friend saw her, and asked for an introduction. This introduction led to a visit to a film studio and the introduction of May McAvoy to film work. May became a maid *pro tem.*, and waited (for film purposes) upon many famous stars. Then she played Midge Kennedy's sister in *The Perfect Lady*, and a succession of "sister" parts followed. She was waiting, Micawber-like, for another job, when J. Stuart Blackton engaged her as featured lead for a series of pictures, of which *The House of the Tolling Bell* is the first to be released this side. These days, twenty-year-old May is a star, and her "Grizel" in *Sentimental Tommy* is her biggest achievement.

A full year was expended on the making of *The Queen of Sheba*, the biggest spectacular offering of the month. Just how this came about you may read on page ten of this issue. Whether it has justified a cast of 10,000, its 130 acre sets, one of which is a faithful copy of Sir Edwin Poynter's well-known painting, its 205 horses and 31 chariots, must be left to the spectator to decide. Virginia Tracey, authoress of *The Lotus Eaters*, wrote the story, and J. Gordon Edwards, who directed also *Salome*

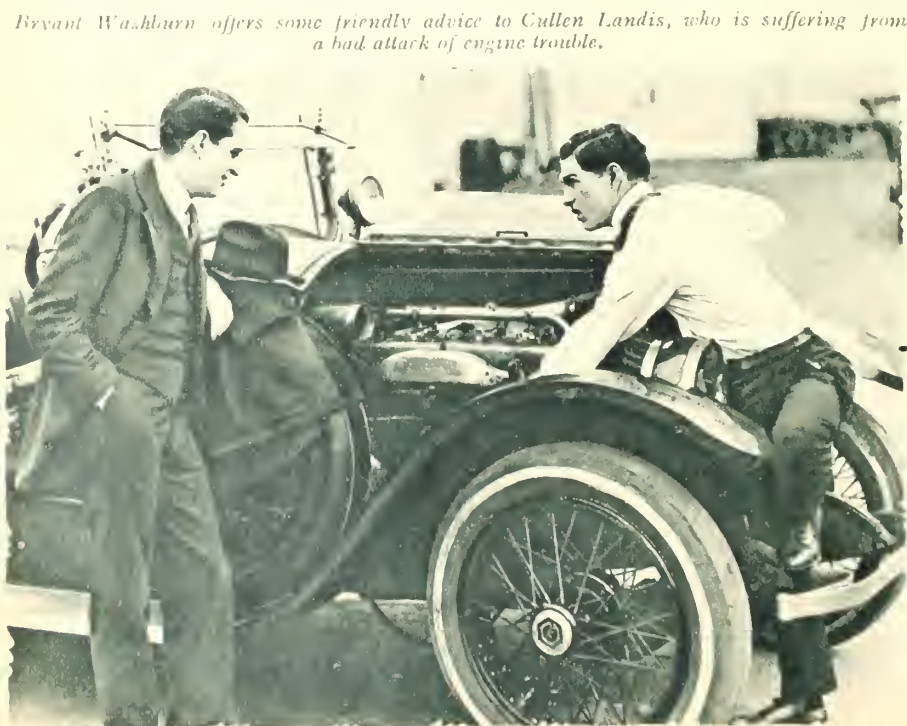
and *Clabaton*, wielded the megaphone. It is primarily a love story, but it has one big thrill at the end, and the acting of Betty Blythe, Fritz Lieber, an appealing little Micky Moore, is excellent. Photography is excellent too, and picturegoers who like spectaculars will find this one very much highly satisfactory.

Tommy Meighan puts it on record that he does not care for himself as "Conrad" in *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*. Many will disagree with this dictum. Anyway, the film the full story of which appears in this issue, is good entertainment, and we directed by William De Mille, is well worth a visit. Leonard Merrick wrote the novel upon which the film is based, and an all-star cast interprets his characters exceedingly well. Many of William De Mille's directorial efforts are due in Great Britain this year, and it remains to be seen whether or no he will oust his more spectacular brother Cecil from popular favour. It is to the thoughtful picturegoer that William De Mille appeals the most.

"His best for many a long day" will be the unanimous verdict of Earle Williams' "fans" when they have seen *The Romance Promoters*. A good comedy idea, plenty of incident, an element of mystery well emphasised, and suspense enough to hold one's interest throughout, are the salient points of it. Earle Williams is kept pretty busy as an agreeable young man, engaged by an eccentric millionaire (there's no end to the eccentricities of the Movie Millionaire) to protect his pretty daughter from a gang of grasping trustees. As Helen Ferguson plays the heroine, Earle has every excuse for doing his best. Quite a light entertainment is *The Romance Promoters*, but very pleasing.

Ethel Clayton has a fantastic story in *Sins of Rozanne*, the screen version of "Rozanne-Ozanne," by Cynthia Stockley. The actions of the heroine are guided by a snake-charmer who wields a strange and malign influence over her. Also "Rozanne" possesses an unpleasant habit of raising her clenched hand toward people who annoy her, with (for them) most disastrous results. The African snake-charmer dies, and the girl's nature changes entirely. The film is unworthy of Ethel Clayton's talents. Jack Holt, Fontaine La Rue (who will be seen "vamping" hard later on this year), Mabel Van Buren, Clarence Geldart and Fred Malatesta support. Tom Forman directed this feature, it being his first directorial venture. He and Tommy Meighan have formed a clever combination as director and star of late.

We have received a friendly protest from the Gaumont Studio concerning the article, "Short and Sweet," published in last month



Bryant Washburn offers some friendly advice to Cullen Landis, who is suffering from a bad attack of engine trouble.

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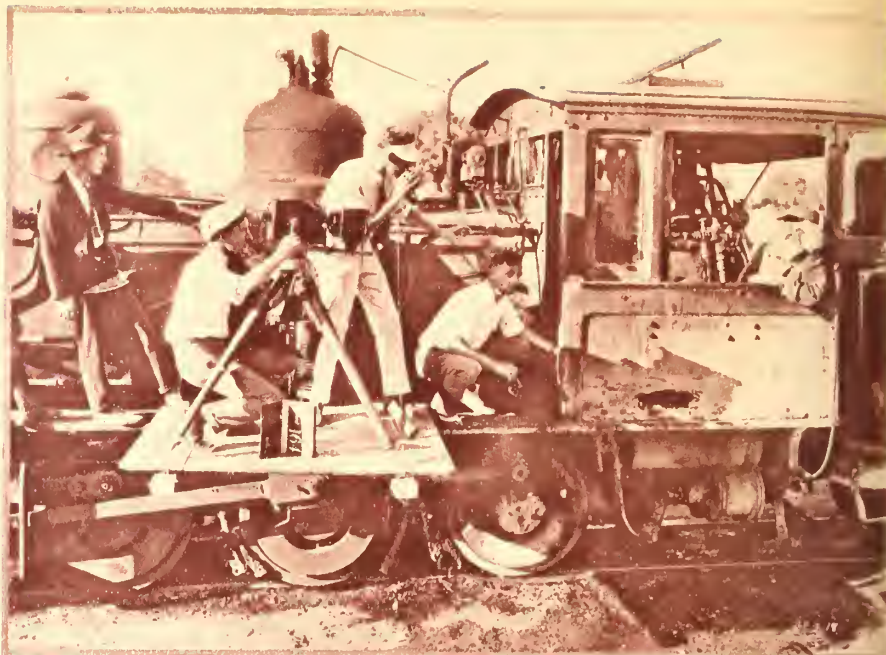
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A railway thriller in the making: Filming a scene from a special platform built for the engine.

issue. This article gave a humorous account of the production of a low-life drama, and Ganmonts fear that the reference to the "langwidge" used on the set might lead people to suppose that swearing is allowed in their studios. This, of course, is not the case. It is pleasing to reflect at the present time, when American studio conditions are being attacked with great malignity by the enemies of the kinema, that the conduct of our British studios leaves nothing to be desired.

On the light side, also, is *My Trust Your Husband?* the story of two married couples and a masquerade ball. Eileen Percy and Harry Myers are the stars; but, to our mind, Eileen is better suited to comedy-drama than farce-comedy. *Skirts*, too, a long feature, with Clyde Cook and a bevy of pretty girls, is slapstick, accompanied by all sorts of elaborate mechanical extravaganza, some of which is introduced upon the very slightest excuse. Some circus scenes are very interesting; and the Singer Midgets, and the huge shoe which serves them for a house and then floats gracefully over the house-tops, will cause great amusement. The film is full of chuckles.

Another spectacular to be seen this month is *Shame*, a story of Chinese life in Shanghai and San Francisco. Many exciting incidents culminate in a climax staged in Alaska during a more than usually bad frost. Emmett J. Flynn, whose *Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* found so much favour this side, superintended the filming of *Shame*, which has some effectively coloured scenes introduced amongst other Oriental effects. Rosemary Theby and John

Gilbert star, and George Seigman Doris Pawn, Mickey Moore, Frank Lee, and Anna May Wong (a clever Chinese lassie) support. *A Thousand and One Nights* is a Pathé colour film scenically beautiful, but with a weak fairy-tale kind of plot. The stars are Mlle. Dheha and M. Sylvio de Pedrel

Other releases of the month are *Scratch My Back*, a well-to-do and fanciful story, very well acted and produced, of which Helen Chawick and T. Roy Barnes are the star. *Trust Your Wife*, featuring Katharine MacDonald, a "husband-and-wife" story; and *Water, Water Everywhere* a Will Rogers prohibition affair. British picturisations of well-known novels include *The Wonderful Yee* with Mary Odette and Lionelle Howa as hero and heroine; *Sonia*, with Clive Brooke, Evelyn Brent, and Olaf Hytton; *False Evidence*, with Cecil Humphreys and Edna Flugart; *Knight Errant*, with Madge Stuart, Olaf Hytton and Norma Whalley; and *The Further Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, with Eille Norwood appearing in each episode in the name part.

Picturegoers who did not see Griffith's *Way Down East* at the Empire Theatre, London, will have other opportunities this month, for the feature will be presented by Moss Empires, Ltd., at their numerous Circuit houses in turn. It will be seen in all the principal suburbs and provincial towns and is the first film to go on tour in this way in England, for it is not scheduled for release in ordinary picture theatres. The orchestral score, which was especially compiled for it, adds greatly to the realism, especially when "effects," such as the rushing of water during the ice scenes, are introduced.

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ROUND THE WORLD OF POPULARITY.

(Continued from Page 15.)

inspicion of "nastiness" about her films; seldom—never, one might safely say—does she, as heroine, perform a mean or dishonourable action on the screen. This, not to speak of her beauty and winsome art, explains her world-wide appeal.

Four hundred and sixty missives in one day, all from abroad, is Enid Bennett's record. England, Australia, Maine and Canada (Colonials dote upon Enid) provided most of them. And mostly the writers were women. Charles Ray, though, is more popular with men than girls, if his secretary be a true judge. South Africa, New York, and country towns all over America (where the "small town" exists just exactly as Charles Ray's pictures lead you to believe) love the screen's shy hero. In this case it is as much "like and like" as anything else, although sophisticated Paris and Madrid have each a warm corner in their hearts for Charles.

The Tahmages, too, are popular almost everywhere. Norma for her womanliness and charm, and Constance for her gay, spirited comedy work. They are the embodiment of the girl of to-day at her best, and both Europe and America vie with one another in worshipping them.

Violet Hopson, the British star, is best beloved in New Zealand and the British Isles. A peculiarly British

type (on the screen her portrayals of sport-loving and home loving English womanhood are the best of their kind), her dark beauty carries with it a sense of steadiness and sympathy that causes many women, but more men, to write and tell her all their troubles.

Every other girl in England and South Africa who doesn't possess a big brother of her own appears to look upon Gregory Scott as "the next best thing." Certainly his popularity is greatest amongst the fair sex of these parts. The North of England is especially keen about him, and does not hesitate to express its feelings on paper.

It is predicted that Rudolf Valentino is the coming world favourite. Rudie, a combination of Wally Reid and Tony Moreno, is younger than either of these, and of Italian birth. He is a temperamental youth, and is not exactly overjoyed at the prospect before him, for he wants to attempt character studies and strong acting rôles, and fears that too great a public may debar him from this Time will show, anyway. Popularity is not achieved overnight, whatever press agents may say to the contrary, and though these popular idols disseminate their shadow selves across the face of the earth without stirring outside their own home town, they have to prove their worth. Otherwise their first trip is also their last, and they quickly pass into the limbo of forgotten things.

J. L.

THE VAMPING OF SOLOMON.

(Continued from Page 12)

cloud of dust and the whirling of spiked wheels and hoofs madly cleaving the air. Tom secured an entirely unrehearsed thrill, which nearly brought a painful death to one of the drivers. The four-horsed chariot careering behind his overturned vehicle escaped running him down as he lay helpless by a matter of inches.

Betty Blythe, whose beauty has a strong appeal apart from her restrained acting in a difficult rôle requiring very delicate handling, also stands out in the chariot-racing scene. Her tender love passages with Solomon, and her gripping frenzy at the discovery of her lifeless son in the gloomy death tomb, do not remain in the recollection so forcibly as her reckless race in the arena with the jealous Princess Vashti. There is a primitive appeal about the beautiful Queen, with her face lit with the thrill of conquest and her unbridled hair streaming in the wind as she drives her team of white Arabs to victory amidst the applause of five thousand spectators.

Directing the comparatively small lenses of film cameras on to such giant sets and mob groupings required all the art of the producer and the camera men. Otherwise, panoramic views robbed of the human element would have resulted.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST.

(Continued from Page 50.)

"Testimony," Ivy Duke told me, "is the only film I've appeared in alone. It was a very interesting rôle, too. I like each new part to be different from the last. I had to get lost in the snow at the end, you know. We did all that in the studio. The tree under which I was found was just a studio tree. You know the kind. Instead of branches it had strings and things to keep it in position. And that cold, cold snow was salt. So were my tears. I cried a lot in that film—Guy usually tells me a sad little story of some kind to make me cry; only once I begin, I cry and cry and cry, and can't stop, which is awkward sometimes."

Ivy doesn't look like that. She seems to be always smiling and dimpling, but we'll take her word for it. And then we had an interruption.

True to his word, the Hon. Sec. had sent a Committee member to invite Ivy Duke to join the Kinema Club. But Ivy declared she had already made up her mind to, and thought we ought to go and rescue Guy from the Hon. Sec. So we went down again and sent a messenger up to the billiards room in search of him.

We returned to the subject of clothes again. Ivy Duke seldom dresses in light colours, except on the screen. "For day wear especially," she said, "I prefer black or dark navy or something that is dark. I like simplicity of line, too. Latue made my frocks for *The Persistent Lovers*, and all my *Bigamist* gowns and negligées came from Paris. She described some of her clothes in *The Persistent Lovers*, which you will see some time in May.

"You never asked me about my clothes. I wear three suits in *The Persistent Lovers*, and no one will be the least bit interested in them. I think those black and white Riviera Brogues I had on ought to be described on the posters." Guy Newall had returned to us quite unharmed, and wearing an injured expression which was irresistibly comic.

"Of course, I really wore them because they matched Ivy's dog," he concluded. "And I've seen all over the Club, and told your friend the Hon. Sec. that I want to join at once."

"How did you like America?" I asked him, as we prepared to leave.

"Very well, what I saw of it. Of course, I've been in America before,

you know. I was there with Marie Tempest a few years ago. We had a season with "The Duke of Killiecrankie," in New York. Now we're commencing *Boy Woodburn* next week," he went on. "We've bought a farm in the New Forest and transformed it into a racing stable. We're stocking it with hunters and my Argentine roan mare (I brought her from America) is down there all ready for her first film. I play 'Jim Silver.'"

Incidentally, Guy is scenarist, adaptor, and producer as well. He's also managing director of George Clark Productions, and told me that he had so much spare time that he thought of writing novels. Which statement you may believe—if you don't know Guy Newall.

"I find it easier in the long run to do my own scenarios," he said, and then described the new studios at Beaconsfield. They stand on six acres of ground, and will be wonderful when everything is finished. I enquired as to his favourite production.

"My next," he replied. "My next. Always."

From below came an impatient "Toot-toot."

"My car," said Guy. "I think we'll brave the fog."

So we crept downstairs, hoping to escape the Hon. Sec. But it was not to be. He was guarding the door, lest his lawful prey escape without the Entrance Forms his watchful care had provided for them.

"I shall die happy now that I know you've seen the Kinema Club," he chortled, presenting Guy and Ivy with a folded document each, and me with a look of withering contempt.

"Interviewers," he announced, with folded arms, "ought to be made to pay double entrance fees. Can't think why they're allowed in."

"Come down to Beaconsfield with us in the car," Guy Newall suggested. "You can fight it out on the studio floor, and we'll film you and present the result to the Kinema Club."

Ivy Duke thought that a fine idea. "We could call it 'The Persistent—'"

"Pest!" snapped the Hon. Sec., and glared.

"Plague!" retorted the interviewer, and glowered.

"Good-bye," chorussed Guy and Ivy through the fog. "We'll back you both ways."

Seriously and in dead earnest, does anybody know of a really good weed-killer?

JOSIE P. LEDERER.

THE MAGAZINE COVER GIRL.

(Continued from Page 25.)

perseverance, she achieved the distinction of having a part written in for her, and as "The Century Girl" sang and danced her way into the hearts of impressionable Follies' audiences.

By that time Marion was well on her way to stardom in the motion-picture studios. Her first film experience was at Maine, Palm Beach Florida. With other holiday-makers she was filmed in a Topical (and a very lovely bathing suit), and a few days later, on her way back to the hotel after seeing herself on the screen, was buttonholed by a producer who had been to the same show, and earnestly requested to make a film or two. It took three days for Marion to make up her mind. And the idea of writing her own story and titles tempted her quite as much as the acting chances. But she did it. In a story called *Runaway Romany*, which, as its title implies, concerned gypsies, Marion Davies successfully proved her right to live (in celluloid). She returned to musical comedy to fulfil certain standing arrangements, and then entered Screenland for good and all in a series of six Select productions.

The first of these was *Cecilia of the Pink Roses*. Others were: *The Burden of Proof* ("Diplomacy" in a new dress), and *The Belle of New York*. Some of these were good; some were not.

To Famous-Players' New York studio Maid Marion next migrated, and in *The Dark Star* (a most convincing kiddie was she in the early scenes of this), *April Folly*, *The Restless Sex*, *The Cinema Murder*, *Superman*, and *Getting Mary Married*, showed that both versatility and charm were hers, besides beauty and a captivating personality.

The Marion Davies Productions strike a decided note of their own. That feeling for the mediæval, aforementioned, dominates them all, from her first to her latest, now in the course of production.

Marion Davies herself disapproves of her early work. "I know perfectly well that my first pictures weren't good," she recently remarked. "But my succeeding ones were better. And my future productions are going to be just as good as I know how to make them. You may be quite sure of that." What can "fans" ask more?

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CONRAD.

His appeal of his eyes potent for decision at last.

"Wait for me and I will come to you," she promised.

Conrad sat impatiently in his room until a late hour. He felt that at last the old thrill of love beneath Italian skies would be his that night.

He snuggled down into an arm chair and drew at his pipe with an air of contentment.

The minutes passed and Conrad yawned. His head began to nod, and his eyelashes flickered slowly downwards.

When a slight form in a diaphanous dressing gown stole discreetly through the French windows from the balcony that led from her room, there was no low cry of welcome or encircling arms waiting to crush her. Only a sonorous snore. Conrad had failed her.

She laughed with just a tinge of disappointment, but there was relief there as well.

The happy dream was over.

She scribbled a few hurried lines on a scrap of paper and pinned it near the drooping head of her neglectful lover. Then she glided back to the balcony.

The light of dawn was stealing through the window when Conrad awoke with a guilty start.

Curiously he lifted the message from its resting place and scanned it with sleepy eyes.

"There is no road back to seventeen. Good bye," he read.

She had gone. And he was not heartbroken or miserable nigh unto death as he had been when she had left him before. He was not even sorry, he realised with a dull disappointment. His romance had not bloomed anew or brought back that elusive thrill of youth's blind unreasoning love.

Fate, in the form of a missed train connection then intervened. Once again the faithful Dobson had packed the trunks, and Conrad, sad and dispirited, was on his way back to England. At a provincial station he found that he had three hours to wait. The wind swept platform did not appear particularly inviting. He would walk through the town, he thought, and pass the time that way.

In the street he paused a moment to read a contents bill of a music hall. A cry of disunity in a girlish voice brought him swinging round on his heel.

Two neatly dressed girls were bending over a shabby suit case that lay on the pavement. A broken catch had deposited a flimsy mass of feminine apparel on the muddy flagstones.

Conrad raised his hat and proffered his assistance.

A pair of expressive grey eyes were raised to his. Conrad's sympathetic

smile changed the last challenge of glare of distrust to one of gratitude.

"It is very kind of you," said a musical voice. "I was carrying my friend's bag to the stage door and it suddenly collapsed."

The damage is soon repaired, laughed Conrad, gathering up filmy garments with commendable lack of embarrassment.

"Let me take it round to the door," he suggested, lifting the contrary contrivance in his strong arms.

He was hatching a little plot then. For he liked the girl with the fine grey eyes and the musical voice. He saw an opening with the aid of the opportune bag of getting better acquainted.

At the stage door the trio found a gesticulating mob of loudly dressed actresses and long-haired actors.

"He's bunked with the money," said a hook nosed man in a grey bowler hat and check suit, who was haranguing the excited crowd from the steps.

There were murmurs of rage from the men and a tightening of the lips of the white-faced women. Many miles lay between them and their home towns, and the shabby purses clutched in their fingers held but a few pence.

The companion of the girl with the grey eyes clutched her friend's sleeve with a cry of distress.

"What shall I do, Rosy? I haven't a penny," she moaned.

Conrad understandingly took in the situation at a glance.

"Does this mean that you won't get any wages this week?" he asked sympathetically.

Before the reply came to his question the man in the check suit commenced to speak again.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll run the show until the end of the week, and pay over to you what's left of the profits after I've had my share. That's the best I can offer you."

"It's better than nothing," advised the men. "We'd better try it out."

In a melancholy stream the stranded artistes disappeared through the doorway.

"I feel now as if I'm one of you," said Conrad, turning to his new friends. "I'll meet you after the show and we'll talk this matter over."

His friendly smile proved irresistible to the distressed girls. The sudden misfortune that had come their way had broken down the barriers of reserve that exists between strangers.

They brightened visibly at his suggestion.

"Come in and see the show, and tell us what you think of it," they invited; and Conrad, thoroughly pleased with his adventure, agreed with boyish enthusiasm.

Have gone broke—fix up rooms at the best hotel," ran the message

that was handed to Dobson at the railway station ten minutes after.

"The show's bad, I'm afraid. I won't bring you in a penny," said Conrad frankly when he met his newly made friends after viewing the worst revue that he had ever had the misfortune to sit through.

"I know it's hopeless," admitted the girl that Conrad had been addressed as Rosie. "I'm afraid we're badly stranded."

Conrad's kindly eyes gazed on the white, pinched face of the elder girl and had a sudden inspiration. She looked famished.

"What about a jolly little feed in your rooms?" he suggested, with naive frankness that had no suggestion of offence.

"That would be great," agreed Rosie. "Let's go shopping."

Up the narrow stairs leading to the third-floor apartment of the chor girls Conrad staggered loaded with succulent eatables.

He deposited them on the table, then held out his hand.

"I must be going now," he said.

A pair of grey eyes merged from excitement to disappointment.

"But won't you stay and join for supper?" said Rosie, who had begun to like the tall, kind-hearted stranger.

And Conrad wanted no second invitation.

For several days Conrad stayed in the dingy provincial town, as he was a frequent visitor to the third-floor apartment.

On the Saturday he slipped a wad of notes into the hand of Rosie's friend.

"I want you to accept these as a loan to help those unhappy people pay their railway fares home," he said. "I'm sure they won't get a penny to-day out of that terrible show."

A pair of watching grey eyes looked on softened as they saw Conrad's generous impulse.

"How good of you to think of the in that way! They'll bless you for that," said Rosie's friend, with heartfelt gratitude.

When she had gone to carry the good news to her fellow players Conrad turned to the girl standing by his side. His pulse quickened shyly she dropped her eyes before the ardour of his gaze.

"It was good of you to think of my friends in that way," she said softly.

"Also I was thinking of you," he whispered. "Don't you guess that I have learned to love you?"

He felt real emotion now, so different from the flicker of affection that he had felt in Italy, although his romance there had been tinged with the radiance of the past.

She raised her beautiful head and looked frankly into his strained face.

"I am only a poor chorus girl," she said quietly. "You are a rich gentleman. You could not want to marry me."
 He caught her in his arms.
 "I love you," he repeated passionately. "Is that not enough?"
 He was young again. His quest was an end. He had found that whilst he adored he was young.
 She slipped from his embrace, but not angrily.
 "I am going away to-day," she said. "If you still want me after you have thought everything over, go to Lady Darlington and ask her about me."
 And in a flash she had gone.

Back in his town house Conrad, with the ever-present memory of the smiling grey eyes and a rosebud mouth that bewitched him, searched feverishly through "Debrett's Peerage."
 A taxi, Dobson, and tell him to drive like the wind," he shouted when the address he sought was forthcoming.
 "Lady Darlington will be down in five minutes, sir," said the grey-haired butler who admitted him.
 The rustle of silk, a happy laugh, and Rosie stood before him.
 "You?" he said, incredulously.
 "Yes, I—Lady Darlington," she smiled. "I wanted to keep my real identity secret. I was only visiting an old friend of mine when I met you. I used to be on the stage before I married my late husband, and I just wanted to get amongst the grease-paints and footlights once again for the sake of old memories."
 "Rosie," said Conrad, cutting short her breathless explanations, "I still want you more than ever."

She did not resist his strong arms now.
 "Why do you want me so much?" he asked, smiling up happily into his face.
 "Because," said Conrad slowly, with a new light in his eyes, "because you have shown me the way back to youth."

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WHAT DO YOU THINK? Your View & Ours

A READER, whose middle name is Pessimism, has sent me a long tale of woe, the theme of which is the decline and fall of the cinematograph industry. "I have seen all the super-films of 1922," he begins, "and, frankly, I am not impressed. What has become of our progress? We are not going forward at all! Let the terrible truth be written: *We are sliding down hill!* The kinema has given us of its best, and I can only regard the future with dire forebodings. Many kinemas will be closing their doors before very long."

THAT'S a nice cheery opening for this month's Readers' Parliament. If we went on like that we should soon become as unpleasant as the Westminister talk-shop. Happily, however, there is an optimist in our midst. "I have seen both film and stage versions of *The Sign on the Door*," he writes, "and the movies leave the legitimate stage a hundred miles behind. Norma Falmadge is wonderful, and the film, as a whole, is immeasurably superior to the stage version. What is the matter with the movies? Nothing! They're all right."

THERE you are, then. The optimists see one side of the medal, the pessimists the other.

What do you think? Are the movies advancing, are they back-sliding, or are they standing still?

What About It?

We'll have a readers' referendum upon the subject. Measure up current productions with past successes, and let me know your verdict.

LECTURING to the Stoll Picture Theatre Club on—"What the Public Wants," G. K. Chesterton launched a scathing attack upon producers who make an indiscriminate selection of famous plays and novels for movie adaptation. He instanced Thackeray's novel "Vanity Fair" and Shaw's play "Pygmalion" as two works that could not be translated into motion pictures with any degree of success.

"I saw in the paper the other day," said he, "that someone was adapting 'Pygmalion' to the screen. It would be just as sensible to write that an artist intended to paint Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata!'"

What do you think?

WHY is it that screen musicians—especially violinists—never seem to know how to play their instruments? People pick up a fiddle and start to play it without the faintest pretence of tuning it;

they hold it all wrong and draw the bow over the finger-board. As a violinist myself, these little faults have set my teeth on edge during more pictures than I can count. Surely, with the art of the film at such a high standard, a few lessons would not be too great a price to pay for perfection. There is no need to bother about the sounds

produced, but they should be particular as to the way to hold the violin. Eric Stroheim in *Blind Husbands* knew what he was doing and he *tuned it softly* before joining in."—M. R. (*Dunfermline*).

RECENTLY I saw a picture which the hero and heroine stood upon the seashore. Pointing to the right-hand side of the screen the hero remarked via a sub-title: *Let There Be Light.* that it was a beautiful sunset. Y.

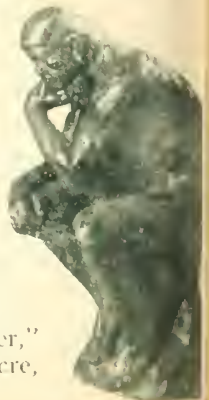
The scene in question was a unique example of back-lighting, the sunlight making a dazzling halo in the heroine's hair and casting shadows toward the front of the scene. Then, again, so many candles throw their own shadows on the wall, and in the darkened room that has drawn blinds a brilliant 'spot light' plays sunshine tricks in the heroine's curly locks. Why is it? The most authentic lighting I have seen has been in 'Swedish' picture in which more attention seems to be paid to obtaining truthful and possible pictures, and not so much to the craze for 'back-lighting' in every scene."—G. P. W. (*Finchley*).

Verily, you readers are getting mighty technical in your criticism of the movies. It is a good sign because it proves the very keen interest taken by picturegoers in all matters appertaining to the screen. The legitimate stage has been ruined by the lethargy of modern theatregoers; may the screen always breed such keen critics of its imperfections!

WHO is the greatest emotional actor on the screen? Picturegoers are rallying in support of their own particular idols, and mar-

Artistes In Emotion. artistes have been allotted the throne of honour. Sessu-

Hayakawa, Henry Ainley, Matheson Lang, Charles Chaplin, Eille Norwood, Wyndham Standing, William Farnum, Hobart Bosworth, Thomas Meighan and many others have been mentioned. What do you think? Letters should be addressed to "The Thinker," c.o. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.





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Some of the other stories which will delight you are: “THE MOLLYCODDLE,” the story of the Allied Artists film; “OFFICER 666,” the story of the Goldwyn film; & “HELIOTROPE,” the story of the Famous-Lasky film.

The 4-PAGE KINEMA GUIDE, which is given FREE with this number, is filling a long-felt want amongst film “fans” who wish to know when the films they wish to see are due at their local kinema.

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- DOUBLE - PAGE ART PLATE of Guy Newall.
- SIDLIGHTS ON THE STARS (Eileen Percy).
- BEHIND THE SCREEN (Film News of the Month).
- LET GEORGE DO IT (“George” will answer any question you care to ask).
- PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES
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Inside will be found aids to beauty in every form by the screen's most beautiful stars—film stars who are so vitally concerned in looking

their best. How some beautiful people appear less beautiful on the screen, and how people with irregular features may be made to look very beautiful, is told in a special article dealing with the vagaries of the camera. That vexed question, "Who is the Screen's Most Beautiful Star?" is also dealt with.

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Ivy Drive



George Walsh was born in New York in 1892. He was a law student when the lure of the movies drew him screenwards, but his film successes put all ideas of the legal profession out of his head. He has achieved fame both on and off the screen as an all-round athlete. His latest picture is the *With Stanley in Africa* serial.

AN APRIL DIARY

VOL. 3. NO. 16. APRIL, 1922.

Editorial Offices:
93, Long Acre, London.

Registered for Transmission
by Canadian Magazine post.

WEDNESDAY, April 6th, 1888, was a muddy day, and it was a very muddy little five-year-old who triumphantly announced to his astonished father that he had at last managed to turn a double somersault backwards. This was Douglas Fairbanks' first star performance.

The new Winter Garden Theatre, in New York, boasted, among other attractions it offered its patrons on Monday, April 10, 1911, of a stately beauty called Katherine MacDonald, who was the tallest member of the cast. She had the smallest rôle of them all, for part of "Fifine," in "La Belle Patee," consisted of a bare six lines.

A bright idea took shape in a more than usually bright brain on Monday, April 12th, 1920. This was to allow Mr. A. N. S. Wersman, of Pictures, to spend his last few years in peace and quietness and let a younger fellow shoulder his burdens. Accordingly, in the next issue of Pictures, they "Let George Do It" for the first time. And now they can't stop him!

Jack Warren Kerrigan, and favourite Universal player, found eighteen hero-worshipping maidens, with Kodaks, waiting to "get him" outside the gates on Friday, April 16th, 1916. Jack lost his nerve completely, staggered, dodged, and finally ran for his life.

Saturday, April 18th, 1908, found Ethel Clayton, the Titian-haired leading lady of the Shubert Theatre Stock Company, in a world-conquering mood. She was determined to be another Sarah Bernhardt (she was barely eighteen), and she put so much dash and fire into her rôle of "Ann Cruger," in "The Charity Ball," that she received an ovation when the curtain fell.

On Thursday, April 22nd, 1916, Theda Bara, the Fox star, received a letter of ardent devotion from a house-plumber of Atlanta, S.A. This romantic knight of the spanner had crocheted a pair of silk slippers with his own strong hands and enclosed them with his missive. Two days later, the inspired one followed up his gift by a long-distance telephone call. Theda had to use all her persuasive powers to make him stay in Atlanta after that.

Tuesday, April 24th, 1906, was the second night of "York State Folks," playing at the Albion Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa. The sweet, kindly old "Widow Miller" of the company was one Josephine Crowell, known to film fans nowadays as the Wickedest Woman in Pictures. She says she found the worse she grew the bigger the "screw."

Rod La Roque, the popular young player who is such a good exponent of light comedy rôles, was a bold, bad villain on Monday, April 26th, 1921. He was on tour in *Thy Name Is Woman*, and had been well hissed in New York for his frightfulness. And Rodney liked it, and rewarded the hissers with his cheeriest grin.

The stage version of that popular novel, "The Christian," was put on in America on Friday, April 29th, 1904, with William Shakespeare Hart as a sad-faced and resonant voiced "John Storm." Twelve years later, on the same day, the same William announced his contemplated retirement from the screen. But he hasn't carried out his threat so far.



APRIL BIRTHDAYS.

- 1—Mary Miles Minter.
- 8—Mary Pickford.
- 9—Carmel Myers.
- 12—William Russell.
- 15—Wallace Reid.
- 15—Matheson Lang.
- 19—Constance Talmadge
- 21—Lillian Walker.
- 28—Bryant Washburn
- 29—Forrest Stanley.

GRIFFITH and the GISHES



Dorothy as
"Louise."

Lillian and Dorothy Gish are D. W. Griffith's special protégés — he discovered them when they were school-girl friends of Mary Pickford. The sisters are seen together in "Orphans of the Storm," the latest Griffith "special," the making of which is described in this article.

Two gleaming swords flashed in the golden sunlight as two nobles of the Court of Louis XVI. faced each other, the while courtiers and ladies clustered round in excitement. At the foot of the marble stairway they fenced, parrying and thrusting with fierce intensity, yet consummate grace. At one side a golden-haired country girl, beautiful as any of the towering belles of the Court, without a suggestion of their artificiality, watched the encounter with hope and anxiety staring from her wide eyes.

"We shall see-e-e-e who receives the final rites, M'sieu Chevalier!"

"Touché!"

A cry of approval goes up from the gaily-costumed throng. A sea of white wigs nod in pantomimed conversation.

The two nobles, proud in their gay, brocaded coats, their rich, silken breeches, their beribboned stockings, lunged at each other with quickened ardour. Blades clashing, eyes flashing, the men circle swiftly about, never looking anywhere but in each other's eyes. Again they have started the wary circling, again—and the lithe Chevalier steps adroitly forward, feints, and with the speed of a tiger runs his glittering sword into his opponent's breast.

A shriek of horror, a general rush towards the swooning victim, a fantastical hubbub.

The slender, panting Chevalier has grasped the gentle blonde girl's hand, and together they dash up the marble steps.

"All right, boys," says a quiet, sonorous voice. "Let's do it again. After you've stuck him, Mr. Schildkraut, I wish you'd remember to wait until he drops his sword before escaping with Miss Gish. He might be fooling you and stab you in the back."

With a sott chuckle, D. W. Griffith resumed the camp chair from which he had risen to deliver his criticism.

An energetic assistant herded the ladies and courtiers back to the side lines, whence they were to rush once the duel

Dorothy as "Louise Givard."

led again. The contestants leaned up their swords and joked with one another. "Let me kill you this time," suggested the unfortunate victim of attack and the scenario.

Such colourful pattern is *Orphans of the Storm*. Sentiment, thrills, filiny, romance and heroism—all there, woven adeptly, slyly, into a pshy, effective entertainment; luscious meat, if ever there was any, for the movies. And clearly Griffith achieved his task. In transposing the famous duel scene to the celluloid, he sat and rocked with chuckles of approbation, his sign; oddly enough, complete satisfaction. During one of Lillian Gish's most tragic scenes, he laughed happily throughout, a pathetic laugh.

It is a joy to do a thing that you almost certain will be popular," Griffith to me. "It was a joy, of course, to do *Blossoms*, but then joy faded. Not so with *Way Down East*.

And this, I think, is a story of equal power, and, in addition, considerably greater pictorial appeal." Griffith was introduced to the latest of his discoveries, in this case a beauty only of the screen, already a spotlighted luminary, Joseph Schildkraut, who plays the "Chevalier." He is strikingly handsome, with tragic dark eyes, lustrous black hair, a sensitive, aquiline nose, a quivering mouth, and a lithe, straight body of great height. But he is very excellent on personal subjects.

"What are your ideas on love and marriage?" I asked him over lunch. He frowned.

It does not concern the public whether or not I am a married man or a Mormon," said he. "It is not my business whether I am middle-aged or old, whether I am stupid or intelligent. I am a public specimen or not as an actor, and it is as an actor that you have a right to consider me. If I am an artiste, all right. If not, too bad. But what I eat? What I drink? How much I drink? On that I have nothing to say. The public is too inquisitive."

While we lunched I spied Morgan Wallace and the good-looking Creighton Hale at a near-by table, with two charming young things whom I later found were cousins of the Gish sisters, giving their first chance to be movie queens in this huge spectacle play.

The one cousin, a striking beauty, with dark hair and chiselled profile, confided to me that extra-girling was hard work.

"We stand about so much," she said. "But I'm going to stick to Griffith any time he will give me a chance. And I'll have to finish school first, too. Tell the world it's wonderful, but awfully hard work." He looked like a Gainsborough painting come to life, the costume being an inspiration of the encouraging, sympathetic Lillian's.

I asked Lillian herself what chances she thought the beginner had. She

thought for a few moments, then spoke haltingly, gently.

"The beginner has a hard road to travel," she said slowly. "I told the girls what a task it was to be an extra. I warned them. Now, if they are anxious to stay in the pictures, I think they should turn out fairly well. They are eager to succeed, surely. And that, coupled with beauty and grace, helps tremendously."

Recalling that she had been selected in a competition to discover the eight most beautiful women of the screen, I mentioned the fact to her.

Dropping her eyes, she smiled in embarrassment. "I never knew that I was a beauty. But it is wonderful to be appreciated. I don't think any one realizes how I love the letters sent me. They mean so very much—especially now." Her voice softened. "Mother is in the hospital. Dorothy and I have been terribly worried about her, and these sweet letters and tokens of admiration have just kept me buoyed up sometimes when everything was bluest."

Sweet, ethereal, dainty, this emotional prima donna is lily-like, fragrant, slender, retiring, graceful—a far cry from many of the screen heroines who become varnished disappointments off the screen. Her dreamy eyes, her tiny, round mouth, her clear white skin, all are symbolic of the girl herself—girl, I add, rather than woman, though in experience she is indeed no longer young.

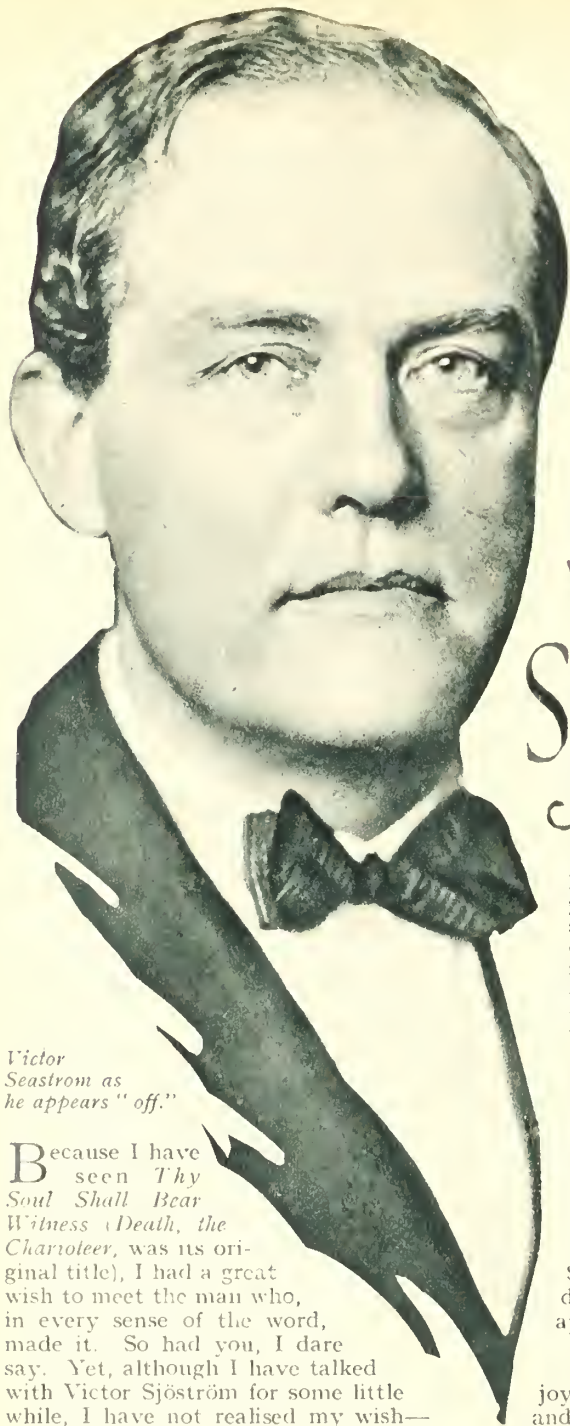
As we were chatting, Mr. Griffith strolled over to explain the action of the impending scene to Lillian.

"And I wish you would disarrange your hair, Miss Gish," concluded the gelatine genius, after details had been covered. With a smile, the "Annie Moore" of the unforgettable *Way Down East* left us.

"This is the thing that the whole world loves," said the creator of "The Birth," as he calls it. "Romance! Excitement, thrills, love, and climaxes—not one, but many. When I make a picture I am making it for the world, not for myself. If I were making pictures for myself there would be more 'Blossoms' and fewer 'Dream Streets,' but"—gradually a smile appeared—"my business sense, poor though it is, tells me that 'Dream Street' is adjacent to Easy Street."

"I must attune my work to the masses as well as the classes. The man in the street must be fascinated just as much as the stockbroker and the highbrow, so-called. And in *Orphans*, I believe I have the universal story, with its romance, its comedy, its thrills, its heart interest, and, do not forget, far more opportunity for spreading beautiful sets than ever I have had





Victor Seastrom as he appears "off."

Because I have seen *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness* (Death, the Charivari, was its original title), I had a great wish to meet the man who, in every sense of the word, made it. So had you, I dare say. Yet, although I have talked with Victor Sjöström for some little while, I have not realised my wish—yet. Although I have done my best, as you shall see.

That journalism in the shape of a would-be interviewer should stand outwardly calm and collected, but inwardly quaking and impotent before Genius is not surprising. When Genius presents itself in the impressive shape of Victor Sjöström, such a state of affairs is inevitable. But that Genius should prove to be more or less in the same uncomfortable condition is surprising. And disconcerting. Especially when both know full well that escape is, *pro tem.*, impossible. And more especially when there is a witness present.

Preliminary greetings over, we subsided opposite one another in terror-

The SAGA of Sjöström

He is better known to British picturegoers as "Victor Seastrom," the producer and star of "Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness" and other epoch-making Swedish pictures. Seastrom is one of the few men who are working to lift the movies to the highest plane of art.

stricken silence. Until the witness referred to above, who must possess a very kind heart, ordered tea. After which my nervousness manifested itself in an unusual and tearful eloquence. Victor Sjöström's utterances were deceptively gentle and disappointingly brief.

He was on holiday, he said. I hoped he had had an enjoyable time, both elsewhere and in London, where he was spending the last week of it.

"I have just come from the Victoria and Albert Museum. Remarkably interesting there." This was Sjöström's sole clue to the fact that his next production may probably be a period play.

I discoursed on museums for some moments. He was exceedingly monosyllabic in reply. Then theatres. I knew he had been to as many as he could possibly take in during his brief stay.

I named a goodly number, and enquired which he found most to his taste.

"The Sign on the Door" came at length. "Blood and Sand," too, he commended.

Victor Seastrom as "David Holm" in "Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness."



"Kinemas?"

"I have not been inside one London picture theatre."

But he has seen every film worth seeing at home, in Stockholm.

"And the Scandinavian folk?" questioned. "Do they approve of American five-reelers and super-American stars? And of foreign productions?"

He pondered for a little while before replying. "Oh, yes," with perfectly disarming smile.

Victor Sjöström is a very big man. Mentally and physically big; with the traditional Scandinavian coloring: fair, that is to say, with slight greying hair, and deep-set grey-blue eyes, which hold an intense earnestness and an infinite comprehension.

He is an idealist, if strong; an exceedingly sensitive features tell a true tale. Yet his work proclaims him unsparring and unafraid of realism. Behind that tremendous brow of his must be both fact and fancy, a fearless soul setting his hardship and evil candidly before

with a singularly clear vision where delineation of character is concerned. Sweden, I gathered, has seen two years ago the much-discussed *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *Deception*, and the best of the German-made features. But, like most other countries, they like best stories of their own folk and their own land.

"You really were born in America, weren't you?" I asked, disturbing, I am afraid, an impending reverie.

He admitted as much. Also that he had not seen America since he was a very little

childly enough, though, his English, though perfectly fluent, has at times a noticeably American accent, and an occasional American phrase.

I enquired as to Victor Sjöström's early experiences. An actor since quite an early age, he has played in most of the classics of his own Scandinavia. Some of these are but little known over here. In Shakespeare, too, he has appeared, notably as "Malvolio," in *The Twelfth Night*. He is married to Edith Stof, of the State Theatre, Stockholm, who is one of Sweden's foremost actresses.

His first film, *The Black Mask*, was an original circus story, and a romantic one, which arrived in Great Britain about 1914. "I prefer a story specially written for the screen," he declared.

On and off for the past ten years he has been closely associated with the Swedish Biograph Company, working first as actor, then producer, nowadays as both.

I questioned as to his methods when filming. "The studios are at Stockholm," he said.

He also remarked, "I never allow any visitors when we are working."

In that case," I replied, "there is no objection for me to visit Stockholm." Which comment won me a smile.

Sjöström works mainly by daylight, a far more expensive process than that of artificial lighting, because it necessitates much waiting upon his majesty King Sol. He does not confine himself to settled hours, save when a large crowd has been engaged.

His scenarios he usually likes to prepare for himself. *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness* he chose directly when I asked for the title of his favourite production.

"This," he said, "was a story which I liked. So much that the scenario took only seven days. On others I have worked for weeks. Everything in the novel was transferred to the screen play, but there were parts of the film that were not in the novel."

Dr. Selma Lagerlöf, who wrote it, professed

herself entirely satisfied with its screen translation. A rarity, for usually author and producer do not see eye to eye.

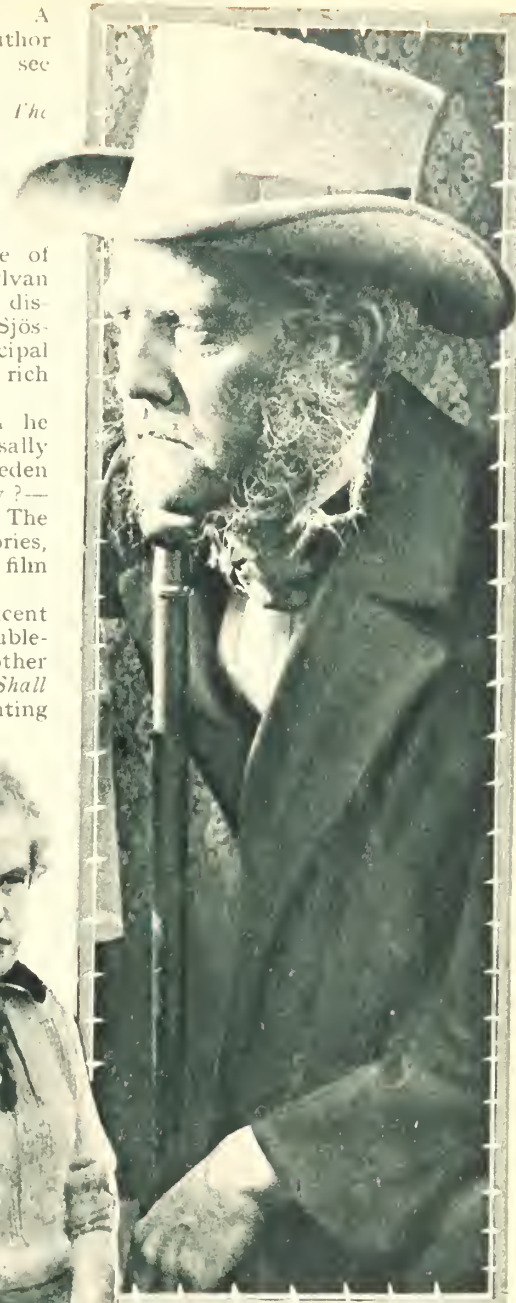
An earlier production, *The Dawn of Love*, is another Selma Lagerlöf novel, adapted and produced by Victor Sjöström, which was released in Great Britain a couple of years ago. It is a sylvan story, in a quaint and distinctive setting, and Sjöström played the principal character, that of a rich provincial farmer.

"Selma Lagerlöf," he told me, "is as universally read and admired in Sweden as your— who shall I say?— Shakespeare or Dickens. The people love these stories, both as novels and as film plays."

He was extremely reticent as to the splendid double-exposure work and other effects in *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness*, contenting

(Continued on page 56.)

Right:
In "A Man
There Was."



Above: As the Pawnbroker in "A
Lover in Pawn." Below: "Thy
Soul Shall Bear Witness."





The Hon. Mrs. Norton, as painted by G. F. Watts. Mrs. Norton was the original of Meredith's "Diana."

Our frivolous contributor, who is engaged in the pious task of opening the British Oyster, has had respectability thrust upon him. We sent him to watch the filming of Denison Clift's "Diana of the Crossways" production, and George Meredith, combined with the ultra-respectable atmosphere of Victorian Society, did the rest.



Fay Compton as "Diana Warwick," a remarkable make-up in the style Watts' picture.

"DIANA of the CROSSWAYS"



"Diana" (Fay Compton) is accused of infidelity by her husband (J. R. Tozer).

The life of a journalist is just one disappointment after another.

"Which studio are you writing up this month?" asked the Editor the other day.

"If you please," I answered, "I should like to write them make a picture entitled *Trapped by the Mormons*. I've heard——"

"I, too, have heard," interrupted the Editor. "Since the publication of your harem article, I have heard from about fifty people who advised me to keep an eye on you. Three sent tracts. Therefore, I cannot let you see the Mormons."

"Oh, let me see the Mormons," I pleaded.

"No Mormons," said the Editor, firmly. "Denison Clift is filming *Diana of the Crossways*; go and watch him to-morrow. Have you read the novel?"

"N-no! I'd much rather see the Mor——"

"Read it. And let's have a nice, respectable Victorian article. Good morning."

So I went to a man who had visited the Ideal Studio and said:

"I want to go to Elstree. What's the best way?"
"There's a train leaves St. Pancras at 8.35 a.m.," said the man-who-had-been, "but you'd never catch that."

I assented.

"The next train is 10.45."

"Rather early. What's next?"

"Twelve-something; but if you go by that you'll miss the studio lunch."

I rang up the Editor.

"Listen," I told him. "The topic of the day is Mormonism. Don't you think a really bright article describing the interior of a Mormon temple would——"

"Go to Elstree," said the Editor.

I caught the 10.45 from St. Pancras.

Some people would boast about an achievement of this description. I offer it as a simple statement of fact. With the exception of the engine-driver, stoker and guard, I seemed to be the only person who wanted to go to Elis-tree, and, really, I didn't.

When I got to the Ideal Studios, I found Denison Clift directing a dinner-table scene with Fay Compton, Fisher White, J. R. Tozer, Henry Victor, and Ivo Dawson. Fay Compton, looking very lovely in a black wig, sat at the head of the table, eating an apple and cracking jokes "between shots."

"Save some of that apple, Miss Compton," warned Denison Clift. "We'll take the 'announcement' scene next."

Touching that apple, I must say that I sympathised with Fay Compton. I think she was hungry, but she never got a fair chance. Every time she cut off a piece of fruit, Denison Clift came in with his warning cry: "Don't eat all that apple. It's got to last through several shots."

Presently Denison Clift asked Fay Compton to announce the good news to Augustus.

"Who is Augustus?" Miss Compton wanted to know.

"Your husband," said the producer.



"The Crossways," immortalised by George Meredith in his novel.

"My husband! How lovely! Fancy his name being Augustus. But I shall laugh when I say Augustus, I know I shall."

Then Fay told the good news to Augustus, and Augustus (J. R. Tozer) got up and made a nice little speech which Denison Clift cut short in the middle by saying: "That'll do. Cut out the rest. Sit down."

Denison Clift is a very youthful-looking young man for a producer, but he has some very excellent pictures to his credit—*Demos*, *The Diamond Necklace*, *Woman of No Importance*, *Sonia*, *The Old Wives' Tale*, and *Bentley's Conscience*.

He was a scenario-writer before he took to production, and people who know, say that his scripts are just about as perfect as scripts can be.

On the floor his chief assets are a disarming smile and a powerful voice.

scenes ever shown on a screen.

And so to lunch. With a son of George Meredith, a brother of Israel Zangwill, and a son of "John Strange Winter" seated with us at table, you may suppose that there was a full literary flavour to our conversation. Wrong. A discussion of the vital question: "How many cups of tea can a man drink in a day without hurting his constitution?" lasted us until the sweets. The rest of the luncheon-hour was spent in tossing pennies to see who should pay for the coffee. As a faithful student of life behind the screen, I set down these things more in sorrow than in anger.

After lunch I sat in Denison Clift's office and talked about *Diana*.

"Fay Compton was the only actress I could see for the part," he told me.

"It fits her like a glove. You will see, too, that she bears an extraordinary

Denison Clift

directing Fisher White and Fay Compton



in "Diana." (Continued on page 56.)

Geoffrey Malins casting a photoplay. Left to right: Sidney Jay, S. D. Braham, Geoffrey Malins, Lewis Willoughby, Evelyn Brent, Cameron Carr, and Zoe Palmer.



BEHIND *the* KINEMA SCENES



Fred Le Roy Grawville, Peggy Hyland's director - husband, selecting types from a crowd at the office.

The work of a Kinema Agency is described in the entertaining article below, which deals with a little-known phase of life behind the screen.

Follow me through this doorway and learn something of the kinema behind the scenes. We come first of all to an outer apartment—a waiting-room crowded with people of all ages, sizes, and degrees of beauty. The kinema is a democratic affair. It is all things to all men—and all women. In type it would be hard to find two people alike, yet all have much in common. They are the rank and file of the kinema world.

They are waiting for "crowd work." And they are hoping that some day a small part may come along to lift them from precarious obscurity to fame and fortune—from the outer waiting-room to one of those sacred inner apartments whose doors to them are sternly closed; for, in the Agency world, at least, the stars have no dealings with the supers. The hope of to-morrow—that is their common bond. It is written on their faces. Expectancy! It colours their hum of conversation. Listen! "Did you hear about? . . . Yes, it's a chance. . . . It means going to Holland, but . . . It's a good part, old man. . . . It would just suit you."

They exist in to-day. They live in to-morrow. And the gamble which they take with life makes them friendly. They spread news of new productions with open-handed, large-hearted generosity.

[Continued on page 55.]

Sid Jay discussing a scenario with Evelyn Brent.



The world knows it as Wardour Street. It is really Flicker Alley—the Mecca of the Film Fan. It runs through the heart of Soho. It runs through the heart of the movie world. It is the main artery of the kinema trade. Its shop windows are galleries of photographs and posters and synopses. Its shelves are loaded with "tins" of film ready to be scattered broadcast among the 4000 kinemas of Britain. That is Wardour Street as it appears to the casual visitor. But those who know their Flicker Alley pass all these things by and march right on till they come to an inconspicuous doorway just opposite the imposing building devoted to Famous-Players Lasky. By the side of this doorway you will find the name Sidney Jay—the name which for you may open the magic doorway that lies behind the kinema scenes—the magic doorway that takes you away from the obvious world of photographs and posters, and leads you to the human side of film-land which is hidden from the public eye. Here dwells the Agent.

If you possessed the power and the indiscretion to enable you to peep through the keyhole of the world, you would see a lot and learn a lot. The modern animated magazine gives you this power, tempered with discretion, as this entertaining article proves.



Evelyn Laye in her garden.

The learned astronomers who evolve giant mirrors with which to reflect the canals of Mars or the mystery spots on the moon, figure more in the limelight than the modest film camera-man. Yet the art of turning a barrage of cameras on to the world's happenings involves subtle organisation that would probably drive to despair the spectacled professors who seek to probe the secrets of more distant planets.

Behind the "Interest" film, that enables millions to peer through the keyhole of the world and view the beauties of nature in distant climes, the discoveries of science, and human sidelights on celebrities, there exists an army of specially trained camera operators, film editors and photographic experts.

Come to a studio devoted to the production of short interest pictures, such as the "Pathé Pictorial," "Round the Town," or "Eve's Film Review." There you will be confronted with an amazing succession of novelties.



A dainty négligée.

strenuous exhibition the cameras are next switched on to the delightful toe dances of a queen of the ballet who has entertained kings.

The world's novelties are eagerly sought for by the editors of animated screen magazines. For in this fashion the traditional instinct of curiosity that inspired our ancestors to gaze at the circus fat lady and the freaks of the penny gaff is catered for.

The ingenious method of cutting down hosiery bills by having stockings painted on bare legs by artists was recently shown to the world on the kinema screen. Beautifully enamelled portraits on the finger nails and the designing of brilliantly plumaged birds on the bare backs of society beauties, are other "smart set" crazes that the interest film reflected.



Peggy O'Neill of "Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing" fame.

Through the World's Keyhole

BY
P Russell Mallinson

Photographs by courtesy of Pathé Frères, Ltd.

In one corner a West End head-waiter dexterously folds serviettes into artistic patterns before the lens of the camera. A few minutes later a lightning dress-designer takes his place, who, with the aid of pretty mannequins, proceeds to evolve in forty seconds fashionable dresses from lengths of cloth and a few pins.

Famous celebrities, whose names are household words, stand about the studio whilst arc lamps and lenses are turned on to them to secure interesting sidelights on their personalities. A world's champion boxer at one end of the brilliantly lighted room is demonstrating a knock-out, and from this

But it must not be imagined that the film producer only asks you to gaze through his magic keyhole of the universe to view the novelties of life.

He mirrors realities with clever touches that in studios they term presentation.

Such excerpts from real life he secures from all over the world, and he collects his animated "copy" with the assistance of aeroplanes, motor boats, racing cars, slow-motion cameras, and the all-important "Sunlight" arc lamps that literally represent the brightest jewels in the film editor's crown of cute ideas.

These powerful lights, that produce beams of several million candle power,



An unconventional snapshot of Beatrice and Babs.

are turned on events that occur at night or in darkened buildings.

They chase stage "stars" to the hotels and dance clubs after the theatre curtains have descended, and secure film pictures of these artistes dancing and revelling. And, generally on such occasions, fare is provided that is more entertaining than stage attractions, and the element of novelty is always there. When the Sunlight arcs recently flooded the roof garden of a West End hotel at two o'clock in the morning, Nelson Keys was filmed by the cameras indulging in a ludicrous, spontaneous dance for the benefit of the cameras. At another restaurant, the fun of Leslie Henson, even in private life, was revealed when this droll comedian gave a mock saxophone solo with the aid of an empty champagne bottle.

And the spectacle of Frank Moran, the famous American heavy-weight boxer, dressed as Henry the Eighth at an Albert Hall ball, demonstrating his deadly "Mary Ann" punch on the bearded chin of Sir Augustus John, was another example of amusing foolery that the cameras and the arc lamps secured. It is the human touch in these personal sidelights which draws aside the curtain that, in the past, has largely hidden the real personalities of famous folk, that pleases the cinema public. The film camera now penetrates into their houses and gardens, and reveals their hobbies, their domestic tastes, and shows you their children and friends. No longer are public favourites just figure-heads. The screen has brought a greater intimacy into their relations with the masses.

The brush of the painter has recorded with picturesque appeal London's charm both by day and night. But it was the interest



Above: A new career for women—hand-painted hats.

Left: The latest craze—designing brilliantly plumaged birds on the bare backs of Society beauties.



Nellie Wallace at home.

film that for the first time presented striking camera-studies of the heart of a great city at midnight.

The Pathé Pictorial flooded the familiar thoroughfares, monuments and the night life of the metropolis with arc lamps recently. These were

rumbled through the deserted streets on power lorries containing engines taken from "Whippet" tanks to supply the lighting power that pierced the veil of darkness.

In the concentrated glare of the "Sunlights," London became a ghost city, peopled with shadows that moved eerily beneath the brilliant beams of the arc lamps. Buildings stood out like towering erections of crystal decorated by bizarre scrolls as light and shadow alternately enveloped them.

Life's derelicts were caught by the cameras as they slouched along the river embankment. Night-workers in the markets, the muffled forms of the police speeding along the Thames in their motor-boats, and the nightly hum of activity in Fleet Street that never sleeps combined to produce this novel reflection of shadowed London.

For the fair sex, much of the interest provided for them when they peep through the world's keyhole is the screen reflections of fashions. Mannequins are shown flickering across the silver sheet in the latest creations of Europe's dress-designing kings. Resultantly, the time that it previously took for new ideas in dress to trickle through to the London shops, and eventually to the suburbs and smaller towns, has been greatly reduced. The film

mannequins who cater for the feminine needs of the million enable any girl who goes to the pictures to keep abreast of the times where new ideas in dress are concerned.

Fashions in hats, hand-bags, sunshades, footwear, and other feminine amenities are demonstrated on the films by famous actresses. The time may yet arrive when women will descend on the kinemas armed with notebooks in which to record the information they glean from these animated fashions.

By an ingenious combination of hand and mechanical work, sartorial creations are also depicted in their natural colours, so that the blonde or brunette can decide from the screen the styles that will suit her especial colouring.

These tints are not generally obtained by the camera. The picture, after it is developed, is placed in the hands of an artist who colours it with personal labour until the correct effect is obtained. Some idea of the work that this entails can be gauged from the fact that in one film 2,960 separate pictures had originally to be painted in six colours. When the final colours are selected, delicate stencils are cut in such a manner that when placed over the film and passed through a machine, colouring dyes are pressed through the varying-shaped apertures, and directed on to the correct portions of the pictures. Certain stencils guide flesh-tints on to faces, others direct the colours on to certain portions of the dresses, and after many weeks of work the whole is grafted into an "interest" film.

The famous Mrs. Beeton probably little dreamed that her genius as an inspirer of culinary art would one day be presented in animated form on the screen. Yet Beeton art in animation is now to be seen in the picture theatres, for the era of the film cookery book is at hand.

Experienced cooks now demonstrate before the cameras the most economical methods of preparing meals and dainties for the family table. Appetising *éclairs* flicker into completion from a shapeless mass of ingredients, and puddings magically appear beneath the skilled fingers of white-coated *chefs* borrowed from the kitchens of leading hotels.

The animated cartoon owes its existence to the interest picture. There are many forms of this amusing type of film entertainment, but the latest idea combines human figures and objects with ludicrous figures produced by the pencil of the artist.

A man is shown drawing humorous little figures with a few strokes of his pen, and sly but very human dogs and other animals. These creations of his brain flicker into life and com-

mence to torment him by dragging away his ink-pot or ruffling his hair. They get into all manner of mischief, and blend with actors and actresses of flesh and blood in an ingenious and puzzling way.

It is trickery on the part of the producer, of course; but very laborious foolery. To photograph a scene that remains for less than ten minutes on the screen necessitates a process extending over a number of weeks. There are over two thousand separate sketches in every three hundred-and-fifty feet of film.

For the sportsman the "keyhole of the world" provides perennial interest. He is shown aspects of outdoor games that are entirely new to him. The

estimated at the amazing total of fifteen thousand. The intricacies of working out the rebate allowed for Mr. Alligator's number of children would surely drive the unfortunate Income-Tax official to early lunacy.

The effect of music on animals is reflected on the silver sheet. The stolid indifference of the elephant to the strains of jazz, the grinnaces of a monkey when he is entertained by a sentimental ballad, and the ferocious dis-



How a marionette show is worked.

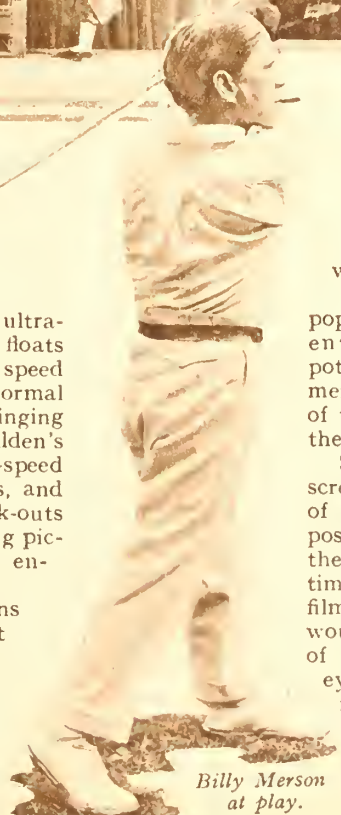


A fashion footnote.

slow-motion camera will make Hitch, the famous cricketer, look like a Russian dancer, as his movements are retarded by the ultra-rapid apparatus, and he floats over the bowling crease at a speed ten times less than his normal movements. The correct swinging of golf clubs, the secrets of Tilden's tremendous drives and high-speed returns on the tennis courts, and power behind boxers' knock-outs are served up for the sporting picture-theatre patron with enlightening ingenuity.

The nature-lover obtains sidelights of wild life that his school books never revealed to him.

He will see a film of a patriarchal alligator who can boast of four hundred and fifty years of life, and his family is



Billy Merson at play.

pleasure of the zebra, ostrich and giraffe when their ear for music was tested, is presented with humorous appeal.

Filming scenes from popular plays and variety entertainments is a potted form of amusement that constitutes one of the latest additions to the "interest" film.

Sarah Bernhardt was screened in the final act of *Daniel* for this purpose, and she expressed the opinion that the time would come when film pictures of rehearsals would always be taken of new plays. For the eye of the lens so relentlessly showed up errors in staging, and mistakes on the part of the artistes.

This year the youth of the country was able to see on the screen the funniest portions of London's pantomimes and the thrills of the big circuses.

In days of youth most of us expressed a desire to "see the wheels go round": the mechanical treat on such occasions being represented by the family watch of a patience-tried parent. Passing years develop rather than lessen this inherent curiosity to learn how things are done, how the scientific marvels of the world are carried out. And because this is an age of hustle and, to a large extent, surface thought, it is the ocular demonstration of the film picture to which the majority of people turn to satisfy their inquisitiveness.

Recently an interest film took the picturegoer behind the scenes of a marionette show. The lens of the camera revealed subtle hands operating the myriad strings that produce in coloured dolls life-like movements of droll realism.

The ingenious bracket-shaped devices that assist in controlling the mutes by speedy manipulation of the fingers were shown.

The secrets of conjurers are probed with the slow-motion camera that shows exactly how rabbits, that appear to vanish into thin air, in reality pass into a convenient pocket in the performer's coat, and the art of palming coins and cards is analysed by the lens.

And the romance that lies behind the intricate organisation that enables commodities ranging from soap to sausages to be produced on the mass-production scale, is caught by the cameras that penetrate into the factories of the world.

Had Caxton or Stevenson known the film picture, the fame that their inventions brought would certainly have been speeded up. For the screen is now a valuable asset to modern inventors. Through the medium of the film they can place the fruits of their labours before the world far more effectively than was possible in the past.

The world is interested in novel aspects of inventive genius; and as clever discoveries make attractive subjects for interest films, the inventor is provided with helpful publicity that his forerunners would have prized beyond measure.

Left: Ruby Miller pictures a new craze—the autographic kiss. Below: Filming Maurice Moskovitch in his garden.

The screen shows helicopters with whirling propellers forcing themselves skyward without the use of lifting-planes and recording a milestone in the progress of aviation research. Wireless wonders find a reflection on the silver sheet, for pictures can often tell a scientific story so that the layman can understand it without being bewildered by statistics or confusing technicalities.

And so the world learns whilst it is being interested.

More and more the interest film is having its influence on the everyday life of picture-theatre patrons. For women it demonstrates new careers, such as goat-farming, the painting of picturesque patterns on ladies' hats, and even the unusual occupation of bridge-building by members of the fair sex. Clad in businesslike overalls, a girl was recently shown on the screen busying herself with a spanner on the dizzy heights of the girders that constituted a lofty bridge in the making.

Humour finds a place in the screen production of a clever film editor who seeks to hold up a mirror to the world's happenings. When the influenza germ was particularly rampant a short time ago, it was an interest film that provided an amusing topical skit on that humourless business of battling with a cold in the head.

The Ultra-Rapid camera was turned on the victim of an influenza cold. But instead of a somewhat depressing screen analysis of this prevalent malady, a picture of ludicrous amusement resulted. For a sneeze slowed down ten times shows grimaces of extreme absurdity.



Dorothy Dickson and Gregory Stroud in a demonstration of exhibition ballroom dancing.

April Fool!

Strange things happen in Movie Studios on the First of April.



Here's a shameful April fool trick to play on Viola Dana, just when she was priding herself on having reduced her weight.



An authentic April First picture of a movie actor refusing a drink. Fred Wright is the unfortunate victim in the photo above.

"Guess who's here?" Gertrude McCoy springs a surprise on her husband.



This is how Kenelm Foss amuses himself "between sets" when making a picture on April the First!

A charming snapshot of a movie star in her luxurious boudoir. "Don't stop my half a pint of beer," pleads Kathleen Vaughan.





Agnes Ayres' chance came with "Forbidden Fruit."



"The Kid" made Jackie Coogan the world-wide favourite he is to-day.

of *The Kid* that gave him immediate fame. Had he appeared first in less successful pictures, his progress to the top of the popularity pole would have been very much slower. In contrast to Jackie Coogan, take the case of Chaplin's other discovery, Edna Purviance. She has supported

the master comedian in all his pictures for over six years, but recognition of her talents has only just been made. Now she is to be starred in a series of feature-dramas.

To return to those players who have found shorter cut to stardom. Agnes Ayres flashed into the firmament because of her excellent work in *Forbidden Fruit* directed by Cecil B. DeMille. She is now an established star in the Famous Lasky system, but has been seen in pictures for some time before her "special entry."

SHORT CUTS TO SUCCESS

Some movie players who have discovered a rapid roadway to the summit of Mount Popularity.

Periodically, producers declare that the Star System must go. "Down with the stars!" they cry; "bring out the great author; the feature story; and the all-star cast." But the public isn't listening.

For the picturegoer loves a personality, a familiar face on the screen. The earliest movie stars were loved for themselves alone, not for the plays they acted, nor because of the authors of their stories. Mary Pickford, for instance, became the "World's Sweetheart" simply on account of her winsome self. Her stories—with a few exceptions, such as *Stella Maris* and *The Little American*—are all so "much of a muchness" that they might easily have been based on a standard formula. These do not draw the people in their crowds to the kinemas. It is just the little star twinkling on the silver-sheet that the "line-up" is for.

But, although the star makes the picture, it often happens that the picture makes the star. Many world-famous favourites of the screen owe their present-day stardom to their initial success in a particular production. Their rise to fame has been meteoric.

Jackie Coogan, in *The Kid*, took the shortest cut to fame on record. One picture alone—and his first picture at that—transformed him from an unknown boy into the most popular child-actor the world has ever known. His talents are undisputed; but it was the world-wide circulation



Above: Harry Myers, who won film immortality as "The Yankee."

Left: Lloyd Hughes.

The Chorus Girl's Romance gave Gareth Hughes his chance. On account of his lovable character

portrayal in this film he was the selection for the name rôle in Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*, which film, besides fixing Gareth's place among the stars, also carried May McAvoy to the heights, although she was previously little known to the picturegoer.

Betty Blythe and Katherine MacDonald are two recent arrivals in stardom who will hold their own in emotional



Eric Stromberg found fame as actor-author-director with "Blind Husbands."



"The Girl from Outside" gave Cullen Landis his first big chance, and he made the most of it.

les. Betty's remarkable achievement as the "Queen Sheba" is all the more wonderful in view of the fact that she is a comparative newcomer to films. Only three years ago, on the closing down of a touring production in which she played a small part, she was stranded penniless in New York. Day after day she stalked up and down Broadway vainly seeking engagement with various agents and managers. When almost in desperation, one morning she chanced to meet an old theatrical friend who told her of a vacancy in a crowd scene at one of the studios. Losing no time, she applied for the post and was engaged. From this time onwards, playing "extras" and then small parts was Betty's career. Her selection for the part of Sheba's queen savours of the romance of a "best-seller."

Gordon Edwards, who directed *The Queen of Sheba*, had been searching for weeks for a suitable emotional actress to take the name part. After having interviewed over eight hundred candidates, he was still dissatisfied. During a visit to a Los Angeles kinema he happened to see Betty Blythe in a small rôle. Quickly realising that here was the personality he was seeking, the director set to work to find Betty. This was no easy matter, as she had left the company who was responsible for the picture he had seen. At length, hearing that she was in New York, Mr. Edwards immediately travelled East and saw the prospective Egyptian Queen. And a great new star was born in the screenic firmament!

Helen Chadwick, a new star in Goldwyn pictures, had been closely watched by picture fans on account of her successful work in films with Richard Dix. Goldwyn, however, had been the most adherent to the "1921 author posting"; and Helen waited long for her stardom. The same is true also of Richard Dix and Cullen Landis. The latter, who was at one time a studio property boy, received his first big chance

The Girl From Outside.

Playing only in pictures of one type does not necessarily lead to stardom, though the old favourites in the movie Milky Way retain their special pinnacles through their close adhesion to the kind of rôle that brought them fame. Among these latter, of course, are the classical examples - Mary Pickford, the Talmadge and the Gish Sisters, Charlie Chaplin, and Douglas Fairbanks, who continue to hold the public in the hollows of their hands - and will do so!

Of those to whom entire change of type of



Above: Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man," her "short cut" to stardom. Left: Johnny Walker, who owes his stardom to "Over the Hill."



rôle has brought to star-light are Betty Compson and Gloria Swanson. Both of these former "water babies" in Mack Sennett slapstick were plunged into drama through one single picture, being *The Miracle Man*.

Over the Hill gave Johnny Walker his chance; Madge Bellamy came to films direct from the New York stage, and was starred in her first picture; while Lloyd Hughes, once a butcher's boy in Los Angeles, and later an "extra" in the studios, got his big opportunity in *Below the Surface*, with Hobart Bosworth.

Rudolph Valentino played many minor parts before the scenarist of *The Four Horsemen* selected him to play "Julio" in Metro's spectacular production. But it was the *Four Horsemen* that made him a star.

Although Eric von Stroheim found a short cut to success with *Blind Husbands*, his case differs from the instances cited above. It was *Blind Husbands* that made Stroheim, but Stroheim made *Blind Husbands*. Before Universal gave him a chance to show the film world what he could do, Stroheim was known as a capable character-actor, but no one was inclined to make him a star, so Stroheim the author collaborated with Stroheim the producer to introduce a new movie star named Stroheim; and the rest is kinema history.



Left: Rudolph Valentino in "The Four Horsemen," the film that made him famous. Right: Betty Blythe, who has achieved world wide popularity through "The Queen of Sheba."



Big Boy Blue



As "Danton,"
in "Orphans of the
Storm."

If anybody wants to design a coat-of-arms for Monte Blue, I can give them a good idea to start with—an idea that is a key to his whole character and career. Give him a shovel, rampant, on a disembodied smile that stands for wholesomeness and a good disposition. For he has dug his way into pictures and clear up through a mass of mob scenes and small parts till he's pretty close to stardom, according to popular report, and has grinned cheerfully all the way.

He didn't even begin with mob scenes, either. He started in parts that could be compared to "crash without" and "thunder in the distance," if we were talking about the speaking stage. He began by digging graves that were to be used in an old Griffith production of *Enoch Arden*, and was mighty thankful for that chance to dig himself into the movies. But you'd better hear him tell about it himself, as he told me the other day in his dressing-room out at the Lasky studio.

When I came in, he greeted me by my first name. Now, a great many individuals who are approaching stardom wax suddenly diplomatic—possibly with a wary eye on future "I-knew-him-when" interviews. They get so diplomatic that they won't tell you their real names, where they were born, or anything else really interesting. But not so with Monte; he poured out a story of the inside workings of his past life which will gladden the hearts of some several thousand youths who want to go

Monte Blue is no *mâtinée*-idol type of leading man. He's a worker first and last, and the strength of his character matches his physique. Monte is seen in two current releases, "Peacock Alley," and "Orphans of the Storm."

into pictures but don't know where to start.

"George" of "Pictures" has nothing on Monte Blue when it comes to advice about how to do it.

"Well, you see, I came to Los Angeles right off a Montana cattle ranch. I walked right in, and then, though I didn't walk right out again, I sure kept on walking. For days and days I tramped the streets looking for some kind of work. Then one day I met a man who was leaning up against a telegraph post watching the world go by, and he asked why I didn't go out to Hollywood and try to get into pictures. I went—and began to dig."

That's when he wielded a shovel off-screen in *Enoch Arden*. That shovel kept the wolf from the door. Then he got another good rôle—he furnished the power that moved the wings of a large and obstreperous windmill. He had some more experience as one of the great unknowns when he led a double life during these early days of his career. He was a stunt man, "doubling" for De Wolf Hopper and others, for the first two of his five years of screen experience. And, though he actually appeared on the screen in *Intolerance*, he had to use a telescope to distinguish himself in any of the hundred or so scenes in which he appeared. He also doubled for Sir Herbert Tree in *Macbeth*, appearing in all the duel scenes.

Presently he was graduated to regular mob scenes and played in them till one day a director found fault with a mob for being so well fed and prosperous looking. He wanted somebody to show the crowd how to look hungry. Monte could do that to the queen's taste, and did it so well that the director put him on a salary of ten dollars a week, and the mob lost its moving spirit.

After that he was a heavy. He "heavied" all over the place, with Doug, Fairbanks and Mary Pickford,

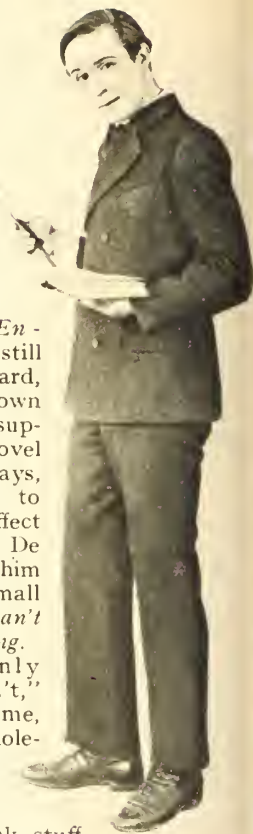
particularly in *Joanna Enlists*. He was still digging in hard, though his own efforts had supplanted the shovel of his early days, and doing it to such good effect that Cecil B. De Mille sent for him to play a small part in *You Can't Have Everything*.

"I certainly knew I couldn't," Monte told me, with that wholesome, likeable grin of his, as he smeared a lot of pale-pink stuff over his almost swarthy face. "But playing in a De Mille production looked to me like having a good deal, even though the part was a small one."

I know more than one young man now fighting for a hold on the ladder to fame who'd scorn a small part. But, according to Monte, getting conceited is the rock of defeat in many a starward course.

I studied him as he sat there at the dressing-table, talking and stopping now and again when his make-up reached a precarious stage. Not that he bothered a great deal with it; his eyes are dark brown, with a prairie glint, so he did not use much of that gummy black stuff, whatever it is, and his hair is dark and thick and satiny, but he scorned the slicking down with brilliantine advocated by those whom he disgustedly termed "varnished-haired heroes." In fact, Monte scorns most of life's little affectations. I couldn't help being struck by his wholesomeness; it wraps him around like a blanket, and, when you talk to him, it envelops you, too.

He got his first good chance to be an everyday, wholesome sort of hero in *Private Pettigrew's Girl*, with Ethel Clayton. Then he found that he could afford to saunter along with his shovel over his shoulder, for those years of good work had landed him where he wanted to be. "Love," in *Everywoman*, was one of the rôles that his



conscientious digging-in landed him, but Monte wasn't satisfied even with that.

Monte next essayed a variety of rôles, appearing in *Told in the Hills*, *In Missouri*, *The Thirteenth Commandment*, *Too Much Johnson*, *Something to Think About*, and *The Fighting Schoolmaster*. His latest pictures are *Peacock Alley*, *Orphans of the Storm*, and *The Kentuckians*.

Like many clever character-actors, Monte Blue has to pay the price of his cleverness—he is so good in character parts that producers insist on keeping him in character rôles. Still, Monte doesn't mind very much. There is nothing of the *matinée-idol*, sleek-hair type of actor about him. He is six feet two inches high, and weighs a hundred-and eighty-five pounds, and his character is in keeping with his appearance.

"I enjoyed my rôle in *Something to Think About* as much as any part I have played," observed Monte Blue. "It was a difficult part, and the more difficult a part is, the more it pleases me. I believed in the character I had to portray, and I had to watch my interpretation very closely because I wanted it to be just right.

"I like out-of-doors parts, too. The big, lovable out-of-door mind appeals to me most of all. It's the outdoor type that I want to create for the screen."

We talked of marriage and the movie profession.

"One time," said Monte, "I thought that when I married I should leave the screen. I wanted to be a successful husband and a successful screen star, and I thought that one couldn't be both. But since I've taken a wife unto myself, I've revised my views."

"Adventures? Well, I had a pretty exciting experience when playing in *Told in the Hills*. I was leading the Indians in a wild charge down the hillside, when I met a wide ditch right in my path. There was no time to pull up the horse—I was riding him with a rope bridle and no saddle—so I just hung on to his mane and let him try the jump. He missed, throwing me about forty feet, and I got up a pretty-looking object, with blood streaming from my mouth and ears.

"But I didn't intend letting those Indians see me fall down on the job, so I collared the horse again, and rode him off.

"I was too shaken up to realise just what had happened to me, but when I went to take my shoes off after the ride, I doubled right up and couldn't straighten out again. They found when they examined me that I had broken three ribs.

"Still, I was used to hard knocks from my old 'doubling' days, and I soon got right again. When a man's fit he can stand a wonderful lot of knocking about, and I've always prided myself on my physical fitness."

Here are some further samples of Monte Blue's philosophy:

"You can't ever make a star by just using the bill-boards; not all the advertising in the world will do it," he told me emphatically. "It's the fans that make the stars who stay, every time. They know sincerity on the screen when they see it, and they know when a fellow's doing his best. I'm afraid of the fans—they keep me digging, I can tell you.

"I want to give the public a real out-of-door American; a man who loves nature and forests and oceans—not a butterfly chaser or a fern collector, but a regular fellow who's got

brains enough to realise how small man is in comparison with the world he lives in, and, because of that realisation, keeps striving to perfect himself. Does that sound highbrow? If it does, it's just because I can't express in words what I hope to reveal in characterisation on the screen."

Monte Blue is a Cherokee, and his tribe are very proud of his success in the screen world. Recently he received a message from the Cherokees begging him to accept no more "heavy" rôles, but to insist on being cast as the hero in all his pictures. The Cherokees do not like the thought of an Indian being made the villain of the piece. Doubtless, Monte Blue has inherited his love of the great outdoors from his Indian forbears.

"Outdoor life is essential to my work in motion pictures," he declared. "The public likes best the things that it can understand the easiest. And what, after all, is easier understood than a man with clean ideals, a clean mind, and a heart that is strong to face whatever may arise; a hand ready to aid, but quick to defend



Monte Blue in "The Fighting Schoolmaster."

the honour of its owner or his loved ones; a brain that is equal to any emergency—one who loves the big out-doors?"



Left and right: Monte enjoys a joke and a good thing.





Picturegoers will not approve of Alma Taylor's late American trip, which has deprived them of seeing a release featuring the popular Hepworth star until the autumn. She intends, however, to make up for lost time, and is to work on three productions at once, one of which may be a refilming of *Comin' Thro' the Rye*.



Appropriately enough, James Rennie played opposite Dorothy Gish in *Remodelling a Husband*, before she took him for better or worse. Dorothy's husband is well known on the legitimate stage, and she first fell in love with him when watching his work from the stalls. Rennie's latest films are *The Dust Flower* and *Star Dust*.



Born in London in 1880, Wynndham Standing is a member of a famous English theatrical family. He has supported Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, Marion Davies, and many of the screen's most popular stars. He achieved world-wide fame with his portrayal of the ghost in *Earthbound*.



The above picture will conciliate Pauline Frederick's admirers who disapproved of a recent frontispiece. Pauline, who is now Mrs. J. A. Rutherford in private life, has just finished a film version of W. J. Locke's novel "The Glory of Clementina Wing." She will be seen this month in "The Mistress of Shenstone"



Chrissie White could write her reminiscences under the title of "Fifteen Years of Movie Making," but she is not nearly so old as she sounds, because she started her film work when still a school-girl. Her latest completed picture is a comedy, entitled *Tit for Tat*, in which she co-stars with Henry Edwards.

Movie Millinery *by* Florence Vidon



A smart Spring model
in citron straw.



Rose felt, combined with
tuscan, gives a very
pleasing effect.



An effective design in Swiss
red calico trimmed with
yellow felt daisies.



A roll-top turban hat of grey
crêpe de Chine with an
ostrich tip plume.



A charming model of white
crêpe-de-Chine trimmed
with red Swiss braid.



This model is of soft white
straw and white crêpe-
de-Chine.



A neat hat of black Milan
straw trimmed with a
double quill.



A stylish hat in reseda green
velvet faced with black.

Film Stars at Home



"DOUG & MARY"



"Pickfair," which Doug and Mary had built after their own designs, stands with its swimming-pool and plunge as its most conspicuous features. "Doug and Mary"



out grounds in Beverly Hills. The huge dining-room, the verandah, and the
 their leisure hours at home; they entertain, but do not often go a-visiting.

Movies in

Monarch of many Kingdoms!

From the world's four corners come many seekers after the elusive bubble which is fame; but surely the movie "hero" is the greatest of all finders. He is beloved of all the world's Eyes—courted and petted by a million maidens who yet have never gazed upon his handsome face or heard the magic of his voice!

But what would you? The superman who is for ever rescuing fair damsels from the fiendish clutches of the villain—who is ever ready to wed the beautiful girl who has succumbed to his love who goes through life a "strong, silent" rock of courage and support, in the helpful garb of twenty-guinea suits—well, surely he is entitled to wear an out-size in laurel wreaths!

But it is often an unsought-for-worship which is laid at the shrine of the hero, and, believe me (for I know a lot of them—as mere men!) those wreaths are a devil of a weight to carry about at times, and their wearers would gladly cast them adrift.

I unconsciously displayed an abnormal amount of courage once by dining in a well-known restaurant with a popular "leading man" of the screen. Phew! Being a normally healthy woman, and a journalist, I am very fond of good food (strange what a passion we can work up for the unattainable, isn't it?); but, in spite of the superb efforts of an excellent chef, that dinner was a nightmare! Half-way through the soup, a diner at an adjoining table, who had been literally "eating" my companion with her eyes, to the sad and sinful neglect of her dinner, made a sudden, spontaneous dash for our table. She flushed prettily (like the heroine of a popular novel), gasped a little (like a rather embarrassed trout), and swooped, bird-like, to the quarry.

"Oh! you're Mr. X.Y.Z., aren't you? I am a great admirer of your acting. I wonder if you will oblige me with your autograph?"

And a stray *menu* was appropriated for the purpose. But Mr. X.Y.Z., "obliged," of course—he even looked as though he were delightfully happy about it! Having now become the cynosure of all feminine eyes in the place (men, poor maligned creatures! are the personification of sympathy and deportment in such crises), the succeeding courses of the aforesaid "good food" were sprinkled with the condiments of discomfort and embarrassment—for me, at least. Leading men, I have since discovered, learn



Charles Ray, a King of Hearts.

The LEADING MAN by GERTRUDE M. ALLEN

the Making

to bear such torture with amazing and silent fortitude. The waiter, who was hovering around us with the exquisite ministrations of his kind, was, I eventually noticed, so far forgetting his exalted position as to stare, at intervals, at my companion, with eyes that betrayed that "I know who you are!" knowledge, which had recently lurked in the fair lady's. His curiosity ultimately overcame his discretion, and, as he eventually placed the coffee before the "hero," he whispered hoarsely: "My youngster will never believe me when I say I've had the honour of serving you, sir!" She's got you pasted all over her bedroom your pictures, sir, of course!

It was good to get out into the cold and calculating neighbourhood of Piccadilly. At least, I should say it seemed as though it were going to be good. But we hadn't gone a hundred yards before two young and eager maidens had "spotted" their screen idol, and he had again bestowed the coveted autograph.

All this upset was rather spoiling things for me, for Mr. X.Y.Z. had been entertaining me so delightfully with stories of a wife, the like of whom had

(Continued on Page 6)

Rescuing the heroine is part of a hero's duty. Here you see Charles Hutchinson on the job.



Rudolph Valentino, one of the screen's great "lovers," in a scene with Gloria Swanson.

Going Some

by
K.R.G. BROWNE



"Still Bill" Stover, foreman of the Flying Heart ranch, Nevada, came out of the ranch-house with a letter in his hand and a worried expression on his weather-beaten countenance. Seated upon the porch, placidly smoking and enjoying the pleasant air, was a tall, dark man, with an effective moustache and unreliable eyes.

"Here's trouble, Ladew," said Still Bill.

Ladew looked up.

"What's eating you?" he asked.

Still Bill held out the telegram.

"Owner turning up," he said sourly.

Ladew took the telegram and read: "Arrive to-morrow. Prepare for guests. Keap."

"Ah!" said Ladew, and thought for a moment. "Thank the Lord it's a woman. Tell her we're digging for water. She won't know the difference between an oil-derrick and an oil concertina."

"Perhaps you're right," said Still Bill, and went his way.

Which calls for a word of explanation. The owner of the Flying Heart was, as Mr. Ladew had pointed out, a woman; none other than a Mrs. Roberta Keap, to whom the ranch had come as a gift from her husband on his departure for the war. Roberta, however, was the kind of person to whom the excitements of Broadway appealed very much more than did the simple life of Nevada, and the conduct of the ranch had been left

in the supposedly competent hands of Still Bill. Which arrangement suited that gentleman admirably, inasmuch as he had for some time suspected the existence of oil on the premises and, with the assistance of his friend Ladew, a slightly shady engineer, had definitely proved that suspicion well-founded. It galled the worthy Mr. Stover that the owner should turn up before he had had

devoted to the raising of cattle. Now the Flying Heart pinned its faith to sheep, and it is far, far simpler to get a satisfactory blend from oil and water than it is to promote friendship between a sheepman and a cattleman. Hence, the rivalry existing between the Flying Heart and the Centipede was a fierce and furious thing. Which explains the supreme misery of the Flying Hearts when, having confidently matched their fleetest runner against the long-legged cook of the Centipede outfit, the said Centipede cook won the race with yards to spare, a smile on his face, and the greatest ease. Wherefore the Flying Hearts, having backed their man to the full extent of their pockets, knew what real gloom meant.

This was the inspiring atmosphere into which, on the following day, the ranch Ford-of-all-work decanted Mrs. Roberta Keap and a select assortment of friends. There were present with her Miss Jean Chapin, Miss Helen Blake, and Mr. Berkeley Fresno, the former lady being betrothed to Culver Covington, brother of Roberta, and Yale's crack sprinter.

The air of depression which hung over the ranch was explained to them, as they sat in the porch after supper, by one Willie, the cook, as he conducted operations with a large broom.

"Yes'm," said Willie sadly, "you can't wonder that the boys is down, after the way them Centipede fellers trimmed us yesterday. That cook feller, Skinner, travels like a bit o' greased lightning. We got no

CHARACTERS:

J. Wallingford Speed	CULLEN LANDIS
Jean Chapin	HELEN FERGUSON
Helen Blake	LILLIAN HALL
Donald Keap	KENNETH HARLAN
Mrs. Roberta Keap	ETHEL GREY
	TERRY
Larry Glass	WILLARD LOUIS
Berkeley Fresno	WALTER HIERS
Skinner	M. B. FLYNN

Narrated, by permission, from the Goldwyn film based on the story by Rex Beach.

time to make good profit from his discovery, for he had not proposed to mention this little matter of the oil to her at all. Money is always useful, but she had more than enough already.

Still Bill's was not the only anxious mind on the Flying Heart premises. Every man jack of the "boys" was going about as if he had just heard that a wealthy uncle had left all his money to a Dogs' Home; and there was a reason for this, too.

Away to the east of the Flying Heart lay also the Centipede ranch.



"Miss Blake," said Speed; "I'd race like an antelope for you!"

one here to get within a mile of him."

At this juncture there sprang up excitedly Miss Helen Blake.

"Why," she cried, "there will be someone to-morrow! Mr. Speed, one of the fastest runners in Yale, is coming along! He'll run for you!"

Willie's wrinkled face split in a grin of hope.

"Is that so, ma'am? Jes' let me break it to the boys!"

J. Wallingford Speed, alighting from the train on the following day, was somewhat surprised to see upon the station, in addition to his hostess and her friends, a number of earnest sheepmen who stood at a little distance regarding him as if he were some rare and valuable beast. Hardly had he greeted his friends when the reason for their presence was made plain.

"Oh, Mr. Speed," said Helen Blake, "the men want you to run for them."

"Run for them!" said J. Wallingford Speed.

"Yes. There's a man at the next ranch who can beat everybody here, and they're very upset about it. I told them you'd run for them, and they're delighted. You will, won't you?"

J. Wallingford Speed gulped uneasily.

"Miss Blake," he answered unsteadily, "I'd race an antelope for you."

From the assembled "boys" arose a howl of joy; they crowded round him, patting him on the back, and uttering encouraging sounds. J. Wallingford accepted these tributes to his sportsmanship with diffidence, even with embarrassment. His manner

was that of a man whose greatness is thrust upon him. As in truth it was.

J. Wallingford Speed ran magnificently—with his mouth. On the track itself he was about as much use as a man with no legs. He could run to catch a train or to post a letter, but even then his pace was such that he would probably miss the connection or the post. In short, he was no runner. How, then, did Miss Helen Blake come to believe that Mercury had nothing on him? Simply because vanity is vanity the world over, and because J. Wallingford Speed had first met her at an inter-collegiate athletic meeting. There he had fallen in love with her at first sight, and had been unable to leave her side throughout the proceedings. To her inquiries as to why he himself was not taking part in any race, he had replied that he could have done so had he chosen, but had preferred to let his old friend Culver Covington have a chance. He added that, had he really chosen to run, Culver Covington would have been away back among the field. Do not blame him for these exaggerations; very likely you would have done the same under similar circumstances, and it had seemed improbable that he would ever have to make good his boasts.

Now, however, Nemesis was at hand. He must either run against this fellow from the Centipede, or stand for ever disgraced in Helen's eyes; and even if he did run, he did not suppose the result of the race would lead her to regard him as a hero. At this point he had a brain-wave. Culver Covington was due at the ranch on a visit to his sister and fiancée in a few days' time. He (J. W. Speed) would wait until that

happy day, then he would conveniently fall sick, Culver would take his place, the Centipede's cook would suffer defeat, and all would be well! A very sound scheme, thought J. Wallingford Speed, and he sat down then and there and summoned to his side a certain Larry Glass, the Yale trainer. May as well do the thing in style, thought J. Wallingford Speed.

Glass duly arrived, was informed of the scheme, and entered into it whole-heartedly.

"We'll show these rubes!" said Glass. "But we'll have to make some show of training."

And make a show of training they did. Larry Glass worked Speed without mercy. Each morning J. Wallingford and his satellite appeared before an admiring assembly of girls and sheepmen, clad suitably for the track, and went through a number of impressive but meaningless exercises. J. Wallingford Speed even went so far on more than one occasion as to run; but he only ran out of sight of the house, and then sat down to rest.

Willie, the Flying Heart's cook, lost no time in fixing a new match with the Centipede outfit.

"We'll show you!" said Willie to Mrs. Gallagher, the hard-driving, hard-shooting owner of the Centipede. "We got a feller now that'll make your Skinner look like two cents. Want to make a bet?"

Mrs. Gallagher did want to make a bet. So did every member of the Centipede outfit. And the bets were made.

We have so far said little of Berkeley Fresno. This is not because Berkeley Fresno himself was little. On the contrary, his dimensions were those of a young elephant. This adulation of J. Wallingford Speed filled Berkeley Fresno with the deepest disgust, for he, too, owned to a passion for Helen Blake. Knowing the precise extent of J. Wallingford Speed's pedestrian ability, his disgust at length got the upper hand, and he sought out Willie, the cook, in whose capable hands all arrangements for the great race had been left.

"Look here," said Berkeley Fresno, "you're a lot of fools! Speed can't run any more than I can."

"Can't run!" said Willie. "But he says he can. An' I've seen his medals."

"Medals!" cried Berkeley Fresno. "Those aren't medals! Those are only badges he's had from time to time as a member of reception committees!"

"Is that so?" said Willie thoughtfully. Without delay he sought out Larry Glass.

"See here," said Willie to that gentleman, "we want to win this race!"

"Win!" said Mr. Glass. "Why our man'll win it on his head!"

"We don't want him to win it on his head," said Willie. "We want him to win it in the usual way. We've drawn three months' pay in advance and staked it on him, and we can't afford to lose. And I'm here to see we don't lose. I'm not satisfied with your methods o' trainin'."

"Oh!" said Mr. Glass scornfully. "aren't you? Let me tell you I'm a trainer, I am, an' what I dunno about it don't amount to a lot."

"Maybe," said Willie, "but I like to be sure. So we're goin' to isolate you an' young Speed an' set a man over you. It don't do him no good to get sittin' around with them gals when he ought to be out on the road."

"You're goin' to what?" gasped Mr. Glass. "Well, of all the goldarn —"

Willie's right hand flashed down and up, and the muzzle of a six-shooter insinuated itself into the region of Mr. Glass's waist-belt.

"Less of it," said Willie, "less of it! We're goin' to see that our man wins this race, or it's coffins for yours!"

"All right," groaned Larry Glass miserably. "Just as you say."

Of all those about the ranch, probably least interest in the coming event was taken by Roberta herself. She had other things to think about. Her husband, for instance. Roberta had grown a little tired of Donald's lengthy absence, and, by dwelling upon fancied grievances, had come to consider herself ill-used. So much so, indeed, that she informed Donald upon his return to America that she intended to divorce him, and would pay a visit to the ranch while the proceedings were going through. Which explains her sudden descent upon Still Bill Stover and his gentlemanly friend Ladew.

Roberta was impressed, by Ladew, who was above all else a man of the world, though, if certain enemies of his had had their way it would have been some other world than this. She developed a habit of consulting him about the ranch, and was somewhat surprised at his opinion of it.

"It's a poor place," said Ladew. "You should sell it, though I don't suppose it will bring you in very much."

Roberta, having once encountered Mrs. Gallagher, was not very greatly attracted by the owner of the Centipede. Mrs. Gallagher, she gathered, regarded her and her friends as useless, cocktail-drinking, shimmy-shaking blots on the landscape. She gathered this because Mrs. Gallagher had said so. She was the more surprised, therefore, when Mrs. Gallagher one fine day rode over to call.

"I've come," said Mrs. Gallagher bluntly, "to see if you've enough pluck to lay a bet on the race. I'll bet my ranch against your collection of flea-bitten sheep that my man runs rings round yours."

For a moment Roberta hesitated. Then her head went up.

"It's a bet!" she said.

News of this transaction affected two members of the house-party in two different ways. It annoyed Mr. Ladew exceedingly, for he had been confident of buying the ranch at a low price, or, failing that, of obtaining possession by the simple expedient of marrying Roberta. If the future ownership of the place were to hang in this fool manner upon the result of a foot-race, it looked as if he might say good-bye to all his hopes of making anything out of the oil discovery.

In the case of J. Wallingford Speed, the news of the bet was sufficient to bring home the awkwardness of his position. He shuddered to think what might happen to him if the race went to the Centipede. However, he pinned his faith blindly to Culver Covington, and prayed that the latter might not be long delayed.

J. W. Speed, as a matter of fact, was beginning to realise that he had done a very foolish thing. Willie had not failed to carry his dictum into effect, and Speed and the trainer found themselves watched night and day by one or another of the boys. Cut off from all communication with Helen, compelled to go forth every morning upon long and exhausting runs, forced to eat the plainest and most unappetising food, he began seriously to wonder if the game were worth the candle. Especially since from the windows of his training quarters there was not denied to him a clear view of Berkeley Fresno disporting himself and exerting all the powers of his mandoline upon an

And make a show of training they did.

apparently reluctant Helen. Life was very grey, thought J. Wallingford Speed.

One may imagine his joy therefore, when one bright morning Roberta showed him a telegram from Culver, which read: "Expect me this afternoon."

"Hooray!" yelled Speed, waving the message above his head. "Another day of this and I'd have gone clean crazy! But it's all right now — Culver's coming!"

The rest of the morning he spent in a blissful state of exhilaration. He dared not as yet say anything to Willie and the boys, but he proposed to time his first serious attack of illness to occur shortly after Culver's arrival. Then good-bye to all this training rubbish, and hey-ho! for Helen again!

The time set for Culver's arrival found the house-party waiting on the porch; it is probable that Messrs. J. Wallingford Speed and Larry Glass were easily the happiest persons present. Presently the Ford hove in sight, drew nearer at a great speed, and pulled up before them. From the rear seat the cheerful countenance of Culver Covington grinned out at them.

"Hullo, everybody!" he said.

"Hooray, Culver!" yelled Speed. "Glad to see you!" Never was there a truer greeting.

Culver rose from his seat, opened the car-door, and — *what was this?* — picked up a pair of crutches! With the help of these he alighted and hobbled over to the group, still grinning cheerfully. His right foot was swathed in bandages.

One sympathises with J. Wallingford Speed. He reeled back against

Larry Glass worked Speed without mercy.



the equally unnerved Glass and stared blankly.

"C-C Culver!" he stammered feebly. "What's happened?"

"Oh, nothing much," answered the great sprinter cheerfully, "only broken my little toe."

J. Wallingford Speed, his heart too full for words, turned and stumbled blindly away.

The day appointed for the race drew steadily nearer, and Willie, the cook, encouraged Glass and his unwilling protégé to new and greater efforts. J. Wallingford Speed gave himself up for lost, knowing full well that with Culver out of the way the Centipede cook had as much chance of being beaten as he (J. W. Speed) had of winning. The eve of the great contest found him almost in a state of collapse from sheer fright.

In the middle of that night, long after every one had retired, there arose a sudden piercing shout: "Fire! Fire!"

Hastily every one leaped out of bed and hurried forth, to be met with the news that the conflagration was in the field where Stover and Ladew were supposedly making their investigations concerning a water supply. The house, rapidly pulling on coats and wraps, piled into the car and drove there at full speed, followed by the boys.

As the car pulled up at a safe distance from the blazing derrick, a weary, battered, smoke-begrimed figure stumbled towards them. Roberta gave a little cry.

"Donald!"

Her husband looked at her grimly. "Do you know what they were doing here?" he asked. "Oil. That's what they've found over there; not water! I suspected it, and came along to have a look. Stover and Ladew found me and set on me. We upset a lamp into a pool of oil and started this blaze. They've cleared out now, I guess, the skunks!"

And they had. Stover and Ladew had been swallowed up by the night and were not again seen.

"But, Donald," said Roberta, "how do you come to be here?"

"Me?" said her husband. "Oh, I've been punching cows for Mrs. Gallagher over at the Centipede for a week or so. I wanted to find out what this fool idea of divorce was all about. Roberta, can't we

give it up? You know I love you."

But Roberta, though more moved than she would have cared to confess by her husband's re-appearance, would give him no definite answer at the moment.

The next day saw a large concourse of cowpunchers, sheepmen, and all the inhabitants and visitors belonging to the Flying Heart and the Centipede gathered in a field for the memorable race.

Helen Blake, Jean Chapin and Roberta were there, excited but confident of the success of the candidate; Berkeley Fresno was there, openly sceptical, but greatly aggrieved at being thrust out of the limelight; Donald Keap was there, at the side of Mrs. Gallagher, quietly watching the proceedings; Willie, the cook, was

and back to here. Are you ready?" The gun cracked and Skinner sprang away. After him laboured the unhappy Speed. From the watching crowd arose an encouraging cheer as the runners swept out of sight round a corner of the house. In a moment they came into view again, with the lean form of Skinner still in the lead. In this order they turned into the home stretch, while the yells of the crowd increased in volume. Suddenly, when a bare twenty yards from the tape, Skinner tripped, stumbled, made an effort to recover, failed and fell headlong, sliding forward in a cloud of dust. With a supreme burst of speed, J. Wallingford tottered past and broke the tape. Then, utterly exhausted, he collapsed.

Slowly, while the cheers of the Flying Hearts echoed about him, he opened his eyes, and perceived, bending anxiously over him, the fair face of Helen.

"I'm sorry I lost, Helen," he mumbled dazedly.

"You didn't lose," said Helen happily. "You won!"

Meanwhile, in a corner of the corral, Skinner, the defeated hope of the Centipede, had limped up to Donald Keap.

"When you first came to the ranch, Captain Keap," he said, "I was pretty sore against you because I thought you were the guy that was responsible for getting me court-marshalled in France. But I got a letter this morning that showed me you weren't, and

that you were the feller who saved me from a heap worse. I'm sure glad that letter came in time, Captain Keap."

He turned and walked away, and Donald puzzled over the meaning of his last words, until he saw that all trace of Skinner's limp had now vanished.

Donald smiled and made his way slowly to Roberta.

"Roberta," he said slowly, "do you still feel the same way about that divorce?"

Roberta, her head turned away, said nothing.

"If you don't," said her husband, "what do you say to starting all over again and putting in a spell down here at the Flying Heart? Another honeymoon?"

Roberta, turning her head now, looked at him and smiled.

"I'd love it, Don," she said.



"Hooray!" yelled Speed. "It's all right, now—Culver's coming!"

there, complete with revolvers, ready and willing to punish the first sign of weakening on the part of the Flying Heart representative. All, with two exceptions, were excited and happy. The two exceptions were J. Wallingford Speed and Larry Glass. Both these unfortunates felt that their last hour had come. With the discovery of the oil, the value of the Flying Heart had gone up with a bound, and the thought that the ownership of the place now depended solely on his powers as a runner made Speed feel positively ill. It was only with a tremendous effort that he got himself to the starting-point, where the tall, sinewy figure of Skinner, the swift-footed cook of the Centipede, awaited him. Mrs. Gallagher, in her capacity as starter, brandished a large revolver.

"On your marks!" she cried. "The course is once around the corral

Compressed Careers

DOROTHY DALTON

When Dorothy Dalton was out in the West, of all motion pictures she liked Ince's best. She was just twenty-two, and determined that she a film star for Thomas H. Ince ought to be. So she sent him a wire and told him her views; but a printed reply brought discouraging news. "He regretted, of course, but Triangle Kay-Bee had nothing to offer Miss Dorothy D." Miss Dorothy thought that distinctly unkind. But as she already had made up her mind she *would* be a screen-star, she wasn't inclined to accept his decision. She promptly resigned her position (in "stock" she had long been a star), and purchased a ticket for Sant' Monica. (That "Sant'" should be "Santa," I may as well say. For the sake of the rhythm, I've left out an A. It will spare you the trouble of writing to me, in case you are well up in geography). She wired once more: "Leaving Saturday night—I guess when you've seen me you'll want me all right." It took her ten days to get out there, and then she came to a camp filled with horses and men. There were Indians, Cowboys, and once in a while a Mexican costumed in picturesque style. She watched their manœuvres with unfeigned delight; to this city-bred girl 'twas a wonderful sight.

But she found them remarkably hard to convince that she must, and she would, have a word with Tom Ince. She haunted Great Inceville both early and late. They said: "Ince is busy." She answered: "I'll wait." And Dorothy Dalton was waiting there still, the day William Hart's leading lady fell ill. Then Dorothy dimpled and said with a smile: "If you please, Mr. Ince, won't you give me a trial?"

He gave her a fatherly warning at first. He thought she'd cry off if he told her the worst. He mentioned some hardships she'd have to go through; he told her some stunts that she might have to do. How barefoot, in rags, through a wood she must run. And Dorothy dimpled and gurgled, "What fun!" He explained that she'd have to look haggard and sad, for the girl in the film was supposed to be mad. And when he'd quite finished, she said: "On the whole, I think it's a perfectly beautiful rôle." They made a few tests, then he gave her the part (this was in *The Disciple*, with William S. Hart). In *The Jungle Child* soon she was given the lead. And the critics declared she was splendid, indeed. This settled her fate, and since nineteen-sixteen a fully fledged star the young lady has been. In *The Flame of the Yukon*, *The Price Mark*, *Hard-Boiled*, *Tyrant Fear*, *Flare Up Sal*, *The Pretenders* she toiled. Played girls from the dance-halls and girls from the camps, girls misunderstood, some Society vamps, one Widow (*Wild Winships*), then, later, "Queen Anne," in a big costume picture they called *D'Artagnan*. She was featured in just a few others as well, but I haven't much space, so I'd better not tell you the names of them all. Best remembered she'll be by her "Chrysis, a lady of Old Galilee," in a play from the French which created much talk, and ran for some hundreds of nights in New York. As Dorothy wasn't a damsel to shirk, she believed in combining her stage and screen work. In Paramount Studio spent every day (returning each evening to "Aphrodité.") As the *Half An Hour* heroine (everyone knows this is one of Sir James Barrie's best cameos). In private life Dorothy's keen upon sport—loves shooting and swimming, and things of that sort. She sings well and dances divinely, of course, and is perfectly happy bestriding a horse. "I do not intend to get married," says she. "My work and my husband would never agree; and although on the screen I say many 'I wills,' I live by myself out in Beverly Hills."



Many of us remember the shock and disappointment in our youthful days when we first gazed upon the features of our favourite seaside nigger with his facial covering of black grease-paint removed, and his usually spreading mouth reduced to its normal dimensions. Robbed of his ebony-hued "mottley," he was a disappointing spectacle: his droll personality left behind with the red and black grease paints that transformed his face into the amusing grotesqueness that appeals to the childish mind.

Had I waited for Harold Lloyd to emerge from a modest dressing room on the sands when I passed through the customary period of youthful nigger-worship, I am sure that I should not have been disillusioned to the extent that Uncle Sambo without his grease-paint and expansive grin shattered my childish imaginings. For the world-famous screen comedian is remarkably similar in appearance both in private life and when he is engaged in reflecting side-splitting funniosities before the film cameras.

When I met him in the luxurious palm court of the Biltmore Hotel in New York, I looked into the reflective eyes of a well-groomed young man with a low, courteous voice, and the manners of a Varsity graduate.

"You recognised me without my glasses?" he asked with a quiet smile.

"One does not have to be a detective to track you down when you are away from the studios," I assured him, as I thought how tradition somewhat unkindly has led most people to associate red noses, grotesque faces and freakish clothes with those comedians who add to the gaiety of nations. And the film funny men are also swept along in the flood of this widespread fallacy.

In a discreetly palm-shaded corner of the ornate hotel lounge we talked of fun-making in general, and of Harold Lloyd's ideas on screen comedy in particular.

And because this gentlemanly young fellow makes £300,000 a year out of his screen fun, his views are worthy of attention. And he has appeared in well over three hundred comedies in his time.

"At last people are beginning to realise that the plot is one of the big things that matter in comedies," Lloyd told me. "I am a great believer in putting real stories into humour-films, and not stringing together a lot of meaningless incidents, and labelling them comedy."

"I usually wrap my fun round some sympathetic theme with a romantic interest, and a presentation of myself in ludicrous difficulties. It is human nature to want to laugh at someone in trouble, provided that the tragic note is not struck."

"You are not an advocate of slapstick?" I suggested.

"Not to any great extent," responded Lloyd.



The LAMPS OF LLOYD

"You can get more laughs with subtle humour of the rapier description than you can with the bludgeon type of wit that embraces the inevitable custard pies and property bricks thrown at people's heads.

"That is why I have always fostered the humour-creating possibilities of the funny sub-title. I have these specially prepared for my films by a man whose hump of humour has been abnormally developed."

"Tell me one or two," I asked, with my fountain-pen poised.

"Well, here's a good one," chuckled Lloyd. "Once when I was being forcibly ejected through a window, we subtitled the incident: 'He felt a pane in passing.'"

"Here are some more. 'Mother love is the most enduring thing in the world. Think this over next time you see a male chorus in a musical comedy.'"

"It takes a brave man to wheel the twins past the girl he has jilted."

"If William Tell were alive to-day some ammunition company would have his picture on a shotgun advertisement."

Lloyd loves humour. You can see it in his twinkling, grey eyes, when he is chuckling over his jokes. His long, shapely face beams at such moments as only one would expect an individual with broad, fat cheeks to radiate his funny reflections.

When the three-hundred-thousand-pound-a-year comedian talked of his early days, I realised what irony lay in the fact that this universal mirth-maker spent his youth in the serious, uninspiring surroundings of railroad offices. Naturally he found little scope for his humour there, so, after his associations with amateur theatricals had roused his inherent love of the stage, he went on the stage.

"I was nineteen when I drifted to Los Angeles," said Lloyd reminiscently. "There I played in crowd parts."

"I have a confession to make concerning those pioneer days: Mack Sennett, who is famous for his 'star' discovering instincts, said to me one day:

"'Lloyd, you will never succeed in pictures. You had better try something else.'"

"Were you much discouraged?" I asked, sympathetically.

"Not a bit," grinned the humorist; "but what did give me a real kick was the accusation that I was copying Charlie Chaplin when I started the Lonesome Luke Comedies. That decided me to start a new character—hence the horn-rimmed spectacles and the rest of my screen characterisations."

"Those famous spectacles," I observed. "What made you adopt them?"

"No idea at all. Probably from the college boys that I saw wearing them at school," he confessed.

"I've used the same pair since my earliest pictures," he told me. "When I start climbing about

the girders of skyscraper roofs or floundering about in water, I replace them with a spare pair in case I break or lose them. They are my mascot.

"Did you ever hear the story of a young man who did very well for a time impersonating me in hotels and restaurants? He ran up big bills, and then decamped. He was remarkably like me in appearance, but he made the mistake of not only wearing horn-rimmed glasses all day, as I never do, but he had lenses in them. That little mistake led to his masquerade being discovered. There's nothing wrong with my sight. I only wear glasses to give me an air of serious sadness when I get into awkward predicaments in my comedies."

Lloyd ranks amongst his best films, *Bumping Into Broadway*, *Captain Kidd's Kids*, *From Hand to Mouth*, *His Royal Shyness*, *An Eastern Westerner*, *Haunted Spooks*, *High and Dizzy*, and *Get Out and Get Under*.

Whilst we were on the subject of character-comedy presentations for the pictures, I gleaned from Lloyd some enlightening facts concerning the heavy drain that the cost of screen comedian's costumes entail on the studio exchequer.

The funny hats, coats and shoes that Lloyd affects have to be made especially for him at considerable cost. His supply of immaculate white spats run up a bill of twenty pounds a year, and his oddly shaped hats cost in the neighbourhood of five pounds each, owing to the fact that they have to be especially modelled.

"I wear out thirty pounds' worth of trousers a year,"

grinned Lloyd whilst we discussed the dress problem as it concerns screen humorists.

"Sliding down telegraph poles and being dragged over fields and roads is a form of treatment that one's nether garments naturally resent, and they soon find their way to the wardrobe scrap-heap.

"I am the despair of the repairing staff, for I seldom give them an opportunity of practising their renovating arts. I generally succeed in reducing my clothes to ragged, irreparable mockeries of their former shapeliness."

Before I departed, the serious young man who has extended a screen grin throughout Europe made a confession that lies close to his heart.

"I think it is a tragedy that the screen comedian, although he may be bursting with humour, can only express it by mannerisms on the film, and the spoken shaft of wit is denied him.

"I have a safety-valve that helps me to work off that disappointment," grinned Lloyd. "I write epigrams in my spare time. And when the opportunity occurs, I turn them into sub-titles."

Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.



He veiled over a series of these witty efforts. "Repatee is what you think of on the way home." Many scrappy returns of the day is the appropriate birthday greeting to send to pugilistic acquaintances. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away—but it must be thrown with unerring aim," are a

few that I can recall."

Lloyd has an almost boyish delight in relating humorous stories, and to watch the reflective light fade from his grey eyes until they twinkle with merriment is to realise how much he enjoys fun-making before the camera. Undoubtedly his ancestors were Court Jesters in bygone ages.

And with that familiar droll seriousness of expression that he affects on the silver screen, he was puzzling over further clever witticisms when I left him behind in the palm lounge. P. R. M.

MR and MRS
 PICTUREGOER
 at
 The FUTURIST,
 BIRMINGHAM

A new series of articles dealing with the leading British picture houses.

If industrialism screams anywhere, it screams in brazen Birmingham. Hemmed in by a ring of mighty chimney-stacks which flare like wild torches in the murky atmosphere of the central Midlands, intoned by a sullen note of never-silent machinery, it seems as a city racked by the torturing clangour of Vulcan.

Where is there a retreat from it? Are there any wayside shrines in which can be found a respite? Are there any temples in which there is a note of peace? When the streets sound as runnels of violent noise, stern tyrants of throbbing nerves, there remains as real in efficacy as any faith-reviving temple of the past—even in the city's whirlpool of life—the potency of a great kinema hall which, daring challenge from time in the title of the Futurist, does emblazon forth a message of hope. Turn aside one step, and in a moment its magic mood has placed the present behind.

About the exterior there may be nothing or there may be everything. It may be called flamboyant, garish, modern, or grand. But in a great vestibule, panelled in rich wood, over-set by a great marble staircase that is suggestive of an inner temple of glory, there is a hastening lure drawing one from that outside world of noise. A riotous feast of colour, rich colouring in bizarre mural designs, seem the very linings of promise. Within, there is the wonderful hall that has not a distinct light, but rather a glamour of colour, a kind of aftermath of luminosity that is reminiscent of a sunset that the mind recalls from some other day, or the memorable warmth of the morning sunlight shining through the green woods against a purpled sea. It has the fragrance of colour rather than the colours themselves. In a moment the mind can realise little save that



A glimpse of the colourful interior of the Futurist, looking towards the screen.

it is at peace, or that tranquillity is near. Carmine and purple, deep blue, a strange emerald or jade, the gleam of a constellation of the stars in the bedecked roof, and the elfish glint of strangely beautiful faces that stare from the walls. One great panel shows the billowing folds of rich red cloth, above which, silhouetted against her own shadow, there is the torso and head, crowned in rich red hair, of a wonder woman, posing in an attitude of grace, set off by the bat that hangs grotesquely in a golden sky. That is just one glance in a moment of illumination. So it is a great hall of a new symbolism—the nave, if you will, of a votive temple erected to this new faith of the silent screen. This is the Futurist note. A temple with a faith—a faith whose adherents can state a credo that belongs as much to the Futurist as to the art of the film which is its true *raison d'être*.

If anywhere, an antidote to Birmingham lies in this huge cavern of colour, where jaded nerves find soothing; and the consciousness is mesmerised by a subtle blending of colour and sound. The real apartness of a temple exists; the real sense of a remove from the world. The triumph of the film here is an easy, understandable triumph, because its way is made smooth by a harmony that is the truest setting for high art.

But the perfect setting has attracted or developed a type of kinemagoer whose taste is that of the connoisseur. Although dedicated in an important degree to the service of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and, perhaps above all, to Charles Chaplin, it has persistently propagated the British produced film. That is why a thrill of interest goes through the vast auditorium when the richly shaded curtains

draw slowly to each side, and in that white mirror of life there appears as heroine Violet Hopson, or as hero Stewart Rome. Always the programme claims to approximate to the first-class first-timer, and the result is that old ladies—to whom the screen has brought life up to date—vie with flappers, pert office girls, high school girls, and young matrons in devotion.

Life seen in pictures moves the thoughts from a tranquil introspection that the Futurist's atmosphere has produced. You can catch the quick response of every individual. The twitter that a phase of hilarity incites sparks electrically in a shadowed seat and dances like a will-o'-the-wisp in a marshy fog. The catastrophic collapse in a moment of comedy sweeps like a storm-wave through the audience and roars as it bursts. To the movement of tragedy the audience willingly plays chorus. Old ladies have set the Futurist in their hearts. They accept it as they would the National Gallery. Its note is select.

In the early hours of noon the seats are mostly the places of city men who find here their only relief from business. There are those who attend day after day. For them the picture programme does not matter. It is the gradual illumination, the gradual darkening from colours that die like a maiden's blush, and then the strains of the Midland's finest permanent orchestra weaving dreams that are never told. To these votive souls the screen is a needless mirror.

Created in a mood of inspiration, it is a torch of hope to the kinema movement, a torch burning fiercely in this greater England of the provinces in which a wonderful future for all art must lie.

(Another picture theatre article next month.)

The GLAD EYE GIRL



There's a wicked little twinkle in her eye.



From the roguish little twinkle in Priscilla Dean's eye you would expect her to be a very cheerful little lady. She is. This unconventional interview with the dainty little Universal star throws a pleasing sidelight on a pleasing screen personality.

"In case she gets restive again," remarked her husband, "I think I'd better put her back in her tree until you've done with her."

Priscilla made a defiant gesture. "Remember what happened to you last time you got fresh!" she warned him. Then to me: "Come on, now. Sail right in with it."

Given with the whole-hearted smile of hers which begins at the eyes and lingers there always, more or less, the chance was too good to be neglected.

"So this is the famous scrambled home?" I commenced.

"Sure," was the reply. "The front's Colonial because my lord and master so ordained it. He's from Ole' Virginny, y'know, and likes that style. The patio in there is my contribution. It's big enough to dance in, and we *do* dance, don't we, Wheeler?"

Most of the residents in Beverly Hills like dancing, I find.

"Listen to her," put in the "Lord and Master," with a grin. "'Don't we, Wheeler?'" That's because she hasn't seen me for six weeks. Some day, when I can spare the time, I shall really tame this 'Wild Woman' of mine."

"Go away and feed your prize poultry," said Priscilla, threatening to throw the kittens at him. "I can tell 'Picturegoer' all about you."

"If it comes to telling," he said, seating himself on the grass at his wife's feet, "I can do my share. Do you know that I'm married to a crook?"

"A movie crook, yes," I replied.

"No. She doesn't leave it at that. She stole my favourite leather cushion to cut up to make some sort of fancy hat. I nearly went home to mother after that."

"I commenced young," Priscilla Dean



Priscilla and her pet pup.

"Whee-e-ler." The shrill cry was followed by an ear-splitting whistle.

I followed the sound and arrived just in time to see Wheeler Oakman detach his pretty wife from a tree and carry her back to a big wicker chair.

"Say, how d'you manage when I'm away?" he inquired.

"I don't climb trees every day of my life," she retorted, saucily. "Besides, you might as well make yourself useful once in a while."

She was out of the chair and out of sight in half a moment, like a whirlwind, with her rescuer in hot pursuit.

I seated myself in a chair and awaited results. I was joined by two kittens and a very large black-and-white dog. Presently the pair returned and the screen's Wicked Darling allowed herself to be deposited in her big chair once more.

"She's supposed to be resting," Wheeler Oakman explained when I had introduced myself. "But the moment I turn my back she gets up to mischief."

Priscilla Dean winked. She has the wickedest wink imaginable.

"The kittens went up a tree," she explained, "and I went up after them; only I tried to come down with one arm full of kitten and the back of my dress caught and held me. Hence the S.O.S."



Priscilla Dean with her husband, Wheeler Oakman (right) and Lon Chaney, in a dramatic scene in "Outside the Law."



The "Priscilla Tammy."

confessed. "I was a perfect little devil of a child."

"Was, was," interrupted her husband. "Why, she still is." Priscilla silenced him with candy.

"I was on the stage when I was four," she continued. "And whenever we were in New York my favourite game was sliding down Grant's tomb. Used to come home absolutely caked with mud. But that wasn't what I was going to tell you. About the crook business. Mary (my mother, Mary Dean) used to say that only a kindly providence kept me out of jail because I was so fond of hiding things. Especially anything bright."

"Yes," put in the man on the grass. "She must have had that come-hither look of hers from birth.

Her mother told me that she was popular with all the companies with whom she played child parts.

They used to give her rings and bracelets and lockets, which mysteriously disappeared. When

Mother asked her what had become of them, she'd smile and say she didn't know.

Pity I wasn't there to take her in hand!"

"Mother found out long afterwards

that I'd hidden all my trinkets in the back of a big leather Davenport couch of hers," laughed Priscilla.

"Anyway, she says so, and I don't remember. Perhaps it was in anticipation of my future fate. I shall go down in the annals of the Deans as the family crook. The Los Angeles Detective Bureau took a print of my fingers when we were filming *Outside the Law*."

"Yes," said Wheeler Oakman. "Not content with marrying me, she insisted

that I share her nefarious pursuits, and made me play 'Dapper Bill' in that drama. But I've reformed now. I'm going back to Westerns again shortly."

By means of stern questioning I gleaned the information that Priscilla Dean had always been a tomboy, and had also played in every known kind of stage entertainment, from staid Shakespeare to slapstick vaudeville, and the gay Folies Bergère in New York. From the last-named, she went into D. W. Griffith's studio, firstly as a dancer in one of his pictures. Afterwards, as she puts it, "I stayed around doing odd bits, and later signed on to play in two-reel comedies on the Coast with a new company."

"That was some years ago," Priscilla averred. "Both of us are real old veterans. Wheeler started with Lubin ages ago. I came out to California to fulfil a contract, but when I arrived there wasn't any company. It had faded out, quietly, and I was stranded."

But Priscilla was not daunted. Neither did she go back to New York. Hearing that there was to be an automobile tournament at Ascot Park, with screen folk acting as drivers, she went to see the nearest automobile company about it. She was promptly chosen to drive a particularly fine car, and subsequently carried off the prize for the most beautiful car and star. When they asked her to which

company she belonged, Priscilla, whose sole acquaintance with Universal at that time consisted of a very little work as an "extra lady," gave them Universal.

"Of course, I was photographed at the Park," said she; "and next day I saw myself, with car, in the paper, which called me 'The Universal Star.' I thought I might as well see Universal on the subject; so I went along there. Was lucky again. Eddy Lyons and Lee Moran wanted a leading lady. They got me. They also got peeved with me, and I was fired. Ah me!" shaking her dark-brown head, "Priscilla Dean was always being fired these days. She didn't worry, though."

She next played a "vamp" in Lois Weber's *Even Is You and I*, but didn't please the powers in command. Priscilla is a girl of very strong individuality. Everything doesn't suit her. It didn't then, and it doesn't now. To-day she declares she has the greatest difficulty in finding stories. *Through Solid Walls*, *The White Turkey*, *Why, Uncle?* *Mystery of the Grey Ghost*, and *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* were a few early Universals she graced with her presence. The titles show clearly that she had a shot at everything. In *The Wild Cat of Paris* she acquired her first revolver. That film, *The Two-Souled Woman*, *The Brazen Beauty*, and *Kiss or Kill* established the vivacious little lady in public favour as a distinct if somewhat wild and woolly character.

"Melodrama certainly suits me best," Priscilla agreed. "Especially crook melodrama. Let's see. I was *The Silk-Lined Burglar*, *The Exquisite Thief*, *The Wicked Darling*, and *The Wild Cat of Paris* in rapid succession. I cried and raged a good deal in each and acquired a reputation of never being happy unless I had a revolver in my hand. In reality, I'm happiest when I'm in a gymnasium, or in an aeroplane."

Priscilla—this 5 ft. 4 in. bundle of vigour and vim—deserves her stardom, as everyone in Universal City unanimously agrees. From "Curly Secker," the animal trainer (a special friend of hers), everyone there likes her. Some of the oldest inhabitants remember her in her small-part days; others know her only as the star of Jewel productions; but their verdict is just the same. "A great girl. Full of pep and the right kind of pep, too."

Priscilla danced away to fetch a book of stills to show me.

"Here"—she selected one—"is a *Virgin of Stamboul* photo. My make-up for that film was the biggest worry of my life. I just couldn't fix it right. It either photographed black, or didn't show at all. So, when I did get it the way Tod Browning wanted, he wouldn't let me take it off. It was a kind of stain, and I had



Priscilla has a weakness for fine feathers.



Priscilla Dean's eyes are her most conspicuous feature. Memories of her, in all her varying moods, may dim and fade one into the other, but those brilliant eyes of hers are distinctly of the once seen-never-to-be forgotten type.

to stay brown for weeks. The only one who really liked it was Wheeler."

"I remember. You were married about that time, weren't you?"

"Yes," grinned Oakman. "She made up her mind to get me, and

pointed me out to Tod Browning as a suitable leading man. They were in a motor out at Santa Barbara, where I'd been working for the American Company. I remember Tod Browning stopped the car, and came and spoke to me about the film. And Priscilla said nothing, but looked lots."

"Oh, I didn't." Priscilla's eyes somewhat belied that statement. "It took me quite three months to get used to his teasing. The real reason I married Wheeler was because Peggy Hyland adopted a lion cub."

Wheeler stood up to remonstrate. "That's a perfectly new one," he said.

"Wait a bit.

Not to be outdone by Peggy, I adopted a fully-grown lion. But, though I sometimes took him around on a leash, he was much too restive, even for me, so I sent him back to the 'Zoo,' and adopted Wheeler instead."

"I've managed to survive," smiled Priscilla's husband. "I suppose it was my fatal beauty. Anyway, every man has to be vamped by someone

Priscilla can't
make her eyes
behave.



The "come
hither" look.

taken when the censors came to Universal City. It represented Priscilla casting a very vampish eye upon a Chicago censor who was jumping on his scissors. Others showed the Oakmans in *Outside the Law*, a crook story, of course; and there were several beauties of Priscilla in *Reputation*.

"A melodrama again," she said, "but one which gave me two rôles. One an *ingénue*, though a strong-minded one; and the other, an actress who is addicted to drugs."

In both parts Priscilla scored heavily. She literally threw herself into the exacting rôle of the actress, and climbed to the topmost peak of her art. In *Outside the Law* she is rather submerged beneath a series of fights, both in the Underworld and with the police.

Conflict separated the Oakmans. Priscilla went to the North Woods of Canada, and so Wheeler went South to Mississippi, and starred in *Slippy McGee*. Then she returned to Hollywood, and he had to go to New York over Christmas.

"So I worked very hard," Priscilla told me. "Made *Wild Honey*, in which I was consistently good throughout, and not very happy (I don't like 'good' parts much), and *That Lass O'Lowrie's* (a Lancashire story). "But my next will be the part, I think."

"She's going to be 'Cigarette' in *Under Two Flags*, and spends most

of her spare time bring off sentences in French at me. This from Wheeler.

Priscilla denied it, but owns to the study of French occasionally. She also owns to a fondness for all kinds of athletics, motoring, riding, camping out, fishing and aviation. She is life and energy personified, always ready for a joke, and her eyes are usually agleam with mischief.

"Wheeler was a 'Grizzly' during the war," she announced, which, being translated, means that he was for some time in U.S. service. He spent seven months in France as a member of Captain Peter B. Kyne's battery, known as "The Californian Grizzlies."

Oakman, who is a fine-looking chap with brown hair and quizzical, brown eyes, is thirty-two, just about seven years older than his wife.

"I've freelanced a good deal in my time," said he. "I was with Blanche Sweet in *A Woman of Pleasure*, then I went to Canada with Nell Shipman in *Back to God's Country*. Gee! we had a cold time out there. Then came the war, and when I came back to Hollywood it was only to be annoyed by that noisy young lady they called Priscilla Dean.

"She was always up to some trick or other. Once she lost the key of her dressing-room, which was the one next to mine, and broke in through the window. I suppose I ought to be thankful she didn't turn me out of mine and annex it.

"Another time the electricians placed a great coil of wire well out in the middle of a path, and with a warning sign which read, '2,000 volts.' I noticed Miss Mischief get busy with that sign. When she had finished with it, it read, '2,000 volts.' Let your conscience be your guide." Priscilla owned up to that.

I prepared to bid them "good bye," despite cordial invitations to stay for dinner and dancing. So Priscilla ordered out her smart dark-blue car to take me back to Hollywood, and the pair were engaged in a fresh outburst of high spirits before I was out of sight.

Come to think of it, Priscilla Dean's eyes are her most conspicuous feature. Memories of her, in all her varying moods and tenses, may dim and fade one into the other as time goes along, but those brilliant eyes of hers, beneath their peaked brows, are distinctly of the once-seen-never-to-be-forgotten type. I've seen them by turns defiant and tender, narrowed in fierce belligerence behind a levelled revolver, and distended with the horror that moves movie-heroines to desperate deeds. On the screen. I have also seen them when their charming owner is *not* screen-acting; then their brown depths hold an alluring come-hither-ish-ness that is altogether delightful. Priscilla Dean's eyes remain. Like the Cheshire cat's grin, which remained, you remember, long after the rest of that remarkable creature had vanished.

v. m.

or other, and I knew I'd get caught some time."

"Beauty. Nix." Priscilla hastened to score one. "But he's got a good, kind face, hasn't he?"

"Tell me the worst," said Oakman. They both looked at me. Caught thus between (Pris)Scylla and Charybdis, I evaded the issue by returning to the book of stills again.

Here was a most amusing picture

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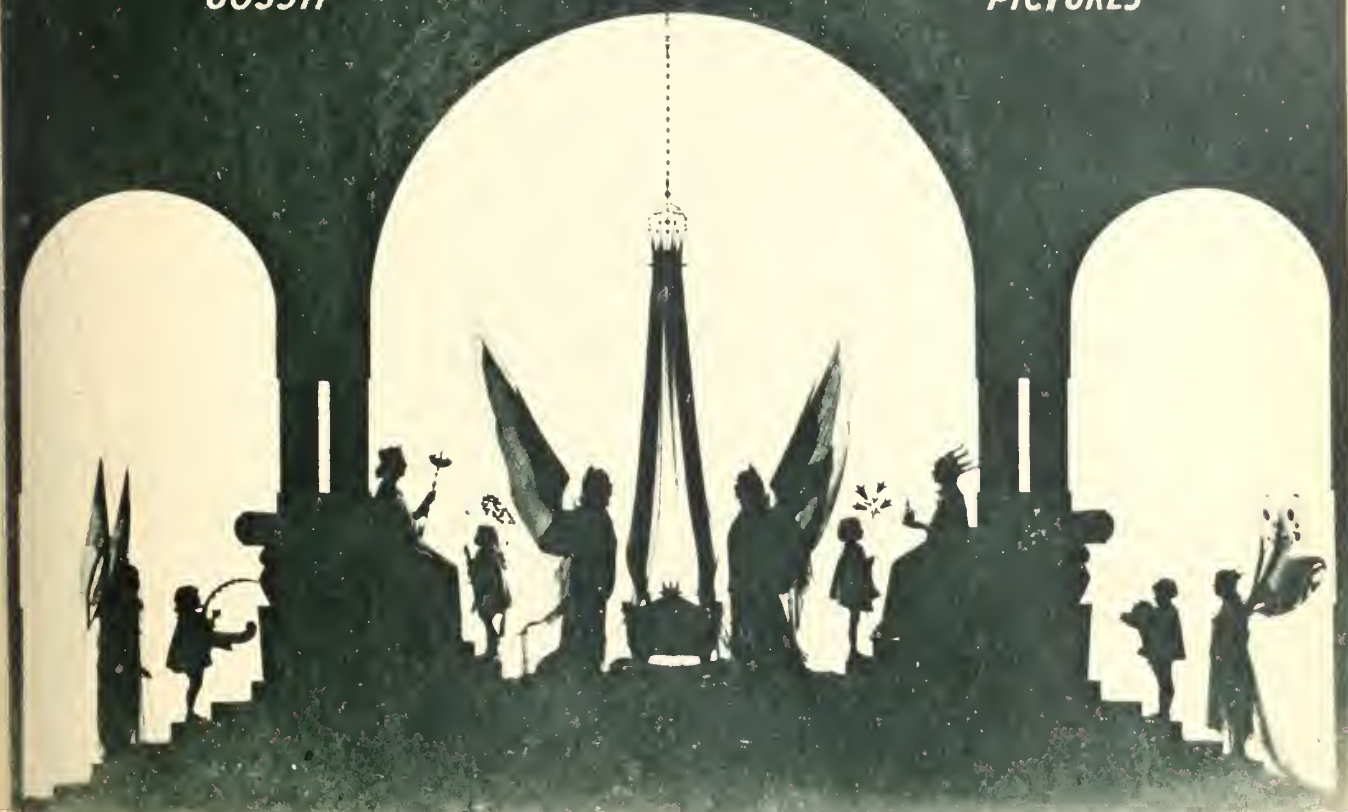
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SHADOWLAND

CRITICAL
GOSSIP

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN

CURRENT
PICTURES



The month's most beautiful production is *Miarka, the Child of the Bear*, which was made by Louis Mercanton, whose *Call of the Blood* was so highly appreciated over here. Special care has been given to details of lighting and effect, and the church scenes in the chapel of the Saintes Maries de la Mer and in the cloister are both convincing and beautiful. Natural lighting, too, such as that of a match and the headlight of a car, has been used with great effect. It is a story of gypsies, with the late Mme. Réjane as "Romany Kate," its principal figure. Her death scene is quite a masterpiece; there is also a realistic fight between a bear and a man. Ivor Novello is quite satisfactory as the hero; and Desdemona Mazza deepens the good impression she created in her first film, *The Call of the Blood*. She seems to have definitely abandoned screen work; last time we heard of her she was appearing in Rome as a singer.

A fascinating circus story made in Denmark, *The Four Devils* depicts circus life both in travelling now and in a tremendous circus. Its photography is none too good, but the dramatic and quite wholesome story will compensate. Production is good, especially in the scenes showing ring

training and other aspects of circus life, and which were taken in and around the real article, not in studio sets. The ending is sensational, for the gymnast-heroine, whose partner has been won away from her by a society beauty, fails purposely to catch him in their trapeze act. He is hurled to destruction far below, and she casts herself after him. Ernest Wynar, Margaret Shlegell, Vittorio Collani, and Hedy Ford play the four "Devils," and Émile Rameau contributes a good study as "Cecchi," the brutal proprietor of a travelling circus.

Eddy Lyons and Lee Moran appear in two feature films this month. In *Felix O'Day* they are not seen for very long (though they co-directed it), but in *La La Lucille* they are the featured stars, and have a very fair story and fine supporting cast. Adapted from a Broadway musical comedy hit, *La La Lucille* is bright, vivacious, and pleasing, and explains the complications arising when a rich aunt disapproves of her nephew's wife and threatens disinheritance unless he is separated from her. Gladys Walton, the Universal star, has quite a small rôle here; and Anne Cornwall plays "Lucille" in captivating fashion. The plot is neither new nor startling, but the continuity is good, and one mix-up

follows another very naturally. Lyons and Moran played so well together that it is a great pity they separated. Some say this was the result of a quarrel, but the two most concerned state simply that the dissolution of partnership was for business reasons alone.

A very fine offering comes from France this month in *Friend of the Mountains*, which features Mlle. Madys and Andrew Nox. Scenicly, it is strikingly beautiful, it also possesses a well-told and convincing, if rather slight, eternal triangle story. It is well acted too, from the principals down to the very smallest rôles, and the photography, especially in the "long shots," is fine. Another foreign-made feature is *The Little Diplomat*, which is a domestic drama in which the principal artiste is a tiny fluff-haired damsel called Regina Dumien. She plays providence (and peace-maker) when jealousy and misunderstanding threaten to separate her father and mother.

The early scenes of *Cupid the Cow-puncher*, Will Roger's April offering, are practically perfect. As a humorous, albeit, homely, philosopher of the range, and a matchmaker for everyone but himself, Will is immense in the title-rôle. Naturally, a pretty



Corinne Griffith enjoying a quick lunch "on location."

girl comes upon the scene, and "Cupid" (Rogers) is lost. She likes him too, but (and here the story is at fault) she decides, for no really intelligible reason, to go to New York and seek a career. Which spins out the feature to its requisite length. But, nevertheless, it is one of the few good comedies extant these days, rich in incident and detail, with well-directed scenes, and a laugh in every sub-title. It is an adaptation of an Eleanor Gates story, and Helen Chadwick plays opposite Will Rogers. If you like Will Rogers (with titles) you'll find yourself well satisfied with him as "Cupid."

Many picturegoers will remember *Tih Minh*—a popular French serial starring Mary Herald, and will be pleased to renew acquaintance with this little lady in *Li Hang the Cruel*. This is a sensational drama, the leading character in which ("Li Hang") is a maker of mechanical toys, and although at first he seems ordinary enough, develops into a malignant and revengeful monster, who perishes in a deservedly horrible fashion. All kinds of weird notions of revenge are here, but, excepting serial lovers, the feature will not appeal to many. The settings and photography are attractive, and Tsin How, the Chinese actor who plays the title-rôle, is excellent. The story, however, is decidedly sordid.

Little Miss Somebody, with Mae Marsh as the heroine, will remind you a good deal of *Daddy Long-Legs*. Mae makes an excellent little girl, and is seen quite at her best as a rebellious little foundling in a very sternly-managed orphanage. The story, though conventional, is worked

out with a wealth of humorous and pathetic incident, and the characters are lovable. Mae Marsh's portrait of the warm-hearted, tom boyish "Mary Carr," who suffers so many trials and tribulations, is lively and fascinating. She has, however, many mannerisms still, and is inclined to jerkiness. Annie Schaefer, whom many will remember for her fine work in Vitagraph features, gives a characteristic performance as the Orphanage Superintendent; and Kathleen Kirkham and John Stepping make an agreeable pair of lovers.

Amongst British releases a very welcome re-issue is *Rock of Ages*, with Queenie Thomas in a featured rôle. Containing many beautiful Irish seascapes, good sub-titles, and many humorous touches, this feature has a religious bent; it is interesting, though, and a change from the usual type of dramatic picture. The acting is good and artistic, and the photography excellent. A feature which will please Ethel M. Dell's very wide public is *The Place of Honour*, a story of Indian garrison life. Madge White, Hugh Buckler, Pardoe Woodman and Luther Miles play the leading rôles in this melodrama of a man's self-sacrifice.

A splendid cast appears in *The Great Accident*. Besides the star, genial Tom Moore, there is Jane Novak, Ann Forrest, Philo McCullough, Willard Lewis, and "Lefty" Flynn. A practical joke and its consequences is the central motive of the film, and, had it been treated as pure comedy it would have been a good deal more interesting. It commences exceedingly well, but soon degenerates into a conventional and sentimental photoplay.

There is much incident—too much—in places, for much of it does nothing to emphasise the drama. As the care-free, rather lazy son of the Town Mayor, and the victim of a practical joke which turns boomerang-wise upon its perpetrators, Tom Moore is splendid. Next to his work comes that of Ann Forrest, whose emotion is real enough to carry over quite conventional "sob-stuff." Ann was starred very shortly after, appearing in *The Great Accident*.

Tiny and slender (her latest screen rôle was that of a child in short frocks), Ann Forrest is nothing if not energetic. After her day's studio-work is ended, she likes best to get into what she calls her "hiking (not hiking) rig-out." This consists of khaki breeches, an olive-coloured drab shirt that looks uncommonly like the ones that repose in the kit-bags of Uncle Sam's soldiers, a campaign hat and heavy shoes made very high up the ankle. Then off she goes into the woods or hills, climbing and tramping for hours at a stretch. If possible, she will take a blanket along, and the wherewithal for one meal, and sleep away out there by herself. It is one star's way of keeping herself "fit." Anything that means out-of-doors appeals to Ann.

Tom Meighan has had a weakness since he played in *The Miracle Man*. He makes an interesting crook, though, although he is not quite convincing. In *The Point of View*, his April release, he plays one "Billy Kane," a hermit burglar, whose uncle, a bookmaker, dies, leaving him heir to half-a-million. So "Billy," having fallen in love with the photograph of a girl—which he had stolen on account of its valuable frame—decides to reform. As a reward, he immediately meets the original of the photograph. Coincidence is rather over-worked throughout, though the latter part of the picture is far more entertaining than the beginning. There is a fight at the end, and plenty of lively incident, but the French and American characters are permitted to understand one another's up-to-date slang in a manner that is impossible anywhere but in a film. Sub-titles are good, so are Grace Darmond and Jacqueline Logan in the principal feminine rôles.

Constance Talmadge looks prettier than ever, and acts as well as possible in the very slight *Good References*, in which she is to be seen this month. She plays a social secretary to a young New York aristocrat, who prefers prize fights and poker parties to the usual amenities of the social set. It takes five reels before this young gentleman discovers that he is in love with his social secretary. There are but few opportunities for acting though incident is plentiful. The fight is dragged in, and one feels that it would never have happened outside

movie. Vincent Coleman, Ned Sparks, and a capable cast support Constance Talmadge. The photography is good and clear throughout, but in some of the close-ups Connie appears perfectly noseless. She has just returned from Santa Catalina Island, where scenes for *The Divorcée*, her new film, were made.

A flippant, nearly naughty, story, directed by George Fitzmaurice, *Paying the Piper* features Dorothy Dickson, one of the prettiest of Broadway's noted dancers. She looks charming, has little acting to do, and gives the impression of dancing without actually doing any. Alna Tell is an effective foil to her. Reginald Denny, lately seen in *Disraeli*, gives a very good performance, so does Rod la Roque as a wealthy young waster. George Fawcett, one of the best character-actors on the screen, is also seen in a satirical rôle, of which he makes the most. Without being great in any way—for it cannot be called either lifelike or dramatic—*Paying the Piper* has all the usual Fitzmaurice touches, and will please a great many people. Both George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Bergère are back in the United States again, where Fitzmaurice's film, *Three Live Ghosts*, made in England, is about due for release.

Buck Jones has a different type of part to his usual ones in *Just Pals*. As a rule, he fights, shoots, and rescues the abused heroine without having much time to spare for acting. Here, though, he commences as the village good-for-nothing. He has neither pony nor gun; neither is the villain at hand to be punished; but, instead, splendid acting opportunities and much human interest. Set in a small Montana village, there is also a little melodrama and a delightful romance in *Just Pals*, in which the hero and a charming schoolma'am play the principal rôles. Also, towards the end of the film, there is sufficient action to please admirers of Buck in his more strenuous moods. Little Duke R. Lee, as Buck's thirteen-year-old pal, plays exceedingly well; and Helen Ferguson is a capable leading lady.

The star of *The Sin that was His*, William Faversham, is better known as a stage actor than as a screen player. The story is by Frank L. Packard, who wrote *The Miracle Man*, which it slightly resembles, inasmuch as it deals with regeneration. The action takes place in the Far North, and the principal character, who has most of the lime-light, is at first acriminal and card-

sharper. He later assumes the name and identity of a priest he finds, as he thinks, dead. In his new rôle of a devout preacher, "Two-Ace Artie" becomes, after a while, actually the believer he pretends to be, and his gradual reformation provides an unusually interesting character study. The film is well produced and photographed, night scenes being specially well done. Lucy Cotton has little to do, but looks charming, and Lulu Warrington plays an old hag very capably.

A characteristic Rex Beach story, *The Iron Trail* has made a melodramatic but thoroughly interesting film. The romance element is less prominent than in the novel; the railroad building episodes are made the most important. Plenty of action, therefore, is assured, and the mob fights, when rival gangs attempt to wrest the right-of-way from one another, holds many thrills. The Alaskan exteriors were made on locations chosen by Rex Beach himself, who personally supervised this production. Wyndham Standing, Thurston Hall, and Reginald Denny have the principal male rôles. Standing acts well, but his rôle is not entirely suited to his personality. Harlan Knight is good, and Alna Tell is a pretty if passive heroine. Some wonderful shots of ice breaking up in the Alaskan rivers are one of the features of this film.

Greville, a deserted town near Dover, N.J. (U.S.A.), was borrowed from the Railway Company who own it by the Rex Beach contingent—some thousand

Dorothy Dickson, star of "Sally," is seen this month in "Paying the Piper."



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Jean Angelo, M. Franceschi and Georges Melchior, in a scene from the great French film, "L'Atlantide."

strong for the purposes of filming. Greville had been "dead" for over nine years, but its resurrection was a matter of a very few hours. Its houses, long empty and dust-covered, were re-peopled with picture-actors, its main street was re-lit, re-paved in part, and galvanised into life once more. Stores were reopened at lightning speed, even officers of the law were elected, and the town looked much as it used to look in its pioneer days. After the scenes were all finished, the "population" disbanded, but, oddly enough, it took far longer to evacuate the town than to fill it.

Elsie Ferguson made a great success as "Carlotta," the heroine of *Sacred and Profane Love*, on the stage. But Arnold Bennett's novel has been made into a poor screen play. The theme, a highly-strung girl's hero-worship for a pianist, has not been treated in a realistic fashion, and opportunities for real dramatic situations are slurred over, so that the whole becomes slow and artificial. Both plot and characterisation suffer from artificiality. Conrad Nagel plays well as the pianist, but Tom Holding is decidedly wooden as an ardent admirer of "Carlotta." The elaborate settings and ultra-smart costumes of the heroine are somewhat inconsistent, too. Smaller parts are played by Forrest Stanley, Winifred Greenwood, Howard Gaye, and Helen Dunbar.

The cast is the chief attraction about *To Please One Woman*, which is a Lois Weber production. It is also directed very well, though the plot is not nearly up to Lois Weber's usual standard, and its development is too overdrawn. Very few original touches are provided. When *To Please*

One Woman, which is a domestic drama, was made; most of the players in it were "unknowns." Most of them have since become famous. There are Claire Windsor, George Hackathorne (lately starred in *The Little Minister*), Mona Lisa (who has since "vamped" her way well to the fore), and Gordon Griffith, whose *Son of Tarzan* exploits gave him world-wide fame. Edward Burns, too, the leading man, has done much good work of late.

Tom Mix's April release is *The Texan*, a very obvious story, but with incidents enough to give him opportunities to show his undoubted skill in the saddle and with the lariat. There is a big rodeo, in which Tom as "The Texan" wins all the events. The film contains any amount of stunts and thrills, and the humour is quite infectious. The backgrounds, too, are effective, and Tom Mix offers a good deal of propaganda for Texas. Although the conclusion of the story can be easily guessed long before it is seen, yet Mix and his company, which includes Gloria Hope as the heroine, are first rate.

Another play that misses fire somewhat as a film is *Cousin Kate*, but Alice Joyce's personality and performance as the heroine atones a good deal. Ethel Barrymore starred in this rôle the second time the play was revived in New York. There are rather too many sub-titles in the film, but the dialogue meant so much in the play (the story is exceedingly simple), the best of it is thus reproduced. No better "Cousin Kate" could have been found than Alice Joyce; she portrays perfectly the whimsical character of the woman

novelist whose cynicism is only on the surface, and whose real nature is one of great feeling and sympathy. Gilbert Emery is an effective lover and all the other parts are well played. The producer was Mrs. Sidney Drew, till recently a tremendously popular screen player, and it certainly does her credit.

H. B. Warner has an excellent feature in *Felix O'Day*, which gives him a good part, and is faultlessly directed (by Eddy Lyons and Lee Moran). The story, which concerns a lovable sportsman whose friend betrays him in both business and love, is not very new, but is very interesting. It is told well, and the climax is given an original twist, in that, instead of bringing hero and villain together in a grim fight, and killing of the latter in the more usual way, the villain escapes, only to meet death in dramatic fashion a little later. Lillian Rich and Marguerite Snow play the principal feminine rôles. Marguerite Snow was a well-known star a few years ago, she and James Cruze being great favourites as star and leading man. She retired for awhile, and this is her first film since her return to movie-land.

As the hero of *Felix O'Day*, H. B. Warner finds employment at a small antique shop in New York, where he is looked upon as an expert in values. Warner needed little prompting for this part of his business, for it is well known that the Pathé star is a real expert in these matters. His Hollywood home is a shining example of antiques of all kinds, for he has been an ardent collector all his life. Some of his treasures, like the chair he acquired in France, which dates back to a year or two before the Revolution, possesses exceedingly colourful histories. H. B. Warner has travelled a great deal, and bought much of his prized collection during his tours. He has some exquisite and valuable old china, many tapestries, and a few curious paintings.

Sessue Hayakawa is seen as an aristocratic Chinese youth in *Where Lights are Low*. He is as good as usual, and his sincerity and pathos helps out an entertainment which is entirely devoid of humour. Pathos and sentiment, however, abound, and there is also much colourful action and suspense. With the exception of Gloria Payton (the heroine), the whole cast is composed of Orientals. Gloria Payton is an unconvincing Chinese girl, and is also far too lavishly made up. In the early reels of *Where Lights are Low*, the impression given is that some of the scenes are obviously "planted," but the finale is vivid and unusually convincing, with its whirlwind hatchet fight. Sessue Hayakawa specialises in Chinese stories

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Sarah Bernhardt in the first Famous-Lasky feature, "Queen Elizabeth," produced ten years ago.

this year, although he looks always the Japanese he is. In some of his later releases, his wife, Tsun Aoki, will be once more seen as his leading lady.

Picturegoers have many "super" films to gaze upon these days. After *L. Atlantide*, the French masterpiece shown at Covent Garden, comes *Theodora* from Italy. This is a genuine "super" in magnificence and photography alone. The story, as usual with Continental films, is a tragedy of Rome in its last days as a great Empire. Tremendous crowds move in the big scenes, and there is such a whirl of spectacular effect that one is apt to lose the thread of the undeniably good story in wonderment at the *mise-en-scène*. *Theodora* is taken from Victorien Sardou's play of the same name, and Rita Jolivet is a practically perfect exponent of the title rôle. Ferruccio Biancini plays "the Emperor Justinian," and Renato Maupre makes a restrained and ardent revolutionary lover. The film was directed by Commendatore Arturo Ambrosio, and ranks easily first amongst the spectacles of the year.

Allen Holubar wrote, as well as directed, *Once to Every Woman*, which holds one's attention from the opening sub-title until the final fade-out. The central character, played by Dorothy Phillips (Mrs. Allen Holubar), is a country girl whose remarkable voice carries her to stellar heights in the world of music. In her success she forgets her home folks, but later, when her world turns its back upon her, it is to them she flies for comfort and later happiness. Quite a simple

theme really, it emphasises the curse of ambition (its original title was *Ambition*), in that it destroys its possessor's sense of humanity. Rudolph Valentino is seen in a supporting rôle, and Elinor Field and Robert Anderson are both effective in their rôles. The acting and production are alike excellent.

The admirers of Pauline Frederick who consistently uphold their idol's versatility will be more positive of it than ever when they have seen her in *The Mistress of Shenstone*. The star gets right away from her dramatic fireworks, and relegates even emotional interpretation to the background. Her portrayal of the sweet and womanly "Lady Myra Ingleby" is different from any of her previous rôles and thoroughly interesting, for it gives her every chance of showing her rare dramatic ability. Most people have read Florence L. Barclay's novel, from which the story is taken; it has made a quiet picture, with beautiful backgrounds of cliff and ocean and vast and picturesque country estates. Roy Stewart has left his horses and Western rôles to play the hero, the man who accidentally killed the husband of the woman he loved.

Enid Bennett's screen appearances are not very numerous. This month she acts splendidly as the young wife in *Her Husband's Friend*, the full story of which appears in the *May* "Pictures." The plot has a novel idea, and some good, sound argument. The characterisation is quite logical, too, but the whole thing suffers from over-emphasis; the director has simply pinned on the action to such an extent

as to make it anti-climatic. There is also rather too much realism in the "accidents," which are, however, very thrilling. The photography is notably good, and the exteriors charming. Tom Chatterton and Mae Busch head the supporting cast.

There is one James Oliver Curwood story due for release in *Isobel*, which stars Housa Peters and Jane Novak. It is a sentimental drama, the scenes of which take place in the far North-West. The scenic effects are magnificent, and there is plenty of rapid action, a blizzard, and some rarely beautiful sunrise effects. It seems rather a pity that the scenarist was obliged to kill off a quite likeable husband in order to allow the hero, a North-West Mounted officer, to win the lady of his affections. Jane Novak is an ideal James Oliver Curwood heroine, and her appealing femininity, blonde loveliness and able acting make her "Isobel" a delightful study.

Ten years ago last March the first Famous Players film was made. It was a five-reeler, *Queen Elizabeth*, with Sarah Bernhardt as the Queen, and in those days of 1912 it made everybody sit up and take notice. The idea of Famous Players at that time was, as their brand implied, to screen the best known stage favourites, and Adolph Zukor, who founded the company, was alternately derided and pitied when his intentions were first announced. Zukor had not been in America very long, but he was one of the first to perceive the endless possibilities of the then crude industry known as "the pictures." He took his ideas on the subject to Daniel Frohman, and the outcome of their conference was *Queen Elizabeth*. Famous Players incorporated with Laskys in 1916, Paramount, Arcraft, Realart, and Bosworth more recently, and now, on its tenth birthday, Paramount Pictures, as the company is called, distributes its various productions all over the civilised world.

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Miss Peggie Hathaway

THE SAGA OF SJÖSTRÖM.

(Continued from Page 15)

himself (though *not* myself) by observing that the weird under-the-sea scene (like most of the others, too) was made in the studio.

Also that the man who photographed it was in the next room. He was. I saw him when we left. A grave, bearded individual who looked as though he took life very seriously indeed.

Seriousness, amounting at times to tragedy, is the keynote of most of the Scandinavian productions. About Victor Sjöström's there is also a strongly religious tinge; stories having this trend appeal to him most.

As an actor, he has hardly an equal. At will, he makes himself young or old; he can be humorous, too, but emotional work is his finest achievement. No better example of this can be found than in his "David Holm" in his favourite film. Here his powers of characterisation, too, have full scope, for, besides his own masterly study of "David," he shows us a group of characters who appear to be living their own actual lives rather than acting in a screen play.

Love's Crucible, his latest completed film, is an original story, written for the screen by Hjalmar Borgstrom, and took him a bare three months to film.

"But fully a year was spent upon preparatory work. It is a love story of Renaissance times."

"Any particular place?" I queried.

"The Kingdom of Romance, perhaps," was the reply.

Judging by the stills I saw, this *Love's Crucible* must be a very beautiful production. Sjöström is producer only this time, and the principal feminine rôle is played by Jenny (or as Sweden more prettily pronounces it, Yacnie) Hasselqvist. She is well-known to Londoners as a dancer, for she has been seen here both alone and with the Swedish Ballet, the only other Swedish art besides films to penetrate to London.

"Good stories," Sjöström averred, "are many. But those having a world-wide appeal are not easy to procure."

He was due elsewhere to inspect a new projector, he announced, a little later. A projector, being a machine, does not ask questions, hence Victor Sjöström's slightly relieved air as he said "Good-bye." And so they departed—the Kind-hearted One, the camera-man, and the Maestro of moving pictures.

I did not ask Victor Sjöström about his hobbies. Nevertheless, I can unhesitatingly put it upon record that being interviewed is not one of them. For, although we *appeared* to be chatting amiably enough, I felt that Sjöström might just as well have been far away in his beloved Sweden and the interviewer somewhere in the South Sea Islands. Or anywhere else equally warm.

Because I should require at least a year to induce Victor Sjöström to talk *really* talk about himself and his work. It would, however, be time exceedingly well spent. J. L.



Charlie Chaplin and Anna Pavlova, who has been playing in California. The photo was taken at the Chaplin studios.

GRIFFITH AND THE GISHES. *(Continued from Page 11.)*

before. Do you think I will fail to take advantage of the opportunity?"

Dorothy Gish jumped from comedy to tragedy in this feature, portraying the highly sympathetic character of the little blind girl. Creighton Hale has the comedy moments, and the fight for the final fade-out rests between Morgan Wallace and the talented, exotic Schildkraut.

Mr. Griffith showed me the village street in old France—Mamaroneck—complete in detail to the last cobblestone. Many of the mob scenes were staged here, those spectacular mass effects that have placed D. W. second to none the world over.

DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS.

(Continued from Page 15)

resemblance to Mrs. Norton, the original Diana."

I learned that William Meredith, son of the novelist, is helping supervise the production. He took Cliff and his company to the original "Crossways," and went with them over the various locations dealt with in the novel.

The cast of *Diana* has Fay Compton in the title-rôle; Fisher White "Lord Dannisburgh"; J. R. Toz as "Augustus Warrick"; Henry Victor as the "Hon. Percival Dacier"; Ivo Dawson "Sir Luke Dunstane"; Harvey Braban as "Radworth"; Harding Steermans as "Tonans"; Joyce Gayme as "Lady Emma"; Pame Cooper as "Princess Taryli"; and Hope Tilden as "Ma Paynham."

Denison Cliff is a charming fellow, and chatting with him I forgot all about the Mormons. But when I settled down that evening and tried to read "Diana of the Crossways," the sense of wrongs was brought home to me afresh.

When I had written above, I carried this article to the Editor, and he liked it not. "You should have written it in George Meredith's style," said he. "Have you read his novel closely?" The answer was in the negative.

"Do you intend to read it?" asked the Editor.

"Life," I assured him, "is full of uncertainties. Believing as I do in the doctrine of free will, I may say that whilst I am master of my fate and captain of my soul, I do not. Moreover, I have an appointment tomorrow."

"Where are you going," said the Editor.

"I am going," I replied, "to the trade show of *Trapped by the Mormons*."

He told me that Lillian Gish was far and away the preeminent actress of the silver sheet, that in photography he considered second only to story, that *Orphans of the Storm* had taken longer to make than anything he has ever done—with the possible exception of *Intolerance*—and, startling statement this, that anyone can act who is not an "actor."

If I were picking an artist to breathe reality into the romantic eighteenth-century France, I should not hesitate in my selection of the same David Wark Griffith. The same is as big as his ideals. M. H.

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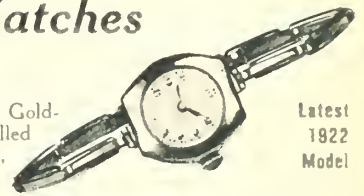
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"'FACTATIVE' is Nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise. I have personally used this restorative. I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish." HYGIA, Editor, "Secrets of Health & Beauty."

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"As a real remedy for restoring loss of colour, it is a thoroughly reliable preparation."

There is only one satisfactory method of restoring grey hair to its natural colour. That is to revivify the pigment-cells of the hair so that once again the colour is re-created naturally from within.

How this can be done is shown in a remarkable brochure which will be sent (in plain envelope) to every reader of the "Picturegoer" who applies for it.

This book tells of the remarkable results obtained by Society men and women by the use of "FACTATIVE." "Factative" is not a dye. It contains no colouring matter whatsoever. Yet, under its influence, gradually but surely the hair permanently regains its original hue and lustre. Satisfactory results are positively guaranteed.

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BEHIND THE KINEMA SCENES.

(Continued from Page 16.)

There is no jealousy in their make-up.

I went into the waiting-room masquerading as an actor.

"What a lark!" I thought.

In three minutes I had changed my mind.

They didn't know me from Adam.

But my presence there was enough for them to take me as one of themselves.

In a trice they were telling me about something "Old Sid" had an order for that morning.

I am not sentimental, but presently their friendliness wrought upon me so that I wanted to jump on a chair and confess that I was an impostor—merely a writer come to spy upon them, but that it was all off, and that they were the finest people in the world. For if I went to laugh, I stayed to love. And I think it must be the same with anyone who is lucky enough to penetrate into Sidney Jay's waiting-room.

A casual glance at their weather-beaten faces or their travel-stained clothes may depress you.

But depression will vanish when you behold their tight upper lips and the courage in their eyes.

Are they down-hearted?

A thousand time no!

They are capable workers, too.

Expert craftsmen every one.

The kinema has no use for amateurs. You cannot, by a course of lessons, make up for the teaching of experience. You cannot by any magic bestow the wonderful gifts of temperament and imagination, which are developed only by long practice.

An inner doorway opens.

Instantly the air is electric!

A clerk surveys the waiting crowd.

It may be a call for a hundred people.

"Man to play workhouse official," says the clerk. "Sam, you'll do. Man to play young doctor. Tom, come on. Man to play dead body. Bill, you're like it. Girl to play slavey. Daisy, you'll manage that."

Daisy, Bill, Tom and Sam edge out of the crowd. They get their instructions, and within the minute they are hurrying off to their studio.

They have got a job.

It may be only for the day, but a day is a guinea, and guineas are few and far between.

They help to tide over those heart-breaking times when, "Nothing doing to-day, old boy" is the only message that awaits them.

The clerk disappears.

Before he closes the door behind him, let us follow.

If the outer apartment is the room of adventure, this is the room of achievement.

The first thing we note is the constant whirr of telephones.

A producer is calling up to demand immediately something which you would think it impossible to get in a lifetime.

I shall say something of these demands later.

A clerk is ringing to say he has got such-and-such, and will so-and-so do for the other parts.

Everything is confused as the building of Babel to the onlooker, but everybody seems to have a job and to do it.

I verily believe that if Sidney Jay were held up at the point of a revolver and the telephone went he would answer it and take the consequences.

His motto might well be, "Anything anytime," for neither fire, flood, nor earthquake would stop him carrying out an order.

In this room of achievement are stars in the making—those young people of talent whom we wake up one day to find famous—those players who are rapidly making England a formidable competitor of America.

Here you may meet Phyllis Shanaw, who made a hit in *The Call of the Road*; Margery Meadows, who did great work in *The Rotters*; Joan Lockton, of *Miss Charity*; Zoe Palmer, from *The Black Tulip*; Faith Bevan from *Money*; and Kathleen Vaughan from *The Prince and the Beggar Maid*.

You may meet little Norman Pratt, the wonder boy of the kinema.

He will tell you that "Uncle Jay" is the "best agent in the world," and if you ask him to name the next best he will tell you he doesn't know any other!

This is a joyful room, for all its bustle and business is framed with laughter.

And now there is the Sanctum.

Here the fixed stars of the film

firmament come to put their famous names to contracts, which presently will result in pictures which will delight millions of kinemagoers.

I met Gertrude McCoy and Lewis Willoughby, both signing on to go to Holland.

At other times you might see her Fay Compton, Zena Dare, Evelyn Brent, Renée Kelly, Mary Odette, Phyllis Titmuss, Matheson Lang, Milton Rosmer and Stewart Rome—people who have not only arrived but who have stayed—whose names are simply household words—whose features are familiar to millions. Such is the power of the film's magic circulation.

And now I promised to tell you of some of the orders which Sidney Jay has had to supply.

Here are a few:

A man to drive a racing car and run into a wall at sixty miles an hour.

The biggest dog in the world—guaranteed not to bite!

A fifteenth-century castle with a moat, with just twenty-four hours to do it.

A crowd of 25,000 people, again a twenty-four hours' notice.

A regiment of trained soldiers.

A "cross between Sir Henry Irving and Charlie Chaplin."

The most beautiful girl in London. The fattest woman in London.

A one-man band.

A "Punch-and-Judy" show.

A complete circus.

The Coronation Royal harness from Buckingham Palace.

A new-born baby, "with experience of acting for the pictures."

A man to jump into the Thames in December.

Did he get them?

Of course, and a lot more equal difficult.

The one-man band almost stumped him, and his reputation was hanging by a thread when a musician struck up in the street outside his office door.

The man to drive the car was four without any difficulty.

The "Punch-and-Judy" she meant a journey down Commercial Road after 10 o'clock at night.

The man to dive in the Thames was the biggest "snag" of all, because it was well known that the actor engaged for the part had dived on and had pneumonia ever since.

Nobody would volunteer, so Sidney Jay went himself.

"Anything anytime!"

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AND
FLAVOUR"

BOURNVILLE COCOA

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Only after recipients have been convinced of the vast superiority of "Charmides" Face Powder and the convenience and economy of the container will they be asked to forward P.O. 1/6 in payment. (In the unlikely event of non-approval after trial, box to be returned within 7 days.)

Hand-made, silk sifted and of fairy fineness, "Charmides" possesses valuable antiseptic properties. Most delicately perfumed and almost invisible in use. Made in six shades—Blanche, Natural, Apricot, Peach, Muesque and Ashes of Roses.

Avail yourself—TO-DAY—of this unique offer to try at our risk, the finest face powder that ever was made!

Sole proprietor and manufacturer:— Mrs. NEVILLE ROSS (of Chelsea), 12, Mandeville Place, London, W.

Tell your friends about this remarkable offer.



SEND NO MONEY

Don't trouble to get a postal order now. We will trust you to send the money when you have tried this perfect face powder.

Charmides

All "Charmides" Preparations may be obtained at Harrod's, Boots, John Barker's and all good Chemists and Stores. In event of difficulty send your order to Mrs. Neville Ross direct.

To Mrs. Neville Ross, 12, Mandeville Place, London, W. Please send me 1 oz. sifter box of "Charmides" Face Powder. I will forward 1/6 in payment (or return box) within 7 days.

The shade I prefer is

Name

Address

Date



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Size 6cm by 7cm.

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Write for free list of Kinema Novelties.

PICTURES, Ltd.,
88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MOVIES IN THE MAKING. (Continued from Page 57.)

never before walked the earth and a babe who was the grandest and most wonderful miniature man in England! For, you know, even screen idols are sometimes just very loving husbands and doting fathers and that's why they sometimes get a bit worried about being burdened with those laurel wreaths.

But, apart from these small embarrassments which lurk over the private entrance to the leading man's door of life, his lot is a very interesting and exciting one. Professionally, he is the saintliest of mortals, for a scenario invariably calls for him to be strong, noble, handsome and loving.

But even the leading man encounters unpleasant, terrifying and embarrassing experiences—as do all the rest of a studio fraternity in the cause of "the pictures."

In my collection of true anecdotes about famous film men, there are many that I should like to relate, but only a few that the editor will give me space for.

On a certain sunny morn a producer decided to photograph a scene in which the leading man had to meet one of the film "rogues" who was, for film purposes, pursuing the lovely heroine. The L.H. didn't like that rogue she was frightened of him, and it was the hero's business to give him more of his elbow power than nice men usually part with in normal circumstances.

Everything went well at rehearsal, and the scene was all ready for the order, "Take!"

Warning to his job in the excitement of the moment, the hero pounded furiously at the villain, eventually getting him a beaten and dishevelled figure prostrate on the floor.

"Good! That's splendid!" shouted the producer, and, as the camera ceased to click, the hero straightened himself up and was about to readjust a somewhat disarranged tie, when, horrors! he saw that his right hand was covered with a dark red fluid! He went dizzy with the horror of it, closed his eyes to shut out the vision of the poor, mangled figure on the floor—who must, surely, be dead by now—and then opened them again to find the "villain" smiling sweetly at him with an apologetic air.

"So sorry, old man," quoth the rogue, "I forgot I had the wretched red ink in my pocket and the cork came out. One of my wife's fads, red ink, old chap. Hope I haven't spoiled anything."

And the villain was a long time grasping the reason for the leading man's sudden and unusual indulgence in a swoon!

A certain famous American star, who is noted for his retiring and modest ways in the studios and amongst his unseen admirers for his fascinating and convincing performances on the screen, once made a rather embarrassing *faux pas*. He

was supposed to be the young husband of a beautiful wife who had recently presented him with a baby boy. The baby boy had been "borrowed" from an obliging neighbour for the scene, and he was placed in an elaborate-looking cot. The young husband had to enter the room, kiss his wife, then humbly ask permission to take the babe from the cot and nurse it. The proud (and legitimate) mother of the infant was standing behind the camera watching the artistes. The cot was of the "all-round-alike" fashionable variety, which probably accounted for the young and ignorant "father" taking the child into his loving arms upside down, and gazing fondly at small pink toes, the while a little round head dangled dangerously in the vicinity of his thighs! He confessed that he could have tolerated the amused chuckles of his fellow-artistes, but says he will never forget the outraged voice of the rightful mother shouting, "You brute! Can't you see you're nearly strangling the poor child?"

An amusing experience befell a screen hero who, in the course of his duties, rescued a drowning heroine. The lady had only been playing for the films a few months, and then she had to do it secretly, for her father strongly disapproved of her joining the film profession. But it happened that, on the very day planned for the "rescue," this particularly annoying papa was seated on the river bank under a tree, indulging in a little siesta—and the producer chose a spot near by for the taking of the scene. The camera was, as it usually is when possible, hidden from view, and the scene was proceeding very nicely (the heroine all unconscious of the proximity of papa) when—papa spied the damsel in distress, and was an eye-witness of the noble "rescue!" When the girl saw her father she flashed a mute appeal for silence to the hero, and endeavoured to keep the producer and cameraman away from the scene. The grateful papa begged for the name and address of the "rescuer." And next morning he received a cheque for fifty pounds, "as a mark of my deep gratitude for your noble action of yesterday!"

He naturally felt guilty and a little ashamed, and begged the actress for permission to return the cheque. But she had a much better plan.

"Why! the naughty old man said horrid things about you, really—couldn't admire any young man who pencilled his eyebrows—and really couldn't make out why you risked your life for me! If you hand that cheque over to me I can pay my milliner—and you'll save dad fifty pounds—and, how's that for 'conscience money'?"

Ah! "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"—of laurels!



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Made of the very best quality Block Amber, graduated olive shaped beads, 24 inches long with safety screw clasp. These beautiful Necklaces will appeal irresistibly to every lady reader of "Picturegoer." Similar necklaces are unobtainable elsewhere at less than £3. A truly sensational offer. Post free.

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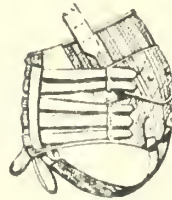
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LEAK!**





HERE'S an editorial announcement that should bring joy to the heart of every picturegoer—next month's issue of this paper, published on May 1, will be a Special Beauty Number, with a two-colour photogravure cover. "THE PICTUREGOER" has been hailed everywhere as "the most beautiful screen magazine in the world," but next month's issue will be far in advance of anything we have yet published. From the two-colour photogravure cover—an innovation in magazine printing—to the lavishly illustrated editorial pages, which will be printed on superfine paper, the whole issue will be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Better order your copy in advance—you will never forgive yourself if you miss the May "PICTUREGOER."

"WHY is it that the latest super pictures are shown only in London?" a disgruntled reader wants to know. "With the exception of *Way A Wail From Down East*, which the Provinces. I understand is coming to the provinces, the 'star' films, such as *The Glorious Adventure* and *The Three Musketeers*, seem to be for London showing only. Is there no hope for film fans in the country?" Don't worry. The big pictures will reach the provinces in due course. The London special presentations are for advertisement purposes;

they serve to whet provincial appetites.

"I THINK it is about time that the ever-increasing

Objects to Collections.

application for collections in picture-theatres should be stopped. Although it is rather a strong term to use, I consider it is a form of blackmailing the patron. For instance, it takes a very strong-minded man or woman to re-

fuse to give a contribution in a place of amusement, and I am of the opinion that the picture-going public resent being placed in such a position. I do not mean they resent giving a contribution to a good cause, but it is against the theatre their objection lies. Would a shopkeeper allow his customers to be pestered by collections? Certainly not; and if it comes to that, the kinema proprietor is a shopkeeper selling amusement. I propose that collecting boxes be hung in the vestibules of kinemas. By doing this it becomes voluntary, whereas the shaking of boxes, or the taking up of an announced collection, becomes for the patron almost compulsory. It is blackmail, and the sooner it is stopped the better it will be for everyone concerned. What do you think?"—*Shirley Dentist (Southampton)*.

"I AM afraid that I, too, am a pessimist, though by no means such an extremist as your March correspondent. Films as a whole

Are Films Improving?

undoubtedly are improving; and indeed, considering the development in technique, this could not be otherwise. But the so-styled 'super-films' are far behind the standard attained by their predecessors. *Intolerance* and *The Birth of a Nation* are still universally acknowledged to be the two best films ever made, yet both were produced during the movie 'Middle Ages.'—*D. H. T. (London, W.)*.

"THERE is much controversy at the present time as to whether pictures are harmful to children. In some cases the answer

is an emphatic Yes, but there are many films which are both instruc-

tive and moral. I have just seen A. E. Coleby's splendid production, *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*, and I thank him for putting before the public a film with splendid morals and containing plenty of harmless fun, coupled with excitement and beautiful English scenery. I think this is another step in the right direction, for no mother or father need be afraid of their children seeing this film. Although produced from a school story, I was surprised to see how it attracted the grown-ups—many were turned away unable to get admission."—*A. T. (Ipswich)*.

"WE should like to express our views on the subject of the greatest emotional screen actor. Without doubt William Farnum has most

They Are Nine.

claim to this title. One has only to call to mind such films as *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Les Miserables*, *If I Were King*, and *Riders of the Purple Sage*, to find therein all that is finest and best in his splendid portrayal of these immortal characters. England's finest actor is most certainly Henry Ainley, who is the only one who can be compared with William Farnum."—*The Nine Mixites*.

"MANY good things come from America, but the film prologue is not one of them. I have seen several of these prologues at special presentations of

Doesn't Like Prologues.

different pictures, and I was bored by them all. A good picture can stand by itself, without any outside aids—good

music, of course, excepted—and I wish picture theatres would cut out these prologues and get on with the pictures!"—*R. C. (Hammer-smith)*.

Prologue-lovers may write to "The Thinker, c.o. 'Picturegoer,' 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



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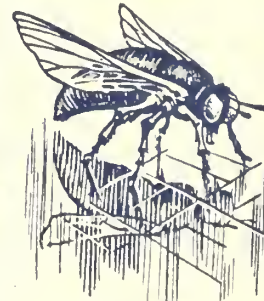
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Gwyneth Griffith



CLAIRE WINDSOR AND BILL

Claire Windsor is one of the most beautiful players on the American screen. She has blonde hair and blue eyes, and Bill takes after his mother in the matter of loveliness.

A MAY DIARY

VOL. 3. NO. 17. MAY 1922.

Editorial Offices:
93, Lang Acre, London.

Registered for Transmission
by Canadian Magazine post.

FRIDAY, May 6, 1912, was a Red-Letter day in the career of a little maid who had commenced working in the movies with David Wark Griffith for five dollars a day. She was known, then as now, as Mary Pickford, and on this date she drew her new weekly salary cheque for one hundred and fifty dollars. Such a figure was "remarkable in 1912).

Los Angeles turned out in force on Saturday, May 9, 1916, to give Charlie Chaplin a rousing send-off. Charlie left comedy-making to its own devices whilst he went on a Liberty Loan tour, which consisted of visiting town after town, speech-making and inciting the population to buy Liberty Loan and so help to win the war.

On Tuesday, May 10, 1918, Goldwyn "roped-in" a certain optimistic cowboy-kind-of-feller calling himself Will Rogers. They were about to screen *Laughing Bill Hyde*, and Rex Beach, who wrote it, wanted Will Rogers to play his hero. Said Will: "This is no laughing matter. I suppose you'll not be satisfied till you've made me do all the things I can't do." Anyway, Goldwyn put Rogers on the screen and the fans kept him there for years.

May 16, 1904, was a Monday, and a certain gentleman in Chicago was feeling badly Mondayfied. So he called it a day at half-past two and went home. Having had decidedly the worst of it over some law business, he felt there ought to be a lawyer in the family, and told his daughter she was going to be a lawyer. Daughter Dorothy Dalton said she was going to be an actress. Take a look at last month's "Picturegoer" and you'll see who won.

The film version of "Macbeth," starring Sir Herbert Tree in the rôle of the Scottish Chieftain, was completed at Los Angeles in 1916. On Tuesday, May 18, in that year, it was estimated that Sir Herbert received £20,000 cash and royalties for his share in the production.

A film called *The Silent Partner* was released in America on Thursday, May 19, 1917. It was a good, though not remarkably good, production, but the featured players were worth consideration. They were a very blonde girl called Blanche Sweet (late Daphne Wayne) and one Thomas Meighan, who had not been in pictures a great while.

On Sunday, May 22, 1912, the Sennett Studio was actively engaged in shooting a few mob scenes. The mob was a Russian mob; at least, it looked very Russian though it spoke good American—most of it. One smallish, heavily be-whiskered individual looked so Russian that Mack Sennett said, "Raymond Hatton, you come up in front here nearest the camera." In the middle of the scene Hatton's crêpe whiskers caught fire (no one ever knew how or why), and his agitation lest they were entirely consumed before the camera ceased clicking caused intense amusement amongst his fellow Bolsheviks.

MAY BIRTHDAYS.

- 2 - *Norma Talmadge*
- 4 - - *James Knight*
- 6 - - - *Jean Acker*
- 9 - *Richard Barthelmess*
- 20 - - *Hugh Thompson*
- 22 - - *Alla Nazimova*
- 23 - - *Chrissie White*
- 24 - - *Creighton Hale*
- 25 - - - *Guy Newall*
- 26 - - - *May Collins*
- 29 - *Casson Ferguson*
- 31 - - *Marjorie Villis*



Enid Bennett.

*Katherine
MacDonald.*



*Betty
Compton.*



*Below:
Betty
Blythe.*



Mary Pickford.

Golden Apple Girls

Not even the stage, despite its history and position, can boast of so many beautiful women as the screen. Although quite a youngster in comparison, the screen irresistibly attracts and holds the allegiance of the fair possessors of regular features, graceful forms and fascinating personalities. Its appeal is firstly and lastly to the eye; through the eye, naturally to the other senses; but, relying, as it does, essentially upon visual appeal, it is only natural that screenland to-day holds more beautiful women than stageland in its palmiest times. And the modern Paris would need a whole orchard of golden apples did he seek to award a beauty prize, for every other screen-star shines pre-eminent in her own way.



*Anna
Q. Nilsson.*

*Ivy
Duke.*

All types of femininity reflect themselves upon the screens of 1922; never has there been such a feast of real loveliness. No matter where one's fancy wanders, be it towards shy Dickens-like damsels or alluring,



From top centre :
Mildred Harris,
Ruth Roland,
Harriet Hammond,
and Corinne
Griffith.

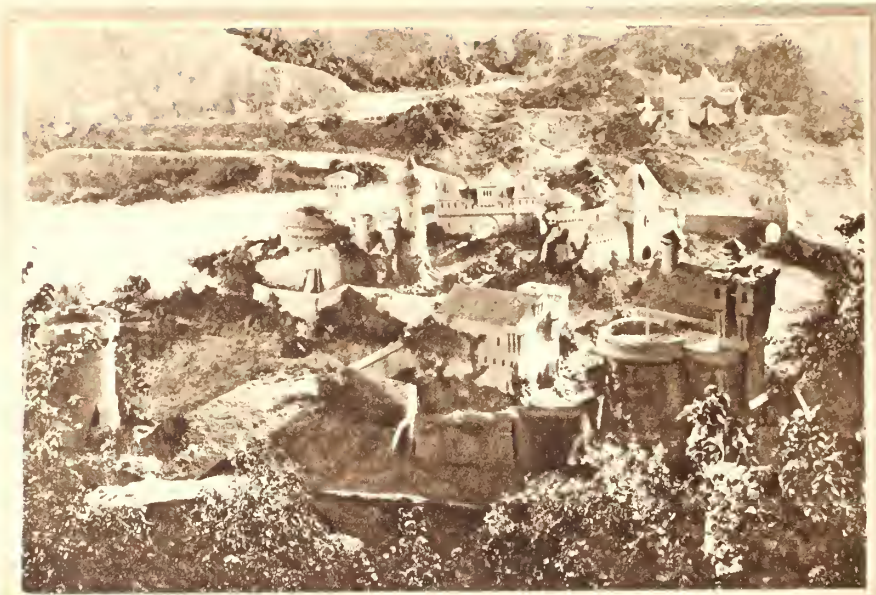
Above :
Justine
Johnstone.

Right :
Agnes Ayres.

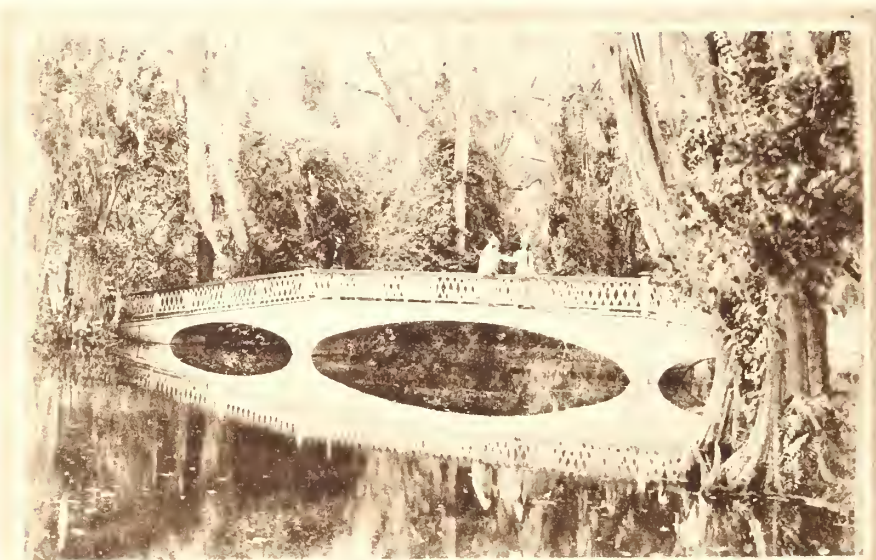
ark-eyed charmers, the screen
n give glorious examples of them.
ach to his own ideal, yet certain
tributes—intelligence (beauty is
asted without it), personality, charm,
nd appeal—belong to them all in
ommon. Fair women, literally as well as
guratively, predominate amongst the accepted screen beauties of the day. Ranging
om the dreamy and *spirituelle* loveliness of
ildred Harris and Gladys Cooper to the alert
charm of dashing Ivy Duke, whose bright eyes
nd wideawake expression bespeak a love of
ie open air, there are three or four blonde
eauties to each brunette.

Above
Alma
Rubens.

Left : Gladys' Cooper.



This movie model of a mediæval castle looks like real landscape on the screen.



Dorothy Dalton in a wonderful garden scene in "Guilty of Love."



Beautiful Backgrounds

Providing picturesque backgrounds for beautiful women and handsome men on the screen is akin to the craft of the jeweller who creates settings worthy of artistic and valuable gems. And, although a setting cannot make a film star any more than a frame of gold can bring lustre to a tawdry jewel, the one combines with the other to reflect the most picturesque appeal from the silver sheen.

Nazimova invariably flickers across the screen amidst gorgeous settings designed to accentuate her especial bizarre style of beauty. In *Billions*, her producer Charles Bryant, conceived a beautiful artistic scene that, with the aid of ingenious lighting effects, floors of glass and gigantic flowers with petals of white velvet, suggested the atmosphere of a garden of dreams.

Only the most artistic handling of such a theme could prevent it from descending to somewhat ludicrous pantomime. The effect on the screen, however, was to reflect an artistic tableaux reminiscent of the picturesque stagecraft of Oscar Asche.

Many beautiful settings have been conceived with the aid of plate-glass. Give the correct lighting that tones down dazzling reflection, glass produces through the eye of the camera a brilliant ebony-like effect extremely pleasing to the eye. One of the most effective background

Circle: Alva Taylor in "Tansy."



Left: Agnes Ayres and Forrest Stanley in the ballroom scene from "Forbidden Fruit."

this description was the wonderful ballroom scene in *Forbidden Fruit*. Glass glittered everywhere in this clever spectacle. The floor of the dance-room was composed of plate-glass. Cinderella-like stairs of the same transparent material scintillated behind fountains reflected in lofty mirrors.

The scene was an inspiration of Cecil de Mille, who splashes his productions with colour and luxury in a profligate manner that costs thousands of pounds.

It might be expected that David W. Griffith would extend the artistry that he displays in the studio to the beauties of nature herself. His backgrounds when he

filming exterior scenes are no less artistic than those which he obtains with his unrivalled knowledge of lighting effects and the possibilities of artificial settings.

He spent months searching for the beautiful scenery that provides the backgrounds that appear in the summer river scenes in *Way Down East*. With the natural reluctance of the artistic mind to select things as they really are, Griffith

introduces into his screen landscapes a suggestion of pastel drawing. Photography accomplishes such effects by soft focus methods

that bring to Nature a new and appealing effect, just as they embellish the beauty of Griffith's heroines.

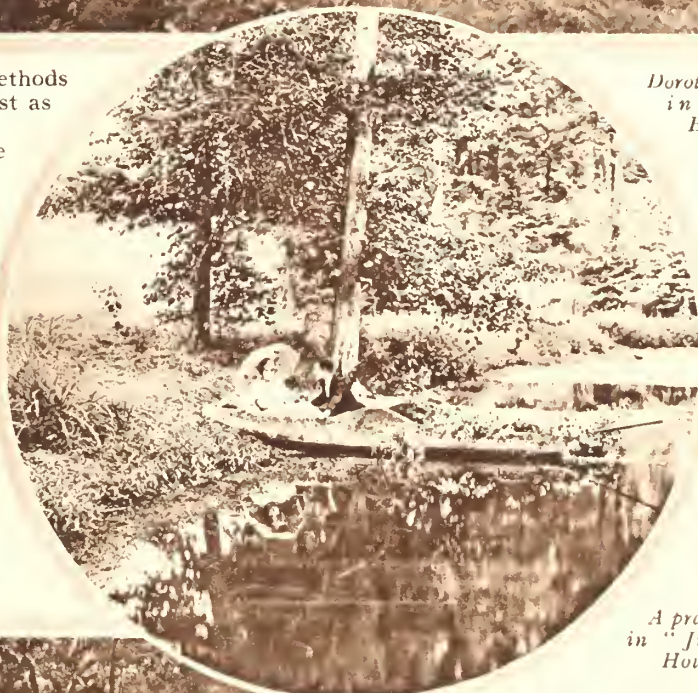
In *Orphans of the Storm*, the picturesque road-side scene that the camera reveals when the old-time coach with the quaintly attired orphans holds up the ornate carriage of the French aristocrat, is a typical example of Griffith's uncanny eye for scenic effect.

Although the incident on the road only occupies the space of a few minutes on the screen, the background of rolling landscape was selected after much forethought.

Even Nature has to give its best to meet with the inexorable demands of Griffith.

The rural beauties of Great Britain, after long neglect, are now coming into their own and providing settings for an increasing number of film pictures. Rural Sussex, with all its unrivalled appeal, has been caught at its best by the cameras

George Fitzmaurice directing J. Kirkwood and John Miller on the road from Sorrento to Positano.



Dorothy Gish in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town."

A pretty scene in "Judgment House."



in the Hepworth picture *Tansy*. The familiar charm of the Norfolk Broads, with the soft effects of the sunset gleaming on the winding waters, figures in *The Persistent Lovers*; and the Devon dales and the red cliffs of the land of Drake brought to the film story, *The Haven*, a typically British background of the artistic type that in the past has inspired the brush of famous artists.

The British film, *Christine Johnstone*, reflected much of the charm of a Scottish fishing village, yet it is an ironic fact that an extravagant set representing the village of Thrums in *Sentimental Tommy* was built in America recently, and it very effectively captured the atmosphere beloved by Sir James Barrie. The quaint latticed houses and cobbled streets were produced by the property-maker's art, and the blue of the Californian sky was, perhaps, the only false note; but the cameras, of course, did not betray this fact on the screen.



Herbert Rawlinson



Above : Joseph Schildkraut.



Left : Ivor Novello.



J. Warren Kerrigan and Thomas Meighan.



Adonis Up-to-Date

To be truthful with a mathematical exactitude, the above is scarcely the right title for this article. But it is near enough to serve my purpose. And, besides, it looks nice, and gives that classic touch that dare not be missing from the fan's favourite magazine. So please forget that the original Adonis was killed by a wild boar and brought back to life on condition that he spend half his life with Proserpine, and only remember that he was loved by Venus because of his good looks and manly appearance. (And I might add that Venus was no bad judge in those days.)

In these days, and in these pages, there is a danger of the beauty of the numerous screen Venuses (or is 'Veni' the plural of Venus?) completely swamping the representatives of noble masculinity that flit across the silver sheet to the delight of the admiring typists and war widows in the plush seats. I have commandeered this page in order to forever vindicate the claims of the Eugene O'Briens, Ivor Novellos, and Wallace Reid to a front seat in the male beauty chorus.

Take the case of that unashamed flutterer of female hearts, J. Warren Kerrigan. Had Proserpine lived in California she would have haunted the Brunton studios, and have died happy for a smile from those fascinating eyes in which the blue of the Irish Sea still remains. And yet, handsome as Jack is, he has deliberately avoided the marriage market. Not that he can claim to be heart-free, for that very necessary adjunct to Mendelssohn's

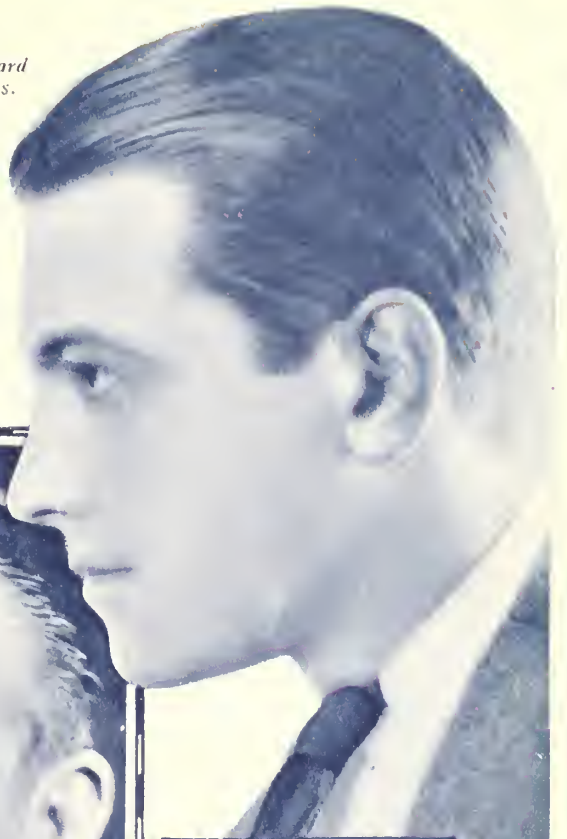
"Wedding March" is still in the keeping of, as he himself puts it, "her whose tender care has sought no further reward than that those dear to her might share her joys"—his mother.

I might add, for the benefit of the plush-seat optimists, that Jack is twenty-seven years of age, has dark hair and a light heart. He says that he doesn't believe in film stars being married; but you of the plush seats can go on hoping for the best. Even producers need not be unduly economical in the matter of good looks. Twenty-seven years after his birth certificate was first issued, Rex Ingram produced the super-film, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and even that herculean task failed to detract from the native physical beauty that he inherited at birth.



Left: Rudy Valentino.

Right: Richard Barthelmess.



Below: Wally Reid



Left: Antonio Moreno.



Above: John Barrmore



Circle: Owen Nares.

It is interesting, but not surprising, to learn that Rex Ingram is Irish also.

Playing opposite the Gish sisters in *Orphans of the Storm* will be seen Joseph Schildkraut, and this leading man has become quite a screen idol in America, and his handsome, beaming and courtly smile will endear him to the hearts of the occupants of the British plush seats also.

There are, too, our British Adonises, of whom Ivor Novello and Henry Victor are the chief. Ivor certainly looked more like a Greek god in *Carnival* than anyone I have ever seen, and his good looks also are traceable to Celtic birth and breeding, he being born in Wales, and with the tragic glamour of a long line of Celtic ancestors.

Then there is the striking and picturesque figure, Rudolf Valentino, who gathered his native charm and physical beauty from sunny Italy, where he was born twenty-five years ago. Black-haired and black-eyed, this son of the Olive Groves went to America, where his lithe and graceful manner soon secured his success first as a dancer and then as a film player.

It was the keen breezes and salt surf of our English Brighton that gave Herbert Rawlinson that slight tan that adds to his handsome appearance. His excellent features, wavy hair, fine eyes and delicate smile has long since made him highly popular with the susceptibles of the plush seats.

Scandinavian girls, British girls, Italian girls and American girls have all, in turn, voted Wallace Reid to be their favourite "He" on the screen; but no one can express any surprise at this. Tall, well proportioned, with finely-chiselled features and expressive eyes, it is impossible to withstand the attraction of his personality. And if you were still unconvinced as to masculine beauty on the screen, I could cite you such Adonis-like characters as Thomas Meighan, Eugene O'Brien, Antonio Moreno, Richard Barthelmess, and a host of others. E. G. A.

The SEVEN AGES OF BEAUTY



Gladys Walton at two.

"Man hath seven ages," soliloquises the melancholy philosopher Jacques, in Shakespeare's "As You Like It." He then proceeds to enumerate them at his leisure in blank verse. Woman, too, hath "seven ages," according to a later poet whose effusion did not live very long. Beauty, 'tis said, is ageless, like Art, but it certainly varies with the age of its proud possessor. There is something very attractive about the engaging charm of the two-year-old toddler. She is still an infant, yet her wondering eyes and dimpling features have already acquired that intangible something called "expression." Ten-year-old Virginia Lee Corbin typifies the happy stage. From her sunny locks to her dancing feet, the careless, care-free spirit of irresponsible childhood is imaged in little Virginia's dainty grace. Add another five years, and enter the flapper. Still care-free, but no longer careless. Charming always in her April moods of mischief and mock seriousness. She still wears her hair flowing free, at least we have Mary Miles Minter's word for it, and Mary Minter is the screen's adorable flapper. In ten years' time Beauty is a little more serious. She is surer of herself, too, and she has replaced some of her dreams by actualities. She has acquired poise, a certain sense of her own value and her own charm. As a type of loveliness at this, its fourth age, Anita Stewart is an appealing example. Tenderness and sympathy are salient in her face. (Anita has been a noted beauty since she was barely fifteen.) Intellectuality, too, her golden brown curls conceal an active, ambitious brain and the ability to display to the world in general her undoubted charm.

A few years more, and Beauty is at her zenith. Stately, yet gracious, always exquisitely gowned, her beautifully moulded features and lustrous eyes demand attention wherever she wanders. The intellectual age of Beauty finds a delightful representative in Mary Alden. Character shines from every lineament, and an individuality in thought and expression. Mary Carr expresses a pathetic and touching Beauty, for she typifies every mother when she is growing old. Which brings us to the final age of Beauty, which is Old Age.



Above: Virginia Lee Corbin at the age of nine.

Right: Mary Miles Minter at fifteen.



Mary Alden at thirty-eight.



Clara Kimball Young at thirty.



Mary Carr as the old lady in "Over the Hill."



Anita Stewart at twenty-six.



The CRAFT OF 'THE CAMERA

Screen Beauty in the Making is the theme of this fascinating article, which shows you that camera craft has much to do with presenting beautiful features at their highest "face value."

To talk glibly of the lens of the film camera as a supplementary eye that reflects the picturesque and the human interest happenings of the world, is a customary form of literary license. But when the question arises of screening beauty as it concerns the human face and form divine, this delightful simile ceases to exist. For beauty, we are told, lies in the eye of the beholder, but it requires the craft of the studio to reflect the attractions of Nature's gifts in the lens of the camera. There is a sharp dividing line here between the mechanical "eye" and that which sees beauty as it is, and does not have to resort to subterfuge to reflect it on to the silver screens of the world's picture theatres.

In everyday life you can see in a small degree the underlying principle of the mass of ingenious devices that enable a modern film studio to present beautiful features literally at their highest "face value." Most people have walked into a room and have been greeted by a member of the fair sex who with her back to the light has appeared to possess an unblemished complexion, attractive eyes and pleasing features. But when she has turned towards the window, and the unflattering light of day has relentlessly spoiled one's early illusion, the beautifying effects of shadowed light is forcibly impressed upon us.

And many, no doubt, have observed how a pretty butterfly at a ball sheds much of her brilliance and attractiveness when she leaves the glare of the artificial light and steps into the unbecoming rays of the street lamp on the way to her car.

There in the rough you have an illustration of the effect of light on the human countenance, and such primary facts have been taken by film producers, studied and developed until in the wonderful organisation



By a judicious arrangement of backgrounds, diminutive stars like Marguerite Clark—who is only 4 ft. 10 in. high—may appear much taller on the screen.

of a modern studio they find expression in a maze of arc lamps of many million candle-power, reflecting screens, intricate "make-up," and other devices of the studio "beauty doctors."

Every film artiste has a special form of make-up before the all-seeing eye of the camera. For those who play in the crowds a standardised method is adopted, but with the "stars," who have to face the ordeals of close-ups and similar forms of "betraying" camera tactics, many ingenious methods of face camouflage are effected.

In combination with lighting effects it is possible to create features with

the subtle use of grease-paint. This may suggest that papier-mâché noses and padding with commodities as unromantic as putty are involved. But such crudities are not practised in the studios.

For experts in make-up have found it possible to alter the shape of the mouth, the contour of the cheek bones, the attractiveness of the eyebrows, and to suggest intelligence in the altered appearance of a forehead.

Make-up has produced some of the most famous features on the screen.

If you saw the eyes of Ann Forrest away from the studios, you would see little of that dazzling brilliance



Eugene O'Brien's eyes are so pale that they fail to register in some scenes.

that they display on the silver sheet. For this beautiful Dane has the typical light-grey eyes associated with her country. Without make-up the camera hardly photographs them at all. Yet, with the aid of heavy black make-up, beaded lashes and darkened lids, the lens brings to them a beauty that is almost uncanny.

Bebe Daniels is credited with the most beautiful mouth on the screen.



But in real life her lips are very little like those that she has made famous on the screen.

A big red lip-stick supplies the seductive curves with which she pouts so charmingly before the cameras. Beauty is added to her mouth by lengthening the upper lip and deepening the lower one, and beneath a touch of dark-brown grease-paint brings a suggestion of a dimple.

Many film beauties owe their charm on the screen to the fact that their faces present what can be described as a good "canvas" for make-up. Experts employed at the studios utilise eyebrow-pencils, lip-sticks, and grease-paints in very much the same way that artists wield their brushes before their easels. Margaret Loomis, who plays opposite Wally Reid, is inclined to plainness in private life, yet make-up that brings out the fascinating depths of her dark eyes, changes the downward tendency of her mouth and re-shapes her eyebrows, converts her into a screen beauty worthy to be made love to by the discriminating lady-killer Wally Reid.

This somewhat brutal dissection of screen beauty, with its betrayal of the secret powers that are wielded by the



What make-up does for Ann Forrest is shown in these two pictures.

grease-paints, must not be interpreted as a wholesale condemnation of good looks on the films. There are certain artistes born with ideal camera faces. The vagaries of Nature have given them the light and shadow on their features and hair which reflects in the most effective form on the screen. Such beauty is enjoyed by Juanita Hansen, on whom the studio arc-lamps shine with kindly gleams of light that throw fascinating shadows



Compare the above soft-focus picture of Margaret Loomis with the portrait on the opposite page.

amongst her golden tresses and silhouette her delicate profile. Blondes are fortunate where natural camera beauty is concerned.

The fair tresses of Blanche Sweet, Mary Miles Minter, and Eileen Percy become attractive, dazzling halos when the arc-lamps bathe them in light.

There is a strange magic about the lights of filmdom that, like giant eyes, peer down on the great expanse of the studio floor. For, although they are relentless discoverers of faults and blemishes in physical appearance, they can create beauty in addition to revealing defects.

In the pioneer days of the screen, little was known of lighting, and cameras had to follow the sun in the open air. If clouds appeared and interfered with the rays of light emanating from celestial spaces, the canvas sets were packed up and the artistes made tracks for home. Now light is reflected, filtered and juggled

method of gilding the lily as represented by the beauty that he models for the film as a skilled potter wields his clay. Griffith worked for many years on experiments that enabled him to secure these effects, and he is planning further developments on the same lines. The far-seeing producer, who sees farther into the future than most of his companions who work behind the megaphone, does not strive to hold a mirror up to life when he plans a screen picture. He seeks to portray with the craft of the camera the more subtle aspects of beauty that only tricks of light and lens can reflect. A master of the possibilities of lighting, he has brought to the screen not only magnificent panoramas, but intimate details of the moods and expressions of beautiful women unrivalled in film production. He is a pioneer of a new mode of light and shadow.

An artist himself, Stuart Blackton, who recently used the possibilities of the film camera to reflect the delicate beauty of Lady Diana Duff Cooper on to the screen, has studied film lighting from famous canvases. He analysed the details of light and shade on the faces of Rembrandt's pictures. He noted how the great Dutch painter utilised light to bring out the figures on his canvases. On these researches Blackton based his system

of back-lighting in his studios, and he presents beauty on the silver sheet with much of the quality that exists in famous portrait canvases.

The amount of intricate research



A "straight" portrait of Margaret Loomis (see opposite).

with in very many ingenious ways by those who go down to the studios to produce pictures. Many of the softening effects that Griffith produces on the wistful faces of Dorothy and Lillian Gish are produced by rays of light reflected on to these famous sisters by white reflectors. This method of indirect lighting obviates the heavy amount of grease-paint once used on the faces of artistes, making facial expression a difficult procedure.

Griffith has originated an intensified misty effect of photography that enhances the beauty and charm of his screen heroines. That is his



The camera is unkind to Seena Owen.



In some circumstances Dorothy Dalton might be considered plain, but she always photographs well.



Griffith finds Lillian Gish an ideal subject for "soft-focus" photography.

work that producers of recent years have placed behind their efforts to portray beauty on the screen may seem unnecessary to the lay mind.

But the fact remains that the expressive



In some studies Nazimova appears positively plain, in others radiantly beautiful.

eyes, the fascinating mouths, the natural light of luxurious hair, and the many other gifts of Nature that make up the Eternal Feminine, are more truly portrayed on the screen than they have ever been before. Compare a close-up of Dorothy Gish in tears, with all its natural and sentimental appeal, with the "flat" portrait-like heads of film heroines of but a few years ago. In these days the emotional appeal of beauty can almost be felt when it flashes on to the silver sheet.

In many interest films that illustrate the latest fashions for the feminine picturegoer, you will observe beautiful mannequins displaying the latest sartorial creations of European dress kings. But the word beautiful is used advisedly. For, although these girls have been selected for their appearance, they appear, in most cases, plain and gawky on the screen. That is because their physical attractions have not been fostered by the studio make-up experts and the trickery of the men behind the hissing arc-lamps.

In London recently the film cameras arrived in the ballroom where a number of film stars were dancing. When the Sunlight arc-lamps illuminated the building, there was a flutter of powder-puffs amongst the kinema artistes figuring in the assembly. For those who had had experience of film studios knew that arc-lamps could produce peculiar lighting effects on complexions unless cheeks are powdered with some similarity to camera make-up. The film "stars" were not taking any risk of appearing on the screen so unbecomingly that their admirers would sustain a shock.

Such stage beauties as Gladys Cooper, Ruby Miller, and Peggy O'Neill had to spend a long period being initiated into the art of studio make-up and posing before they faced the film cameras recently in connection with pictures that provided for the public animated sidelights on their domestic life. Yet these famous actresses, in reality, look almost as beautiful in real life as they do behind the footlights. But the film camera

demand that their good appearance should be reflected according to its own inexorable requirements.

Yet the lens has some kindly aspects for those who are called upon to face its relentless eye. It can give those of short stature the suggestion of commanding height that is entirely lacking in reality. There are few film stars of the fair sex above five feet-five in height.

It sometimes happens that a tragedy lies behind beauty that the lens of the camera reflects with appealing charm on the screen. Good looks are there, but the possessors are like flowers without scent. They have not the talent to enable them to act for the films and to present their attractive appearance with a convincing

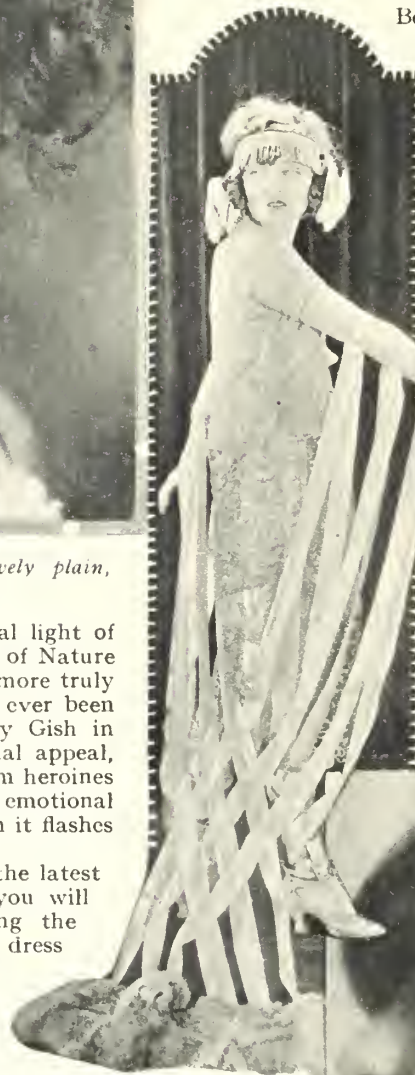
backing of histrionic art. In a recent Screen Beauty Competition, which was decided by

the votes of the public when the competitors were shown on the silver screen, an English and a Scotch girl proved the winners. They both looked beautiful on the screen, but their recommendation stopped there, as far as filming was concerned. They had not the power to act and the producers, at first attracted by their good looks, eventually gave up the task of endeavouring to foster them as potential British film stars.

In outlining these few sidelights on the craft of the camera, the suggestion may have been created that film artistes are in the class of puppets presented on the screen with mechanical aids that approximate to the strings that operate the mutes in toy theatres. But the genius of the studio director can never do more than gild the exterior of the artistes that play before him. The art of acting and reflecting convincing emotions on the screen comes from within—that is the natural jewel that the producer can only embellish and never create.

P. RUSSELL MALLINSON

The camera lends added loveliness to Louise Glaum.



Gorgeous gowns contribute largely to Corinne Griffith's great beauty.





Arthur Trimble.



Above: Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin.

Cuddlesome Kiddies

If "pretty children always grow up ugly," it is a blank outlook for the delightful kiddies depicted on this page. But most parents would be willing to take the risk.

Here you see some world-famous "kinema kiddies" who have appeared in many screen successes. Prominent amongst them are Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin, film pantomime stars; little Miriam Battista, of *Humoresque* fame; Arthur Trimble, winner of three beauty prizes, who has been selected by Rupert Hughes to play in *Remembrance*; Richard Headrick, an infant phenomenon, "who gave swimming exhibitions at the age of six months"; Thelma Daniels, aged seven, who has appeared with Bebe Daniels, Frank Mayo, Betty Compson, Eddie Polo, and many famous screen stars; and Peter Dear, a British kiddie, who appeared in *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, and who is to be featured in a series of two-reel film stories.



Richard Headrick ("Itchia").



Little Peter Dear.
Dainty Miriam Battista.

Robert de Vilbise.

Below: Thelma Daniels, a screen star of seven.



More years ago than I dare hint at, there was an exodus of the ancients from the city of Athens, and their optimistic quest was for the Secret of Beauty. Each of these classic gods set himself the task of discovering one of the various ingredients, so that when all returned, their total labours would reveal the heavenly secret.

Which was, to say the least of it, decidedly optimistic, and embarrassingly Utopian. For the Ingredients of the Secret of Beauty were not to be found in the days of the ancient classics, nor in the Elysian Fields of the Greeks, nor in the Stars of the Seven Heavens. The Cathedral of Beauty is the movie studio, and the Goddesses of Beauty are among the Stars of the Screen.

So much so, that the Paragon of Beauty could be constructed from the various "beauty spots" of the film fan's favourites very easily.

First of all, let us consult the Oracle as to what constitutes beauty. And this is the definition of the first Goddess of Beauty: lustrous hair, soulful eyes, gazelle-like figure, slender hands, well-shaped limbs, and a youthful spirit. And the easiest job in the world is to select at random a bevy of Flicker Fairies whose contributions would be sufficient to fashion and shape a comely figure of perfect beauty that would cause Helen of Troy to burn with envy and Cleopatra to fall down in worshipful admiration.

Gladys Walton and Eileen Percy could be relied upon for the "crowning glory"; and if the former were asked for the secret of her beautiful head of golden hair, she would tell you that nestling in every strand of it are the rays of the sun, in which she bathes it daily.

"I give my hair a sun-bath on every possible occasion; and then always rinse my head in at least three baths of ice-cold water." The

Be Beautiful



Viola Dana (above) believes that exercise will keep you young.

Eileen Percy (left) and Gladys Walton (right) give you their recipes for keeping the hair beautiful.

sun-bath, Gladys explains, keeps the hair light, and the water causes the blood to circulate through the scalp and gives lustre to the hair; for, just as the sunshine keeps clothes white and clean, so it acts on a woman's hair.

Nor is it strange to find that Eileen Percy—another beautiful blonde—advocates sun-bathing for the hair. In addition, Eileen strongly warns

girls against the temptation to change the colour of the hair.

A girl can be absolutely certain that the original shade is that which is most becoming to her general appearance," writes dainty Eileen, "because Nature seldom, if ever, makes mistakes. If a dark girl tries to change her hair to a light shade by the use of peroxide or henna, she will find that her eyes and complexion do not blend, and that the effect is the reverse to attractive."

So it is fairly certain that our Goddess of Beauty would entice the sun to leave its radiance behind in her luxuriant hair by the very natural means of sun-bathing.

There would be no difficulty at all in providing our Goddess with the right kind of eyes: Priscilla Dean has brought tens of thousands to see her on the screen by reason of the natural beauty of her eyes, and to her we turn for her contribution.

Says Priscilla: "I have always considered a woman's eyes to be the chief attraction she has, and for that reason have taken the best care possible of mine, and observe every rule that would make them clear and brilliant. I never abuse them by reading in bed or in a poor light. And when I'm working in the studio, I keep them closed and away from the lights as much as possible. If I am shopping or working about my room, I always seek a quiet place three or four times a day, and





"Swim and take out-door exercise," says Marie Prevost.

close my eyes and relax the strain on them completely."

This important rule is so obvious that one would think that every girl in the land would have followed it herself. But it is to be feared that too many girls are thoughtless in this respect, and do not give to their eyes the rest they claim for their limbs.

Priscilla of the brilliant eyes and

"Play a little, work much and love much," advises Nazimova.

long, drooping lashes observes another rule. She says that she bathes her eyes in cool water three times during each day. "It's the same as washing your hands," she replies; "your eyes get full of particles of dust, which makes them dull, robs them of their lustre, and gives them that heavy look that detracts from personal beauty."

Therefore, our Goddess would retain that sparkling, glowing look in the eyes by resting them and keeping them cool and fresh.

As with the head and eyes, so with the neck and throat, I have no difficulty in finding a film star to provide the necessary grace and charm to our Goddess. In Marie Prevost's opinion the sure way to have an attractive neck and throat is to swim. And Marie speaks with authority, for she can outshine Annie Laurie in this matter.

Marie writes to say: "The posture necessary in swimming is certain to give desirable lines, especially to the throat and neck. This never fails if one will swim regularly day after day."

Our Goddess would of necessity have to turn to Pearl White for those soft, but firm, tender and plastic hands. Pearl tells me how she has succeeded in gaining them.

"Every evening I soak my hands thoroughly in hot, soapy water, so as to remove every particle of dirt. Then I rub any good cream about the base of the nails to keep the cuticle from becoming rough and hard. After which I use a manicure set, and get the desired tapering effect by filing the nails carefully and judiciously."

"Eternal youth," declares Viola Dana, "is within the grasp of everyone. It is only another name for buoyancy, freshness, and real health; and it is possible to all. Exercise and the out-of-doors are the open sesame." Viola's views are authoritative, for is she not the very Apostle of Youthfulness on the screen? That imperious beauty, Nazimova, has long since announced her secret of physical and spiritual beauty: "Cry a little. Laugh a little. Eat a little. Sleep a little. Play a little. Work



"Dancing will make your ankles shapely," declares Miss Du Pont.

much. Love much." And with these words of advice, and with these illuminating examples of personal beauty, we would have no difficulty whatever in constructing a Goddess whose beauties would be as those that drowned Narcissus in the flood.

E. G. A.



Pearl White is an authority on beautiful hands.

Handsome is

Proving that homeliness is no bar to popular success on the shadow stage.

Tucked away in obscure country homes have been many Cinderellas who fondly dreamed of a screen career, but whose hopes were almost strangled at birth by the brutal truth read every time the mirror was consulted. And the screen ambitions of many young fellows were annihilated with the same brutality as they, too, realised that their looks were anything but stock-in-trade in a market where beautiful girls and handsome men are as plentiful as the stars in the Milky Way.

These little dramas never reached the tragic point because the Cinderellas and the little grey mice discovered that, even on the screen, there is room for ugly men and plain girls—that Personal Beauty is not the key that opens the studio door, but that histrionic talent counts, and that even ugliness can be exploited. So much so, that there are film artistes of the most popular order whose beauty of form and feature is as low as their beauty of talent and artistry is high.

To do handsomely on the screen is to be handsome. That is the encouraging fact that the presence of a whole bunch of famous stars establishes. Girls without dimples or curls, and men without Owen-Nares looks or Tom Meighan hair and smile, have soared right to the highest plane of screencraft, not despite their plainness, but because of it.

And there is a certain sense in which it is true that plainness on the screen outlives prettiness. Take Zasu Pitts for an example of this truth. It may be very ungallant of me to say it, but Zasu has certainly not relied on her personal beauty to make a name for herself on the screen, and yet she is still in the star-line long after many of the beautiful stars who started with her have fallen like exploded squibs. Zasu has what is known as "a perfect comedy face"; and yet—handsome being as handsome does—she has had not the slightest difficulty in becoming a prime favourite with the picturegoers, or in becoming very happily married to a good-looking husband.

It will not be construed as a libel on Robert Warwick if I point out that that popular player is not exactly a paragon of personal beauty. His six feet of healthy masculinity is picturesque in no sense other than that of physical strength, and yet as a film actor, and as an officer in the Army (he and Bryant Washburn joined up together, and it was as a major that Robert was demobbed), he has always been successful and popular. He is a genuine "Son of the West"—Californian born and bred; and the rough ruggedness of the mountains of the West have left their impress on his character and his appearance.

And, also, let me bring forward, as evidence in support of my contention that absence of an Owen-Naresque style is not necessarily a handicap, no less a person than Monte Blue. Young and popular as he is, he would be the first to admit that it was not because he was debonair and handsome that he reached the dizzy heights of stardom.

After leaving University, he spent two years on the variety stage; and then to the films he came. When you see him rescue Lillian Gish in *Orphans of the Storm*, you will not be able to refrain from admiring



Above : William S. Hart.

Circle : Elliott Dexter.



Above : Harry Carey.



Raymond Hatton.



Right Monte Blue.

Below : Louise Fazenda.



as Handsome does

his manly manner. Monte is really a genuine Red Indian, a member of the famous Cherokee tribe of Oklahoma, and the tribe are very proud of Monte's fame. Recently the tribe held a meeting to protest against a newspaper statement that Indians are favourite villains with American authors, and they asked Monte only to play "hero" parts, and offered to compensate him for any loss he may sustain through being loyal to his tribe in this manner.

No; Monte is no *matinée-idol*; but he's a rare worker. Dark-brown eyes with a prairie glint, dark, thick satiny hair (with no thanks to Brillantine, much used by what he disgustedly terms "varnished-haired heroes"), and a typically Indian face with high cheek bones and thick nose and lips.

But he's wholesome. And he's clever. And successful. And popular.

So there you are!

Then there is Harry Carey, who cannot, with truth, sing "My face is my fortune, sir." It is not a case of "Handsome Harry," because running a ranch of 17,000 acres and leading the rough life of the plains do not make for facial adornment. But Harry has refused to admit that only good-looking boys can make good on the screen; and he turned his plainness to good account, so that it was by virtue of his acting skill and type of features that he has become the popular film hero he is to-day.

Some months ago a whole host of fans wrote to the Editor deploring the fact that William S. Hart "is so ugly." But W. S. H. does not mind that in the least. He knows he is not pretty. But he also knows how to capitalise plainness. He refers to his facial expression as "darned homeliness"; but if his face is not up to the highest standard of æstheticism, his heart is all right, his brain is keen, and his sentiments sound. He is strong in limb, wind, and character. That's why he has "got there."

Von Stroheim started life with the apparent handicap of the entire absence of good looks. Anyone less enthusiastic would have followed the line of least resistance, and become a bank clerk or a 'bus conductor—any job that did not place a cash value on looks. But not Stroheim. He turned his attention to acting, and not only overcame the handicap, but turned it to good account. With the result that he is now a leading author, actor, and producer.

"I'm as ugly as sin," Will Rogers unblushingly declares, and yet he is well established in the screen planetary system.

Harrison Ford and Conrad Nagel are two other favourites of the public who cannot boast a maximum of good looks. But they have played their parts handsomely, and—"handsome is as handsome does."

Louise Fazenda admits that she is a "fright." Actually she is a young and beautiful girl; but, such are the possibilities for those who do not possess good looks, she has found it worth while to divorce Beauty and Louise, and adopt a guise of undiluted ugliness.

All of which goes to prove that there is a big place on the screen for the Little Grey Mouse, and the modern Cinderella, and the Ugly Ducklings. E. G. A.

From top: Harrison Ford, Conrad Nagel, Von Stroheim, Lionel Barrymore, George Arliss and Lila Lee.





JUSTINE JOHNSTONE

Made her screen debut with Marguerite Clark in 1914, and later attained stardom with the famous Ziegfeld "Follies." She has most lovely blonde hair and light-blue eyes.



KATHERINE MACDONALD

One of the screen's most beautiful women, is another blue-eyed blonde. She was attracted to the movies by the success of her sister, Mary MacLaren, and won instant recognition.



Photo by Elwin Nceme.

IVY CLOSE

Made her screen debut in "The Lady of Shalott," a Hepworth production, and has starred in a score of screen successes. She is the heroine of Abel Gance's new picture.



IVY DUKE

Commenced her film career in 1918, and has won a world-wide following as co-star with Guy Newall. Recently retired from the stage to work solely for the movie screen.



Photo by Rita Marlow.

LADY DIANA MANNERS

Now starring in J. Stuart Blackton's productions, has long starred as a British Society Beauty. Made her debut as "Lady Beatrice Fair" in the first natural-colour drama.

Beauty

Adorned



Above: Gloria Swanson wears a negligee of brown velvet and tan with brown velvet brocaded chiffon.

Right: May Collins' dress is of white satin, with full scalloped skirt draped with petal mounts of tulle.



Above: Evening dress with bodice of Chartreuse satin and double-flounced skirt of silver metallic lace, worn by Leatrice Joy.

Ruth Roland's tangerine taffeta dancing frock with gold applique flowers.

Right: Bridal gown of oyster satin with opal paillettes, worn by Justine Johnstone.





3.—William
Desmond
and his
wife at
home.



1.—Sessue
Hayakawa's
palatial home,
"Castle Glengarry."
2.—Enid Bennett's
home.



Bea
H
Mo

6.—City
house."

7.—Ton



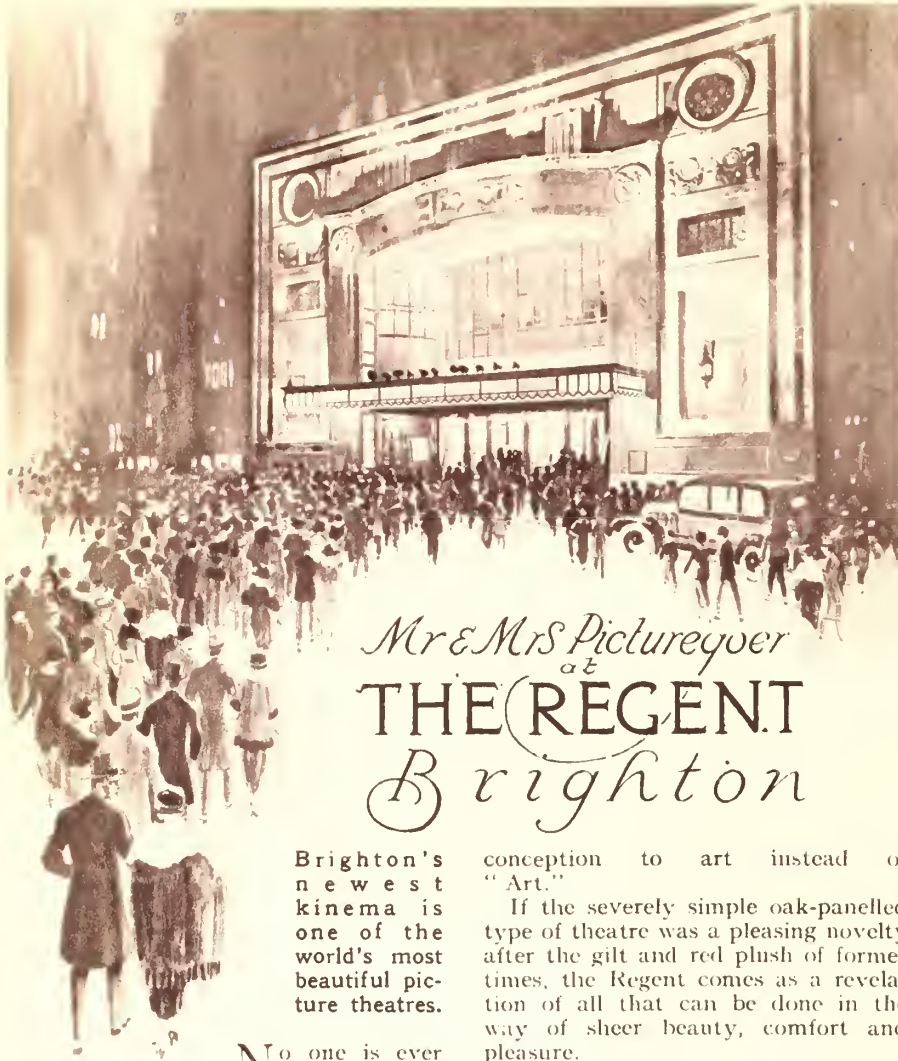
h Roland at home.
 r. White's home at
 which she sold recently
 for \$125,000.



ful
 S of
 Stars

aint-looking
 " Los Angeles
 nce.
 s mountain lodge,
 "





Mr & Mrs Picturegoer
at
THE REGENT
Brighton

Brighton's newest cinema is one of the world's most beautiful picture theatres.

No one is ever at a loss for a suitable conversational opening in Brighton!

On getting acquainted, the resident invariably asks the visitor, "And what do you think of our beautiful Regent?" The poor over-worked weather is ignored for once in its life in spite of the fact that it is always more worthy of discussion at Brighton than in most places. For whether it be hot or cold, stormy or bright, it is always superlatively so. Brighton is a town of superlatives of one sort or another. It is especially suited, therefore, to be the setting of the Regent—the superlative picture theatre.

The decorative scheme of the Regent disarms criticism by its lack of pose or pretentiousness. It has no particular period no oak-panelled mock-wax-candle-lighted baronial hall, this. Nor is it the apotheosis of the latest craze in "Art" circles. It is not Post-impressionistic. It is not Futuristic, or Vortic! In simple language, it owes

conception to art instead of "Art."

If the severely simple oak-panelled type of theatre was a pleasing novelty after the gilt and red plush of former times, the Regent comes as a revelation of all that can be done in the way of sheer beauty, comfort and pleasure.

It is reasonable to expect much from an outlay of £400,000. But when one visits the Regent for the first time, one feels that here is something different—above and beyond

A glimpse of the interior of "The Regent."



one's most sanguine expectations. The marble foyer, with its Caen-stone walls, a ceiling and antique marble candelabra from the famous Hope Collection, is stately and impressive. The great and luxurious stairways are worthy of a Venetian palace. But these do not prepare one sufficiently for the soft, glowing wonderland of the vast auditorium. Here all is colour, indeterminate yet rich. One fairly gasps, and if the £8,000 organ happens to be playing, the effect, even to the most prosaically-minded, is quite emotional.

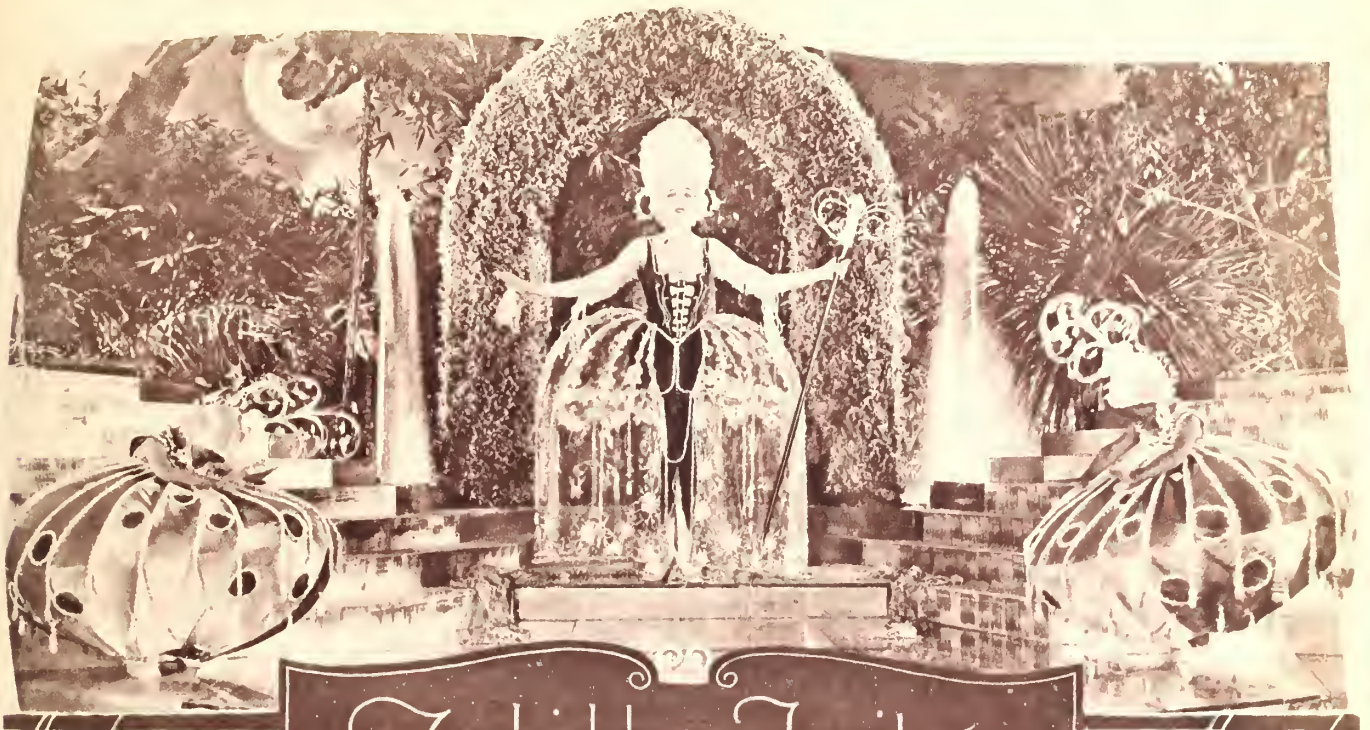
In addition to the superb organ, there is Basil Cameron's fine orchestra of thirty-six musicians, and the orchestral selections and organ recitals are by no means the least appreciated items on a programme which includes a super-picture, a comedy, an interest or travel film, the Pathé Gazette, Eve's Film Review, and a star of the vaudeville or concert platform.

The Regent Restaurant is an institution in itself. Table d'hôte and à la carte luncheons and dinners are well attended by residents and visitors alike. The dance teas in the afternoon are interesting as well as amusing. Here one may see the authentic k-nut and his feminine counterpart wounded officers from the convalescent homes, a blind man or so (dancing faultlessly) from St. Dunstan's, in Kemptown, and typically Britonian, prosperous-looking young matrons dancing together or with their smartly-dressed children.

Tea is also served in the Ship Café (fashioned like the ward-room of an 18th century three-decker), if one wants to be cosy and decorously private. This is quite startlingly realistic—one expects to see a slanting horizon line from the port-holes.

But the favourite tea rendezvous is a colourful vista of Aladdin-like caves, leading one into another, and each lighted differently with such colours as demon green, crimson, rose pink, etc., and bearing one, two or more little tables, so arranged that everyone is invisible to the others.

But to return to the theatre. The auditorium is the latest fan-shaped type, giving a perfect sight-line from every seat. The balcony is the largest in the United Kingdom. It has a clear span of 110 feet, and a projection of over 50 feet. The great arch of the proscenium beautifully decorated by the painting-master of the Brighton School of Art is of majestic proportions. Three thousand people can be—and very frequently are—comfortably seated at each performance.



Forbidden Fruit By Wilton Lane

"Well—what?"

Mrs. Mallory tossed her fan aside, and, rising, crossed to the piano and tinkled a few vague notes.

J. H. Mallory, husband and financial magnate, laid the stub of his cigar in the tray and leaned back in his chair, frowning.

"I guessed you'd have thought of something," he sighed. "A woman's wit."

Nelson Rogers was leaving for the West that night, and it was most unsatisfactory. Another two days—one day, perhaps—and the deal would have been pulled off. Rogers was wavering. It was a good deal. It meant worlds to the Mallorys, but it was a fine deal, too, for Rogers, and he must see it. But here was this urgent business of his, and he must needs dash off West for a week or two, just when the thing was on the point of settlement.

"We can let the matter hang over for a week or two," he had said. "I'll think it fully over in my mind while I'm away, and I even may cable you a decision. Leave it over. Sorry I have to dash off. If I could have arranged otherwise."

But that was the whole point: they couldn't let it stand over. Things had happened—were happening at that very moment; and unless the Mallory oil interests tied up with those of Nelson Rogers within the next few days, things more disastrous still would happen—for the Mallorys. It couldn't stand over!

"A woman's wit, you know—" Mallory repeated. "I thought you could have hit on something——"

"We might—" Mrs. Mallory began, and stopped.

"Yes?"

"There's Evelyn Sanders!"

"There is!" snapped her husband, with considerable irony. "Also there's President Harding and the Emperor of Japan, and the Secretary of the Crossing sweepers' Union. What are you talking about, my dear?"

Mrs. Mallory smiled.

"I mean," she explained. "If we asked Evelyn to dinner—a nice,

CHARACTERS:

Mary Maddock - - AGNES AYRES
Steve Maddock - CLARENCE BURTON
J. H. Mallory THEODORE ROBERTS
Mrs. Mallory KATHLYN WILLIAMS
Nelson Rogers - FORREST STANLEY
Pietro Giuseppe THEODORE KOSLOFF
Nadia Craig - - JULIA FAYE

Narrated by permission from the Famous-Lasky film of the same title.

special dinner, held just in Nelson Rogers' honour, and saw to it that they were thrown together plenty—well, you know what Evelyn is! You know what the men are when they catch a sight of her. And we could explain to her the whole thing, and she'd make herself extra agreeable and nice to him. And then—perhaps—perhaps he wouldn't go West at all, but would stay along

in New York until you had persuaded him."

Mallory grinned, and laid a hand gently on his wife's shoulder.

"I knew," he said.

"What did I say all along? Trust a woman's wit! And you'll fix this right away?"

"I'll 'phone to Evelyn now."

"And I'll get Rogers and let him know that to-night's dinner is to be a real special in honour of his departure! Ha! ha!"

The dinner was for seven o'clock. A little before this time Mallory said to his wife:

"Going well? Is she here yet?"

"Should be at any minute," replied Mrs. Mallory. "And Nelson?"

"Merry as ever, and still talking of his journey. I hope—I wonder——"

"No doubts!" laughed his wife.

"This just *hasn't* got to go wrong."

She walked to the telephone, which was wringing violently.

"Yes," she said, taking up the receiver. "Yes. It is. . . . Evelyn? Yes. . . . What! . . . My dear! Surely. . . . Really? I—I——"

She looked up at her husband, and he saw a light of doubt creeping at last into her eyes. When she put down the receiver she did not speak for some moments.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Evelyn—cannot come! She is ill, and cannot leave the house."

Mallory bit his lip, and paled.

"What——"

At that moment the door opened and Mary Maddock, a young seamstress employed by Mrs. Mallory, came in.

"I—Horkins said you wished——"

Mrs. Mallory waved her hand.



Already Nelson's demeanour was lover-like. There could be no doubt that he had fallen under Mary's spell.

"Yes—no—not now. To-morrow." Mary turned away.

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Mallory then. "Perhaps—" She glanced at her husband. Mary stood by the door and waited.

Mary Maddock was a woman very young and very beautiful, quiet and reserved, not given much to acquiring new acquaintances; a woman who walked quietly, of whose passing-by, had she been less beautiful, none might have been aware. She had been with the Mallorys for a year, had been well paid that time, and yet she seemed never to have money, and dressed always in the poorest clothes. Nobody of the household had heard that there was any mystery about her, and yet all thought that in some way there must be. She stood now by the door, radiant but passive, awaiting the wish of her master and mistress, with a far-away look in her eyes—a look that betokened a dream—or a hidden mystery.

J. H. Mallory nodded.

"Mary," said his wife.

Mary turned her eyes from the nowhere to the grey present.

"A friend of mine who should have been present at the dinner to-night has been taken ill and cannot come. I would like you to take her place, if you would. It is so late that otherwise I shall be a guest short, and—and—of course, you know. Odd numbers and that sort of thing. I wish you could manage it for me. It will be a change for you, and—"

Mrs. Mallory's reasons began to appear ridiculous before they were uttered. She wished she had made it a command. But that. . .

"Yes," said Mary. "But—my clothes—"

"My dear girl!" Mrs. Mallory smiled to hide the sigh of relief. "My dear girl—I have all the clothes you will need—and more. Come upstairs and let us choose."

A little while later Mary Maddock and Nelson Rogers were side by side at the dinner-table, smiling at each other's sallies, and chatting as if they had known each other for—certainly more than half an hour.

And when the dinner was over, and the fateful moment came round, and the guests were expecting every second that Nelson was leaving for the night express, the young man took his host aside and said:

"I—Mallory—perhaps if I stayed and fixed that deal with you, it would be best. I could cable the people out West—I hardly know—"

He broke off and seemed to consider. Mallory waited, trying with difficulty to repress his smiles. When Nelson spoke again it was as if he was gossiping casually with his tongue, for the sake of politeness, while he kept his mind occupied with a knotty business problem. But Mallory waited patiently. He knew.

"Very nice girl, Miss Maddock," said Nelson.

"Ah! Yes. Staying with us for a few days, you know."

"Indeed? H'm! But to business, Mallory. This deal. I suppose a few days could see it fixed? If I were to cable—"

"Three days," said Mallory. "Say three days."

"I'll stay," Nelson announced suddenly. That night Mallory patted his wife upon the shoulder again.

"A woman's wits, my dear," he smiled. "Every time! We've done it."

He nodded in the direction of Nelson, who was bidding good-night to Mary at the other end of the room. Already the young man's demeanour was lover-like. There could be no doubt that he had fallen under Mary's spell.

But the Mallorys had done more than they had planned to do. The three days passed quickly enough. The deal was fixed, and Mallory looked on the matter as ended. But it had only just begun.

Most of the three days Nelson had betrayed a desire to attend to other things than business. Some of the time he had been "missing," and Mallory had been many times on the verge of despair, fearing that even yet the deal might slip. And not only had Nelson been missing, but Mary had been missing too. They had been found in the oddest places—the billiards room, the lake, and far across the gardens. Mrs. Mallory, with her woman's wits, had begun to wonder.

But the three days passed, and it was arranged that Nelson should depart for the West and business in the morning.

That night, when he went to bed—

But he didn't. He sat before the little fire in his room with his hands pushed through his hair, trying to think how one put it. It had never happened to him before.

"Dear Miss Maddock"—No! That was no good. "Mary." H'm! Mary! How long had he known her now? Three days! Good lord! Good lord! Three days! Mary! Well—should he write? Hopeless, hopeless! He must see her in the morning—pretend he had mistaken the time of the train, or something, and then . . . But what should he say?

He got up, in a torture of doubt and inexperience, and began to pace the room. Suddenly he stopped.

Was that a sound?

Meanwhile, in her own room, Mary was facing a crisis—staring into the eyes of tragedy, the tragedy of a life's mistake.

Nelson! She sighed the name, and wiped the falling tears from her eyes. Nelson! Her Nelson! For she was sure he could be. And then—and then she knew again that he could never be.

At last, worn out with thinking of the problem to which there appeared to be no solution, she undressed, and tried to compose herself to sleep.

Minutes dragged by, then suddenly a shadow darkened the strip of pale moonlight that gleamed through the balcony window. The window-fastening creaked ominously, then

gave with a sharp crack under the pressure of an unseen force, whilst the rays of an electric torch darted across the room.

Stealthy footsteps sounded across the carpet, and a dark figure moved warily towards the bed. Then . . .

"Mary! By all that's wonderful!"

The girl in the bed awoke with a start to find herself gazing into the leering face of the intruder, a middle-aged man whose eyes flashed with evil cunning.

"You!" she gasped, shrinking away in dismay.

The man laughed.

"Come to that—you!"

"You—why are you here?"

"Lor! Gone crazy suddenly? What d'yer think?"

"The Mallory diamonds!"

"Brightenin' up a bit, are you? Come out o' the way!"

"No! You shall not!"

"Oh, I shall not, eh? And who—"

The man thrust her aside and strode to the door. Twenty feet away along the corridor was the place! Safe as . . .

But ten feet away, along the corridor, was Nelson Rogers hurrying swiftly to the room.

"Come back!" cried Mary, clinging to the man's arm. "You shall not—"

He turned to thrust her from him, but at that moment the door was thrown back, and Nelson came hurrying in.

"I thought I heard a noise. What—"

He stopped, his eyes starting at the strange sight. Mary fell back with a startled gasp. The man stood a moment, looking from one to the other, and then, as Nelson dashed forward, he sprang back to the window and was gone.

"I'll raise the alarm!" cried Nelson.

"We can get him across the park."

"No!" said Mary, running forward and standing in his path. "I mean—I mean—"

Nelson stared at her in amazement.

"I mean," she faltered. "He is—my husband!"

"Your—husband?"

She nodded, and tried to look him in the eyes.

"I—yes."

"But—"

"Oh!" she cried, beating her hands together, and turning away.

"It's just—the same old story. I—I took him for better or worse—and—it's worse. It's the very worst!"

Nelson's face was troubled. He tried to find fitting words for the extravagant situation.

"I'm—I say! I'm dreadfully sorry. Can I—perhaps—do you mean—"

"I mean everything. I mean that when we are together he beats me. I mean that I work to keep him. You have been deceived, Mr. Rogers. You met me and you have known me under a false light. I cannot explain everything, but—I am not a friend of the Mallorys at all. I am only a seamstress. You have been deceived. I am sorry. I shall go away to-morrow. Forgive me. And—please go."

But yet he stayed, and passed over most of her confession with a wave of the hand.

"Why don't you divorce him?" he asked desperately.

"No!" she cried. "No! I took him for better or worse, but I took him. It was a vow—a sacred vow! I believe—please leave me."

"Yes, but—I mean—" Nelson broke off and stared at her pathetically. Didn't she see? Couldn't she understand? It was so easy—so very easy! But so very hard to explain!

"I mean—if he is ruining your life—"

"Not now! My life is ruined. What might have been is gone and done for and dead. That man is my husband—a crook, an idler, a thief! But he is my husband. I have made my choice. I have turned at the cross-roads down the way I am to tread. There is no turning back. You think me weak and silly, perhaps. Believe me—"

"Indeed I do not! I think you are the bravest, strongest woman I have known. And as for how you met me, and under what circumstances"—he snapped his fingers—"I don't care that. So long as—"

She sank upon the bed and buried her face in her hands.

"So long as I did meet you!" he concluded. "So there! If you would only—if I could just persuade you—the man is a hulking waster. He will drag you down to who shall say what depths? You say your life is ruined. Believe me that need not be. There is not a Court in all the land that would not—"

"Go!" she sobbed.

"That would not free you. And then—with better days—with happier days. . . . Do you hear me? Do you understand?"

Miss Maddock!"

"Go!"

"Mary!"

She sat up and looked at him unflinchingly.

"Yes! I understand! I am not a fool—I am a woman. But I hope I am a woman who might be worthy—a woman who would hold a vow that—"

Her head dropped, and he heard her softly weeping.

"Mary! By all that's wonderful!"



Mary! If you would only listen—"

"Oh, I have listened. I know. I have listened to another voice than yours—a voice within me that was never, never silent—and—I cannot! Thank you—oh! I thank you, but—please go."

She rose, and he saw that it was the end.

"I shall—I must know where you go and what becomes of you. Some day—"

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

He went slowly from the room, and walked with dragging footsteps to his own. But he did not so much as look at the bed. He sat where he had been sitting before, by the dying fire, with his head on his hands, staring dully into the flames, wondering.

"I must keep track of her somehow. I must know where she goes. I may—meet her again. And her—husband!"

Next morning he left the house before the other guests were astir. But he was not the first. He was unable to say good-bye again to Mary. She had been gone an hour when he came down.

Mary had returned to the unspeakable misery of the "home" that sheltered her husband and herself. She had had her dream of lover and happiness her Cinderella's holiday. She had met and loved Prince Charming, but now the clock had sounded the knell of her romance, and now she must return to drudgery and despair.

On the first day of her return home, Mary received a visit from Mrs. Mallory, who besought her not to acquaint Nelson with the details of their plot.

"In any case," urged Mrs. Mallory, "you will be well advised not to see Mr. Rogers again. It is best that you should remain apart."

And Mary, with bitterness in her heart, assented.

For five days Nelson tramped New York looking for a face. The address that he had obtained from the Mallorys had proved an empty nest. He had called there; but though Steve Maddock was well enough known at the place, he was gone now, and "for keeps," as the neighbours informed Nelson.

In despair, he turned away. In all New York's teeming millions was

somewhere the woman he sought. But—where? The chances were millions to one against him; yet he kept on. From early morning to long after the last street prowler was abed he searched the streets, looking at each face with the sunrise of hope, turning away with the sunset of the hope shattered.

It seemed that he would never find her. Fool he had been to let her go! Not to have watched her like a faithful dog! Dog? Less than a dog was he. A fool—thrice a fool.

He was crossing Central Park at one of the quiet times, when the paths were deserted, and he thought he was alone. He wanted to sit in some sheltered place and think.

Suddenly he was aware that his own footsteps were echoed by others. He turned, again

He grinned again, and then proceeded:

"In a certain lady's bedroom in a certain house in a certain avenue—Fifth, wasn't it? Shockin' memory yer got, too, boss."

Nelson started.

"Her husband?"

"You bet! Every time!"

Nelson motioned the man to a secluded bench, and then sat beside him.

"Well?"

"Well. You thinks a bit about my missus, eh, boss?"

"If that is what you intend to discuss—"

"Oh, well, please yerself. I was only gon' ter tell yer. It's this way. I'm a bit of a lad myself—a bit of a goer. Not many folks know that Mary's my wife—see? Get what I'm drivin' at? The police are pretty fond o' me—give anything to get me, the police would

I'm mustard and pepper, when it comes to hot. An' if it got about that Mary was hinged to yours truly in lawful wedlock, it'd mess up her good name some. Get me? And, then, if the word went round that you was sort of—see?—sweet on the goods. Well, I mean to say, I'm no credit to any body. I'm something to be married to, I am! You see what I mean. I'm the sort of cheerful soul it'd pay anyone to shut up. Are yer gettin' me?"

Nelson's lip curled.

"How much do you want?"

"Ah, now we're talkin'—"

"Answer me."

"Ten thousand."

"What?"

"Please your little self, boss."

Nelson thought it over.

"And no funny bits," the man went on. "Try any funny bits an' the nastiest scandal will fly about New York all about Mary and you, and a hot little pepper-pot like me! I tell yer, it'll be some disgustin'—Mary'll never dare show her face again. You neither. Don't matter very much if it's true or not, do it? I mean from my point o' view. Any way, I'm warnin' you. Don't try puttin' the cops wise to little Wilfred, or—"

"Ten thousand?"

"That's the very noise!"

"But—"

"Ain't any butts in it, is there, boss?"

"I was going to say that I haven't it with me, now."

"That's all, right. Always oblige a comrade. D'you know Brickfield Place?"

Continued on page 64



"You will be well advised not to see Mr. Rogers again."

buoyed with hope. But, no! Only a man—some loafer of the park—nobody!

He walked on savagely, cursing fate.

Soon the man came alongside and seemed to walk with him. Nelson stopped and looked at the fellow. The man stopped, too.

"Don't know me, boss, eh?"

"I neither know you nor do I wish to know you," retorted Nelson Rogers.

"No? Don't go making any big mistakes, boss. Don't pay. Always look the way a thing's going to pay, eh? Business man. Nelson Rogers, ain't it?"

"Well?"

"Ain't it? I asked yer."

"That is my name."

"Good. Where can we talk? Now, don't look that way at me, boss. We met before. Old friends, like You know."

Physical Fitness



May Allison boxing with her nephew.

Even Professor Coué will admit that while the mental may be superior to the physical, it is none the less true that a healthy, well-trained body is the best casing for a keen brain and a clean character. Below you will find a picture of Rex Davis, the British screen athlete, skipping himself fit; and those who know Rex best need the least convincing that he is the ideal British boy—sound in body, clean in mind, and, withal, a clever screen actor.

And, as you see in this page, May Allison is wise enough to go in for physical jerks—and

Tom Mix.

Rex Davis.

Herbert Rawlinson.



Antonio Moreno is always in training to meet the strenuous demands of his film work.

George Walsh

also wise enough to "take on" one who does not tower above her in strength!

There are two worlds in which George Walsh lives. One is the studio, and the other the gymnasium. And I am told that there is no feat of strength or physical endurance common (or uncommon, for that matter) to the "gym." that George cannot do without pausing.

He has boxed with Dempsey, and performed risky feats with Raoul.

Brighton was the original training-ground for Herbert Rawlinson; and when he left the English seaside place for America, he was a perfect specimen of athletic manhood. And now he lives at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, where he goes through a regular course every morning. His keenest interest is swimming, and he recently created a record by doing a mile in 20 minutes.

Another of the physical jerkists of the films is, of course, Antonio Moreno, whose boyhood's ideal was a bull-fighter in his native land. He trains when working, and trains when playing; everything he does has to contribute to his physical fitness. His latest game is water polo, which he has found to develop every muscle of the body.

And, finally, there is that monument of strength, Tom Mix. He lives on the assumption that every moment must be "Training Time," and every action must make him more fit. To this end he runs his own ranch.

It takes a good deal of courage to film a classic, not to speak of other little things besides. But courage, firstly, because everybody has read it and everybody visualises it in a different way. In the case of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, however, "Cedric's" velvet suit and fair curls, "The Earl's" tallness, severity and military precision, and "Dearest's" gentle sweetness, are all accurately described by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Straight from the story, too, come the settings—streets in New York as they looked when ladies wore voluminous dresses, and bonnets instead of hats. The English settings, too, though filmed partly at Burlingame, California (exteriors) and in the Brunton studios, Los Angeles, are as realistic as they are artistic, and the great rooms of Dorincourt was the most elaborate set ever put up. It was of plaster, like all movie sets, and consisted of four huge rooms, richly-furnished and arranged. Everything was so huge and towering, that the tiny figure of Mary Pickford as the little "Lord" looks even tinier than usual. In one or other of the two rôles (Mary plays both "Cedric" and his mother), the star appears in every scene of the film; sometimes she is seen in both parts, a triumph this, of double photography. For Mary looks at least half a head taller as "Dearest" than she does as "Cedric"! How did she do it? Was it high heels and a wig with curls piled high a-top of her

Little Lord Fauntleroy

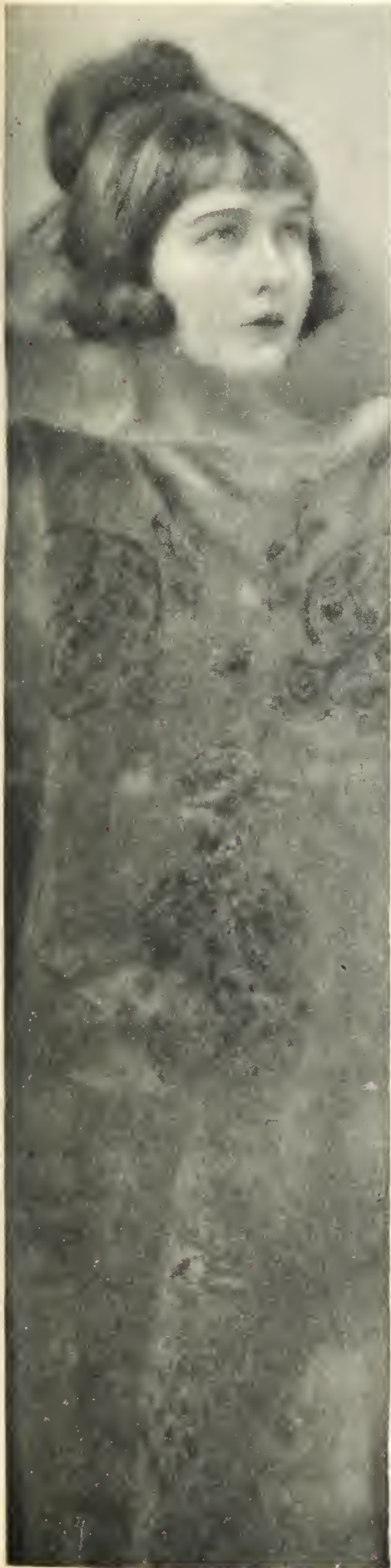


head? Was it the camera's secret? Nobody knows, for Mary will not say. She only shakes her pretty head wisely and smiles. When *Fauntleroy* was filmed, Douglas Fairbanks was at work on the next set, and he supervised the fight between "Cedric" and "Bevis" (Colin Kenny). The way the little lord attacks whirlwind fashion is typical of "Doug." From strong emotion to wild comedy the story travels, giving exceptional acting chances to the star and the cast. All the dearly-beloved characters are there: "Mrs. Higgins" and her happy family of twelve, "The Grocer" (James Marcus, who played the same rôle on the stage in 1888), "The Irish Apple-woman" (Kate Price), and "The Boot-black" (Fred Malatesta). Madame Bodamere, who plays "Mrs. Higgins," is Mary Pickford's own wardrobe mistress and personal friend, and amongst her little brood of children will be seen Howard Ralston, William and Florence O'Rourke and Gordon Griffith (all appeared in *Pollyanna*), Violet Radcliffe, May Painter, and Boyd Ackerman (to be seen this month in *The Love Light* as well), and Florence Egan, who has not played with Mary Pickford since *Daddy Long-Legs*.



Scenes from "Little Lord Fauntleroy," showing Mary Pickford in the dual rôle of "Fauntleroy" and "Dearest."





A Tale of Two Gishes

A close-up of Lillian and Dorothy, co-stars in "Orphans of the Storm."

They came before the heavy plush curtains hand-in-hand, as dainty a pair of pretty sisters as one could find all over the U.S.A. And we, whose feelings had been harrowed and harrowed as only D. W. Griffith knows how to harrow them, gave vent once more to our delight that the two persecuted "Orphans of the Storm" had triumphantly survived their sorrows. Of course, we had seen them happy at last in the concluding few hundred feet of film, but it seemed to round off matters beautifully to have them step out upon the stage like that—real, living girls—girls who seemed as pleased to meet us as we were to meet them. They wore cute little frocks, both alike, very simple, but very cunning, something like their Empire frocks at the end of the film, and they looked perfectly sweet.

Dorothy, the tomboy Gish, looked shy, very shy. She started away by trying to look at everyone at once, and finished by standing gazing floorwards, whilst Lillian, who is always serene and sure of herself, made a little speech. She spoke about the film we had just seen, and about D. W. Griffith, to whom she gave thanks for her success very prettily, then smiled her wise little smile and was fairly pulled off the stage by Dorothy, whose walk alone was enough to make everybody feel good-humoured. It was altogether a most successful *première*, and it was as just "one of the crowd" that I found myself near the stage-door afterwards watching a dense mass of folks, mainly girls, give the Gishes a final send-off. They surrounded the sisters, adoring and commenting on Lillian's furs and Dorothy's eyes, and raised a loud cheer as their motor finally bore them away.

Next day, at their hotel, we



lunched together, Lillian and Dorothy and Mrs. Klatch, their lifelong friend, who is touring with them.

"Did you like it?" said Lillian. "You looked as though you did."

"Who wouldn't?" I assured her; and asked how they both liked being mobbed.

"It's rather like being the Lord Mayor of the town," put in Dorothy. "Only I hope Lord Mayors aren't as scared as I am. And Lillian's as cool as a fish." Dorothy screwed up her face into one of her inimitable grimaces, expressive of envy, and then laughed infectiously.

"She really is nervous," came in Lillian's gentle tones. "Though you mightn't have believed it

Dorothy and her husband, James Rennie.



Dorothy—a camera study.

if you had seen her play the heroine when Jim's leading woman fell ill that time in New York."

"It was 'Pot Luck,' the play." Dorothy's voice was very doleful. "And they hadn't any understudy to hand, so they had to take pot luck—me."

She played in her husband's (James Rennie's) play as though she'd been doing nothing else all her life, and quite saved the situation that night; but though she jokes about it in that funny, mock-miserable fashion she has, Dorothy says she only did it on impulse.

"You see, I want to go on the stage properly some time," she told me. "I'm having my voice trained for stage speaking, though I am not nearly ready

Lillian in "Broken Blossoms."



yet. And so, though I was ever so pleased that I knew the heroine's part in 'Pot Luck' (I went every night to watch Jim), I was disappointed, also. But, then, I'm always being disappointed, and with myself, too."

Certainly the peppy Gish is a pessimist. Only, very fortunately, she gets a lot of fun out of being one, both for other people and for herself; though Dorothy may never own it.

I accused her of this, but all she said was: "Until I went back to Mr. Griffith again, I was always making comedies. Six days out of every seven I was busy being funny. And as that wasn't enough to make me a dyed-in-the-

wool pessimist, I went and married an optimist." She shook her head sadly over her own delinquencies, and we all laughed.

"We miss Jim a lot, now we've left him behind in New York." Lillian's voice is clear, though gentle and slightly hesitant, and she thoroughly approves of her sister's marriage. But, for herself, she prefers to remain single.

She is very fair and pale, and her great blue eyes, so wonderfully wide apart and soulful, seem eternally pondering over wise thoughts of her own. She was seated, on a low couch with her back towards the light, and the sun shone on her pale, golden hair, coiled softly upon her neck, bringing out all its silken beauty. Very reposeful, too, is the eldest of the Gish girls; she uses her hands but little in ordinary speech, although on the screen their nervous flutterings are a noticeable part of her personality.

Dorothy is just the opposite. A nervous little bunch of animation, she is as restless as a bird, and when she does subside, usually perches herself upon the arm of a chair; or, if she does condescend to use an easy chair in the usual way, curls one foot under her when seated. Dorothy has always done this—ever since she was a mite in socks. She speaks quickly, too, flashes out her comments upon things in general, and emphasises what she says with expressive movements of her rounded arms and hands. She's not as plump as you would expect to find her: she looks chubby at times in *The Orphans*, despite her sufferings.

We naturally talked about *Orphans*

"It must be because I am the approved fragile type," she said, quaintly, "that I always suffer so much on the screen. Or, perhaps, because my director believes that stories like *Way Down East* and *The Orphans* have the biggest human appeal. But even in the first film-play Dorothy and I ever did (it was a Griffith one-reeler, long, long ago), we were chased up to the top of a house by burglars, who tried to get at us through the stove-pipe hole."

"Before that, though," chimed in Dorothy, "we were on the stage. Not together, always. We'd have liked to, but we couldn't choose. Father died when mother was only twenty-three, and we were quite mites. People used to say Lillian would never live long enough to get into her 'teens. She was so quiet and good. I wasn't. I used to get into mischief, and get spanked, and then Lillian cried—so much and so pitifully that she used to make everyone round her do the same. There was a friend of mother's who hadn't many teeth, and she used to shake her head over Lillian—so." (Dorothy showed us, with great effect.)

"Dorothy would never keep quiet," said Lillian, with that heart-catching smile of hers. "She was only a little over four when she played 'Little Willie' in 'East Lynne' on tour. I was six, and I was playing the same

Dorothy looks demure.



The late Bobby Harron and Lillian in "The Greatest Question."

of the Storm. "You would have liked our dresses," Lillian said. "They were lavender and rose-colour; and, somehow, when I wore mine, the big side-panniers I'd felt certain would fidget me terribly, seemed quite natural. And Dorothy and I looked exactly alike, just as we used to when we were quite small, and they had to make us wear different-coloured ribbons to distinguish us."

"Theda Bara came once to see us working." This from Dorothy.

"And she asked Lillian how she made up that way. Lillian uses ever such a little make-up; less than I, you know. Theda Bara played in the first *Two Orphans* production for Fox's, and she watched us for a whole day, and then said how very much she'd like to work with Mr. Griffith."

"Everyone says that," and both girls grew enthusiastic over their director, and we all agreed that Griffith's latest was also his very greatest.

Lillian is exceedingly modest about her acting, although she values the appreciation she receives on all sides.



part in another company. We kept right on with stage work. We had no choice. Some day I may return to it."

"I want her to," put in Dorothy. "And she wants me to keep on doing comedies."

The Gishes come from Ohio. Lillian was born in Dayton, and Dorothy, two years later, in Springfield.

"But we don't remember much about either place," said Dorothy. "For we lived in Marsillon, and we know that place best. We always have made personal appearances there whenever we could."

Those days of one-night-stands must have been very hard on the children. They were always on the move, had little time for sleeping, less for play, and none at all for lessons. Only their mother's watchful care ensured them any sort of home-life and education. But the stage folk were very good to the frail-looking little girls, and both cited many instances of this.

"Your first sweetheart, Dorothy. Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes. He was Fiske O'Hara, the popular actor, in whose company I was 'the child.' He used to make a great pet of me, and always said I was his little wife. And then one day everybody was shaking hands with him and congratulating him, and mother said I must do the same. And when I asked her the reason, she told me he'd just taken a wife. My Fiske O'Hara! I was so very much upset. Anyway, I went with the others, and then I forgot what I ought to have said, and wished him

very many happy returns. Ugh!" Dorothy's grimace was really indescribable.

"She was only seven," interposed Lillian, "and though everybody was amused over her funny little ways, she was such a serious child that we used to call her 'Grannie Gish.'"

Mamma Gish kept her babies together as long as possible, but though melodramas flourished at that time, most of them had only one child part, and so Lillian, as the eldest (she was ten), fared forth in the care of a stranger. She quoted some of those early melodramas: "In Convict's Stripes," "East Lynne," "Her First False Step," "At Duty's Call," "The Child Wife," "Dian O'Dare," "The Coward," "The Truth Tellers," "And Editha's Burglar," put in Dorothy. "'Editha' was a comical rôle."



Oval and Below: Dorothy Gish.



Then they met the Pickfords (Smiths they were then), and Lillian and Mary became fast friends. "We still are," Lillian told me. "When Mary came to New York, I saw her for the first time for I don't know how many years, and we sat up in her hotel room and talked the whole night through. Douglas Fairbanks scolded next day, but we had such a lot to say to one another. Mary's very first visit to New York was with us. We all played together in *The Little Red Schoolhouse*, the whole Smith family, (Jack, Lottie and Mary), and we had lots of fun together. Then we went on tour, and the Smiths stayed in New York."

"And then I was ill, you remember," cried Dorothy, "and we cancelled the tour. Because we had nothing much to do, we went to watch Mary make movies at the old Biograph studio."

"Afterwards," Lillian reminisced, "we were 'extras' there for a while, and then played in the last few Biograph one-reelers. Then I went with Mary to be a fairy in 'A Good Little Devil' the play which had such a splendid long run, only I was ill, and in the spring both Dorothy and I joined Mr. Griffith's Triangle Stock Company. There I played all kinds of rôles, even a 'vamp' or two."

Can you visualise spirituelle Lillian as a vamp? She played in, amongst others, *Daphne and the Pirate*, *Diana of the Follies*, *The Children Pay*, *A House Built Upon Sand*, *The Conscience of Hassan Bey*, and *Souls Triumphant*, under various directors.

[Continued on page 62]

A charming study of Lillian Gish.



HAIR GROWTH DOUBLED

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Movies in the Making

The GENERAL UTILITY MAN

by
GERTRUDE
M. ALLEN

Miss Du Pont with a studio pet.

A parrot in a cage? Peas in a pudding? Pearls of great price? A grizzly bear? A cobra?

Don't "ask me something easier!" I'm the G.U.M. at the studios, and what I don't know about "props," isn't worth writing an article about.

Publicity comes the way of most "movie flesh." You hear and read a lot about the "beautiful star," the scintillating genius which is the producer, the handsome hero, and the "world-famous author," but the G.U.M. to you, dear Mr. and Mrs. Public, is a nonentity.

I've managed to wriggle into this series of articles, which claim to enlighten you on the "inside" of film work, because I think I ought to be here. I'm a useful and clever, though modest and retiring, member of the studio *personnel*. I hide my light beneath a bushel, because I cannot find a vacant spot in the film firmament for my own particular star to shine in—but if it ceased to twinkle "behind the sets," films would be a bit of a frost—I humbly assure you!

I'm like the currant that makes the plain cake "fancy"; the bone in the ham where the meat is sweetest; the breath of life to every film-play that's born into this jolly old world. This sounds strangely like "self-recommendation," but I can't get publicity through any other medium—and, anyway, if you doubt my right to assume such a gigantic proportion in the element of "necessity" in the studios, ask the producer where he'd be without his G.U.M. Again, with all the modesty of the "hidden light," I assure you that he would be chief mourner at his own funeral.

And now to justify my inordinate vanity, I will introduce you to a few of the representative duties of the G.U.M.—and leave you to judge what size I should take in laurel wreaths.

The scene is a room in an "old-world country cottage." The set is ready to receive the producer and his company of players. With a forlorn hope that everything is O.K., and that the producer will be satisfied (yet, withal, an almost certain conviction that this amazing thing cannot be), we await the verdict.

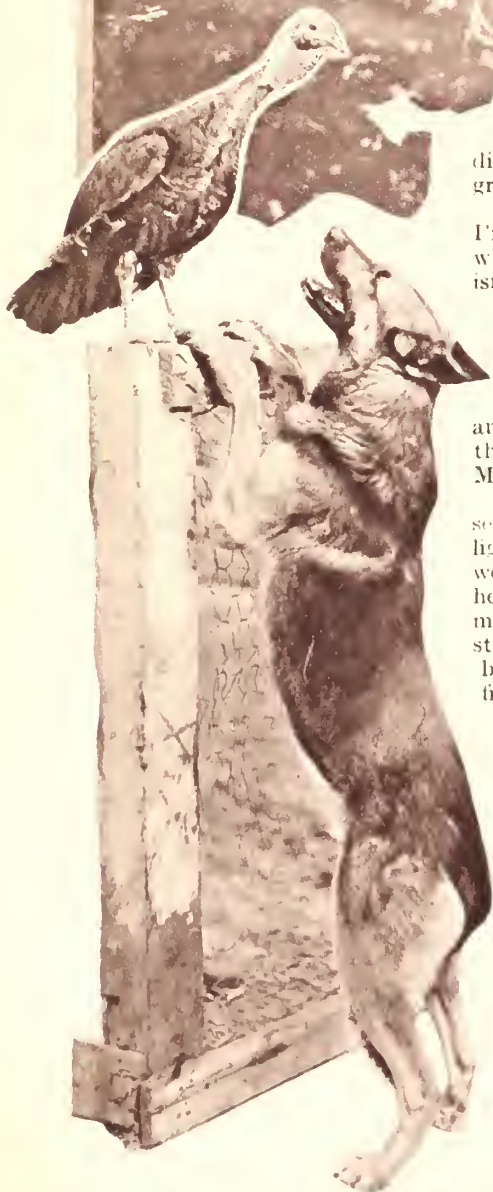
"Very nice," from the producer; "but, personally, I think we should get a little more atmosphere into 'Aunt Matilda's' part if we had a parrot in a cage. Can it be done in fifteen minutes?"

Can it be done? The query is almost an insult to the G.U.M. The producer *knows* he'll have "the parrot in a cage" in less than fifteen minutes. What's the G.U.M. there for? At the moment, his main object in existing is to discover—and deliver—"the parrot in a cage in fifteen minutes."

A house-to-house tour of the neighbourhood inevitably results in the "discovery" of "the parrot in a cage." But that is by no means the easiest part of the G.U.M.'s job. Invariably he has to call upon that store of tact and charm, that gift of gentle persuasion which will draw from the fond owner of "the parrot in a cage" the permission for the valued bird to appear in the film. Heaven, the parrot, its owner, and the G.U.M. alone know what powers of elocution are necessary to the success of the mission.

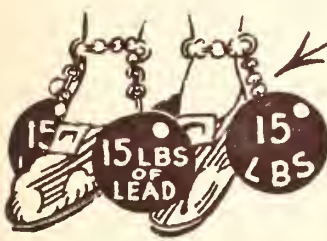
But parrots are easy, and won't serve to justify the vanity. The pursuit of parrots is merely a pastime in the life of the G.U.M. His *real* work consists of doing "far, far greater things" than hunting parrots. With all due respect to pretty Polly,

(Continued on page 67.)



Animals are often the bugbear of the General Utility Man's existence. He may be called upon to supply any animal from a turkey to an elephant at short notice.

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Yours faithfully,

(Signed) ROBERT WORTLEY,
Consulting Chiropodist.

"Ooh! That CORN"

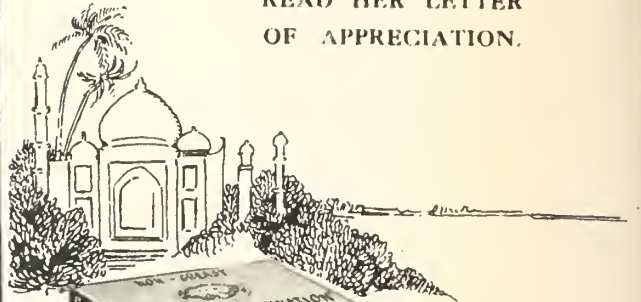
TAKE IT OUT SO THAT
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THE CREAM OF FASCINATION



SHADOWLAND

CRITICAL — ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN — CURRENT PICTURES
GOSSIP

Delightful Ina Claire has been long an absentee from screenland. She is, of course, first and foremost a stage star, but her film work in *The Puppet Crown* and other screen plays shows her to be equally at home in such a capacity. She was in London for a season a few years ago, and her powers of mimicry and musical comedy work made her nearly as great a favourite over here as in New York. She is to be seen this month in a screen version of *Polly With a Past*, a farcical comedy in which Ina plays a servant from the country who is offered the chance of seeing a little society life by posing as a French enchantress. The reason of this is that a certain lovelorn swain (played by Ralph Graves) wants to make his fiancée jealous by pretending to be captured by the French charmer. But, unfortunately for the success of his little plot, the charmer does her work so well that he really falls in love with her, and they eventually marry. Settings, photography and acting are all exceedingly good.

George Beban's releases are very few and far between these days, but his current one is a very good specimen of his art. He wrote the story, which is a simple one depicting the fortunes of "Lupino Delchini," a brave, cheery, unselfish character, who befriends everybody within range

and finds romance in the last reel. Beban also directed *One Man in a Million*, and, needless to add, stars in the title-rôle. He is aided by a splendid and well-chosen cast, including his small son, George Beban, junior, one of the most natural screen-children of to-day. The picture is technically quite perfect, and the simplicity of the story is beautifully brought out, and its humour and pathos shown with a light, but sure and artistic touch. The characterisation is, perhaps, its strongest point — the people absolutely live. A clever dog and parrot add considerably to the charm of the production, and the sub-titling is humorous and pathetic by turns.

Two regular thrillers on view this month are *Prairie Trails*, in which Tom Mix stars, and *Tiger True*, a Frank Mayo feature. Tom Mix's drama has all the open-air stuff one usually expects and gets from him, combined with a strong seasoning of burlesque humour. The roping and riding stunts are ingenious, and there is an easily followed story with Kathleen O'Connor as the heroine. Tom Mix's acrobatic feats in this film probably beat his own record. Frank Mayo's film is a very crude, almost brutal, story of the underworld. A vicious gangster dominates the district, and "The Tiger" (Frank

Mayo) decides to put him in his place, and they have a tremendous fight. Battles royal rage throughout the film, and the hero is remarkably quick at getting his wounds healed. In the final fight he emerges apparently scatheless. Fritzi Brunette makes a pretty, heroine, but this feature is not one which recommends itself to the fair sex.

Wallace Reid has an out-of-doors story in *The Love Special*, in which he appears as a road engineer, who is told off to act as guide to the President of the Road (Theodore Roberts) and his pretty daughter (Agnes Ayres). This causes a good deal of fun and, later, some quite thrilling adventures, and ends, of course, on a romantic note. There is none too much suspense, but plenty of action and humorous touches. The action is all good and realistic, and the backgrounds are mostly in keeping. The wild ride at the end, with the hero and heroine on a locomotive dashing over the mountain roads, is exceedingly effective. This film is a kinematization of Frank Spearman's railroad story, "The Daughter of a Magnate," and in some ways is reminiscent of *The Valley of the Giants*, one of Reid's earlier successes. The genial Wally himself has just finished a feature called *The Champion*, in which he indulges in

much boxing and similar displays of energy and muscle.

Picture-lovers who remember the Hepworth production of *The Marriage of William Ashe*, with Abna Taylor, Violet Hopson and Henry Ainley in the leading rôles, will be amused to see how different are American ideas to ours. In the Yankee version, which is now to be seen, the wife of the Home Secretary is shown walking abroad in Scotland (of all places!) dressed in very short kilts and bare-kneed. The way in which British ladies of title resort to strong terms when quarrelling at a public entertainment, too, is absurd. Otherwise the adaptation is very amusing, and May Allison as "Lady Kitty," and Wyndham Standing as "William Ashe," are excellent. This kinema version does not follow the book at all closely, and many incidents occur which are hardly justifiable. Some lovely Venetian scenes are much to the credit of the producer: all the exteriors, in fact, are picturesque, and the interior scenes lavish and charming.

Tsurn Aoki stars alone in *The Breath of the Gods*, an elaborate six-reel production which is rather long-drawn out. It is a story of the Russo-Japanese war, and although there are no war scenes, all the characters are in the Diplomatic service, and the heroine has to choose between love and duty. Being a Japanese heroine, she naturally chooses duty and marries a Japanese, hoping that her knowledge of American life (she had been studying at Washington) would aid her country. But

love intervenes again in dramatic fashion, and the heroine takes her own life for the sake of patriotism. Tsurn Aoki makes an altogether satisfactory heroine, as she has a difficult rôle, and manages to be convincing and natural throughout. The photography is very fine, and the backgrounds include some very beautiful "shots" of Fujiyama, Japan's sacred mountain. The Japanese interior sets are artistic, and the whole thing thoroughly at one with Japanese ideals and ideas. Pat O'Malley and Arthur Carewe play the principal supporting rôles.

An oft-told story is that of the rich, rather wild, but lovable youth who sows his wild oats at the feet of a gay "baby vamp," but finally reforms and marries the nice girl who'd loved him all along. But Jack Pickford in *The Man Who Had Everything* makes quite a likeable chap of the hero, and the picture is a satisfactory one. As "Harry Bullway," a multi-millionaire's son, he is cursed by an old blind man in these words: "May you always have everything you want"; and he finds, when his father's millions become his, and the "curse" materialises, that the old beggar knew what he was about. Alec B. Francis, who plays this beggar-man, gives a specially good performance. Lionel Belmore, as a self-made man, is good; so are Priscilla Bonner as the heroine, and Shannon Day as the vamp. Clyde Cook, better known as a comedian than camera-man, photographed this picture. Latest reports from Los tell us that Jack Pickford is not to

be the star of *A Tailor-Made Man*, after all, he having sold the story to another company.

A long-cherished dream was realised when Mary Pickford acquired the right to film *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Mary had seen the stage version of F. Hodgson Burnett's world-famous story, when Elsie Leslie starred as "Cedric," and wished ever since to portray the poor little boy who became a nobleman. The idea of playing both the boy and his mother was an afterthought, but one which will commend itself to all picturegoers when they see the film. It is a triumph in every detail, from the screen translation, which is more than usually perfect, to the atmosphere, direction and photography. The double exposure work is wonderful, and Mary manages as "Dearest" to look down upon herself as "Cedric" by quite two inches. How she does it is her secret (and the camera-man's). She is lovable and restrained as the mother, and a little better than usual, if possible, as the son. Her swagger—for which she gives Douglas Fairbanks the credit—is delightful, so is her fight with the other "boy" (Frances Marion). Claude Gillingwater is a splendid "Earl of Dorincourt," and the English country-house settings are one of the features of the production.

Elaine Hammerstein has another good story this month. Her *The Pleasure Seeker* is a love-story, but a singularly powerful and entirely wholesome one. Elaine appears as the ward of a clergyman, who, after his death, marries a rich man and returns with him to New York. But his father frowns upon the alliance, and the young pair have to go to work. The young wife becomes her father-in-law's stenographer (keeping her identity a secret, of course), and matters are proceeding smoothly when the husband gets mixed up with a gang of his old cronies. She fights again, and wins. Frank Carrier gives a magnificent study of the old broker, John Winchell, whose every mood he shows us in masterly fashion; and effective camera-work, and good, natural direction, make up a well-told and thoroughly interesting film play.

Mary Pickford has three releases (one is a re-issue) this month, but there will be no more for a long while, for Mary has not been working since *Fauntleroy* was completed. The re-issue, *Heart of the Hills*, is a story of old Kentucky farm life, and Mary has one of her familiar tomboy rôles at the beginning, becoming sweetly civilised in the final reels. The film has some delightful moments, one in particular towards the end of the rustic "hop." *The Love Light* is a Frances Marion story, which gives Mary a very tragic rôle, not entirely

(Continued on page 54)



A scene from "Pay Day," Charlie Chaplin's latest comedy.



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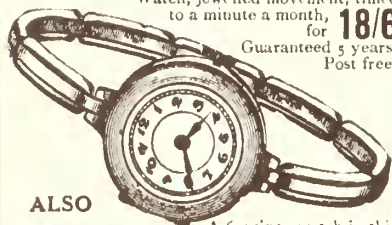
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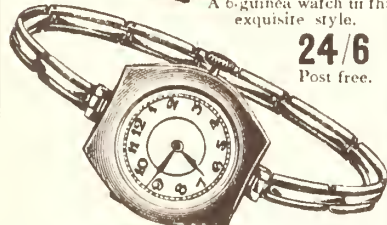
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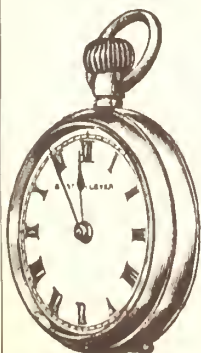
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A curious camera position—Chester Withey directing a strange shot for a Wallace Reid picture.



suiting to her. The plot is highly artificial, too, and though the general production is good, the film as a whole cannot be called a winner. It is the story of an Italian girl, and much of the action takes place in and on a lighthouse. It was the outcome of ideas gathered by Francis Marion and Mary Pickford when they were in Italy many months ago.

Wonderfully realistic animal scenes form the great attraction of *Kazan*, the James Oliver Curwood story in its screened form. There are also fine snow and blizzard scenes, and an unusual story, for the biography of the wolf-dog "Kazan" and his mate is the first consideration. A human interest has been added, and we get a hero, heroine and villain; but the four-legged actors are the most engrossing. Uncannily patient must the directors and camera-man have been to secure the necessary shots of so many different animals, both wild and tame, and, in the end, "Kazan" the dog brings a murderer to justice after he had successfully evaded the law for some time. Snow-storms, too, are undoubtedly the real thing, though there is just one lapse which keen-eyed "fault"-finders are sure to spot sooner or later. Jane Novak heads a very good cast, and Edwin Wallock is an exceedingly realistic villain. The dog "Kazan" seems almost human in his intelligence, and the atmosphere of the North is quite perfect.

The younger of the fair Novak sisters, Eva, also appears on British screens this month. She plays heroine in *The Torrent*, a feature that seems as though it ought to have been a serial. Action is rapid, and though the story is obvious, it holds much suspense in its primitive melodramatics. The heroine jumps overboard a yacht to save herself from a hated husband. There is the usual convenient island upon which she is seen later a refugee. Others are likewise cast away there, and a gang of villains and an aviator figure in some romantic and thrilling episodes, during which hero and heroine alternately rescue one another. Jack Curtis is a most repulsive villain; Jack Perrin a manly hero. He certainly

earns his money in this film, for he is tied flat on his back to a floating raft whilst the surf dashes over him. The photography is good, especially the storm at sea and the night scenes, which were taken by the aid of powerful searchlights. Fans who like finding "faults" should give this picture their full attention.

France sends us this month one none too interesting society drama, with pretty Huguette Duflos as its star. Its title is *The Love Trap*, and though the story is commonplace, it is commendably simple, and the acting good and generally convincing. From Italy come two dramas, the first a mystery photoplay, in which a murder is committed, and the identity of the man responsible for it is cleverly concealed until the very end. This features Rina Maggi, and M. Parnol, and Emma Farnesi, and will please most film fans. The other is *A Poor Young Man*, with Pina Menichelli and Gustave Salvini in the principal rôles, and is a society story with an unusual type of heroine. It is well produced, and the characters are interesting, though the acting, which is of the usual Italian quality, will irritate some folk by its peculiarities.

Dramatic situations abound in *Just Outside the Door*, in which J. Barney Sherry, Betty Blythe, and Edith Hallor play the chief parts. The story hinges upon a millionaire employer's infatuation for a girl, the welfare secretary of a big factory. She has a brother who is a ne'er-do-well, and to save him she does everything in her power and is befriended by the fiancée of the millionaire. It is a somewhat complicated plot, and crowded with incident, which, however, is so well handled that the drama of it grips all the time. The feature is beautifully produced, and some lovely garden and interior scenes are shown. The benevolent-looking middle-aged millionaire, played by J. Barney Sherry, is the most interesting of the characters; Betty Blythe makes sympathetic a rather unsympathetic character; and Edith Hallor is an intense and quite satisfactory heroine. The long-drawn-out police

[Continued on page 56.]



Who's Who in this Picture ?

Every film fan should know.

HERE'S an interesting little puzzle for you which you will find in that very entertaining section of "PICTURES" called "Behind the Screen." If you are a good film fan, you will soon solve it. Try . . . and afterwards be sure and read the six splendid film stories awaiting you in the May Number. They are especially good even for "PICTURES" !

6	4
Long Complete Film Stories.	Page Kinema Guide Free !

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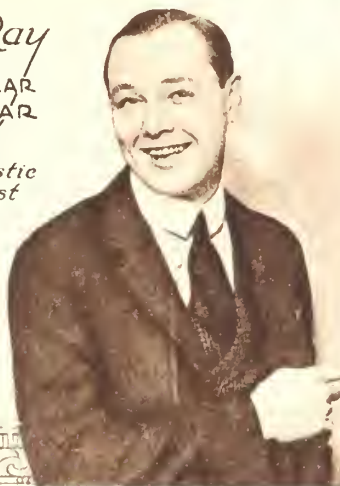
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chase at the end provides a good deal of excitement, and is a fitting conclusion to an attractive film.

An exceptionally good release is *The Secret Gift*, which features Gladys Walton, Lee Kohlmar and Rudolph Christian. The story is one of great heart interest, and the acting the best to be seen this month. The plot mainly concerns two elderly brothers, one of whom is ready to take the blame for a crime the other committed, although there is a boy and girl love-story as well. The photography is very good, and the production technically excellent. Gladys Walton is a splendid little artiste (she is a star now), and many of her latter vehicles show her in comedy-drama and comedy as opposed to the more dramatic rôles she undertakes successfully when she chooses. Lee Kohlmar is a stage player who came over to London to supervise the production of one of the "Potash and Perlmutter" plays. He excels in character work, but does not confine himself exclusively to it. He has not made many films, his stage activities leaving him little time for them.

A good British social drama is *Kitty Tailleur*, which stars lovely Marjorie Hume. Adapted from May Sinclair's novel, it is a well-made story, and the characters are quite lifelike. The two sisters, the principal characters in it, supply the chief interest, and Marjorie Hume is artistic all the while as the unhappy and pathetic heroine, whilst Nora Hayden, as the affectionately simple sister, is an effective foil to her. The ending of the film is out of the ordinary, for it does not end completely; it leaves off at a sorrowful point in the story, and the onlooker is left to finish it as he feels disposed. There is no really good reason why the two principals

should not marry. The mysterious character of "Kitty" is well sustained throughout, and scenic effects are good and picturesque, for the play was made in the Italian Riviera amid natural lovely settings.

Monte Blue's April release does not match up to *The Fighting Schoolmaster*, although it has the same rural backgrounds and fends. It is too serious altogether: the action is serious, the characterisation more serious, and Monte Blue most serious. The plot is an obvious one, but this might have been camouflaged successfully, had more movement and incident been introduced. There are too many talky sub-titles, too, parts of the film being merely illustrated conversations between the rugged lawyer from the hills (Monte Blue) and the aristocrat from Blue Grass (Wilfred Lytell). Monte Blue is not entirely sympathetic as the homespun hero, whose sense of honour is too strong to allow him to help his convict brother to escape. The Kentucky backgrounds, though, are charming, and compensate for a good deal that is not. Mountain, valley, and hill, winding roads and glorious sunsets, are well displayed to give the picture its correct atmosphere. It is from the novel by John Fox, junior.

Picturegoers who enjoyed *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's* should be sure not to miss *It's a Great Life*. This is a story about an American boys' school, showing various incidents in the lives of the students and masters in a "prep." school. There is little plot, but every scene will entertain, even though the spectators have left their schooldays a long way behind. The humour is of the Mark Twain variety, and the boys, especially the two chief characters, "Stoddard" (Cullen Landis) and "The Wop" (Howard Ralston), are

(Continued on page 58.)



A "ship" scene, built to be wrecked for one of George Melford's productions.



WELSH-PEARSON
PRESENTS

"Mary find the Gold"

IN *Mary Find the Gold*, we have another of those homely, true-to-life screen plays that abound with touches of tender sentiment and delightful humour, so characteristic of Mr. George Pearson, the clever author-producer. The film features Miss Betty Ballour, the talented little actress who made her initial screen appearance in *Nothing Else Moves*. She will win the sympathies of any audience in the rôle of Mary Smith, a wholesome and affectionate little country girl whose aim in life is to "find gold," and so provide for her father in his old age.



**A BRITISH
PICTURE
NOT TO BE
• MISSED •**



Miss Violet
Hopson.

Walter West Productions.

THE first item on the programme of films to be released under the auspices of the recently formed British National Film League is a romance of the steel industry, which has been made under the direction of the foremost of our British producers, Mr. Walter West. Starring in this film, which is adapted from Paul Trent's famous novel, "When Greek Meets Greek," are Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome, who are too well known to the British public to need any introduction.

Mr. Walter West has recently launched out as an independent producer, and in future all films made under his direction will be known as Walter West Productions, and will be distributed through Butcher's Film Service. In them will feature the foremost British screen stars, and each story will be carefully selected or specially written for the screen.

In his new studio, which is conveniently situated at Kew, Mr. Walter West has installed all the most up-to-date lighting and technical equipment. He has gathered round him a staff of workmen who, through long experience in and association with the industry, are expert craftsmen.

It is Mr. West's ambition to give the British picturegoers the world over typically British films - films which every Britisher, whether in the United Kingdom, in the Colonies, or abroad, wants to see.

The pioneer of the racing film, Mr. West has recently completed a film of the Turt which will undoubtedly prove even more popular than *Kissing Cup's Race*. It is entitled *Scarlet Lady*, was produced from a story specially written for Miss Violet Hopson, who stars in the production, and contains racecourse thrills which have been acknowledged as the best ever included in a motion picture.

Mac Murray
(at table)
lunching
"between
sets."



Bob Leonard, Mac's
director-husband,
is
seen in the right-
hand corner.

real boys, doing all those things every boy does, including building castles in the air and falling in love. Howard Ralston was "Jimmie Bean," in *Pollyanna*, which appeared this time last year. Clara Horton and Molly Malone play little girl rôles very sweetly, and Ralph Bushman, son of Francis Bushman, makes the most of a small part. Mary Roberts Rinehart wrote the story, which is not very far behind her immortal *Twenty-Three-and-Half Hours' Leave*. Some of the "castle-in-the-air" visualisations are quite spectacular, and are finely produced.

Sara McNaughton's novel, "The Fortune of Christina M'Nab," has been very effectively filmed. Its characterisation is its best point, each character being convincingly and carefully depicted. Sub-titling, too, is good, most of it being in broad Scots, yet not too broad for the film lover's understanding. There are some fine society scenes, the ball, with its flashlight effects, being particularly charming. Nora Swinburne is a delightful "Christina." This somewhat unusual character she makes always lovable and real, even in the most farcical incidents. David Hawthorne plays her lover, and the supporting cast is thoroughly good. It is a British production, and the first in which David Hawthorne is seen in a leading rôle this year.

A very good cast support Ethel Clayton in *The Price of Possession*, which is a mild, though interesting, story, and should appeal specially to feminine picturegoers. Rockcliffe Fellowes is the leading man; Reginald Denny also has a good rôle. Two claims are entered for a big English estate, one by an Australian widow (played by Ethel Clayton), and one by her husband's cousin. It is not difficult to surmise what happens next and that they finally agree to share the estate together. But the details, acting and technique are excellent, and Ethel Clayton is her usual sincere

self. She always strives to put her best into whatever she does, which is one of the reasons for her large following amongst film lovers. The determined manner in which the two contestants carry out their claim is cleverly shown, the continuity is good throughout, and there is quite enough comedy relief to make an agreeable picture.

There seems no end to the country-boy characterisations of Charles Ray, and these are always welcome, for Ray's style is inimitable. In *The Village Sleuth*, which is a picturisation of Agnes Christine Johnston's novel, he has a quite impossible story about one William Wells, whose sole aim in life is to become a detective. His idols are Nick Carter, Sherlock Holmes, etc., and he neglects his occupation of tending cows, horses and chickens to hunt up clues. Eventually, to his delight, he gets a chance to do a little "detecting," for his lady-love is suspected of murder. The action goes forward swiftly and ends in a big chase, after which the murdered victim turns up alive. Charles Ray is undeniably good as the farmer-boy sleuth, and the film is rich in local colour and natural homely touches. His newest film, *The Barnstormer*, is just finished.

Serial lovers will eagerly flock to see the three new thrillers available this month. Eileen Sedgwick stars in *The Diamond Queen*, a feature in which the resources of this daring star are taxed to the uttermost and many wild and wonderful stunts are performed. *Nick Carter* is, as its name implies, a detective serial. In *The Yellow Arm*, Juanita Hansen and Margaret Courtôt are the heroines, and Warner Oland is once more a sinister Oriental villain, pursuing his evil practices through every episode, and being duly disposed of at the end. Warner Oland's plans of reformation do not seem to have materialised, so

[Continued on page 60.]

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The wonderful Versailles set in "Orphans of the Storm."

far; he seems to go from bad to worse in each serial, and no better screen Chinese could be found than Warner, who certainly looks the perfect Oriental.

Robert McKim on the screen is everyone's ideal of all a good old-fashioned villain ought to be, and in *The Money Changers* he has a real roaring melodrama in which to be wicked. It is crammed with true melodramatic ingredients, including a drug king, lots of Chinamen, a big politician who is a crook, the powerful villain who deals in souls and drugs, and everything else you can think of. Many scenes take place in Chinatown, ending in a big fight, which is somewhat drawn out. However, the police do not seem to have hurried themselves to put an end to it, though they do appear and restore order later. Adventure and intrigue are here in chunks, and picturegoers enjoy a tense hour or so will find *The Money Changers* good value. Roy Stewart and Claire Adams play leading rôles, and the long supporting cast do excellent work. Upton Sinclair wrote the story on which the film was based.

McKim is a native of California; he first saw the light at San Jacinto, a little desert town, and was educated at Berkeley. He commenced acting in San Francisco, and was at one time Lily Langtry's leading man. Robert is an adept at iniquity of all kinds. Here's a list of a few crimes he has committed on the screen: In 1919 he shot a paralytic who was helpless, wrecked a train and killed a host of innocent infants on their way home from a school treat, set fire to a hospital full of wounded men, poisoned a bridal cake, ran away with umpteen wives (including his best friend's), stole Salvation Army funds, and ended his year by blowing up a Home for old ladies with dynamite; and nineteen-

twenty and twenty-one's records are worse; but in his newest screen-play, *A Certain Rich Man*, he has his best part to date and is *not* a villain. McKim does a good deal of directing as well as acting.

Henry Arthur Jones wrote a play called "Michael and His Lost Angel," which had a short-lived run in London some years ago. Now it has been translated to the screen, and has acquired the intriguing title of *Whispering Devils*. It is the drama of a man's struggle against evil forces, and Conway Tearle plays the clergyman, "Michael," and Rosemary Theby, "Audrey" (the Lost Angel). Tearle's admirers will like him in this powerful characterisation of a Welsh minister whose meeting with a beautiful woman has such momentous results. Some beautiful and picturesque settings add much to the charm of a strong and well-acted feature, which is exceedingly good as to direction and subtitles. Conway Tearle made a brief return to the stage of late, but is resuming film work very shortly.

Like *Kipps*, *A Dear Fool*, which also stars George K. Arthur, is almost a one-character film-play. "G. K.," who plays the whimsical reporter-author-hero, pleased the author of the book ("Artémas") by his interpretation, and will be certain to please picturegoers. He appears in almost every scene, and his pleasing personality and the way he takes life and affairs just as they come dominates the film. The other characters have been rather subordinated to his, but Edna Flugrath does her best as a girl reporter, and Edward O'Neil is a natural-looking editor. Bertie Wright, too, is good in a caricature rôle. British comedy-drama is somewhat rare, but this one is an excellent example of its kind, and George K.

Arthur deepens the pleasant impression he gave in *Kipps*.

Harry Carey's May release is a fascinating blend of action, suspense, humour, thrills and romance, and will delight his large circle of admirers. In the title-rôle (*Blue Streak McCoy*) Carey is a happy-go-lucky cowboy in love with a girl from the East, and the part gives him more chances for humour and characterisation than usual. Some effective work is done by the late "Breezy" Eason as Carey's boy chum, a rôle the poor little fellow filled in real life, for his father, Reeves Eason, was Harry Carey's director, and the little star and the big one were almost always to be seen in each other's company.

"You can't look beautiful when you're doing your own housework. You can't look even nice—unless you're in a film." This was the pronouncement of a film fan at the end of an Ethel Clayton screen-play. True it is that this star, who specialises in "home" stories, always contrives to look "nice" whether she is seen cooking luncheon or cleaning house. But, then, like all shrewd housewives, film or otherwise, she pays great attention to her attire. Observant fans must have noticed how she always covers her dainty frock with an equally dainty overall. And everyone else who does the same will find that "you *can* look nice even amid the throes of house-cleaning." Delightful house-frocks and overalls are obtainable nowadays, and some of the prettiest come from The Stand Mill Company, Ltd., 7, Bradley Street, Manchester. A post-card to the makers at the address mentioned above will bring you full particulars, patterns, and colours of these pretty and practical garments, which are not at all expensive.

It is not surprising that the cinematograph exerts an increasing appeal to those who have the good fortune to possess an artistic temperament. It is, however, surprising how few people cultivate the artistic gift—especially as there are to-day so many openings for men and women who can make the kind of sketches and designs that are wanted, and *well-paid* for, by the leading advertisers.

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"Boy Woodburn"

THE refreshing atmosphere of the wide open spaces of the English countryside, the thrill of the race-course, the quiet seclusion of a little farm-house, the hustle of an amateur training centre, the zest and enthusiasm of the youthful stable lad for the horses under his care, the devotion of a country girl for those around her, her victory over her enemies, and the love of a man for a maid—all this and a great deal more has been introduced by Guy Newall into his latest production, *Boy Woodburn*.

Adapted from the novel by Alfred Ollivant, this George Clark picture stars Ivy Duke as "Boy" Woodburn, and Guy Newall as Jim 'Silver, with a supporting cast selected from types who are living replicas of those characters which the author introduced into this story.



George Clark Pictures Ltd
(GUY NEWALL PRODUCTION)

A TALE OF TWO GISHES.

(Continued from Page 46)

"My part in *Intolerance* (Griffith's master production) took about two hours to film. It was just a series of poses of me rocking a cradle. Wasn't it strange that the critics liked it so much? *Intolerance* took over two years to make. It was wonderful the way it all grew out of the modern story, which was afterwards released separately as *The Mother and the Law*."

Griffith, I learned, made that story four times. He always films everything many times over before he is satisfied. Also, he had no script for *Intolerance*, carrying that mighty story entirely in his own brain. Dorothy, too, was in that film, but as she quaintly avers, "Not so as you'd notice it."

Dorothy, meantime, had made one serious story, *The Mountain Rat*, and one semi-serious, *Betty of Greystone*. Then came *Jordan is a Hard Road*, with Owen Moore opposite. "It was a hard road," Dorothy grinned. "Then I was in *Little Meena's Romance* and *Sweet Seventeen*. (I was out to reform the world in that play.) I finally reformed a prize-fighter (Owen Moore), and we married in the last reel. *The Little School Ma'am* was another Triangle drama. It was in 1917 that I went to Selznick for a while; *Gretchen the Greenhorn* was one of my features. I remember pulling Natalie Talmadge out of the water whilst we were making that. She fell out of a steam launch, and she couldn't swim. I was in full make-up, and just about half Natalie's size, though she's not so very tall. Natalie was so scared we had to cease filming for the day."

Lillian's first real triumph was in *Hearts of the World* (Griffith's direction), although her work in *Birth of a Nation* (Griffith's big spectacular) was favourably discussed.

"*Broken Blossoms* some consider my best," Lillian said. "Dorothy was with Paramount making comedies whilst I played 'The Child.' There were only three leads in that film, and it took far less time than most of Griffith's films, and yet it was the one which fully established his fame in Europe."

"How did you manage to express that poor child's terror with such wonderful truth?" I had to ask Lillian.

"I was terrified. Absolutely so. You see, I always feel my parts intensely. They are perfectly real to me. So it was with 'Anna Moore' in *Way Down East*. I was dubious about accepting that rôle. My venture by myself had come to an untimely end, as I daresay you remember, but it was a tremendous undertaking, even with Mr. Griffith behind me."

Lillian recounted how the company spent eight weeks in Vermont, amongst the simple country folk, whose artless lives are shown in that famous old

classic. She shivered as she told me how for weeks they worked in the bitter cold out on the ice making those tense scenes that finish the film.

"Oh, I had no double," she said. "I really did lie down on that block of ice, which was released downstream, and photographed again and again with me on it."

"When I was in London," Lillian continued, "a German bomb struck a school-house there, not very far from us. We went there shortly afterwards and saw the terrible, almost hysterical, grief of the mothers searching for their children. Afterwards, when I came to play 'Anna Moore,' something of what I saw undoubtedly came back to me. I truly felt Anna's terrible grief when she lost her baby."

She made thousands feel it with her, as everyone who has seen the film will agree.

One of her favourite day-dreams used to be of herself as a directress.

"But oh, the reality!" gurgled Dorothy, who was her sister's star performer.

"She found it was not all she had imagined, though the picture, *Remodelling Her Husband*, was a successful one. It was one of the three in which Jim (James Rennie, my real husband now) and I played husband and wife on the screen. The others were *Flying Pat* and *Little Miss Rebellion*. Lillian was as serene as ever, though, while we remodelled, and no one would have guessed at her real feelings."

"Never again!" said Lillian, with conviction.

Of their future plans the two sisters were undecided. Dorothy wants another serious rôle, like "Louise" in *Orphans of the Storm*; she also wants to go on the stage and take Lillian with her. Lillian may or may not be appearing in the next Griffith production. It lies between her and Carol Dempster. For the moment they are appearing each week at a different town in connection with the film *Orphans of the Storm*, and being feted and adored to an extent that would spoil girls less unaffected than these.

Both stars appreciate the fact that, for the first time in Griffith history, their names appear on the posters of *Orphans of the Storm*. Like him, they began when the films began, and they will last as long as films last. *We talked until it was time for Lillian and Dorothy to leave for the theatre.

"Ouch!" said Dorothy Gish as I bade them good-bye. "I shall never get over that scared feeling of mine if I live to be a hundred."

"Never mind, dear!" Lillian patted her arm soothingly. "I'll take care of you." She is like that—Lillian. They waved merrily from the window to me, Dorothy looking pensive and Lillian smiling. Which is the reverse of their usual screen tactics. But is a fair indication of the real personalities of the two little Gishes. V. McCONNELL.

THE GENERAL UTILITY MAN.

(Continued from Page 48.)

the G.U.M. classifies her in the "also-ran" category of the orchid in bloom, fishing-rods, cooked potatoes, roast beef, or Russian cigarettes.

The G.U.M., who was once asked by the stage director to find, "at any cost," a pure white, unmarked cat for use in a film, remembers with cold shivers and shaking knees the decidedly unpleasant quest for that cat. Starting out from the studios, armed with several addresses which might harbour the potential feline film star, the G.U.M. took his smile and his eloquence to each of the possible owners. Not until he had nearly exhausted his list did he come across the perfect specimen of cat which the screen story demanded, and then, to his utter dismay, the dear old lady who owned it firmly refused to listen to the mere suggestion.

The incident is best described in the words of the G.U.M. concerned.

"I pleaded, coaxed, sobbed, risked the perfect crease in my trousers to go on my bended knees to the dear old lady. But all of no avail. She was adamant! However, she invited me to remain and have tea. While we were taking tea, a young and delightfully pretty girl of some seventeen years burst into the room and greeted 'Grannie.' She was enlightened as to the cause of my presence in the house, and, on learning the nature of my mission, she jumped about excitedly, exclaiming—

"How perfectly lovely to have 'Purity' on the pictures, Gran!' I noted a significant softening of Grannie's blue eyes, and a gentle quiver of her wrinkled old lips. It was apparent that her love for her grandchild was even greater than the affection she cherished for Purity, and the outcome was that she gave her reluctant consent to lending me Purity.

"I had to return to the studios by train. Purity was carefully deposited on a silk cushion in the roomy interior of a beautiful basket and entrusted to my care. I placed the basket (and Purity) in the rack of the carriage, and—can you wonder at the lapse—fell asleep and dreamt—of white cats! When I awoke, suddenly and somewhat embarrassed—for my fellow-passengers were gazing at me as though I had committed a brutal crime—I found myself at the station, which meant the studios, and I jumped out quickly. Horrors! Three minutes later I remembered Purity, and she was travelling away—away—from me to the unknown beyond!

"Of course, violent and immediate endeavours to get into touch with the next—and the next—and even the next station down the line resulted in Purity being restored to my arms, but I still tremble to contemplate what life would have meant for me if I had had to confess to the loss of Purity!"

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FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

(Continued from Page 49)

He explained its whereabouts at great length.

"Come there to-night after dark—number twelve. No cops, mind! Come alone. Bring the tinkle with you."

"Will Mary—"

"That's where the 'praps' comes in, boss. We'll 'ave to see"

Number 12, Brickfield Place, was an inferno in little. Not at all the sort of place where one would advertise the possession of ten thousand dollars. Nelson turned his collar up and kept his head low as he entered the alley that led to it. He tapped upon the door and waited.

Soon it was opened and the face of Mary's husband appeared.

"Hallo, boss! Step right in. Don't be afraid. No harm'll come to you. Not such a fool as to damage my bank."

Nelson stepped into the room—an evil place lighted by a solitary candle. On a box a vile man of foreign appearance was sitting. He looked up with a grin as Nelson entered.

"My partner," Maddock explained. "His idea. We share. Got it?"

Nelson passed the money across the table.

"Good old boss! That's the stuff! Well—good-night!"

"Mary——" said Nelson.

"Dunno where *she* is," grinned Maddock.

Nelson walked to the door.

"You'll hear from us again," said Maddock. "But this'll last us some time. Good-night."

Nelson went out without a word. In the street he paused, and then took up a post in a dark doorway opposite. Ten minutes he waited. And then, hearing the sound of blows and a quarrel from behind the door of No. 12, he turned on his heel and went for the police.

Facing each other across the guttering candle, Steve Maddock and the foreign "partner," whose name was Giuseppe, were trying to come to terms.

"Six for me and four for you," Maddock hinted.

"And I'll cut your throat!" snarled Giuseppe.

"It's fair!"

"Try it!"

Maddock swung up with a grimace, tapping his chest.

"Well?"

"It's my scheme!"

"Yes? An' she's my wife, ain't she? Fine scheme it'd 'ave been, eh,

left to itself? Scheme's ain't all the noise. Giuseppe, my old cell-mate. What about 'oly matrimony? What about that? And yer forgettin'—I got the money."

Giuseppe moved forward round the table and approached Maddock. Maddock retreated, his hand reaching to his hip-pocket.

"Yes!" laughed Giuseppe. "You got the money. But I *will* have it."

"Watch out," laughed Maddock.

"I'm watching!"

At that moment a scream rang out from the room above, there was a pattering of feet on the stairs, and Mary's voice was heard from behind the door that led upstairs.

"Steve! What is it? What are you doing now? Is that Giuseppe? I thought I heard——"

"Never you mind what you thought, my blushing bride! You hop it back to bed."

He turned again to Giuseppe.

"Now then—six and four? Or do I finish you? I got the money, you know. What is it? I give you two minutes. See!" He counted the money over and cast four thousand dollars upon the table. "Fair's fair, my bonny fresco. Take it and run."

"Yes, I'll take it!" the foreigner laughed. "I'll take it. Fact is—I'm coming for it now."

His hand swept the table, and the candle was knocked over and extinguished. At the same moment a shot rang out, and another, followed by a laugh.

"Missed!" cried Maddock. "'Try shootin'!"

The two men crept round in the darkness, "sensing" the enemy, waiting. Maddock listened for the other's breathing. And then he listened more intently—to another sound.

From outside in the street came the sound of many running feet.

"The cops! Righto! Blaze away!"

He fired three more shots, and they were echoed from the gun across the room. Laughter from each side told of misses.

And then came a thumping on the outer door, and an authoritative demand that the door be opened.

"Open it yourself!" yelled Maddock, blazing away into the opposite corner. "I'm busy!"

The police drew back outside, and with them Nelson Rogers.

"We might force the windows," he suggested.

"Barred!" said one of the officers.

I know the house."

"Then——"

He stopped and listened. From somewhere a voice—a voice he knew.

"Mr. Rogers!"

He looked up and saw Mary at an upper window.

"Mary!"

"Can you—climb? There's murder in the house. Who is with you?"

"Wait!" said Nelson. He turned to the officers, and they stooped to make a human ladder. He swung himself up, clutched at the sill and clambered into the room. From below shots were ringing out now without cessation, and a loud scream was heard.

"I have a key for the bottom door," Mary whispered. "I had to—to protect myself. We can get through."

Two of the policemen were now behind them in the room.

"Give me the key," said Nelson. "You must stay here."

He turned to the door, followed by the officers. For a brief second she sought to detain him.

"Take care."

"For—somebody's sake. Yes."

He hurried downstairs, the police close behind, and at the bottom listened carefully as he inserted the key in the lock. All was quiet now in the little kitchen. He motioned to the nearest policeman to get his lantern ready, and then he flung open the door and dashed through.

A dark form sprang up out of the shadows as he passed through. He spun round and threw out his fist. It crashed into something soft, and the dark form fell.

"So much for you, friend Maddock," he laughed.

The police struck a light, and they bent over the fallen man. It was Giuseppe. Nelson looked around, and saw, crumpled in the other corner, Maddock, his head bent over—dead!

"Your business," he said tersely to the police. Then he turned and groped his way back upstairs.

Mary was waiting calmly by the little table.

"What——"

"Your husband is—dead."

Her head dropped, and her hand clutched at the table's edge. Nelson crossed the room and took it in his.

"You must leave here, and at once."

She did not speak.

"You must come—home. As soon as we can. . . . Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said, softly. "I understand. I will come—home."

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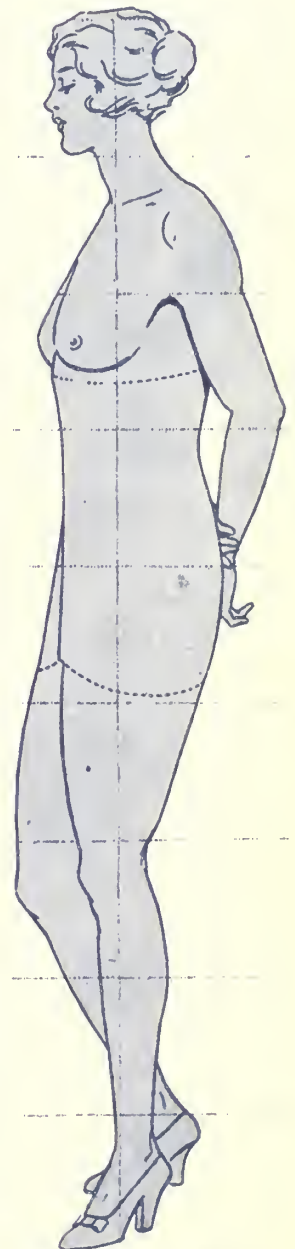
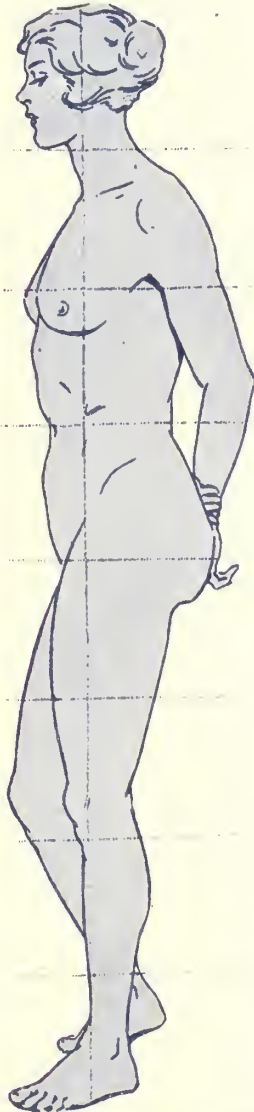
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YOU will, I think, agree that this issue lives up to the promise of its title. In making Beauty the keynote of the May Number, we have endeavoured to pass the high artistic standard set by previous issues of the "PICTUREGOER," but you must not think that we intend to rest content with this achievement. The May "PICTUREGOER" is but the first of a series of special numbers, each one of which will be designed to make movie history. The lovely two-colour photogravure cover will be a permanent feature from now on, and there are other artistic surprises in store. The June "PICTUREGOER" will be a special Summer Fashions Number; avoid disappointment by ordering your copy NOW.

WHAT a blessing it is that the 'Twelve Farnum Fans' haven't anything to do with the editing of 'THE PICTUREGOER.' It would be a very dull paper indeed if they were allowed to express their jealous and selfish views. All film fans have a right to choose their own special favourites. My favourites are Mary and Douglas—you really can't give me too much news about them."—*Bessie (Hull)*.

THE current issue raises two interesting problems, and I foresee that the solving thereof will not be accomplished until much ink has been shed. The questions to be answered are: Who is the screen's most beautiful actress? And who is the handsomest movie male? What

do you think? Marion Davies, Lillian Gish, Justine Johnstone, Katherine MacDonald or Betty Blythe? Wallace Reid, Jack Kerri-gan, Thomas Meighan, Rudolf Valentino or Joseph Schildkraut? I think the choice rests between the artistes I have mentioned, but many of you will disagree with me. Let me have your views on the subject, and we will crown, by popular vote, the King and Queen of the Screen.

I HAVE received from India a violent protest against the statement in a recent article that Chaplin's great popularity does not extend to India. "It is," says *A Champion of Chaplin*. AMARENDRA N. ACHARJI CHOUDHURI, of Bhawanipore, "an insult to the intelligentsia of India. The fact is that the vast number of educated Indians who are fond of the kinema scarcely take the trouble of writing to their favourites. They not only appreciate Charlie's humorous feats, but adore him as the greatest comedian the world has ever seen, some people calling him the Dickens of Film-land." As Chaplin has no warmer admirer than myself, I quote the above with the greatest of pleasure.

I CONSIDER the choice of the 'Nine Mixites' a very poor one," writes REGULAR PICTUREGOER. "I have seen a few of Henry Ainley's films, and his acting strikes me as being forced and unnatural. He always gives me the impression that he is posing for some unseen artist. I wonder if the 'Nine Mixites' have seen *The Garden of Resurrection*, *Duke's Son*, and *The Bigamist*, featuring that splendid

emotional actor, Guy Newall? Here is an actor who lives the life of the character he portrays as though it were his own."

TO my mind, Ivor Novello is one of the best actors on the British screen," writes C. O. (Barnes). "He is the very embodiment of youth and boyish enthusiasm, and I will even go so far as to say that there is no actor, either British or American, possessing the same boyish appeal. Moreover, he is a delightful lover. He does not act—he is free from all the 'stagy' mannerisms of most artistes, and whatever he has to do is done perfectly naturally. I, for one, feel very proud that he is a British star."

WHO is the greatest emotional actor of the screen?" writes G. W. S. (Redhill). "I give my vote to Henry Edwards, who is unbeatable. I go to the pictures three times a week, and I know of no actor, British or American, who can approach Henry Edwards. In pathetic scenes he is without a rival in the screen world, and he is a master of comedy as well."

TO J. C. (London, S.W.), I yield the last word in this illuminating discussion: "If silly flappers worship Wally Reid, what of it? Hero worship is natural. Nature made his pretty face, and made it well, too, so I fail to see why Wally should be blamed for it. We can't expect him to flatten it under a tramcar to please the 'Twelve Farnum Fans,' much as they may desire it. (Please publish this part.) I fancy that Wally owes his popularity to his vivacious personality, boyish humour, and finished acting, rather than to his looks. Even to flappers, good looks, like cream buns, are apt to pall after a time. I very much fear that the 'Farnum Fans' are annoyed because Wallace Reid is far more popular than their own idol." Now then, 'Twelve Farnum Fans,' what do you think?—THE THINKER.



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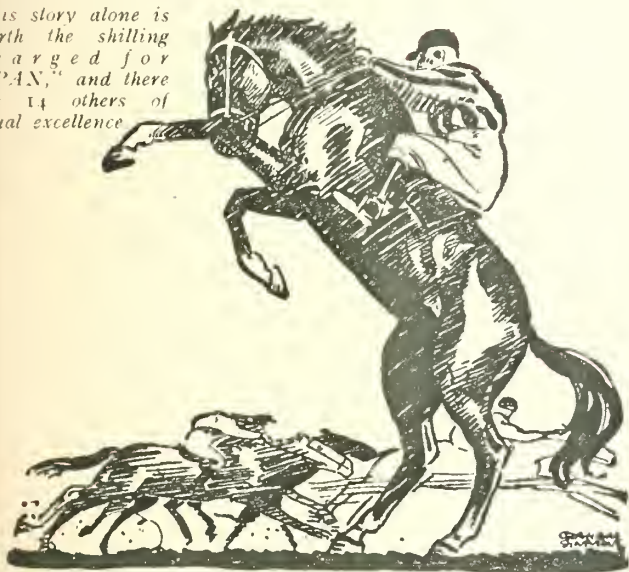
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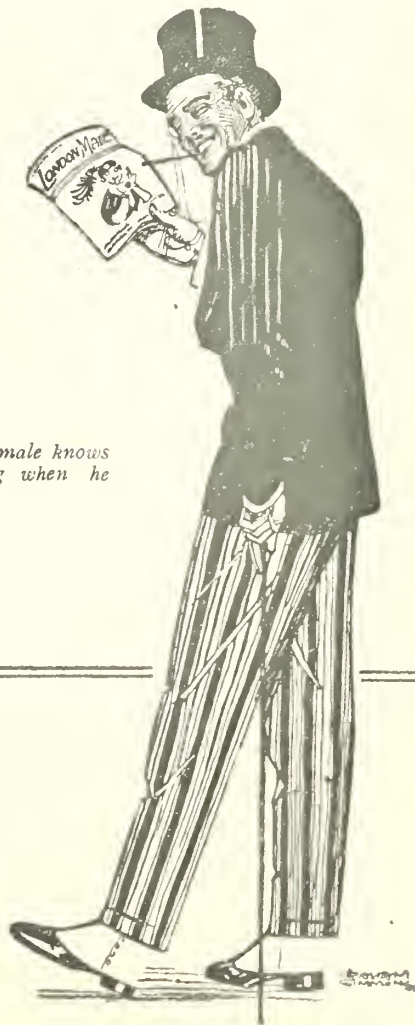
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You will like June "PICTURES"—especially the fine Double-Page Art Plate of Gloria Swanson, to say nothing of 5 other long complete film stories and 10 special features.

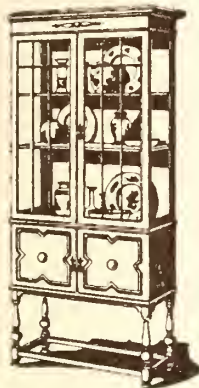
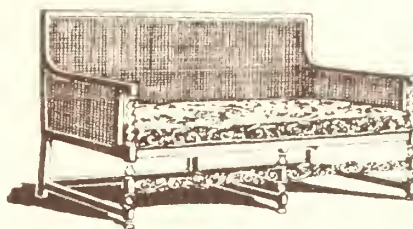
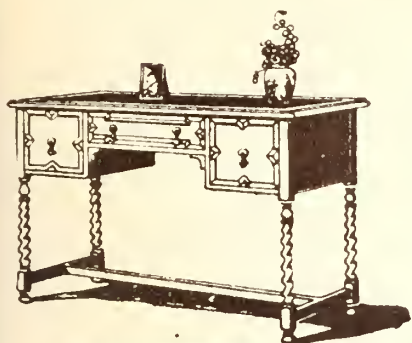
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Don't forget the three free patterns inside "EVERYWOMAN'S": FROCK, inside issue out May 29; CAMI-KNICKERS, inside issue out June 5; PETTICOAT, inside issue out June 12.

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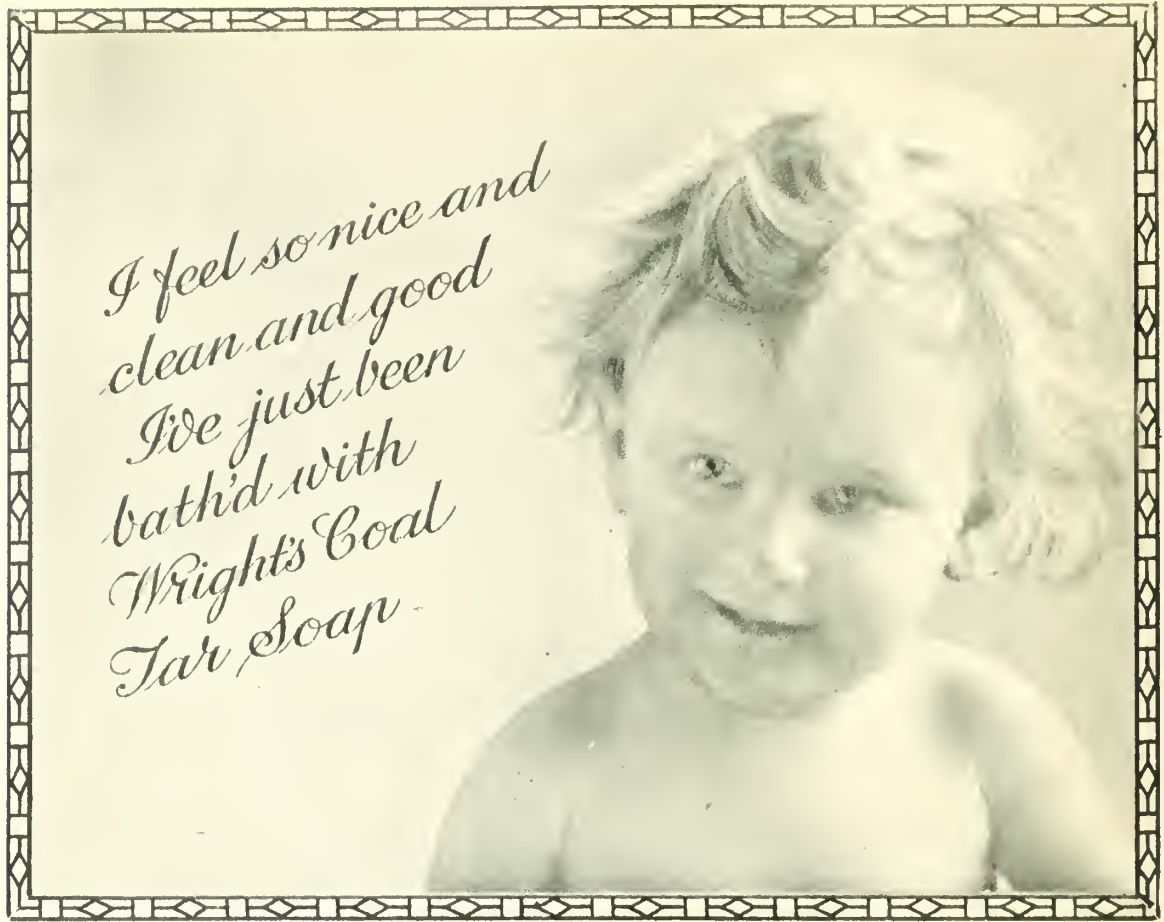
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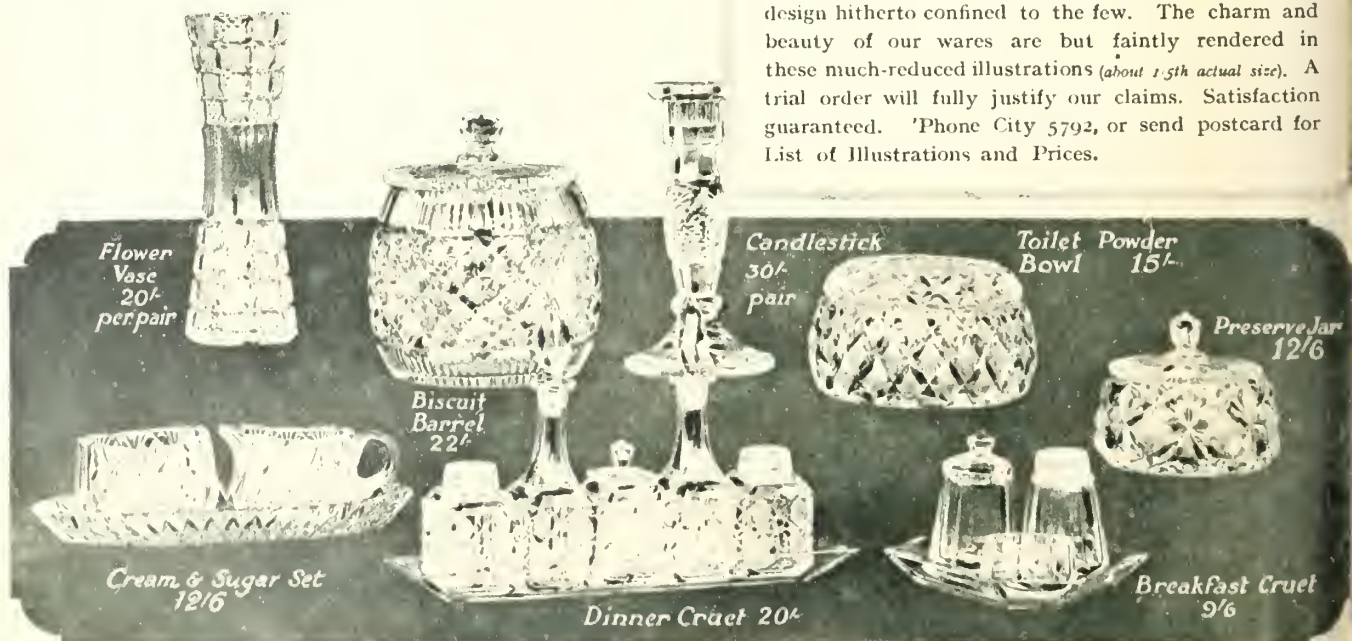
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Phyllis Haver



MAE BUSCH

A reformed movie vampire, who has just arrived in London to play "Glory Quayle" in Maurice Tourneur's Anglo-American film version of "The Christian."

A JUNE DIARY

VOL. 3. NO. 18. JUNE 1922.

Editorial Offices:
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JUNE BIRTHDAYS.

- 1 - Little Frankie Lee.
- 2 - Robert Warwick.
- 9 - - Ralph Graves.
- 9 - - - Ivy Duke.
- 10 - Sessue Hayakawa.
- 15 - Mahlon Hamilton.
- 18 - Queenie Thomas.
- 20 - Douglas Fairbanks.
- 20 - Adeline H. Coffin.
- 22 - Dorothy Devore.
- 28 - - Mary Anderson
- 28 - - - Lois Wilson.

ON Saturday, June 1, 1906, an Indian whose primitive war-paint concealed the fascinating features of Lew Cody (he was playing "Swiftwing" in "The Goldfields of Nevada"), remarked to a fellow-sufferer that there positively was *not* a warmer place on earth than New York in the summer. Some few Junes later, Lew Cody, the ace of film heart-smashers, grilling all the summer in a film studio in Los, avowed if he ever had a company of his own he'd make "snow-stuff." He has kept his vow.

LIKE the boy in the old nursery rhyme, Franklyn Farnum "sang for his supper" (and the rest of his meals) on Tuesday, June 9, 1914. That night he sang the title-rôle in "The Prince of Pilsen." Other nights, other parts; for Franklyn was principal tenor of the Stock Opera Company out at Rosick's Glen Theatre, Elmira, N.Y. Nowadays Franklyn leaves singing to those who like it, and is content to be a hero of the silent screen.

KNOWING well that June is the wedding month, the two most popular screen stars in America decided to make it theirs—and did so. After which, on Sunday, June 12, 1920, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks sailed away from their friends over there, and spent their honeymoon, being nearly mobbed to death, in London, England. Between times they edited "Pictures" for the first time, thus acquiring two grey hairs apiece.

Inspired by Mary and Doug's example, two young people working for D. W. Griffith in "Way Down East" felt that there was no time like the present, and were quietly married on Saturday, June 18, 1920. The names signed in the register were Richard Semla Barthelmess and Mary Hay, and when the newspapers told the world about it, nine hundred and twenty Dick Barthelmess fans thought their joy in life was ended. The rest of the legions bore up bravely, and their example revived the others.

ON Friday, June 19, 1908, a tiny dancer in "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1908" found herself the reigning boast of Broadway. It was only five days since she'd made her first hit as "The Nell Brinkley Girl," and there wasn't a happier girl on Broadway than Mae Murray when she was told she was the hit of the show.

MACK SENNETT, playing the infinitesimal rôle of "A Servant" in "The Boys of Company B," at the Lyceum, New York, was discovered muttering to himself one night on the stage after the curtain had fallen. This happened on Monday, June 24, 1907. When the "Boys" interrogated him about it, he said he was sick of service, but as there were no Out-of-Work Doles in 1907, Mack had to stick to it till the end of the lengthy run.



Dress Doesn't Matter

We hear so much about the high cost of dressing the movies that it is a relief to turn to some players who can testify to the "low cost of production."

The very significance of the title of this article indicates that it mostly concerns men and not the eternal feminine. For although there are occasions when the question of ornate costumes do not exercise the minds of the fair sex on the screen, it is mostly the artistes of the male persuasion that delight the bespectacled accountants in the studio exchequer by "starring" in garments of no financial account.

Although their value from the point of view of the screen literally runs into millions, Charlie Chaplin's grotesque boots that originally cost twelve shillings, his ninepenny cane, and his dilapidated clothes and battered bowler hat that in all possibility would offend the susceptibilities of a sensitive scarecrow, represent an insignificant drop in the golden ocean that flows from the famous comedian's films.

Charlie is in the unique position that the more shabby his attire becomes the better it tones into his screen presentations. He has none of the sartorial worries of the immaculate Lew Cody or Wally Reid, who are continually seeking the embellishing aid of valets and trouser presses.

Chaplin's full wardrobe only contains nineteen hats, seven pairs of boots, four canes, and five suits of clothes, the combined cost of which does not represent the price of a feminine star's weekly bill for silk stockings.

William Farnum, whose physical proportions are of the type that make the average tailor reflectively rub his chin when he is estimating the increased amount of cloth demanded by Big Bill's herculean frame, is an inexpensive asset to a picture where clothes are involved.

His favourite garb consists of breeches and a flannel shirt, for his screen presentations are invariably of the type that reflect the outdoor life of a rover. Bill wears those actual modest garments down on his farm at Sag Harbour when he is away from the studios.

"It gets them seasoned," he explains with the typical Farnum smile that radiates good humour from a score of delicate lines around his reflective eyes.

Twice only has William Farnum cost the wardrobe exchequer real money, and that was when he played in the costume films, *If I were King* and *The Adventurer*. In the former screen play he had to wear a suit of armour for over eight hours, and by the end of the day Farnum was in a state of collapse. His allegiance to his old flannel shirt and weather-worn breeches increased a hundredfold as a result.

Simple dresses suit Alma Taylor best.

Will Rogers is perhaps the "worst-dressed" movie star.

The Sennett girl dresses are more expensive than they look.

Betty Balfour's screen wardrobe isn't very costly.





Jackie Coogan has taken a hint from Charlie in the matter of dress economy.

Will Rogers's screen studies of rugged simplicity necessitate no sartorial glory. His gawkish, lovable awkwardness only requires the humble embellishment of clothes as shabby as any Hobo.

In his human characterisations in *Jubilo*, *Water Everywhere*, and *Jes Call Me Jim*, his wardrobe cost but a few pounds, although the success of these pictures involved profits of many thousands.

Clothes of an extravagant order would ruin Will Rogers's natural simplicity before the cameras. The result would be as grotesque as gilding a mouse-trap. The ex-cowboy has the rugged face that blends with crude, shabby attire. His big forceful hands seem to exude naturally from the sleeves of a flannel shirt—and the studio exchequer benefits accordingly.

It was Charlie Chaplin who first put Jackie Coogan on the right road to making ten thousand a year with the aid of a shabby cap, a derelict shirt, and trousers and boots "more holy than righteous," combined, of course, with a remarkable gift of natural talent for screen acting.

Coogan's costume, although in actual value worth only a matter of shillings, has become the hall-mark of his screen portrayals, and it will be a daring producer who endeavours to substitute it with costlier garments.

Like most big men on the screen, Elmo Lincoln, the Tarzan of the silver sheet, favours the costumes that savour of little of the sartorial influence of civilisation. In his Tarzan picture he even outrivalled bathing beauties in the scantiness of his attire.



William Farnum is more effective in Western rig than when "tailored up."

The cost of his diminutive skin covering was less than the outlay on lotions for the cuts and bruises that he sustained in his strenuous jungle life before the cameras. But Elmo's hurricane screen presentations never require the aid of well-creased broadcloth, or the embellishment of silken hose or patent leather. He is a Samson in his taste in clothes as well as in appearance.

There are times when the huge expense of dressing feminine film stars has a temporary lull. Betty Balfour of late has not added many noughts to the figures in the account books of the studio exchequer.

In *Squibs* she wore the modest clothes of a flower girl with such realism that she actually sold flowers in Piccadilly at the foot of the fountain. A cheap straw hat perched on her fair curls, a



Larry Semon's overalls make no inroads into his huge income.

rough shawl around her slender shoulders, and a skirt of cotton comprised her humble attire.

As a waitress in a low-class eating-house, Betty Balfour displays no fine feathers in *Mord Emily*, the screen story of Pett Ridge's human study of London life. She is pretty and clever enough to win the hearts of her audience without the assistance of sartorial splendour.

Alma Taylor as a simple country girl, a rôle that she favours on the screen, creates the appealing character of the typical lovable Englishwoman. In *The Narrow Valley*, *Alf's Button* and *Tansy*, she owed little to dress effects. But her charm was there, and a naturalness that was as unaffected as her simple attire.

From a purely materialistic point of view, most people will, of course, imagine that the cheapest members of the fair sex to clothe on the screen are the bathing belles. But these shimmering shoulder straps, silken hose and alluring frills and furbelows involve an expenditure somewhat out of proportion to the amount of material involved.

Comparatively speaking, the frill-framed charms of the fair denizens of California's beaches are not expensive effects to reflect on the screen:



Elmo Lincoln does not need sartorial adornment.

JOHN STORM and GLORY QUAYLE

by W.A. Williamson

In other words, Richard Dix and Mae Busch, stars of "The Christian," who are now in England making exterior scenes for Maurice Tourneur's film version of the famous novel.

Sad is the writer's lot who, day by day, sees one by one his phrases disappear. I've just lost an old and valued friend, a regular hardy perennial of a phrase that has stood me in good stead these many months.

But yesterday Mae Busch was one of those easy-to-caption movie stars dear to the journalistic heart. Given her picture, you seized a pen and wrote beneath it: "Mae Busch, the Movie Vampire-de-Luxe, who is seen this week in So-and-So, or who was seen last week in So-and-So, or who will be seen next week in So-and-So." It was ridiculously easy, like taking money from book-makers; but, like all the pleasant things of life, it seemed too good to last. It hasn't lasted.

Mae Busch broke the painful news to me over a cup of tea at the Goldwyn offices the day after her arrival in London. "Please tell your readers," said she, "that I have graduated from vampire rôles."

"What a pity!" I said, sadly, voicing the thought-that-should-not-have-been-expressed, and everybody present cast a "Who let that fellow in here?" glance in my direction.

"Why is it a pity?" Mae Busch wanted to know, and with tears in my voice I presented the sad case of the caption-writer. But Mae was adamant. "My vamping days are over," said she. "Aren't they, Rich?"

"Hum-ha," said Richard Dix on my right, beaming through his horn-rimmed spectacles. A pleasant young fellow this Richard Dix, the shyest, most unassuming screen star it has ever been my good fortune to meet. "You've said it, Mae."

So, pausing for one brief moment to write this touching epitaph:

IN MOURNFUL MEMORY
OF
MAE BUSCH

"THE MOVIE VAMPIRE-DE-LUXE"
WHO SAW THE ERROR OF HER FILM
WAYS AND BECAME RESPECTABLE
ON MONDAY, MAY 15, 1922.
"ANOTHER BAD GIRL GONE RIGHT."



"To cross or not to cross — that is the question." Mae and Richard watching the traffic in Trafalgar Square.

we will pass on to the serious side of my interview with John Storm and Glory Quayle.

The Christian will be a Goldwyn production, directed by Maurice Tourneur, and filmed in England and America. The interior scenes will be shot at the Goldwyn studios; but all exteriors will be filmed in this country on the actual locations indicated in the novel. Charles Van Enger, artist of the camera, who has filmed so many of Nazimova's screen successes, will be responsible for the photography, so look out for something wonderful.

Maurice Tourneur, that wizard of the megaphone, had greatly impressed both Mae Busch and Richard Dix.

"I had a camera test this morning in a 'kid' make-up," Mae Busch told me; "and when I came into the studio in my kid clothes, Mr. Tourneur waltzed up, tapped me on the shoulder, and shouted: 'Tag! You're it!' Before I knew anything, I was chasing Mr. Tourneur round the studio like a regular kid, and I got so wound up for the part that by the time the camera started turning I was just right for the rôle. That's one way Mr. Tourneur gets results. I tell you, he's a great man."

Richard Dix, already an English enthusiast, discoursed on the beauties of our countryside and the frightfulness of our cigarettes. I think he must have been bitten by a packet of straw-covered Brazils or something, because he thoroughly enjoyed my Virginians.

"Richard," Mae Busch informed me, "was one of the most popular

actors in stock at Los Angeles for many years. Everybody knows him, and everybody likes him. Since he's been in the movies, his popularity has extended all over America."

Then Richard told a story about Charlie Chaplin that proved that great people can make mistakes. "When I was in stock," said he, "Chaplin often came to see me, and once when I talked about going into the movies, he warned me off. 'You're a good actor, Dix, because you always think about your rôles, but you will never make a photographic subject—never!'"

This was a good story, but Mae Busch soon capped it with a better. "It has just occurred to me," she remarked, "that I have never been kissed in a movie play. Somehow or other, I've always managed to avoid kissing."

There's a vampire-de-luxe for you!

"Never been kissed in a movie play," continued Mae Busch, with a far-away look in her eyes. "Richard will receive my first screen kiss in *The Christian*."

There is personality behind Richard Dix's smile. But, come to think of it, he had something to smile about.

"Apropos of kissing," remarked Mae Busch, "the Philadelphia censors will not allow any screen kiss to exceed seven feet in length. That's not much, you know."

"It is *not*," said Richard Dix. "We shall require at least two hundred and forty feet for *our* kiss."

(If I could live my life again. I



Two photos of Mae Busch (showing the naughty little twinkle in her eye that will be lost to the screen) and Richard Dix before and after shaving.



should not be penning these lines. Emphatically, no. Someone else would be writing of Me: "He estimates that he will require three hundred and seventy-five feet for *his* kiss."

"Did you have a pleasant voyage?" I inquired, to change the tantalising subject.

"Delightful!" replied Mae. "Rather a funny thing happened on board. There was a charity auction, and the bidding for some article had reached five pounds, when I cajoled the auctioneer to state that if someone would raise the bidding to twenty, I would dance for the assembled company. Unfortunately, I can't dance. Still more fortunately, the bidding reached twenty pounds. They led me into the centre of the saloon and bade me dance."

"Did you dance?"
"No. I got out of it," said Mae. Then she told me how. I shan't tell you.

"Mr. Tourneur tells me that I am the living embodiment of Glory Quayle," observed Mae Busch. "I don't know whether to take it as a compliment or not. What do you think?" I hedged. "Have you read *The Christian*?" I inquired.

"It's not in my contract to do so," replied Mae Busch, brightly.

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Neither have I."

"Anyway," said Mae Busch, defiantly, "I've graduated from vampire rôles. You published an article in 'Pictures' some time ago in which you said that you hoped to see me graduate from vampire rôles. Now don't forget to tell your readers that I *have* graduated."

"I won't forget, but I assure you that I never made the suggestion. I didn't want you to reform."

"We believe that Mae Busch is capable of a supreme moment of emotion. We believe that she will rise to the greatest emotional heights under Maurice Tourneur's direction in *The Christian*." It was a Goldwyn official who spoke.

"Kissing!" said Richard Dix, suddenly, in the voice of a man awakening from a pleasant trance. "Never been kissed on the screen."

"Never!" again vowed Mae Busch solemnly.

I had a sudden inspiration. "And off the screen?" I asked, indiscreetly.

"Does that matter?" Mae Busch wanted to know, and a thundering chorus from all the assembled company replied: "It does."

Mae Busch blushed.

"Let me see," said she, ticking off the reckoning on her dainty fingers. "Five and five's ten, and five's fifteen, and five's twenty, and five's —"

I left her counting. No official figures have been received up to the time of going to press.



Alma Taylor (left) might be your general, and Gladys Walton (right) or Enid Bennett (below) your parlour-maid.

Solving the Servant Problem



Alec Francis, butler or footman.

If the shadow forms of the films could step from their screen domain and materialise into the polished butlers, the good-natured cooks, the attractive and industrious housemaids, the handsome chauffeurs and similar domestic treasures that they represent in the movies, what an Elysium would be created for the householder!

What an asset to a household Alec Francis, the obsequious and well-trained butler, would prove! His screen portrayals of this type of servant are famous on the films. To see this polished actor bring a letter into a room on a tray is a simple action that the art of Francis is able to engender with distinction.

Handsome Thomas Meighan, with his athletic frame, on which the livery of a butler sets with such attractiveness, was an ideal manservant in *The Admirable Crichton*. He handed round the port with the air of a veteran who had in his veins generations of ancestors who had devoted their lives to "buttlng." He would send up the tone of any family who captured him for their dining-room.

Although her good looks might cause havoc amongst the susceptible hearts of the sons of the house, Gladys Walton would make a demure little parlour-maid, and Enid Bennett knows how to wear the frilled cap and apron of the domestic with becoming charm, although, perhaps, she is more ornamental than useful when it comes down to dustpans and brooms.

In *The Narrow Valley* and *Alf's Button*, Alma Taylor undoubtedly made many harassed housewives break the Tenth Commandment when they saw her on the screen as the model general servant. As "Liz," in *Alf's Button*, she gave a very



human and true-to-life presentation of the awkward and uncouth domestic. But she worked with a smile on her quaintly besmeared face, and that alone made her an enviable asset to a household in these days of discontented domestics.

It is difficult to imagine the gilded splendour of Gloria Swanson figuring in so lowly a sphere as housework. But in *Something to Think About*, when Gloria cast aside her fine feathers and wore the simple print gown of a blacksmith's daughter, she displayed a knowledge of the domestic arts that indicated that she is not entirely ornamental.

With her slim fingers stripped of their glittering rings, she performed at the wash-tub and presented an attractive picture of beauty and soapsuds.

Perhaps the average housewife would require a few improvements to her costume before she engaged Lila Lee as a servant. For, as the chubby, dimpled little domestic in *The Admirable Crichton*, her costume was always awry and impossibly dilapidated. But her appealing dark eyes and attractive smile would bring charm to any kitchen.

Monday's wash would have no terrors for Gloria Swanson.



Julia Faye would make the ideal lady's maid; in freckled Wes Barry, with his impudent smile, the proper ingredients for the true-to-type page-boy would be found; and Gwynne Herbert could supply the motherly housekeeper



It is G. K. Arthur who tells the amusing story of a film actor who was coached for a domestic part in a film by a butler specially lent from an old family mansion.

The actor was so intrigued by the part that he determined to take up "buttlng" for a living, and he actually secured such a position on the strength of his training in the film studio.

One of the most true-to-life domestics on the screen is Betty Balfour. And because she is so like the real article, she would hardly be welcomed by any housewife. The consistency with which she reduces china to a heap of débris, and produces equally expensive catastrophes in the household, is a true reflection of the servant as many distracted mistresses know her. But her contribution to the servant problem is essentially one that remains under the heading of screen entertainment.

The question of "followers" enters in the servant problem in these days of domestics who need to be humoured. If a fortunate housewife could persuade Tom Moore to grace the kitchen as the cook's policeman, there would assuredly be peace in the household. For Tom makes an attractive, good-natured "Robert" on the screen, and he would be capable of vibrating the impressionable hearts of the cooks of suburbia.

Constance Talmadge, when she places a lace cap on her rebellious curls and ties a dainty apron around her slim waist, makes a parlour-maid dainty enough to set before a king. But, then, like all these delightful people who flicker through the drawing-rooms of filmland, she is of the stuff that dreams are made of where the covetous housewife is concerned.

P. R. M.

Lady's maid: Julia Faye, of course.



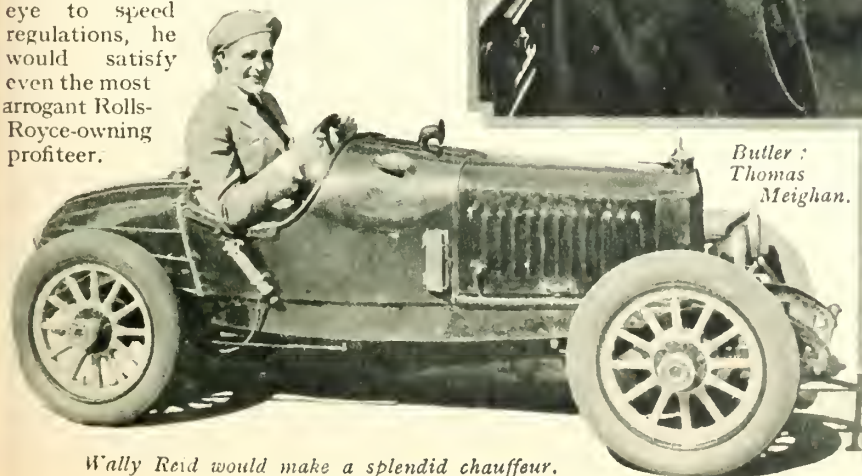
Mary Carr would do your charing; Lila Lee would be "Tweeny."



Butler: Thomas Meighan.

Could Wally Reid be persuaded to become a family chauffeur, he would bring to real life the romance that has been woven round the handsome man at the wheel who elopes with the heiress in his master's car.

With Wally's unfaltering hands at the wheel and his famous smile ready to calm down the policeman with an eye to speed regulations, he would satisfy even the most arrogant Rolls-Royce-owning profiteer.



Wally Reid would make a splendid chauffeur.





KIPPS — and the Other Person

Being something about a new enterprise, and an old friend.

A very little way behind me I had left the dust and the mess, the medley and the noise of dear old London. But in the Enchanted Garden I may have easily deluded myself that the Metropolis, like the Sphinx, was "far, far away."

And in the Enchanted Garden I found The Other Person. I had come to find The Other Person, but in less than five minutes I was saying "Yes, Kipps" and "No, Kipps," and—well, I can't help thinking that, when some reminiscent grandpa, in the years that are to be, compiles a Book of Film Memories, one George K. Arthur will be written down as "Kipps." It was an amazing and awe-inspiring achievement to walk from the thorny road of Obscurity into the sunny path of Fame via one characterisation, but George K. Arthur did it when he interpreted H. G. Wells' "Kipps"; and the manner in which he did it is a no less amazing thing.

"I just wanted to be 'Kipps,' you know," he told me, with a candour which is not the least part of his charm. "But when I was sent to see H. G. Wells 'on appro,' I really hadn't the faintest hope of being successful. And an accident moulded my fate! When I walked into the Great Presence, the very first thing I did was to knock over a very beautiful and valuable vase, and my bewildered embarrassment and contrite (though mute) apologies worked the miracle! I couldn't have said anything if the penalty had meant my entry into the Gates of Eternity. I was much too alarmed and frightened. But I suppose I 'looked' all I was trying to say, and, you will remember, 'Kipps' was stupid and awkward like that. So, in the Great Presence, it was straightway decided that I should be given the opportunity of creating the film 'Kipps.'"

Some of us weak mortals, alas! misuse or abuse that greatest human impetus Opportunity; but George K. Arthur just grasped it, when it came his way, with both hands, and as extra ammunition in the fight for achievement he commandeered the rest of his being, too. No wonder he has not stopped to rest on the laurels earned for him by "Kipps"!

Followed three more leading rôles in *A Dear Fool*, *The Lamp in the Desert*, and *Wheels of Chance* (all Stoll productions), and then—well, George K. Arthur still saw the shining light which is Opportunity looming over his horizon—and straightway commenced work on his very own production.

Rounded Corners (that is the attractive title of his "very own" film) bids fair to prove as successful a vehicle for his own particular species of talent as any he has previously had.

"I'm a really naughty boy, you know," he informed me. "One of the 'pull-any-old-body's-leg-and-get-a-bit-of-fun' type but I reform before it's 'too late'!"

Really, if reformation should mean the decease of that delicious twinkle in your left eye, dear Kipps, do, I beg of you, "carry on with the naughty work."

Whilst Kipps was escorting me around the Enchanted Garden, we came upon a vision fair and sweet outlined against a dear old-world sun-dial, and I was introduced to the clever little lady whose mission in life, at the moment, was the working of the "naughty boys'" reformation. Flora Le Breton, the dainty, tiny little film star who has, like her

famous colleague, found a swift and sure footing on the ladder of Film Fame, said she was proud and happy to be helping Kipps in the first "Glorious Adventure." And Kipps, modestly (and characteristically) put an end to the little lady's expressions of contentment by declaring that he was "a lucky man to have secured Miss Le Breton's services, for the part was simply asking to be interpreted by her!"

If there is any other "secret" of success save hard work and grit, I believe George K. Arthur has found it in that inspiring and confidence-creating belief in other people's greatness. He would pass none of them by.

"Here" (presenting Mr. Edward R. Gordon) "is my producer. He has directed numerous successful pictures—amongst them *The Haigh Serial* and *Repentance*; and again, I am a fortunate man to have captured him."

And in the Enchanted Garden I met, too, Miss Doris Lloyd (the charming stage actress who is now appearing in "The Yellow Jacket" at the Kingsway Theatre), Sir Simeon Stuart (whose name will be familiar to all picture-goers), and Bertie Wright—all very important units in this little army of enthusiasts who are going to help create "George K. Arthur Film Productions."

George K. Arthur has benefited much by the sound advice which the great Charles Chaplin passed on to him whilst he was on his recent visit to our shores.

"I was very fortunate in meeting Chaplin on several occasions, and his very presence inspired an added zeal and ambition in my breast," said Kipps.

But methinks even the great Charles Chaplin must have realised that he had discovered clay worthy of the moulding! G. M. A.

Two studies of George K. Arthur in "Rounded Corners."



Flora
Le
Breton.



DRESSING the MOVIES

by P. RUSSELL MALLINSON

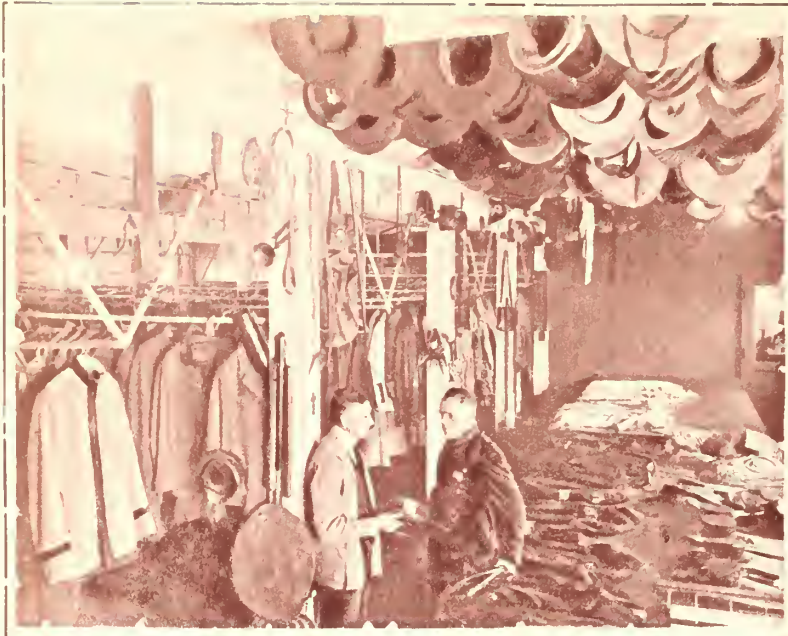
Left: Marion Davies. Above: Ethel Clayton in "The Sins of Rozanne."

To adapt an ancient philosophy, the "lilies" of the kinema both "toil and spin," and Solomon in all his glory was most certainly not arrayed such as these!

Beauty on the screen to-day is gilded with greater splendour, and at a more prodigal cost, than has probably ever been the case in the history of the entertainment world. The stage in its most extravagant phases has been far outstripped by the kinema. Producers at the moment are revelling in an orgy of financial lavishness. They have found that an unsparing hand, where the costuming of a film is concerned, has a large bearing on the success of a picture and the popularisation of a "star."

Also the camera demands realism in screen raiment. The relentless eye of the lens cannot be deceived. It cruelly reflects the shoddy and imitation in dress. But it will bring out the attractiveness of luxurious furs and the allurements of expensive silks and satins.

It is casting no aspersions on the talent of Mae Murray to suggest that her success as the butterfly of the screen is to a large extent due to her gorgeous clothes. This fair-haired star's dazzling succession of silks and laces in which she flickers across the screen cost in the vicinity of ten thousand a year. Mae Murray is one of the greatest screen spendthrifts. Through her extravagant costumes, she seeks to express her personality as a luxurious woman of the world. In collaboration with Bob Leonard, her husband producer, she designs most of her screen costumes, although many of her dresses of delicate, sensuous impressionism that she wore in *Peacock Alley* and *Fascination* were procured from Paris. In *The Gilded Lily*, Mae Murray spent hours working out the design of her costume in the famous bubble dance, when she emerges from a nine-foot basket of gilded wood surrounded by balloons of four yards in circumference.



Left: A corner of the huge wardrobe-room at Universal City, which can provide costumes of every period.



Right: Priscilla Dean in a gown that grandma wore.



The final dress was composed of costly silver cloth decorated with tiny carbon lights, which beneath the studio arc lamps blazed like great diamonds.

Mae Murray and her producer bring an unusual combination of a woman's instinctive knowledge of how to dress and a technical understanding of light and colour on to the costuming of their film pictures.

Robert Leonard, before he signals for the camera-men to commence turning, examines all his settings and his wife's costumes through a pair of specially contrived blue spectacles. These have the effect of reducing all colours to their correct values in black and white. By this means the producer can concentrate the eye of the audience



Above: Pearl White, wearing an ultra-modern confection, offers a sharp contrast to Norma Talmadge (right) as the centre of an old-fashioned bridal group.

on the most important things in a set by increasing their colour value. That is why, if you watch Mae Murray on the screen amidst the most ornate surroundings calculated to intrigue the eye, your attention is seldom diverted from the fascinating flitting figure moving against such backgrounds. Gloria Swanson has been clothed by



picture is not unusual for Gloria Swanson. And because her costumes are of such distinctiveness, they cannot be worn in more than one picture. They are not wasted, however, for a clever designing department picks them to pieces, and later the costly materials form the basis for other startling creations.

Dorothy Devore's wardrobe includes hats of every period. From left: 1875, 1882, 1900, 1910 and 1922.



that lover of realism, Cecil De Mille, in gorgeous dress creations that represent many thousands of pounds. Gloria is often the rich and extravagant woman on the screen. She wears a two-thousand-pound ermine coat in one of her latest pictures. A filmy lace gown that added fifty pounds to the wardrobe account was irretrievably ruined by this luxurious star in the wreck scene in *The Admirable Crichton*. Recently she wore an eight-hundred-guinea black-and-white cape composed of African monkey fur for less than four minutes before the cameras. Her sartorial glories necessitate almost daily visits to costumiers. The wearing of thirty different dresses in one



It is Nazi-mova, too, who literally can claim to have worn a screen costume in keeping with every one of

material had to be especially woven, and being unable to purchase the quantity required for one cloak, the looms in Paris would only consent to weave the cloth on the understanding that an order sufficient to make fifteen cloaks was ordered.

Golden-haired, grey-eyed Corinne Griffith designs most of her own screen gowns. Her dress creations have set the vogue for many thousands of



Alice Terry as "Princess Flavia," in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

her "thousand moods." She had to order fifteen cloaks in order to secure one garment of original and costly design.

This was an opera cloak of black-and-silver cloth studded with heavy silver camelias. The

Corinne Griffith designs many of her gowns.



Clara Kimball Young's wardrobe is worth a king's ransom.



her admirers. Yet there are few feminine picturegoers who could face the huge cost of these lavish costumes. Several hundreds of pounds were involved in the creation of one dress alone that Corinne Griffith wore in *What's Your Reputation Worth?* It was made almost entirely of pearls, ten thousand of these jewels being threaded on silk to reproduce the necessary effect for the cameras.

Only a few years ago such expensive assets to screen production would have been greeted with a storm of protest of similar nature to that levelled against Griffith when he startled impetuous film financiers by wasting a few hundreds of feet of film in his earliest pictures.

Clara Kimball Young recently wore a £7000 chinchilla coat in front of the cameras. Not so very long ago, when her salary for film acting was five pounds a week, she wore ball dresses made from coloured cheese cloth at a few shillings a yard. Nowadays the screen spendthrift is accepted as a natural development of the demand for realism on the film, and to the feminine artiste realism inevitably represents Paris creations.

Most big studios have a highly-paid mistress of the wardrobe who caters for the lavish demands

before a film eventually is shown to the public, screen-dress designers are faced with the problem of anticipating fashions. In many pictures the leading artistes wear creations that, it is anticipated, will be the *demier cri* in months that lay ahead.

Paquin and Worth, and similar European dress kings, may run up huge studio dress bills, but these are nothing compared with the cost of providing raiment for period plays.

Not an insignificant part of the two hundred thousand pounds that represented the cost of the *Queen of Sheba* was due to the lavish dressing of this screen spectacle. Thousands of costumes had to be created from information laboriously gleaned from historical books.

Thousands of pounds' worth of jewellery glitters on the slim fingers and shapely arms of film "stars" when they are acting before the cameras; but it is not always provided by "Fairy Godfather" producers. Much of the jewellery worn in the studios represents the artiste's personal property. If it does not, trinkets of the artificial variety are generally supplied by the wardrobe mistress. For this is

one direction in which the eye of the camera can be deceived. The diamond of cleverly constructed paste glitters beneath the arc lamps with most of the brilliance of the genuine stone. And studio lighting caresses artificial pearls with convincing light that the oyster-produced variety cannot improve upon. Bebe Daniels in a recent picture wore a superb ring-watch

Anita Stewart is another star who prefers sports clothes to the confections she wears on the screen.



Alice Lake in search of "something to wear."



Elsie Ferguson, one of the screen's best-dressed women.



The Pauline Frederick (left) would dress as the Pauline Frederick (above) if she had her choice.

of "stars." The Famous-Lasky dress-designer has a seat provided for her in the Grand Stand at Ascot, and she walks the lawns at Henley with the best-dressed women in Society. Thus she keeps in touch with the latest developments in the sartorial world.

Because films carry date, and owing to the length of time that stars and their dresses remain embalmed in celluloid

made in the seventeenth century. Despite its diminutive size, it was embellished with fifty-six pearls and eight diamonds.

Dressing the movies is producing bills that outrival the extravagance of Ninon de Lençois, the fair spendthrift of history. But it is creating a new appreciation of alluring feminine charm, as reflected by beautifully dressed women on the screens of the world.



June Brides



Above: Priscilla Dean, heroine of many movie marriages, is always self-possessed at the altar.

Below: Agnes Ayres, who seems more nervous about it than Priscilla.



Bebe Daniels is frankly bored by the whole proceedings.

Lila Lee doesn't believe in marriages except for movie purposes.



Many people would envy Myrtle Bonillas in the above scene, for Bill Farnum is the bridegroom elect.



Get Out of Doors! *By*

MARIE PREVOST



When I made my last farewell footprint on the golden sands of California and exchanged my one-piece bathing suit of happy

comedy memory for the drawing-room gowns of a Society lady, there was one pang of memory amongst my happiness at being selected to "star" with the Universal. For leaving the blue skies and the sun-tipped surf where I had for so long been a bathing belle was like saying good-bye to old friends.

The heated studios with the glaring lights away from the cooling breezes of the beach did not appeal to me after the delights of the open air. For I am going to upset all tradition and confess that almost every day when the cameras had ceased to click I stole off behind a rock and, divesting myself of my frills and furbelows, donned a less spectacular swimming suit, and proved to a sceptical world that a silk-clad bathing girl can really swim.

It was the call of the open air that

was evincing itself. It has been in my blood, probably because my father was a well-known athlete, ever since I could balance myself on my feet without the aid of my nurse.

I was born in Montreal, and spent most of my childhood skiing and tobogganing, wrapped up in furs and with my snow-stung cheeks peeping pinkly from beneath an old tam-o'-shanter.

Those were the days, and their memory has never left me. Since then I have spent every minute I could spare out of doors, and I have secured countless new clients for good old Doctor Fresh Air.

They laugh at me in the studios when I rush into my dressing-room beautifully coiffured, powdered, scented and gowned, and a few minutes later emerge in the workmanlike breeches, golf stockings, and soft-brimmed hat that I favour for outdoor sport. But I obtain converts to my cause all the same.

I remember one film artiste, with big, limpid eyes and a skin of alabaster whiteness, who gave one the impression that she was made of Dresden china. She was always away from the studio through "nerves" and similar ailments of the hypochondriac order, and because she looked a delicate little thing she had a good deal of mis-directed sympathy lavished upon her that in reality made her worse.

I was sure that all she wanted was more fresh air. For in her luxurious bungalow she used to lie about on silken divans in a scented atmosphere that one associates with a decadent Eastern Princess rather than a healthy European.

So I hatched a little plot.

One morning, early, I rang her up. "I'm coming round in my car to take you out to the hills to see the new location we're going to next week," I told her; and I banged on the receiver before she could make her yawning protests at being disturbed at so early an hour.

She climbed into my automobile, swathed in expensive furs, although the sun was high in the heavens.

We drove out to the hills, and then, as I had arranged, the chauffeur stopped suddenly when we were five miles from home, and, with a lugubrious expression, announced that we had had a breakdown.

"Then we'll have to walk home," I announced cheerfully.

My friend of the alabaster complexion went even a shade whiter.

"I can't possibly walk all that way. My head is aching dreadfully already."

"Fiddlesticks!" I retorted unsympathetically. "Come along, and you'd better leave your furs in the car. We've got a long way to go."

When, tired but happy, I arrived back at the bungalow, my "nerve"



"Shooting, golf and tennis all occupy my leisure moments."



swim with him to the side. I was pretty well exhausted when the alarmed members of the company pulled us both out. If I had not been able to swim, it is very possible that a tragedy would have shadowed the taking of *Moonlight Follies*.

When my mind is wearied by the racket of the film studios, I get into my old sports clothes and, with a gun under my arm, go for a hunting expedition in the woods.

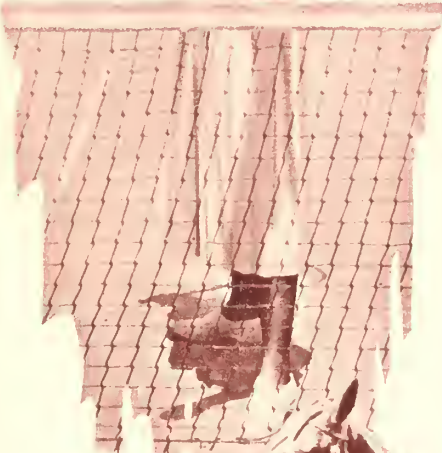
I can hear the hyper-sensitive saying—

"But how cruel to go out maiming birds and rabbits for the sake of amusement!"

But it may comfort these critics to know that I very seldom hit anything. It is because I like the places where my hunting takes place—in the woods and fields where the quietude brings a new freshness to the mind and body—that I pose as a modern Diana.

I prefer to roam about the woods by myself on such expeditions. Once I went out with a shooting party, and I was terrified most of the time. Some of the amateur members of the party flourished their guns

[Continued on page 64.]



"The woman who cannot ride is to be pitied. The man who said 'My kingdom for a horse!' knew something."

ridden friend had a becoming pink tinge in her cheeks and a brightness about her eyes that I had never seen before.

"I never thought I could do it," she said, almost triumphantly.

Now she rides and walks with me all over the countryside, and she has thrown away all her headache cures and nerve tonics.

And, what is more, she looks much prettier on the screen now that the open air has brought the glow of health to her face. I discovered long ago that fitness is a mighty important factor where film work is concerned. Few people can deceive the camera successfully, for the lens relentlessly records a tired expression and exposes the lack of vitality that an unnatural life brings in its train.

Swimming has always been a favorite hobby of mine, which may sound a quaint admission from a one-time bathing nymph. But, although the director of sea-shore comedies bellows through his megaphone, "Don't go near the water, ladies!" most of us who have flickered across the screen, armed only with a shoulder-strap, a urbelow and a smile, in reality love the water.

Swimming, I am certain, does more to make the figure graceful and supple than a score of beauty parlours. And, where figures are concerned, a bathing girl has, you must admit, a certain amount of right to air an opinion. For we cannot camouflage our figures with well-cut gowns. A one-piece bathing-suit is an acid test of shapeliness, and we have to study the question of physical culture very seriously to obtain our slender appearance.

I once found the ability to swim, however, of more value to me than the cultivation of gracefulness. It was whilst we were filming *Moonlight Follies*. I was carrying out some stunts for the camera in a swimming-pool on the Coffin Estate, California, when King Baggot, the assistant director, who was leaning over the edge directing me, fell into the water.

The unexpectedness of his fall resulted in his head striking the stone bottom of the pool.

He floated to the surface practically unconscious.

He was a big man, and it required all my strength to hold his head above the water and

The FORTUNES OF NIGEL



Nigel Barrie sending photos of himself to screen admirers.

Being an account of the varied career of Nigel Barrie, British by birth, American by (movie) adoption.

For a rule to work according to plan, it is absolutely necessary that it should have an exception. And in the case under review, the rule is "A rolling stone gathers no moss:" the exception is—Nigel Barrie!

Thirty-three years ago, Nigel started rolling, and he's been at the job ever since. In the process he has gathered much moss, in the shape of experience, knowledge and histrionic talents, until to-day finds him on the topmost rung of the ladder of success: a fully-fledged film star of world-wide fame.

It may be the fact that he started life with the heavy bias in his favour of being a Britisher that accounts for his rapid rise to fame and fortune. One of his proudest boasts is that he was born under and within sight of the British flag, for the place of his birth was India, and the house in which he first saw the light of day was the only one tenanted by English in the midst of the native district, and the Union Jack fluttered proudly in the breeze there.

That important event occurred on February 5, and on March 5 his career of rolling began. He was exactly a month old when his family set sail for England, and who can say but what this sudden transition did not sow the seeds of that roving nature which developed rapidly in young Barrie?

His parents settled in England for some years, and Nigel was given a real English education, which was finished at Haileybury. It was while at this college that he developed the first symptoms of the stage fever that was ultimately to captivate his whole life.

With Katherine MacDonald

In "The Turning Point."



One morning his uncle came to see him at the college, and obtained leave of absence for Nigel to accompany him to the next town to see a show at the local theatre; the particular point of interest to the uncle being that an old chum who was at Haileybury with him years before was playing the leading part in the show. After the second act, Nigel and his uncle went round to the star's dressing-room for a chat, and the rest of the play Nigel was allowed to witness from the wings.

This insight into the life of an actor behind the scenes infatuated Nigel, and there and then he decided to become an actor. And as the wish is father to the deed with Nigel, it was not long before he had secured a part in a stage production.

After a period of hard training in very minor positions, this Rolling Stone decided that his job in life was to tickle the visible faculty of the public, and he accordingly turned his attention to comic opera. He will be well remembered by the theatregoers of a decade ago as playing important parts with Sir F. Benson, Sir Herbert Tree, Fred Terry, and many other big stars.

But it must not be supposed that our Moss-Gathering Stone had talents that were concentrated on the one form of art only. If that had been so, there would have been no Nigel Barrie of his present-day eminence, because screencraft brings into play every possible form of stagecraft. There was no department of stage work of which Nigel did not make himself complete master. In fact, he has played practically everything from drama to step-dancing at the music-halls.

It was music-hall work that took him to America, where his personality and stage style soon attracted the Lasky people, who gave him his first film part in the famous "Babs" series—*Bab's Diary*, *Bab's Burglar*, etc., in which he played as "Carter Brooks," opposite Marguerite Clark.

He also played opposite Jane Grey and Clara Kimball Young.

Then came the war. And our Rolling Stone lost no time in joining the British Army. He chose the Royal Flying Corps, in which he became a Lieutenant, and his adventures while "O.H.M.S." would fill a complete issue of this magazine. He says that he never had such a hot time since he left India!

But fortune smiles on the brave, and our Rolling Stone returned safe and sound to his studio work when the Armistice was signed.

Nigel has been one of the world's most busy workers since the war, having played opposite Bessie Barriscale, Margarita Fisher, Alma Rubens, Blanche Sweet, and Pauline Frederick in a record number of big popular pictures.

In personal appearance, Nigel is one of the most striking men in the land of films. Tall (he registers 6 ft. 1 in his socks), with dark-brown hair and brown eyes, he is a perfect specimen of manhood.

And if you ask him the reason for his success in films, he will laughingly reply:

"Oh, it's sheer luck—the luck of being born a Britisher"!



Off to the links.

Like the other Barrie, he is an ardent pipe-lover.





CRAUFORD KENT

Is an Englishman whose screen spurs have been won in America. Has supported many popular stars, including Marguerite Clark, Alice Joyce, Carol Dempster and Justine Jonnstone.



MAE MURRAY

Danced her way to film fame after graduating from musical comedy. "On With the Dance," "Idols of Clay," "The Right to Love" and "Peacock Alley" have established her reputation.



VIRGINIA FOX

Once again Mack Sennett claims credit for the discovery of a film beauty. Since her Sennett days, Virginia has supported Buster Keaton in several pictures, and her popularity is increasing.



DAVID BUTLER

A juvenile lead who is the favourite of many picturegoers. David was born at San Francisco in 1895. He is six feet high and has black hair and blue eyes.



CHARLES CHAPLIN

Now on the last lap of his long-drawn-out million dollar contract, which will leave him free to make more pictures like "The Kid" before many months have passed

*A Girl
named
Mary*



Above: A box jacket worn with the velvet dress seen on the right. Collar, cuffs and hat are of white moufflon.
A blue serge frock trimmed with loops of red, white and blue serge, fastened at the front with three red buttons.



An evening gown of white chiffon trimmed with iridescent beads.

Some glimpses of the latest additions to Mary Pickford's wardrobe, designed by the famous French modiste, Madame Jeanne Lanvin. They include: Mary Pickford's "Water Lily" dress of silver green silk, with bands of silver lace and silver ribbon at the waist. A heavy navy blue cheviot coat, with hat of navy felt. A simple frock of black chiffon velvet, with eyelet embroidered collar and cuffs of ecru batiste. A street costume of grey homespun, with hat of navy blue lacquered straw. And a street dress in brown cr pe de Chine, embroidered in red. Alas! that Mary should have so few chances to exhibit her wonderful wardrobe on the screen.

Film Stars at Home
**GLADYS
WALTON**



Her dainty Universal star lives in a delightful bungalow. Her hobbies include boating, fishing, motoring and gardening, and she has a large and varied assortment of domestic pets. Most of her time is spent out-of-doors.





Movies in the Making The DRESSER

by GERTRUDE
M. ALLEN

A famous stage actress once defined her dresser as "the keeper of my wardrobe keys—and my soul's secrets."

The definition was an apt one, for, to her dresser, the scintillating star of stage or screen is "just a woman"—with whims and foibles and other like human and humane qualities. The energy and faithful service of her dresser is not the least thing in the category of essentials to success of a screen star. She learns to regard her as a sort of mother-nurse-servant-and-friend compound, without which she would be as helpless as a fish on dry land.

A glimpse into the secret chamber (more prosaically called the "dressing-room") of a film star, and a knowledge of the manifold duties of her dresser, can be best pictured, perhaps, in the words of one who can claim to be a "veteran" in film environs, for she has been serving one famous leading lady for nearly eight years.

Because she is not a publicity agent, and for other reasons so obvious that they need no definition, our dresser describes her mistress as "Miss Star."

"I have been serving Miss Star for so many years, and know her so intimately, that I would be justified in calling her my 'friend'

first—and myself her 'dresser' as an after-thought. Except on those very rare occasions when Miss Star sheds her screen personality and indulges in a little harmless pleasure-hunting, I am in constant attendance upon her. In the dressing-room, on the floor (which, perhaps, you know, is a term used to describe anyone's presence in the studios whilst a production is in progress), on location, and, quite often, at her own home.

"It would be an impossible task I should set myself if I attempted to describe in black and white the actual duties of a dresser. They are so numerous, and some of them so small (though important enough, withal) that it would probably take me a whole week to think of them all—and another week to define them.

"But, primarily, I am there by her side to help her with her 'make-up,' to 'find' the particular dress she may be requiring, to put her into it, and to generally supervise details; for details are quite the most important item of her toilette where a film actress is concerned. I have to remember just how a certain bow was tied (when she wore it for a scene the other day), what set of collar and cuffs was used, the pieces of jewellery she wore with the frock, the shoes and stockings, and every other minor detail. If I did not remember all these things (and I confess that I keep a note-book for this purpose alone), the chances are that my mistress would be the creator of some of those ridiculous and utterly incongruous 'mistakes' which the keen eyes of picturegoers are constantly detecting in films.

"On my last visit to 'the pictures' (I take frequent 'busmen's holidays!') I noticed that the heroine, who

was wearing white shoes and stockings when she left a certain 'set' (ostensibly to greet the hero at the hall door) returned to that same 'set' (with hero) in *black* shoes and stockings. And I passed judgment on the dresser—not the heroine. It is possible that many days' work intervened between the taking of the two scenes in question, and, without the guidance of a trustworthy 'someone,' these errors are easily made—but not so easily rectified.

"When our company goes away on location, I go with it, for Miss Star would be unhappy without me; and the most priceless of all her workaday possessions, her 'make-up' box, would have to be entrusted to strange hands!

"Consequently, I share all her exciting and interesting (and sometimes thrilling) experiences.

"The latest incident worth recording happened whilst we were staying at a prominent hotel in a favourite seaside
[Continued on page 64.]

Bebe Daniels selects a dress.



Stars and their dressers.
Top left: Ann Forrest.
Centre: Wanda Hawley.





Put them props off the step." "But mother said—" "Never mind what your mother said! Get them props took off that step. It's what I say. Who runs the 'ouse? You listen to your father a bit more'n you do, and you'll not go far wrong."

The kids obeyed, and Hutchins—"father" Hutchins, Ort Hutchins, the laziest man in Willow Bend, or in all the world for that matter—prepared to sleep again. When suddenly he remembered.

"An' wot about them worms, kids?"

Spokesman for the kids spoke.

"When we've got in the firewood for mother—"

"Mother again, eh? My word! You just drop that firewood wheeze till I tells you to start, and get huntin' around for them worms. How d'yer think I'm goin' to do any fishin' without worms, eh? It strikes me it's a lucky thing I'm allus around to tell you what to do, else you'd never get nothin' done at all. My word!"

He slept. He slept an hour. Half of that hour it took the kids to find the worms down in the river bank. The other half it took them to wake father. But at last he was awake, and shouting:

"Mother! I say—mother!"

Mrs. Hutchins, worn, weary, disillusioned, came to the door wiping her hands on the coarse apron, fresh from the wash, but not too fresh either. Resigned to her lot as a

Honest Hutch

by JOHN FLEMING

murderer is resigned to the scaffold, liking it not.

"Yes?"

"What about my fishin' rod, mother?"

CHARACTERS:

- Honest Hutch - WILL ROGERS
- Mrs. Hutchins - MARY ALDEN
- Ellen - PRISCILLA BONNER
- Tom Gunnison - TULLY MARSHALL
- Tom Gunnison, Jr. - B. MUNSON
- Hiram Joy - NICK COGLEY

Narrated by permission from the Goldwyn film of the same title.

Wearily she lifted it from the hook, wearily she passed it to him.

"Well!" he grumbled. "It'll want baitin', won't it?"

Wearily she took up the bait can and baited the hook; then once more she passed it across to him.

"Ha!" he said, examining the result.

Someone called from the front door, so she turned away. It was Mrs. Joy, wife of Hiram, Willow Bend's banker.

"Hiram asked me to call. There's his ranch on the hill there going to

bits because there's not a man in the town has the time to look after it. He wondered if Ort would care to take it on."

Hutch, listening by the window, had no time to slip away unobserved. The dull eye of wife Mary and the eagle eye of Mrs. Joy were upon him. He shuffled into the house with as good a grace as he was capable of, grabbing at his hat and putting on his best pained expression.

"I heard what you said, Mrs. Joy," he murmured. "Yes, I heard. But, you see, this old town of Willow Bend don't understand me proper. They thinks I won't work. It ain't that. It's my back. It's twenty-five years since I fell off a scaffold, and my back's never been the same since. It ain't that I don't want to work, but my back won't let me. Awful, ain't it?"

"Hiram thought perhaps you could call in on your way down the street."

"Oh, yus," said Hutch. "Yus. I can do that. I can call in. My back don't stop me callin' in."

Mrs. Joy went, and Mary followed Hutch to the door.

"Hutch," she said, "ain't you goin' to take it on?"

"It's my back—" he grumbled.

"Yes, I've heard about your back, Ort. Oh, I've heard about it. But I've run this home of ours for fifteen years, boy, an' I'm tired. I've washed and washed till my fingers ain't flesh any more; only bone. An' I can't keep on that very much longer. I'm pretty near finished, Ort. An' I think it's pretty near your turn. I mean that—that—"

"'Cessory after the fact. We'd get him!" said the Sheriff's officer.



"Aw my!" sighed Hutch. "I never seen nothin' like women. Soon as anythin' happens there they set to snivellin' till you can't hear yerself speak. I dunno!"

She lifted the coarse apron to her eyes and wiped away a tear. Ort shrugged his shoulders and turned out of the yard into the tumbled village street.

"Snivellin' women!" he growled. "Makes yer tired!"

The bank, and its banker, Hiram Joy, were Willow Bend's most proud possessions. The bank was all shine and glitter and cleanliness, and Hutch felt none too appropriate with his feet on its marble. The interview had got to be short.

"I heard what your missus said you said, Hiram," he murmured. "Course I haven't the health some fellers have. It's my back. I had it put out twenty-five year ago through fallin' off a scaffold. It holds me back a lot. Now, if you could put in some men to work that ranch o' yours and let me be overseer—somethin' I needn't do a lot at—"

"It's a one-man job or not at all," said Hiram Joy. "The place has been left so long alone that it wouldn't pay a staff. But one man with his coat off—at first—could knock a tidy little balance in this bank here out of that ranch if he went in meaning it, Ort."

"Ah!" said Hutch. "You see, Hiram, it's my back. It don't give a feller a fair chance."

When he was gone, Hiram Joy turned to his chief cashier.

"Scaffold fiddlesticks!" he snorted.

"He never got up enough energy to climb a scaffold. How could he fall off what he's never been on?"

Down the little rambling street went Hutch, and through the willow bushes to the river. There he stood a moment to watch the half-past three steamer go down from the town up the stream. If it hadn't been for the half-past three steamer to watch, poor old Hutch would have had nothing at all to do. He watched it every day.

The steamer gone, he settled as comfortably as he could on the river bank and dropped the line into the water. Then he slept. He nearly always slept. He nearly always slept an hour. He slept an hour now. And when he opened his eyes and commenced the inspection, it was to find that although he had not had a bite in the hour, the fish in the river had. The worm was gone and the line was empty.

"My word!" said Hutch.

He turned to the bait can, and, turning, kicked it over.

"My word!" he repeated. "Things do go wrong in a heap once they start. Lost a fish and kicked over the bait, and nearly found work—all in one day. My word!"

He dropped the rod by his side and looked around and found a piece of stick with which to poke. Then, without moving, he began to poke, where the ground was softest and easiest. He poked a good while without finding worms, and in ten minutes was on the verge of giving in and

sleeping another hour, on the chance that the worms would come up without being dug for.

But he did not give in.

He had by that time dug up the corner of an old sack, and something about it arrested his attention. Something about it seemed as if it might become interesting a little later. He kept on digging. And in a few moments he had dug up a sack, and was opening it on his knee, after first looking carefully around to see that he was unobserved. Not an ordinary sack by any means.

A sack containing something square and hard. And when he got it out at last he found the something square and hard to be a cash-box. And when he opened it...

"My word!" said Hutch again.

There might not have been a lot of things that Ort Hutchins knew, but he knew a hundred thousand dollars when he saw them.

He counted them. Thousand-dollar bills. A hundred of them! He—Ort Hutchins—a hundred thousand dollars—a hundred thou. . . .

"Glory!" said Hutch.

As he had always been more or less like a man stunned, he was now rather like a man stunned back to consciousness. He stared in the utterest bewilderment at the money in his hand, thinking over and over again, "Hundred thousand dollars—me—old Hutch—me—hundred thousand dollars. . . ." But sufficiently wide-awake to realities to keep his eyes about him for possible watchers. And when he heard footsteps coming, slow footsteps first, and then hurried footsteps after, he was quick to thrust back sack and money and cash-box into the hole from which they had come and cover them quickly with the rough earth.

The slow footsteps were those of his eldest daughter Ellen and Tom Gunnison, son of old Tom Gunnison, the graspingest old grasper in all Willow Bend, and then some miles abroad.

"Oh!" said Hutch to himself. "That's how the wind's blowin', eh?"

Ellen and Tom stopped at a little distance, and the hurried footsteps caught up. The hurried footsteps were those of old Tom Gunnison himself.

"I thought so!" cried old Tom, waving his fist. "I thought so, my lad! Runnin' around with that no-good loafer's girl, what? But that'll

soon be put a stopper to, son. Home with you! Off!"

Hutch stepped slowly from his hiding place.

"An' off home with you, Ellen," he said. "A Hutchins ain't never had to step low enough to mix with a Gunnison before now, and I don't reckon there's any need to be startin'. The Gunnisons is beneath us. You ought to 'ave known."

Old Gunnison caught his breath.

"Ort Hutchins!" he cried. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Never mind what I mean," smiled Ort. "Only I reckon the Hutchinses has something better on than mixin' with paupers like the Gunnisons, if I should be asked."

"Why you—you ain't got a cent in the world, 'cept wot you steals from your wife."

"No? Well, then."

Hutch turned away and resumed his seat by the river bank, taking up his rod and line with a quiet smile. The young man and the girl hurried away under cover of their elders' differences. Then old Gunnison snorted and went back the way he had come. Ort smiled again.

When the coast was clear he hastily dug up the sack, hurried some yards from the bank, and reburied it under an easily recognisable willow bush.

"Stay and grow,

little money bush," he smiled. "Some-day I'll call for yer. Not now, awhile. Some day. When it's safer."

For Hutch was very puzzled.

"I can't suddenly break loose with the money," he thought. "Not after the life I've led. I never had a bean. I can't suddenly 'ave a whole lot of 'em. I gotter fix things so's folks'll say, 'That's Ort Hutchins—worth a pile o' money, 'im'—and I gotter fix it so's they ain't surprised to hear themselves say it. And that's goin' to take some fixin'. Now 'ow's it ter be done."

He thought hard and he thought long, and at last the awful truth dawned upon him. He must go to work!

Work! Ort Hutchins! Him at work! Lordy!

"But there ain't no other way. I gotter 'ave that dough, an' I can't kid 'em the missus made it all outer washin'—not a hundred thousand dollars. It ain't done. Not outer washin', it ain't."

So, there being nothing else for it, Ort set about the business in what he considered to be the best way. Besides his buried hoard, he possessed half-a-dollar coaxed from his wife's earnings. With this he turned into Mike's saloon. Besides what is usually sold in saloons, Mike dealt in hats and suits and groceries and coal, and anything you wanted.

"Mike," said Hutch, out loud, so that those round the stove could hear, "Mike, I want a hat."

"You sure do!" grinned Mike.

And he sure did. Hutch's hat had been Hutch's father's before him.

"Show me some."

Oh, yes; Mike could show him some. He did.

"Nice hats, ain't they?" he grinned.

"Did I ever take up a thing I didn't go on with?" asked Ort indignantly.

Hutch grunted and fixed on the best.

"Reckon this suits me."

"Suits, you all right, Hutch," agreed Mike. "Only it's half-a-dollar."

"No need to get excited about that," said Ort, flinging the half-dollar on the counter. "Time I had a bit of a fit-up, I reckon. I been savin' up all these years an' gettin' nothin' for it. Time I've made a bit of a noise, I say."

"You've been—*what?*" gasped old Gunnison, perched round the stove.

"Savin' up."

"Lordy! What outer?"

"Out o' what I got fer my work."

There was a general laugh at this.

"I should say! Work! You!"

"Let me tell yer," flashed Ort.

"It ain't every feller who takes his rod an' line to the river spends his time fishin', you know. Appearances ain't allus wot they seems to be. I reckon I played this little town up all right enough. You thought I was just lazin' around, eh? Let me tell yer. All these years you thought I was just lazin' around, I was puttin' in the hours good and hard with the city folk at the holiday camp up the canon there, and I've put a bit more by than some of you chaps could count up if you started."

"Oh! Oh! How much, Hutch?"

"Enough to buy you up if I wanted, mebbe."

"I should say! An' where is it?"

"Where is it? It's . . . oh, in the bank!"

Saying which he turned on his heel and walked out.

"He talked like he meant it," said old Gunnison when he was gone.

"Ort Hutchins! 'Im! To think!"

Ort wandered home so restfully, that the reputation had got there before him. Then he found himself up against the necessity for more hard thinking.





The horror of the discovery had left him dazed.

"What's this, Ort?" his wife demanded. "You bin—workin'—an' puttin' it by?"

Ort evaded her eye.

"Course you know," he said. "I wanted to leave my wife an' kids well fixed when I die. You see, Mary. . . ."

Suddenly she sat and buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

"It don't matter," cried Hutch. "It don't matter wot sort o' news you give a woman, they starts 'ollerin'. It beats me. Listen, Mary. P'raps you wunnerin' why I never said a thing about it. Well, I ain't a bragger, Mary, and I never was; an' besides, I wanted it to be a bit of a pleasant surprise for you, an' . . . Oh, I dunno. There's another thing, Mary. Now it's all out an' there's no need to keep it dark no longer, I reckon there'll be no harm in taking up old Hiram Joy's ranch and see what we can make of it. You can wash out the washing, Mary, and give me a hand up there. Hiram reckons it won't stand no hired help at first, but'll pick up wonderful soon."

"You mean this, Ort?"

"Mean it? Did I ever take up a thing I didn't go on with?" asked Ort indignantly.

"Can't say, Ort. Never knew you take up a thing."

That night Hutch went along the street and had another talk with Hiram Joy, and inside a week the Joy ranch on the hill was being worked by the Hutchinses—father, mother and family—and the reputation of father for hard work was growing and growing and growing—much to father's disgust. But there was no other way.

Not a day passed without Hutch's

customary visit to the little money bush.

"Keep on growin' an' lookin' pretty," he'd say. "I'll be callin' for you proper soon."

The summer dawdled along, and the farm prospered beyond all expectations, and Hutch, to his vast surprise, discovered that he was making money out of hard work. There was not too much pleasure in the discovery, but there was surprise. In the first quarter's trading he made a thousand dollars, and he drew a thousand dollar bill and showed it around the town plenty, just to let 'em see he was used to the things.

"Better prepare 'em for it," he thought.

One evening he strolled down for his peep at the money bush. Soon would come the time for the harvest.

But on his arrival there was surprise piled on surprise. A dark-skinned foreigner—a wandering gypsy—was chopping down the bush and building a hut above it.

"Hey!" cried Ort, rushing forward. "Stop! You can't do that."

"Oh?" said the gypsy. "But why, now? But yes. But I can. I have the permeesh."

"The permeesh!" cried Ort. "I don't care if you have a hundred permeeshes. You can't—"

"Mr. Gunnison, which own the land, he give me the permeesh for all the lots of years, and I build the 'ut on it, and I stay on it, and you can commit suicide about yourself with great pleasure for all the care I have about you."

"But—"

Ort turned away, baffled and beaten. Little money bush! Cut down! Built over! What's the use now?

He met Gunnison in the store saloon.

"Oh, Gunnison," he said. "That land o' yourn down by the river, where the foreigners is pitched. I gotter bit of'n idea for a bungalow for the wife an' kids. The ranch ain't too nice an' handy for 'em. Now, if you could make it your business to sell. . . ."

"Yes? Well," the squeezer considered, "say a thousand dollars, and it's yours."

Inwardly staggered at the impudence of the price, outwardly Ort was calm as ever.

"Yes, that don't sound unreasonable, Gunnison," he said. "I'll let you have a answer by mornin'."

Willow Bend, crowded round the stove, gasped with astonishment.

"Lordy!" it whispered. "He must have piles and piles of it."

Ort lazily strolled down the street to the bank, and called in to see Hiram about it.

"There's a bit o' land down by the river I'm wantin' for a little place for the wife an' kids. It's the only place I can get 'em to like. It's Gunnison's, and he wants a thousand. I've talked and talked and talked with him no end, and argued till my voice has pretty well broke again, but he won't come down on the price. Now, it's this way, Mr. Joy. I made a hundred thousand on the tradin', but of course some of it's gone in expenses an' things. And then there'll be the cost of the little house. I been kinder wonderin' . . ."

"Hutch," said Hiram. "You're a winner. I've closely watched the work you've put in that farm. You've done the work of a dozen men. You've won out, an' I know I can bank on you. I'll give you a bill for a thousand, and we can call it off your next trading. Only too glad to. The way you're going, the place'll be your own inside a year or two."

Ort returned home in a state of great satisfaction that evening. Mary was at the gate to meet him, the children gathered round. Thus it was every evening now.

"This," sighed Mary, "is what I've dreamed of for years. And now—look at it!"

Ort looked at it and agreed it was a dream. Gone the squalor and the filth that had been their home atmosphere in the rough home down the street. Now Mary was smiling and happy, the children well clothed and clean, and Hutch himself, for the first time in his career, well dressed, well set up, his slouch gone, a look of pride on his face.

"Ain't it worth workin' for, Ort?" Mary beamed.

"Ain't it just!" laughed Ort, meaning not quite the same, but meaning it strong.

(Continued on page 62.)

Picturegoer Parodies: PEARL WHITE

(After starring in film serials for so many years, Pearl White found feature stories too tame for her taste, and is once more a to-be-continued star.)

I'm here with a smoking revolver, surrounded by corpses galore,
A-kidding the movie-producer I've not done a murder before.
The villain is nursing a fracture, and cursing aloud with the pain,
But I'm calm and cool, I feel nobody's fool,
I'm back to the serial again!
Back to the serial again, people!
Back to the serial again;
Murders and fights keep me happy o' nights—
I'm back to the serial again!

I've played in Society features, and pictures that dealt with the West,
I soon got fed up with their tameness, the week-by-week story is best.
The story where *everything* happens, where folks in their hundreds are slain.
To help them to die is the real reason why
I'm back to the serial again!

They think I am new to the business—a green little photoplay girl—
And so they are busy preparing the film persecution of Pearl.
They'll throw me to sharks in the ocean, or under the wheels of a train,
But I'll be on the bill as the girl they can't kill
Now I'm back to the serial again!
Back to the serial again, people,
Back to the serial again;
Poison in tea is a health-drink to me—
I'm back to the serial again.

I waltzed right away to the villain, and said to him, "None of your jaw;
You can't feed *me* arsenic-candy, I've been in a movie before.
The poison you put in my scent-spray won't cause me a moment of pain;
And that bomb in my bed is just right for my head.
I'm back to the serial again!"

Who's there?
A girl who has dallied with danger,
Who looks upon killing as fun;
A film star who isn't a stranger
To any crime under the sun.
Go! bring out your best line in villains
And ask him to deal with Elaine.
When I take command he'll feed out of my hand—
I'm back to the serial again!





Filming a Walter Forde comedy.

CROOKS COMEDIES and CHOPIN

Film-making with Walter Forde.

It was with knees a-tremble and cold shivers playing death music up and down my spine that, led by Walter Forde to a chair, I sat down to tea with six of the toughest-looking toughs that it has ever been my luck to meet. Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning was Arcadia compared with that tea-table! I kept my left hand clasped tightly around my hand-bag whilst, between nervous gulps, I ate a piece of cake. I imagined that at any moment my death signal would go up and the crooks would set about me.

The fact that Walter came and sat next to me reassured me somewhat, for, when I had sufficiently recovered to "drink in the details" of his dress, I found he was attired as "D'Artagnan."

"You're quiet," he commented. "Anything wrong?"

"These men!" I gasped. Then Walter laughed loudly—and upset his tea. The bold, bad buccaneer directly opposite me smiled under his "Old Bill" moustache until the corners of his mouth almost reached his ears and the whites of his eyes looked fearsome against the yellow of his make-up.

"Where did you find them?" I enquired.

"They're friends of mine," came the reply.

I moved away from Walter, and my thoughts flew to the safety of my own fireside.

"You see," he continued, "I couldn't find anyone who would do what I wanted them to do in this film, so I had to rely on my pals—they don't mind what they do—"

Visions of murders stealthily done out of reach of the glaring



Cutting a comedy is hard work.

studio lights swam before my eyes. Then Walter's voice roused me again from my reverie.

"As I was saying, they don't mind what they do—yesterday that one there" (and he pointed to a 1922 Bill Sykes) "rolled downstairs fifteen times, sprained his leg, and split his ear."

I breathed a big sigh of relief, and drew my chair closer to the table again. My blood began to flow normally once more.

"We're ready," then announced someone at the door. The crooks, the moustachioed gentleman, and Walter rose together.

"Come up and see our next scene," he invited.

The set on which they were working proved to be a corner of a room with two exits (or two entrances, whichever

[Continued on page 62.]

Walter Forde and Lady Doris Stapleton.



The MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

"Nature made his pretty face and made it well, too, so I fail to see why Wallace Reid should be blamed for it," wrote one of Wally's admirers last month. Neither do we. Neither does Wally, who bears up very well under the strain of being considered the Flappers' Idol.

He has a sunny smile and an optimistically light-hearted personality; ability of a high and uncommon order—that happy facility of being able to do a hundred-and-one different things, and do each one exceedingly well. He has a charming wife and a delightful five-year-old son. Hobbies enough to keep his hours of leisure well filled, and money enough to indulge in them freely. He has a place at the top of the movie tree which looks like being his for keeps. A place in the affections of five out of every half-dozen film fans of every age and every country. Also a new blue-and-gold Moorish-modelled mansion for a place of residence out in Beverly Hills. Not to speak of a very palatial mahogany-and-blue dressing-room at the Lasky studios. He has kept his head and steadfastly refused to let success and adulation spoil him. So we'll allow Wallace Reid is a lucky man and has everything heart can desire.

The Reid family live next door to William S. Hart, and opposite William Desmond's residence, and when I invaded their abode one broiling afternoon, the maid kindly but firmly refused to admit me on my word alone. I had to produce perfect and reliable evidences of my identity before she would say that Wally was trying out his new Duzenburg car and would be along any time now. But Mrs. Wally was home, so with her, in her lovely silver-grey-and-blue drawing-room, I discussed something iced out of a tall glass and her handsome husband.

"To-day," she told me, "has rained 'fans,' since 10 a.m. Girl fans, of course, and I've had such a busy morning. Wally was not home, although none of my visitors would believe me when I told them so. So I had them have a good look round for themselves, and then they departed in peace—after I had given them some signed pictures to take away with them. So you can understand my maid's mistake, can't you?"

Dorothy Davenport Reid, to give her the benefit of her full name, is small and slight, with very big brown eyes and close-bobbed Titian hair. As Dorothy Davenport, she was a well-known leading lady until the advent of Wally Junior, or "Bill," as they prefer him to be called, caused her to abandon her movie work.

"For nearly five years," she said, brightly, "I found I hadn't much time for anything but home and my sewing. Not to speak of my husband and baby. Then we decided to build this place, which, by the way, I designed. Not the fireplaces, though. They're Wally's. He favours the cobbly-looking kind."

I duly admired the spacious room in which we were, with its silver-grey brocaded walls and deep-blue-bordered Chinese rug. It has big French windows down both sides, shaded by artistic grey linen draperies, embroidered in cunning blue designs. The work, I learned, of Dorothy herself. She showed me, too, her boudoir, and Bill's nursery, the latter stocked with a wonderful selection of toys and games of all kinds.

"Toy animals are Bill's newest fancy," Bill's mamma smiled. "And his collection is growing every day."

We descended to the entrance hall again, and were just in time to see Wally and his small son pull up the new car with a flourish. It is red, like most of Wally's cars.

"She's a corker!" he said. "Like to come for a spin?"



Above: In his current release, "Sick - a - Bed." Left: The Flappers' Idol.

"Too hot!" I replied. "Better introduce me to Bill."

"Come on, Bill, you rough-neck, and say 'Glad to meet you.'"

Bill said it—in French, of which accomplishment

they all seemed a little proud.

Then "Daddy's goin' to let me drive it," he said. "When I'm long enough to reach down."

"He'll be some driver," Mrs. Reid called over her shoulder as she preceded us towards the back of the house. "Even Wally can't go fast enough for him."

"See what I missed," was Wallace Reid's next remark.

"In my journalistic days there were no such things as movie stars. And I can lay my hand upon my heart and swear that I've never written an interview. Which is more than you can say, isn't it?"

Wallace Reid was clad in light, summery-looking flannels, with the same kind of wide-peaked grey cap



Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson in "Peter Ibbelton."



Wallace Reid in "The Dancin' Fool."



As "Perry Danton" in "Always Audacious."

you've seen on his head in innumerable films. There's a good deal of him, too. It gave me quite a surprise to realise what a big chap he is. And correspondingly broad-shouldered and athletic, but quite unaffected and easy to talk to. Oh, and exceedingly easy to look at, with his faultless features and prepossessing manner.

He looked longingly, I thought, at the big bathing pool; but we went into his own especial sanctum, or "den," which looks out on it.

"Diving in the pool there looks good to me," he said.

"Yes; but diving into the past must come first," I insisted; so we settled down to it.

"An old man's reminiscences. Put that down," Wally commenced, laughing.

"Having now entered the sere and yellow thirties——"

"I thought all masculine screen stars never passed 29," I interrupted.

"This one has, anyway. On the 15th of last April. Bill has a birthday coming soon——"

"Tell me what brought you into screenland," was my next command.

"Curiosity. And the chance of trying something new. I'm fond of variety, in some ways.

You get it all right in the movies. I'd done a few things already. I was one-and-twenty when I went to Selig's as assistant camera-man. It happened in Chicago, where I chanced to be filling a vaudeville engagement.

"What did I do? Played in a sketch written by my dad, the late Hal Reid, called 'The Girl and the Ranger.' My part was so big you could hardly see it. I used to get out-of-doors as much as I could and see the country when there was any near enough."

Earlier still, he told me, in his schooldays he liked sport better than Latin or algebra. And recalled his efforts at verse, drama, and short-story writing, many of which appeared in the school magazine; but others never at all in print. Wally went to the Freehold Academy, New Jersey, then to Perkiomen Seminary way up in Pennsylvania, and finally passed his exams. for Princetown.

"But a little Princetown went a long way with me," he confessed. "Three years there seemed beyond me, and I wanted to get out West. Finally, dad gave in, and I hit the trail for Wyoming. I was hotel clerk there for a while. Routine work, which I hated, but stuck to for the sake of the strange and interesting folk who came to the hotel. After a while they engineered a wonderful irrigation scheme, and I quitted my desk job to be one of the party.

"Some folks might call it engineering. Actually it was hard work with a pick and shovel gang. At first, that is. Afterwards, I learned to ride and shoot, and box a bit, too. I guess I finished growing out there. When

I went East again I stood over 6 ft., and had an appetite to match my inches. I soon lost it, being a newspaper reporter. But I liked the newspaper game, and went from the 'Morning Star' (it's long since dead and done for) to the 'New York Journal,' and then to 'The Motor Magazine.'"

Wally was assistant editor, and the part of his duties he liked best was reporting all the motor races and shows in New York City. He has loved motors ever since, and what he doesn't know about a car is less than nothing. Reid was successful at everything he touched; he was, and is, exceedingly quick at grasping and learning anything.

"Especially anything that's a change from the last thing," he owned. "I'm keen on doing a little directing now—for a change. But it seems that I mustn't."

I think, if he did, he would probably miss the appreciation he gets as Wallace Reid, Paramount star. For, although he doesn't let it get into his head, Wally's nature is one that thrives best on applause and appreciation. But he has a way of getting outside himself, as it were, and speaking of his career and his motion-picture work as though they belonged to someone else.

Whilst he rummaged for some old pictures of his early film days, I had a good look at his "den." Its keynote is variety. So is Wally's, I take it, in most things. There are books, shelf upon shelf; all kinds, too. Many of them French. A piano, all sorts of musical instruments, from a ukelele to a saxophone. Also a fine victrola. Firearms and boxing gloves galore. A bunch of pipes over the fireplace that will rival Bill Hart's collection, if it keeps growing. Skins and other shooting trophies, golf clubs, and a billiards table, of course, and plenty of lamps. And a couple of his own oil paintings. He draws cartoons, too, but only for amusement. And although he can play anything he hears, and adores music, he has never tried earning his living that way.

One corner of the den is full of photographs of the various lovely

girls who have co-starred with him. Here I saw Wanda Hawley and Ann Little, Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Lila Lee, Elsie Ferguson (in her flowing "Duchess of Towers" gown), Lois Wilson, Geraldine Farrar (Wally is an opera fan, amongst other things), and others.

He emerged at length with a bundle of photographs.

"Here's one of the early movies I made," he said. "A bit of it, I mean. I was leading man, and had been loaned to Nestor by Otis Turner." The picture was dated August, 1913, and showed a broad-shouldered cowboy looking unutterable things at a diminutive, dark-haired girl. Maybe it was the photography, maybe the clothes; but both look years older there than they do now.



With Agnes Ayres in "The Love Special."

"I was introduced to their star on the lot this way," Wally grinned. "Mr. Reid, meet Miss Davenport. Now tell her how much you love her. Don't be so shy. Take her in your arms as though you meant it. Now, Dot, say 'Yes,' and smile at him."

The sound of our laughter brought Mrs. Reid along.

"I was seventeen, then," she said. "I remember Wally wasn't with us very long. He left to direct for American, but he'd proposed to me already when we were out riding together."

"She said 'No,' and meant it," put in Wally. "And when I came



Wally in Western kit.

back to Universal again it was star and director. And, after trying out several, the firm engaged Dot as my leading lady."

"And we quarrelled. Dreadfully. Didn't we, Wally? Until the day he was injured doing a

stunt, and went into hospital. After that, you know what pity leads to."

About a year after they'd first met, right in the middle of making a picture, too (*The Lightning Bolt* it was), Wally and Dot were married at Hollywood. Very simply, with only Mrs. Davenport, Ruth Roland, and a couple of boys working with Wally's company in the secret.

"On Oct. 13, 1913," said Wally. "Thirteen is my lucky number. Just thirteen months later we went to a tango contest, where I was No. 13, and won first prize. And the dance had thirteen rounds.

"We worked together for a bit," he continued. "Then I played in *Birth of a Nation* (only a smallish

part, though it was a strenuous one), and my first big chance came through Cecil De Mille."

Wally thinks there is no finer director than De Mille. He engaged Reid to support Geraldine Farrar in *Carmen*, *Joan the Woman*, and *Maria Rosa*; and, very shortly afterwards, the leading man became a star.

Laskys found he had brains as well as good looks, technique as well as dare-devilry, and they tried him with half a dozen different kinds of story before *Believe Me*, *Xantippe*, a breezy, light comedy, established him in public favour as the ideal matinée-idol type. Then, in his next, *The Roaring Road*, he co-starred with a motor, and the combination was irresistible.

Wally has "stills" of most of his early Lasky successes. He showed me himself and Cleo Ridgely in *The House of the Golden Windows*, *The Chorus Lady*, *The Love Match*, *The Yellow Pawn*, and *The Selfish Woman*. Later ones were *Man of Music Mountain*, *Rimirock Jones*, *The Squawman's Son*, and one tiny faded print of an old Griffith picture, *Old Heidelberg*, with Wally as "Karl," and Dorothy Gish as "Kathie."

Reid has been ornamenting the Lasky "lots" close on seven years, and his contract has still some time to go. Recently an Exhibitors' Circuit offered half a million dollars for his release, but Famous-Lasky do not want to lose him. Neither does he want to leave them.

He reckons some of his 1919 work amongst his best: his later productions are so well known that they hardly need enumeration here. "*Peter Ibbetson*," he said, "gave me my chance to be serious, and also some fine opportunities for characterisation. But I had to grow my hair long, and be marcelled.

"Monte Love took out some of the 'marcel' when we had that big fight, though!" he chuckled. "It has been comedy more or less ever since, except for *Anatol*. Did I like *Anatol*? Well, some of it. It wasn't a great acting part, but I liked being back, with De Mille and many former friends."

He has lots of friends. Every other movie star you name will elicit "Oh, he's (or she's) a great friend of ours."

Wally Reid's most recent feat was boxing Kid McCoy for the middle-weight championship belt of film-land. He has also, he confided, entered his new car for one of the forthcoming races and means to drive himself.

We discussed his other hobbies before I left. He is very proud of his laboratory, where

he sometimes spends half the night. Surgery is another fad of his, and he is unofficial surgeon-in-ordinary when out on location. His son Bill, too, it is easy to see, is his best beloved hobby, and Wally has some interesting theories of development, both mental and otherwise, which he looks to Bill to prove. Con-juring is a side-line, too.

He told me about his two short



excursions into stageland. The first time he played the part of "The Chauffeur" in "The Rotters," at a Los Angeles theatre for three weeks, and received a thousand dollars each week-end. It was quite a small part, as picturegoers who have seen the play will remember. *Sick-a-bed*, which is a film he starred in, was also put on at Los for a week or two, and Wally played hero in that, with Kathleen Clifford in Bebe Daniel's rôle, and King Baggot, Otis Harlan and Vivian Rich in minor parts.

Wallace Reid's proposed trip round the world has not yet definitely materialised. He wasn't certain what he'd do with his vacation; said he'd wait till after the races, anyway.

Mrs. Reid is contemplating another film soon, she having long finished her first Lester Cuneo production, an open-air story, in which son Bill faced the cameras for the first time.

"Just time for a swim before dinner," Wally announced, as I finally closed my note-book. "Come on all."

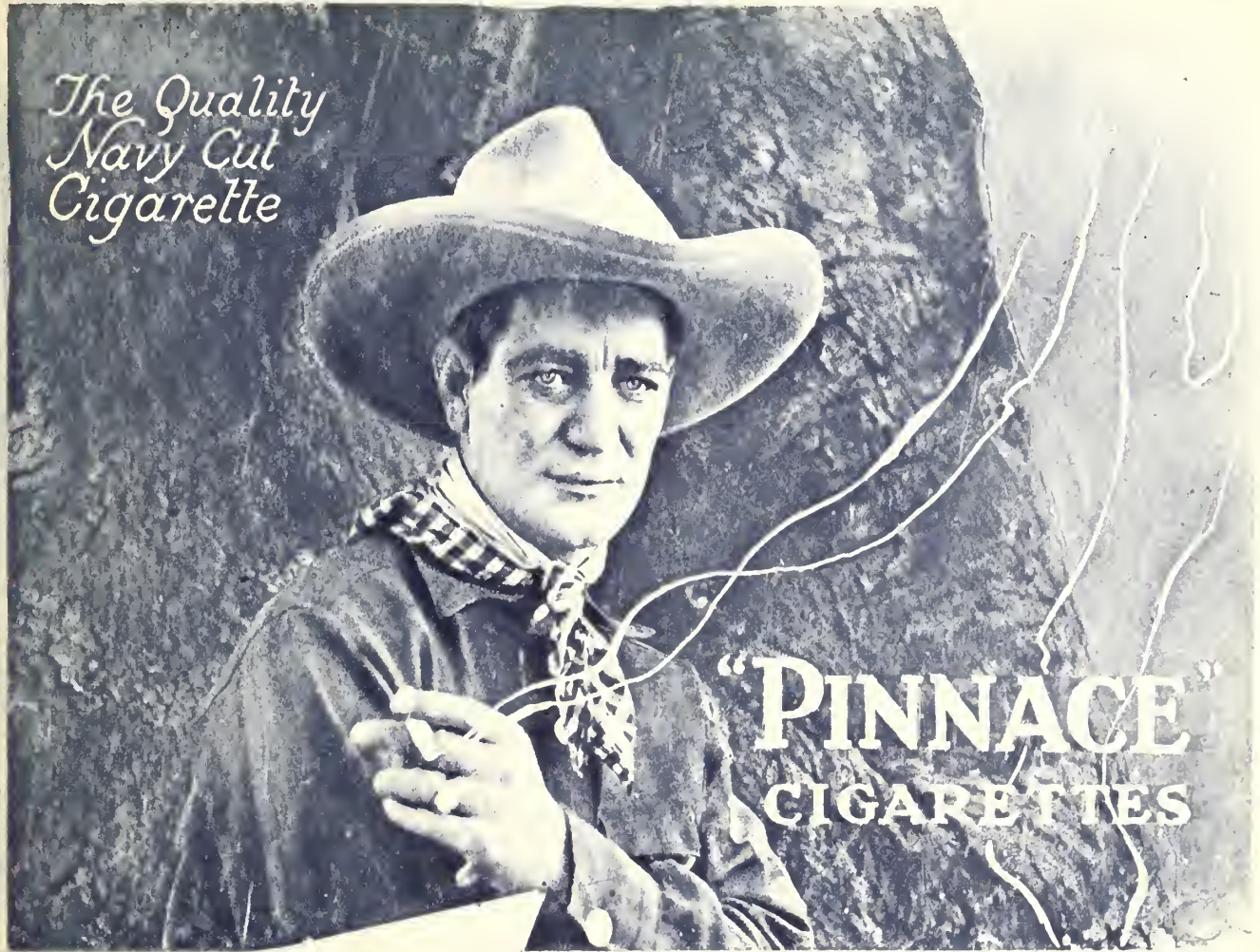
But I preferred to watch. All three are proficient performers; the youngster swims better under water than otherwise, and Mrs. Reid's summer swimming parties are famous institutions. I exchanged somewhat damp handshakes, and left them to their watery delights.

Left: In "Double Speed."

Below: With Bebe Daniels in "Sick-a-Bed."



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An Innocent in Movieland

By K. R. G. BROWNE



Scenes from "The White Rat."
Ernest Douglas and Sidney Folker.
Sidney Folker and Adelaide
Hayden Coffin.
Ernest Douglas as the Moneylender.

Some years ago I wrote a story. It was, of course, a superlatively good story, and one that for sheer human interest, strength of characterisation and masterly technique can rarely, if ever, have been surpassed. Nevertheless, an editor bought it, and, what is more, imbued no doubt with that sense of gracious pity common to all editors, paid me for it. It was really this incident which started me definitely upon a life of crime.

When, therefore, a week or so ago I received from Quality Films an intimation of their desire to render my story immortal in celluloid, it seemed to me that Quality Films were beyond a doubt possessed of a very fine judgment and should go far. When, upon my glad acceptance, they invited me to come and see the deed perpetrated, this impression was confirmed.

It appeared that the ceremony was to occur at Clapham. I had never been to Clapham before, and did not even know whether the natives were hostile to travellers. So, as a precaution against snake-bite, highway robbery, and loss of memory, I prevailed upon no less a personage than the Editor of "Picturegoer" to take my hand in his and lead me to the scene.

We journeyed to Clapham, regardless of expense, upon a 'bus, and, with very little trouble, thanks to an inhabitant who had a smattering of English, discovered the studio where lurked Quality Films. In the studio

we came upon Mr. George Cooper, who is what the evening papers would refer to as "the genial producer." Having overcome his natural reluctance to believe that I was the man who had written such a staggering story, we entered the sacred precincts.

I had never been inside a film studio before, and it looked to me more like a furniture depository than anything else. It transpired that this effect was caused by the recent dismantling of a set which had served

An amusing account of an author's sensations whilst watching his dream children materialise before the eye of the movie camera.

its period of usefulness. At this point I tripped over a cable, which sprawled across the floor like some overgrown snake.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Cooper. "Mind that cable. There's another one just there."

I minded it. Indeed, for the first ten minutes after my arrival I did little else but mind cables. The inhabitants of the studio seemed to move about with the utmost freedom, minding cables by instinct. I, on the other hand, found it necessary to travel in a series of irregular leaps and shuffles until, as it were, I got my studio legs.

"Come and have a look at your

set," invited Mr. Cooper. I accepted gladly, although uncertain in my own mind as to whether this constant talk of "sets" referred to tennis, false teeth, or dominoes. It was soon made clear to me that it referred to none of these things, but to nothing more or less than what I, in my childish innocence, had always thought of as "scenery."

"This," explained Mr. Cooper, "is the moneylender's room."

"A bit draughty, isn't it?" I said. "You know, he's supposed to be an old man, and at his time of life a room with only two walls might very easily lead to pneumonia or something equally fatal."

Mr. Cooper glanced meaningfully at the Editor of "Picturegoer," and raised his eyebrows. The Editor of "Picturegoer" nodded pityingly.

"Don't take any notice of him," he said. "He's never been in a place like this before."

"Ah!" said Mr. Cooper. "That explains it, of course."

I assumed this to be some form of private conversation, so I moved tactfully away and examined the moneylender's apartment. It is true that it had only two walls, but those two walls were of a toughness and durability that is seldom found in a modern flat. I have a lively recollection of the earlier epoch in films when all interiors used to sway gracefully in the wind and everybody appeared quite accustomed to living in a species of home hurricane. There was nothing of this about the moneylender's room. It was the real thing.

[Continued on page 60.]



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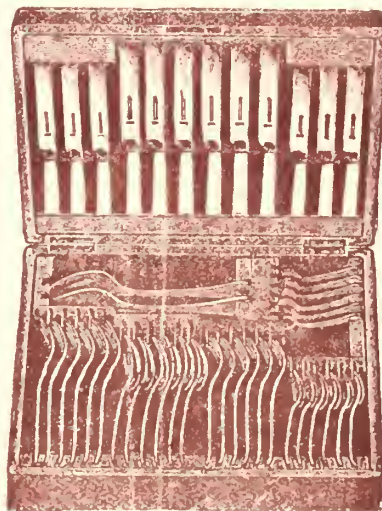


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SHADOWLAND

CRITICAL GOSSIP

ABOUT PLAYS
& PLAYERS IN

CURRENT PICTURES



Crime and criminals form the subject of the larger part of this month's releases. There are fewer British films than usual, and not a great many cowboy stories. Max Linder's long comedy, *Seven Years' Bad Luck*, is first-rate farcical entertainment, and Wally Reid and Bebe Daniels may be seen in a light and amusing trifle, *Sick-a-Bed*, in which Reid plays the invalid to oblige a friend, and falls in love with a pretty nurse. Many well-known plays appear in film form. Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows* introduces two exceptionally clever players in Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel, and is the only American film to date that has caught the true Barrie touch in both acting and sub-titles. The story, also, has remained unchanged. A British version of this play was released not a great many months ago, with Hilda Drevlyan in her original part of "Maggie Shand." This was, however, on a smaller scale than the current release.

Conway Tearle looks exceedingly worried throughout the five reels of *The Road to Ambition*. True, he has plenty to worry about, for he plays a steel-worker who, becoming a millionaire, marries a girl who only loves him for money, and has to fight hard before

he finds happiness. The early scenes show Conway as the man in charge of a huge process machine in a foundry. These settings are excellent, and provide the background for one of the many fights with which the action is besprinkled. Conway Tearle is good as the hero, and Frances Dixon makes a pretty and natural heroine, and the "shots," at the commencement of the film, showing various departments of a big steel works and foundry, provide good atmosphere.

Usually it is certain that a Douglas Fairbanks comedy will have a hero who is quite unusually athletic. Also one expects—and gets an original sense of comedy and inventiveness. In *The Nut*, Fairbanks has a very thin story, not so good as that of many of his other films, but bright and amusing because of the funny stunts and cleverly developed incidents. It is farcical stuff, at best, but "Doug's" automatic dresser alone is worth going to see. The lazy hero who owns it is carried out of bed along a moving platform, every item of his toilet being attended to by automatic means, until he emerges in full sartorial glory. This "Charlie Jackson" is described as an eccentric young fellow, and Fairbanks makes him all that and more. Little Mary Pickford

Rupp, Lottie Pickford's daughter, makes a fleeting appearance in one scene of *The Nut*, and we have Mary Pickford's own word for it that keen-eyed picture lovers will be able to see her also in one or two of the crowd scenes. Marguerite de la Motte is the heroine, and lovely Barbara la Mann has a smaller rôle.

The story of *The Idol of the North* was written especially for Dorothy Dalton, and gives her one of those passionate, dominant rôles which suit her so well. Dorothy's first success was as a dance hall girl in a story of the Klondyke, called *The Flame of the Yukon*, which showed her as a somewhat primitive daughter of the wild North. Her current release is her best feature since that early success, and one cannot help wondering why la Dalton does not specialise in these rôles once more. The tempestuous heroine of *The Teaser*, as *The Idol of the North* was first titled, makes playthings of the rough miners in an Alaskan town. They, in revenge, marry her to an inebriated Easterner. The girl, however, makes the best of her bad bargain and regenerates him. Atmosphere, tense action, and good suspense atone for a story which is not highly original. A good few rough-and-tumble fights and strong



A lucky dog and Miriam Cooper in an osculatory interlude.

crowd scenes make up a thrilling and effective picture.

Admirers of F. K. Lincoln should not miss his June offering, *The Inner Voice*, which gives him a fine rôle, and is an excellent and exciting drama. Lincoln is seen as "Mark Reid," an idealist who inherits a gold claim. Three different stages of this man's life are shown, and the acting chances are great; and the story, dealing with mines and San Francisco dance-halls and underworld, is a red-blooded and fast-moving one. A character known as "The Good Samaritan" appears throughout the story, every time the principal characters are about to commit actions unworthy of them, and by his influence puts matters right. Clearness of outline in the continuity and realism in detail especially in the mining claim fight are notable points in a thoroughly interesting and virile drama. Besides his dogs and his acting activities, F. K. Lincoln is the owner of modern motion picture studios at Grantwood, New Jersey, and Blandford, Mass. He was in Europe last year, but, as he travelled incognito, he was quite unmolested by interviewers and pressmen.

A fascinating, if somewhat slow moving story, good acting, and very beautiful settings and lighting effects, make *The Other Woman* an interesting release. A drama of dual personality offers many opportunities; witness the success of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, which *The Other Woman* resembles but only superficially. The hero is an abnormal character, but

this is not apparent until well on towards the end of the film. An erstwhile tramp, he is rescued by a man who hails him as a former business partner. He becomes successful, is nominated for mayor, and is in the midst of a romance when his memory returns, and he remembers that he already has a wife, to whom he returns. But later he goes South again, picks up the threads of his life there, and his other personality becomes dominant again. There is good suspense for the spectator in trying to puzzle out how the tangle will be unravelled. Jerome Patrick plays the Jekyll and Hyde hero, and Jane Novak and Helen Jerome Eddy the two women into whose lives he comes. The film was adapted from a novel by Norah Harris.

Pearl White appears this month in a story of lumber-camp life, which allows her to display all those gifts for daring stunt work which have made her serials so well liked. She is seen as a mountain girl, known as "the he-woman," because she is called Alexander, and dresses as a boy. Pearl's adventures and feats are numerous and hazardous enough to satisfy even the most exacting serial lover, as she indulges in some log distributing work, also much riding and shooting. The final reels of the picture are devoted to "Alexander's" choice of a husband, and are amusing and clever. The thrills include two realistic fires, also vivid scenes of huge trees being felled, and the bursting of a huge dam. Admirers of Pearl White who like her best in serials will be glad to know that she has returned to the scenes of her

former triumphs, and is now making a thrilling chapter-play for Pathé's. She has recently been seen in a revue in Paris.

Circumstantial evidence, centring around an Egyptian ring, forms the main idea of *The Scarab Ring*, a mystery melodrama, well staged and very well acted. It commences somewhat mildly, but the ending is surprising, for the heroine, after having been cleared of suspicion by a clever lawyer, confesses to him that she really was guilty. Extenuating circumstances, however, enable her to enlist the sympathy of the spectator. Alice Joyce has been seen in few such stories since *Within the Law*, but her acting is always restrained and acceptable. She has less opportunities for emotional work than usual. Two love stories are contained in the film, which is well staged. Alice Joyce seems to have retired permanently; there was some talk of her Vitagraph contract having another year to run, but she is still devoting herself to her husband (James Regan) and her baby daughter. She will be seen in some very good society dramas towards the end of the year.

In *Madonnas and Men*, the same story is told in A.D. 27 and the present century—1920 is the exact year, we are told. It is a dramatic tale, and elaborately spectacular, with its enormous crowd scenes in arenas of ancient Rome and cabarets in modern New York. This alternation of ancient and modern settings gives a novel twist to a society melodrama, and is presented in an unusual manner, for the Roman scenes are used as a background for the society drama of to-day, not, as is more usual, as inserts. But the society story, would be equally effective dramatically without them. The title has little bearing upon the film, which is gruesome in parts, but well acted and most skillfully produced. Especially well staged are the Roman arena scenes and the effective fight at the end of the modern story. Before the spectator has well grasped this, he is switched back to Rome again, and the intensely dramatic scenes there are by way of being anti-climatic. Still, lovers of melodrama and spectacle will find *Madonnas and Men* very satisfying. Anders Randolf, Raye Dean, Faire Binney, and Gustav von Seyffertitz are the principal players.

Another favourite childhood classic, *The Lamplighter* (in its film form), stars Shirley Mason. This appealing screen tomboy makes "Gertie," the much harassed orphan heroine, a natural and life-like figure. Shirley is excellent in all the stages of the heroine's life, and her enforced pathos will bring tears to the eyes of many soft-hearted picturegoers. The plot is an old-fashioned one, but it is full

of heart interest, and all children, and most women, will enjoy it. Shirley Mason's appeal seems most potent amongst picture fans of her own sex. She will be seen in a great variety of rôles this summer; nearly all of them are child and very young girl parts, but of many different nationalities. Shirley is the youngest of the clever Flugrath sisters, and is Mrs. Bernard Durning in private life. Raymond McKee, who plays "Willie" in *The Lamplighter*, fell a victim to sleeping sickness at the end of the production, and slept away three months of his existence. He is none the worse, fortunately, and busy on a film for Goldwyn at present.

Charles Le Bargy, a famous actor, better known in France than here, is the chief attraction of *Out of the Depths*, an Italian film suggested by a Balzac sketch. It tells of a typical old soldier who is supposed to be killed in the wars and whose wife marries another. The Balzac story was set in early nineteenth-century times; the film does not adequately convey any particular period, but it contains some picturesque cavalry snow scenes, and a good character-study of the pathetic figure of the returned soldier by M. Le Bargy. All the acting is good, and the photography excellent; but, though there are dramatic moments, the photoplay cannot be termed a drama. It is, however, logical in construction. Mme. Pergament, U. Zannoli, and some interesting kiddies support Le Bargy.

Feminine film lovers will find *The Inside of the Cup* appeal to them for many reasons. For, though it deals with Capital and Labour in some degree, its main theme is the fact that some people are for ever condemned to live in poverty and sadness, whilst others enjoy happiness and wealth.

A problem the apparent injustice of which attracts every thinking being. The modern Church, too, comes in for a scathing indictment, for the grasping financier who is responsible for most of the tragedy in *The Inside of the Cup* is what is commonly termed a "pillar of the Church." The story is powerful and brilliantly analytic; it also is an excellent study of universal brotherhood. It might be accused of melodramatic tendencies were it not for the excellence of the acting, in the star cast of which William P. Carleton and Marguerite Clayton's are the best known names, and each one is an ideal type. Albert Capellani produced, and some pretensions sets, especially the church scene, are well utilised.

Carmel Myers appears as the heroine of two films this month. As the light hearted little actress who marries a highbrow artist in *In Folly's Trail*, she looks charming, and is vivacious or meek as the scenario demands. The incidents are well put together, though the story is only mildly interesting. Thomas Holding plays the husband, and is adequate in a somewhat thankless rôle, for the artist he portrays is an unjust, unappreciative kind of fellow. Some elaborate masquerade and dinner scenes and some effective tinting add to the interest of the film, which is nicely produced and photographed. In *The Mad Marriage*, her other release, she is again the wife of an artist, who is extremely temperamental. But Carmel Myers is seen to better advantage in this than in the first mentioned feature, for her personality is shown more clearly. The story is set in Greenwich Village (New York's Chelsea), and the film is adapted from Marjorie Benton Cooke's story, "Cinderella Jane." Neither hero nor heroine are particularly sympathetic types. The outstanding feature of the production is a beautifully staged pageant.

Street cleaning would seem to be something out of Tom Moore's usual line. Yet he makes quite a good "roughneck" in *Hold Your Horse*. Though he is not quite burly enough to really convince. Because he had the post of handling "the red bag" when they were using dynamite for some road mending operations. Daniel Canavan, the hero, develops confidence in himself to such a degree that he blossoms forth as a political chief and marries a society lady. The comedy element is well brought out in all this, and original and delightfully amusing sub titles are a distinguishing feature of the film. There is plenty of good incident, too, especially in the early reels of the photoplay. The last reel or so become somewhat ordinary. It is a picturisation of a "Saturday Evening Post" story by Rupert Hughes, and Naomi Childers is once more seen in support of Tom Moore. The two have played in so many society and semi-society features that it is a refreshing novelty to see them in such an entirely different setting.

In *Honest Hutch*, Will Rogers scores again, and heavily. An ingenious though simple and quite obvious story—that is, obvious so far as plot goes—and a handful of perfectly cast types assist him. The whole thing, though, is as realistic as it is amusing. Rogers portrays a looting farmer who has never done a day's honest work in his life, and never means to if he can help himself. There is irony, therefore, all through, from the very title; and yet Will Rogers, whilst convincing the onlooker that he is a worthless fellow, still manages to show him in such a light that one wants to make affectionate excuses for him. The sub titles, too, are redolent of Will Rogers; and the photography is all good, with one particularly novel effect showing an exterior scene with a dimmed view through a window of a woman at work.



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Marietta di Tergolina



Add Wanda Hawley's name to your list of movie golf enthusiasts.

in the house. Mary Aiken is wonderfully natural and convincing as "Hutch's" hard-working wife; her astonishment when her husband-actually commences manual labour is a splendid bit of acting.

Two of Stoll's *Eminent Authors* series are released this month, and both make good screen plays. In *The Four Just Men*, the well-known novel by Edgar Wallace has been skillfully adapted and produced, and the variety of interesting incident and many points of originality make up an interesting entertainment like yet unlike a detective story. The photography is good, and the film is remarkable in that it contains not a single feminine character. Cecil Humphreys, C. Filson Chowne, Teddy Arundell and C. H. Croker King play the "Just Men." The other film is *Faulty*, from the novel by Olive Wadsley, and is a social drama with a somewhat vague and rambling plot. But the technique is good, and Madge Stuart, Sydney Lewis Ranson, and Rowland Myles are natural in their rôles. The exteriors are fine and the photography good. The production will interest lovers of problem stories.

One of the best mystery dramas of the month is *The Devil To Pay*, with its unique plot and abundance of action. It is the story of a leading politician and banker of a small city who sends an innocent man to the gallows for a crime of which he himself is guilty. After the execution, the victim is resuscitated by a physician, and then, like a ghost, he haunts his betrayer, until at last, in desperation, the banker takes his own life. The feature is well produced and photographed, and has

an all-star cast which includes Roy Stewart and Robert McKim in the two principal rôles, Fritzi Brunette, George Fisher, Evelyn Selbie, and Richard Lapan. Joseph J. Dowling, best known for his "Patriarch" in *The Miracle Man*, has the rôle of the man who is hanged and afterwards brought to life. Fritzi Brunette, who plays heroine, has played in most of Jack Warren Kerrigan's later pictures. The photography in this film is exceptionally good, especially in the night scenes, and won a gold medal from the National Cinematographic Society of America.

There are many good points about *Appearances*, the first Famous-Lasky British production directed by Donald Crisp. The plot, which concerns the dire results of living beyond one's means with the mistaken idea of keeping up appearances, is well developed, the cast is good and well selected, and the exteriors carefully chosen. Some of the interior sets, too, are magnificent, and especial care has been taken with the costumes. A well-staged motor accident and some clever double-exposure work are other noticeable features; the photography and lighting are good all the way through. Donald Crisp, who has been associated with motion pictures since early Biograph days, directed his first film for that company. This was *The Idiot*; he has since acted in and directed hosts of features, and is now definitely settled this side.

Dorothy Fane is featured in *Blood Money*, a British-made melodramatic detective feature, which will, however, be only moderately enjoyable to picturegoers, because the story

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Raymond Hatton enjoys a manicure

"between sets."

fails to convince at all its important stages. It has no climax, and no love interest, and also insufficient brisk action to compensate for their absence. Dorothy Fane acts well as the adventuress, and Colette Brettel is a convincing ingénue, the rest of the cast being adequate. Photography is fairly good, and one river scene is beautifully taken.

Edith Roberts, whose last appearance this side was in *Lasca*, has a colourful romance of the South Sea Islands in *The Adorable Savage*, which tells of a pretty schoolgirl who discovers that she is half Fijian, and who decides to revert to type and marry a ruler of the islands. But an American loves her, and after some exciting adventures, and a hand-to-hand fight, wins her. The production is so well done technically that it redeems an oft-visualised story, for the tropical scenes are enchanting, and are very well photographed. Occasional tinted effects give additional value. Edith Roberts, as the dark-haired, dark-skinned "Marama," plays with great charm and spirit, though her dancing is not half as good as her acting. Edith is still very young in years, though she has had extensive experience, for she was in vaudeville when she was only six, and in motion pictures at the mature age of fourteen. She appeared in many Lyons and Moran comedies at Universal Studios, where she later starred.

Another Hawaiian story is to be seen in Doraldini's current release, *Passion Fruit*, which is a tropical story in a tropical setting. Love, hate and conflict in the languorous South

Seas provide a picturesque background for the well-known dancer. She plays an Hawaiian beauty, whose father has been poisoned by a wicked overseer, who hopes to win both his employer's plantation and his daughter for himself. Native ceremonies and dances are shown, although some of those performed by the star herself are neither very Hawaiian nor very convincing. The best work is done by Florence Turner, in the secondary but effective rôle of "Nuana." Stuart Holmes is the villain, and Edward Earle (the O. Henry man) a stalwart hero. The plot is very deep and devious, and the general atmosphere will remind you of *The Bird of Paradise*, ukulele-playing natives and all complete.

According to Hoyle, a city man should be ignorant of all matters appertaining to farms. Therefore, when a wealthy townsman has to take to chicken-farming under the terms of his uncle's will, one expects much fun. But in *Chickens*, which stars Douglas Maclean, the funny moments are few and far between. One there is when the hero has a nightmare in which huge roosters and other species of barn-door folk assume most gigantic proportions and threaten revenge. Douglas Maclean's methods are not broad enough for this style of comedy; he is pleasant enough, but the film is far too long and introduces many bewhiskered stunts and gags. Gladys George, later to be seen in some of Thomas Meighan's pictures, plays the heroine, a girl who owns some prize chickens which "Stanwood" (Douglas Maclean) is suspected of poisoning; and Claire McDowell contributes a good character-study. Only the fan-

niest of MacLean's fans will be satisfied with Douglas this time; the rest will want to write and tell him not to do it again.

The story of *The Big Punch* is very poor indeed, for it lacks realism, depth and sincerity. Charles (erstwhile Buck) Jones appears as a minister almost surrounded by sob-stuff. There is a little action towards the finish, but the feature is altogether too goody-goody. Reform and regeneration, skilfully handled, is the strongest of all themes, but only a very unsophisticated audience can like it in the fashion presented by this film. Everybody and everything is painfully obvious, and Jones himself does not impress as a self-sacrificing sufferer; also he does not look nor dress like a wandering preacher. Jennie Lee, who plays the mother, does the best work so far as acting is concerned. Barbara Bedford makes a pretty heroine. Photography is good, and some rainstorm scenes are skilfully done. The stunts, too, are well carried out, particularly the escape from prison.

Screen-lovers who liked *The Call of the Road* will be sure to like *Corinthian Jack*, which stars the actor athlete, Victor McLaglen. This is another early nineteenth-century romance, in which love, adventure and prize-fighting abound. Everything is done (very prettily done, too) according to the best conventions of the costume novel. Victor McLaglen looks well, and acts very convincingly as the happy-go-lucky son of a country squire, and his fighting powers are well put to the test when he tackles a gigantic negro and defeats him. Dorothy Fane and Kathleen Vaughan appear in the leading feminine rôles.

Two good British releases of the month are *The Penniless Millionaire*, which is a murder melodrama starring Stewart Rome, and *Shirley*, an Ideal film version of Charlotte Brontë's famous novel. The first has many scenes taken in the heart of London, when, naturally, large crowds assembled, eager for a glimpse of Stewart Rome, and had to be somewhat unceremoniously banished beyond the eye of the camera. *Shirley* has made a good film, with the acting of Clive Brook as its outstanding feature. The atmosphere of the period, too, is successfully reproduced, and the dramatic values of the story of industrial squabbles and sentimental self-sacrifice have been used in a fashion that extracts every ounce of value from them. Many views are shown of the Yorkshire and Lancashire moors, and Oakwell Hall, the original "Fieldhead" of the novel, figures prominently in the film. Haworth Moors, too, may be seen, and the garden scenes were taken at High Hall, Sleeton. *Continued on page 57.*

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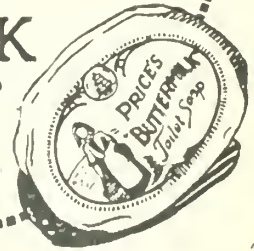
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Pic'er
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Douglas Fairbanks in a scene from his current release, "The Nut."

The players in *Shirley* spent a fortnight on location, greatly to the edification of the neighbourhood. They visited various localities before they finally decided upon Wycollar Dene (which spot is familiar to all readers of Hallwell Sutcliffe) for the attack on the mill scenes. Here, accordingly, were staged stirring encounters wherein men in charge of machinery wagons were attacked and left, bound and gagged, by the roadside. The destruction of the machinery then took place, followed in interested awe by large crowds of onlookers. During the rehearsal of one of these scenes, the horses drawing one of the two wagons took fright and bolted. Right across the moors they galloped madly, sending a couple of actors struggling near-by into a ditch, and heading straight for a dangerous ravine. The driver was flung out, and fell just clear of his steeds; they pulled up in time to save themselves from pitching down the ravine. The onlookers, who thought it all according to plan, cheered, but the principal actors did not appreciate such applause.

This month is rich in open-air stories, one of the very best of these being *The Girl from Outside*, a Rex Beach adaptation. The girl, played by Clara Horton, arrives alone and unprotected in Alaska, in a town whose inhabitants are only half-civilised and in the throes of the great gold rush. A band of crooks befriend her, and one of them, "The Curly Kid" (Cullen Landis), falls in love with her, and later gives up his life to secure her happiness. The photograph as a whole is an excellent example of screen art, for it has pathos and tragedy, relieved by comedy which never becomes foolish, and splendid characterisation. The sub-titles are effective and witty at times, and the

restraint exercised by the producer is noticeable, especially in the tragic scenes. Clara Horton, usually seen in light comedies or comedy-dramas, is serious the whole time in this film, and makes her rôle convincingly charming. Cullen Landis is excellent, too, as the crook "whose hair was the straightest thing about him." Landis is one of the best-liked amongst the new stars.

Tom Mix and a motor are just as good pals as Tom Mix and a horse, as picturegoers who see *The Road Demon* will agree. This contains two thrilling motor races; in one of these the hero drives his car cross-country instead of along the main road, thus gaining twelve miles, and, later on, a wife. The introduction of slapstick, skilful though it is, may displease captious fans as being somewhat primitive, but it is quite ingenious of its kind. Photography is good, the acting quite natural, and Tom Mix's admirers will be pleased with their idol this time. Tom Mix and Victoria Ford are now the proud parents of a small daughter, Miss Thomasina Mix, who will one day doubtless be seen in her father's films.

Ruth Roland's serials are always well up to standard, and *The Avenging Arrow*, now due for release, is well staged, well seasoned with thrills, and played by Ruth herself with all her usual dash and fire. Serials are more or less of the same pattern, but so long as there is plenty of adventure and incident, serial fans will not mind improbabilities, nor care greatly if there is no message or moral attached. *The Avenging Arrow* is founded on a story called "The Honeymoon Quest," by Arthur Preston Hankins. Sensation lovers will delight in this serial.

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RUTH ROLAND
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AN INNOCENT IN MOVIELAND.

(Continued from Page 48.)

"Mr. Browne," came the voice of Mr. Cooper, "come and meet Mr. Douglas, moneylender and miser."

At first this seemed to me a somewhat ungraceful method of referring to one who doubtless did his best for himself according to his lights; then it filtered through to my understanding that Mr. Cooper's breezy résumé of Mr. Douglas's activities referred only to my story and not to Mr. Douglas's private life and habits. I hastened to meet Mr. Douglas, and contrived to shake him by the hand. I was anxious to do this, because it is not every man who can say that he has shaken hands with one of his own characters.

"Mr. Douglas," said Mr. Cooper brightly, "you are to be murdered very shortly."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Douglas, unmoved. "That's the second time this week. I've died quite a lot lately. Last month it was heart disease. I had to die five times before we got it right."

I looked at him with increased respect. A man who can die five times with heart disease and look forward with equanimity to his own murder seemed to possess certain attributes which are allowed, as a rule, only to the common or garden cat. I endeavoured to shake his *moyale*.

"You'll be murdered with a paper-weight," I said ghoulishly.

"That's good," said Mr. Douglas. "I'm glad it's not knives. It's easy enough to wash your face, but it's the devil when it gets on your clothes. That's why I like heart disease."

I gave him up. A man who likes heart disease because it doesn't make a mess of your clothes is no ordinary being.

"And here," said Mr. Cooper, "is Mr. Folker, the murderer."

I greeted Mr. Folker with reserve. It is a little embarrassing to meet a man who in a few minutes is due to commit a murder. I felt rather guilty about it, because Mr. Folker did not look the sort of man who would commit a murder unless I had forced him to it. I felt very near tears as I watched the murderer chatting affably with his victim. What, I wondered, was he saying? Some few words of regret, perhaps, that such a thing must be? An assurance that the murder would be as gentle as possible? I strained an ear.

"It's a good thing you've got a bald head," Mr. Folker was saying. "It always shows up so much better."

Callous! Callous!

"Want to see the rat?" said Mr. Cooper.

I did want to see the rat. I should, perhaps, explain first, however, that a rat plays a very prominent part in my story. In fact, the chief part. No rat, no story. I remember that I thought it a very neat idea when I wrote it."

"Is it a real rat?" I asked.

"Of course it's a real rat," said Mr. Cooper. "We've got two, in fact, in case one of them catches cold or dies."

I hoped neither of them would die. I had quite enough on my conscience already, what with the murder of Mr. Douglas and the inevitable hanging of Mr. Folker, without being responsible for the death of a rat.

They were very nice rats. White all over, except their eyes, which for some reason which I have never understood were bright pink. A charming couple. Mr. Cooper lifted one of them by the scruff of the neck and deposited it upon the moneylender's desk.

"Now, Mr. Douglas," he said, "we'll just run through the first few scenes. Remember, you're a soulless, heartless old man—mean, hard, living only for money. Very fond of your white rat, but fond of nothing else but money. Your favourite hobby is selling people's homes over their heads."

Mr. Douglas received this synopsis of his character without flinching, and took a seat at his desk. He then staggered me by altering his face. Up to then it had been quite a nice face, a face that I should have liked to have myself. He now, with no visible effort, altered it into the kind of face I wouldn't touch with a six-foot pole. A miser's face; a hard, grasping, mercenary face; the face of a man whose favourite hobby is selling people's homes over their heads. It was marvellous, and stirred me to applause.

"Bravo!" I said, clapping.

"Quiet, please," said Mr. Cooper.

I was quiet.

For the following half-hour I remained quiet, watching my story grow to life before my eyes. It was an uncanny sensation, because it grew just as I imagined it should. One reads a great deal about authors who gibber and froth at the mouth because of the manner in which their works suffer at the hands of film producers, but nothing like that happened to me. I did not froth once; I uttered no single gibber. It seemed to me that this was just right. Possibly this was because I am not a real author, but only one who makes unpleasant marks with a pen upon unoffending pieces of paper, and am therefore less prone to gibber.

But I don't believe that even Bernard Shaw could have gibbered here.

Suddenly there appeared at my side the murderer. He gave me what is colloquially known as "quite a turn," because his face was now a peculiar yellowish colour. Was this, I wondered, remorse? Was conscience already getting down to the job? It transpired, however, that such was not the case. The bilious tinge was

due, not to remonstrance from the soul, but to make-up.

"We can't take anything yet," said the murderer, "because we're photographing breath. The place will warm up soon."

This, of course, was pure, unadulterated Greek to me. As far as I was aware, no one had asked him to take anything. Perhaps I ought to have done so, but I had already had a quick one before entering the studio, to keep my courage up. And then, what was this about photographing breath? It sounded like an attempt to out-Conan Doyle's spirit fairy photographs. But there were no fairies in my story when last I heard of it. I pressed for explanations.

The murderer was very gentle with me.

"In the mornings," he said, "this place is cold at first, and so people's breath shows up. It would show up ten times worse on the film, so we have to wait till it gets warm. Come with me, and I'll show you."

He led me upstairs into a room hung entirely with strips of film, took a small piece of film from a box and showed me. I saw a girl's head with what appeared to be a couple of horns emerging from her nose.

"Breath," said the murderer. He led me away again.

Downstairs I looked at my watch and found that Time, as is its custom, had been occupied in flying. It was time for me to go. I approached Mr. Cooper, who was experimenting with the face of Mr. Douglas, and expressed my regret at having to tear myself away. Mr. Cooper was very nice about it, but I do not doubt that inwardly he sighed with relief. "Now," very likely he said to himself, "we can really do some work."

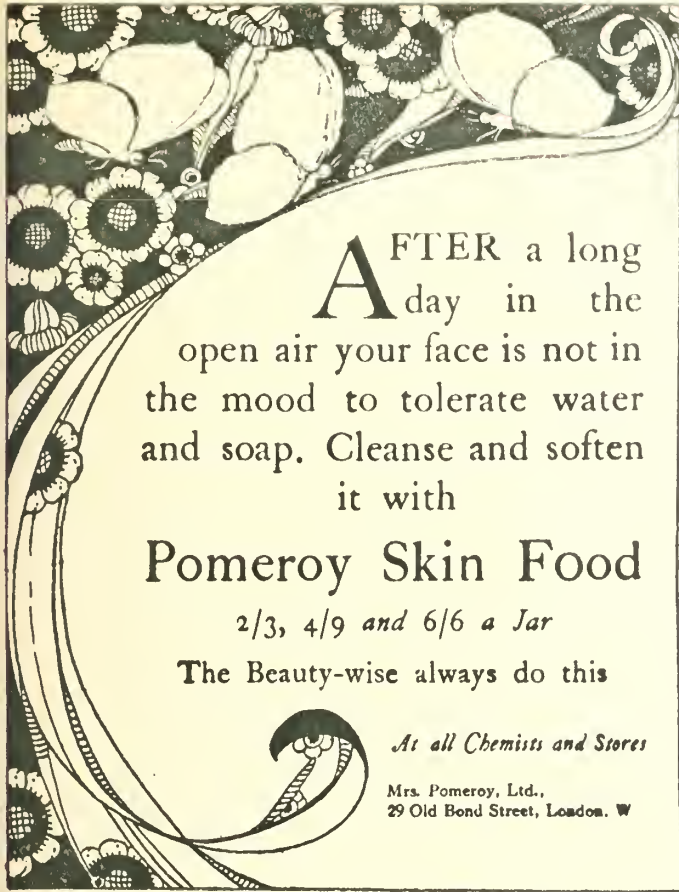
To me, however, he said—

"Must you go? Come down again, won't you, and give us your advice?"

So perhaps I wronged him after all. No man who really knows me for what I am ever asks for my advice.

I shook hands with Mr. Douglas, promising to send flowers, and with Mr. Folker, promising to turn up at the Old Bailey. The Editor of "Picturegoer," who all this time had been sitting quietly in a corner, wearing the expression of a man who has seen all this sort of thing before, remembered that he had to edit a paper, and rose also. And so we took our leave.

As we emerged into the clear, bright air of uncharted Clapham, I felt as if I had just returned from some other planet. I felt so burdened with guilty knowledge that it was with the utmost difficulty that the Editor of "Picturegoer" restrained me from informing the bus-conductor that I had but a moment ago been chatting with a potential murderer and his intended victim. Even if I had done so, I doubt if the bus-conductor would have believed me.




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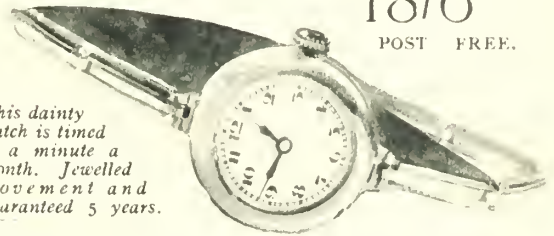


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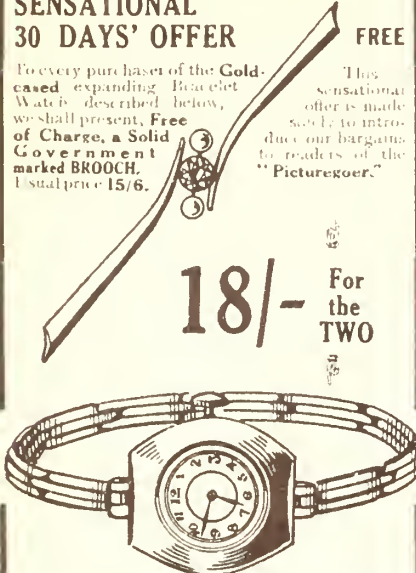
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HONEST HUTCH.

Continued from Page 61.

"Never see me smivellin' now, what?" smiled Mary.

And Ort had to agree that he didn't.

And come to think of it, things were different. Hutch was more than prosperous—he was very nearly happy. Very nearly. If it hadn't been for the confounded work.

Next morning came a surprise. Ort was visiting the bank when a strange sheriff's officer came into the saloon with news for them all.

"Them robberies in Orktown durin' the spring," he said. "We been on the track of the robber all these months, an' now we've tracked him somewhere down by here.

Ort fought the sudden faintness, and caught a grip of himself.

"Mebbe he's spent all the money by now," he said innocently.

"Naw!" said the officer. "Cause there's not a bank in the whole States ain't got the numbers o' them notes."

He slapped Ort's shoulder in a playful manner that made him wince.

"P'raps if some innocent feller found 'em," suggested Hutch, "not knowin' anything about the robbery—"

"Cessory after the fact. We'd get 'im."

Ort turned away with a heavy heart, and strolled dully in the direction of the gipsy's hut.

So this was what it had come to! He had reckoned on settling in Willow Bend and showing the know-alls a thing or two. Where he'd always lived he'd planned to keep on living, and, when his time came, to die.

And now this!

Well. . . . He squared his shoulders. There was nothing else for it. He could not turn back now, with all those wasted, work-filled months to mock his remaining years. On he must go. Mexico! Rummy country. He might not like it. No other way, though. He'd just got to like it.

He came to the hut and saw the foreigner.

"I've bought this land, and I want to buy your permeesh."

"Ah?"

"Goin' to build a little place of my own. Say what you'll take to hop it."

The foreigner thought it over.

"Two hundred dollars. I have the permeesh."

In the afternoon another shaft pierced Ort to the heart. A deputa-tion of Willow Benders came up from the town to invite him to stand for the Legislature.

Ort felt all creepy under his skin. With difficulty he made reply.

"Mighty honoured, boys. Mighty honoured. Fact o' the matter is, I put in so much work this fall, I feelin' the strain of it some, now. I been plannin' a little holiday for the family an' myself, an' p'raps we might be away election time. . . ."

"Nothin' about that, Ort, nothin'

at all. We'll get you elected all right without you bem' here. An' then when you gets back you'll be our full-blown member without any trouble to yerself at all. Leave it to us, Ort."

When they were gone, Ort was more miserable than ever. To be their member, and to have to have to . . .

But there wasn't anything else for it. It just had to be.

So he reached for his hat and went down to the river bank and wondered how the climate in Mexico would suit him. The hut was dismantled and the gipsy gone. A few floor planks lay about. He kicked them aside and stooped over the dead stump of his money bush.

"Nothin' else for it," he sighed.

He looked around and found himself unwatched. Then he scooped out the soil with his hands and took up the canvas sack and the cash-box. Casting the sack aside, he opened the cash-box and . . .

And took out the note . . .

And—read it . . .

"Dear Bo.—I seen you dig it up and bury it. Thanks for keepin' it safe. Better luck next time. Yours, The Bank Robber."

Ort staggered to his feet, the earth swimming round before him. When next he knew anything, a doctor's voice was in his ear, and his weeping wife was by his side.

"Well, yes, I must say," the doctor was saying, "he does look like he's dying. But I can't find anything the matter with him. Give him this medicine and I'll call in to-morrow."

And after another darkness, a command that he should take his medicine was mixed up with the voice of Hiram Joy.

"You were a smart man, Ort, and I'm sorry to see you down like this. A smart man."

"Eh?" said Ort.

"Gettin' that land of old Gunnison's on the river bank for an old song. You were always cute. Cuter than I thought, though."

"Oh, that," said Ort, turning away. "I thought there was money in that."

"Ha! Ha! And there's only oil, eh? Very cute!"

Ort sat up.

"Oil?"

"Oh, yes. Kid you never knew. Why, man, you're worth—I don't know; the experts haven't finished yet—but thousands and thousands and —"

Ort sprang to his feet.

"Ort!" cried his wife. "Your medicine."

"Medicine nothin'!" yelled Ort. "What I want's that holiday. Pack up the kids, old girl. Not Mexico it ain't, neither. Europe! All out of honesty an' hard work, this! Nothin' like honesty and hard work, Mary. What did I always say?"

"I can't remember," smiled Mary.

Not wishing to hurt his feelings.

CROOKS, COMEDIES AND CHOPIN.

(Continued from Page 62.)

you prefer). Lights were focussed, Walter pulled up his D'Artagnan boot-tops, the producer rehearsed, and then the silence of the studio was broken by a thunderstorm - earthquake-hurricane rolled into one. The buccaneer gentleman roared like a mad bull when he caught one of the crooks (who proved to be his accomplice) on the head with a valuable jar instead of Walter, whilst he (Walter) smiled serenely over the top of one of the doors, outed the buccaneer with a lampshade, and made his escape.

They (the buccaneer, with cloak a-flying, and the three crooks) chased Walter for fully fifty feet of film, then Walter rescued the heroine in her harem dress - and the scene was finished. It had been a breathless ten minutes. Lights were switched off, the producer sorted out the artistes he required for the next scene, and the scene-shifters got to work.

Meanwhile the crooks, Walter and the buccaneer (I moved carefully out of his way as he approached) took breath and repaired their damaged make-up.

After a few moments' hammering, there suddenly stole across the studio from an adjoining set, strains of sweet music a piano being played - not only well, but with feeling. I left the set to look after itself, and made my way to the piano. Imagine my surprise when I discovered a very beautiful Spanish lady (in a ravishing mantilla, and with eyelashes that surely came out of a make-up box), perched atop the piano, meanwhile she hummed the tune played by the pianiste - Pauline Peters can sing! But life always has a further surprise in store, and I had two handed to me in quick succession. Scarcely had I recovered from the fact that Pollie was playing comedy, than I discovered that the talented pianiste was one of the crooks! Then I realised I had seen him in the wrong light - I saw through his make-up, and he almost sprouted wings whilst I watched.

But back to Pollie.

"What are you doing here?" I queried, knowing that she has recently played several highly dramatic parts.

"Singing," came the quick reply, whilst the scene is being made ready for me to smash more plates - between us we smashed five hundred and eighty nine to-day."

"But you in comedy?" I gasped.

"Well it was like this," she explained. "Walter and I were at a dinner party last week, and he heard me say I could not be funny no matter how hard I tried."

"I bet you'd be funny if you played in one of my films," he challenged. "That reminds me. I've got a fine comedy vamp in my next - Walter's *Trying Frolics*."

"But I don't vamp," I replied.

"I bet you ten pounds you could vamp, and you could be funny if you tried." So the deal was closed.

"So here I am, and here's what I bought with some of the ten pounds which Walter paid up after he had seen the first shots in the film," and she showed me a little silver stiletto which she has now adopted as a mascot.

"But whatever you do," added Pollie, "don't tell anyone I'm being funny, else they'll think I can't be anything else!"

"Pollie!" shouted Walter from the set we had just left, "we're ready."

I watched Pollie walk arm-in-arm with Walter on to the set, and then five minutes later she was threatening his life, and they looked at each other (they were man and wife in the film) as if they had discovered the finest and biggest hate with a capital "H" in the world. I'm glad I know Pollie or I might not have liked her ever again. She treats her film husbands abominably. She was still ill treating him - backed up by those villainous-looking crooks - when I left. Outside the studio all was dark, and a cold wind was blowing. There was not a taxi in sight, and I made sure I saw a knife flash from between some bushes, so I took to my heels and ran - all up a long hill that leads to the 'bus terminus, from the studio. Breathless, I stumbled into a 'bus - and the conductor, who evidently thought I had run to catch the vehicle, shouted at me: "Orl right no 'urry; she don't go for five minutes." Then confidentially -

"Aven't yer ever 'eard that old motto - 'Never run after a 'bus or a man - there'll be another along in a minute'?" I was too breathless to answer

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THE DRESSER.

(Continued from Page 56.)

resort. The producer had taken his company to this resort to photograph some scenes in, on, and round about the sea. Miss Star, as the heroine, had to adopt (in some of the scenes) a disguise which consisted of a black curly wig and dark-hued skin. All the people who were staying at the hotel got used to the sight of Miss Star as the olive-skinned, dark-haired beauty who daily went down to the shore and gazed sadly out over the waves (*vide* scenario). But one particular morning, as we descended the main staircase at the hotel and reached the entrance hall, a strange, foreign-looking old gentleman jumped up from one of the lounges and came forward with outstretched hands and a glad smile on his wrinkled old face.

"I cannot rightly interpret the jumbled ejaculations he gave as he impulsively grasped Miss Star's hands, but we all gathered that he was loudly and excitedly thanking 'ze good God—for it ees my daughtaare . . . !'"

"It took the combined eloquentary efforts of the producer, the leading man, Miss Star, and the hotel manager to convince the poor old man that he had made an error. And I do not think he would have believed then had not Miss Star removed the black wig and revealed a head of glorious golden curls tightly screwed up under it. The old gentleman was then eloquent in his apologies, but would not let any of us depart until he had produced a photograph from his pocket-book and showed it all round. It was a portrait of a beautiful girl who really did, in every feature and physical characteristic, so resemble Miss Star in her disguise, that we all realised how easily the old man had made the mistake. It was several hours before I could dispel the mental vision of that wrinkled old face, saddened and drawn, as its owner had realised that his dream of finding a lost 'daughtaare' had not really come true.

"Of all the qualifications that one must possess to become a professional 'dresser,' that of being a good needlewoman is paramount. In my years of service with Miss Star, I have been called on, often at ridiculously short notice, to make up a particular kind

of 'character' frock, and in this respect I can prove my adaptability by relating another true incident.

"When we go on location we generally travel by road, because a producer, bound for a certain corner of England, may en route come upon a beautiful and tempting location which he did not previously know existed, and so he is able to make a halt and photograph scenes.

"On one occasion, when Miss Star was playing the leading rôle in a costume play, the principals (including the 'dresser') travelled by road, but the costumes were sent on by rail, because of their bulky nature. And it happened that we found on arrival at our destination that these costumes had not arrived, and although we wasted a whole twenty-four hours of valuable time (and several of sunshine), they still failed to appear. Frantic appeals to the railway officials brought forth no result. We were compelled to believe in the possibility of the tragedy suggested by a gloomy station-master. They had probably gone astray, and might not arrive for a week!

"After a hurried consultation, the producer decided that it was only absolutely essential to photograph one particular scene on this location—and Miss Star was the only artist who appeared in it. But she had no costume! It was here that my genius stepped in and saved the situation!

"Fortunately, we had carried a packet of 'still' pictures with us, taken while other scenes in this particular film had been photographed, and with the aid of one of these, in which Miss Star figured, I managed to concoct, out of silks and satins purchased at the local draper's, a replica of the costume she *should* have worn, and no one (save those who were concerned in the incident) ever knew that this frock was a 'fraud.'

"I well remember this incident because a very fine gold pendant which I possess testifies to the appreciation and gratitude of Miss Star, who presented it to me immediately we returned to town.

"It's hard work and long, this serving of the film star, but it is all worth while, for I have no time to get bored, and every opportunity to see the world and its ways.

GET OUT OF DOORS.

(Continued from Page 55.)

about in a most alarming fashion. The inevitable eventually happened when one lady, whilst climbing over a stile, slipped and blazed off her gun a few inches from the fair head of a particularly pretty little film artiste who had been persuaded to join the party.

We all ran up in alarm, anticipating that something dreadful had happened.

The film artiste with the fair curls was gazing pathetically towards us, with her pretty complexion blackened with smoke and powder until she presented an almost negro-like appearance.

"Does my nose want powdering?" she said in a beseeching voice, and then, because we were all so relieved that she was not really hurt, and also because our fair companion looked so droll standing there asking if her nose required the attentions of the powder-puff when her whole face was approaching the shade of ebony, everyone roared with laughter.

But it was the last occasion on which I went shooting with amateur sportswomen.

To get high into the hills and camp under the fascinating light of the moon, to fill one's lungs with the clear, invigorating air of the mountains untainted by civilisation, is one of my happiest experiences. Boating, fishing, and hunting can all be enjoyed amidst glorious settings of Nature such as these.

When I retire for good from the hissing arc lamps and the clicking cameras of the studios, I think I shall form a propagation society for the encouragement of modern Dianas. But one thing I shall suggest is that the twentieth-century sportswoman displays a more practical choice in her habiliments than the Diana of legend. How this unfortunate lady, with her scanty clothes, escaped the thorns and briars during her rambles in the Arcadian mountains has always been a source of wonder to me.

Get out of doors. That is my recipe for beauty. If you shrink from donning the primitive tweeds and heavy boots that the countryside demands, solace your vanity with the thought that the fresh air will bring you sparkling eyes, the tint of health in your cheeks, and a graceful figure. Believe me, Diana knew a thing or two when she fostered her charms in the domain of Nature. For thus she obtained her beauty that changed the course of historical legend.

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NOW that the warm weather is upon us, I suppose picturegoers must

When the Weather's Warm.

be prepared to witness second-class programmes at nine cinemas out of ten," writes E. D. (Chelmsford). "Why is it that there is such a falling off of good films during the summer months? I know that picture-theatre attendances are smaller during the warm weather, but surely it would pay kinema proprietors to try to lure the public into their halls by giving them the best of fare! Can you wonder that people prefer cricket, tennis, boating and open-air pastimes to poor pictures?"

THE Beauty Number of the "PICTUREGOER" has brought me more

About correspondence than any previous issue, and the majority of the letters bestow lavish praise on our May number. One or two readers of the male sex complain that the ladies had too big a show in the Beauty Number, but this was, of course, unavoidable. Male movie stars are well represented in the current issue, and they will not be neglected in next month's "PICTUREGOER," which will be a special summer out-of-doors number. Better order your copy in advance.

I OBSERVE from the May issue of 'PICTUREGOER,' that fans are invited to write and state whom they consider to be the most handsome movie star, the most beautiful feminine star. Excuse me when I say that I am surprised that a high-class magazine like 'PICTUREGOER' (and it is a high-class magazine) should run a 'contest' of this nature. Those who take a real interest in the motion picture, who have watched it progress since the beginning, and who recognise the



Harold Lloyd & Mildred Davis

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
Your Views & Ours.

movies as an art—and a great art at that—are scarcely likely to be concerned as to which star possesses the most handsome face or the most beautiful profile. Such a contest will only interest those fans who go to the pictures to see their favourite star. As long as their favourite is in the picture they want to see they don't care an atom what the picture is like. They possess no artistic senses, they cannot appreciate a well-constructed continuity, a clever lighting effect, or any of the many other things that go to make a first-class film. *It is not beautiful features that count, but the ability to act!* My vote is as follows: Most beautiful actress, Gale Henry. Handsomest actor, Ben Turpin! —R. E. B. (Palmer's Green).

"CAN you tell me the best way for anyone to get on the films in England, as there really seems a shortage of English artistes, and yet it is so hard to get to the Screenstruck. know which is the best way to start?"

—Radiance (Manchester).

[The above letter calls for a note

of warning, which I hasten to sound. There is more unemployment amongst kinema players at the present time than at any period in the history of movie-making. Production in this country is at a very low ebb, and even artistes of established reputation find it extremely difficult to obtain remunerative employment. Leave the screen alone if you want to make a living.]

"I WAS horrified to find no mention of Pauline Frederick in this

We Forgot Pauline!

month's 'PICTUREGOER. If she isn't beautiful, I should like to know who is. I think that 'Polly' is far and away the most beautiful star on the screen." —Pauline's Adorer (Cheltenham). "In naming beautiful

film actresses, I am sorry you left out Pauline Frederick's name. Here is a good suggestion: Why not publish a special Pauline Frederick number of the 'PICTUREGOER,' and earn the eternal gratitude of the large number of Frederick Fans?" —Pauline's Adorer (Gloucester.)

VOTES on behalf of the handsomest actor and most beautiful actress are pouring into these offices, but it is early yet to forecast what the result of the competition will be. At

Venus and Adonis.

present Betty Blythe, Mary Pickford, Katherine MacDonald, Thomas Meighan, Jack Kerrigan, Wallace Reid and Ivor Novello are well in the running. What do you think? Address "The Thinker," c.o. "PICTUREGOER," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.



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A JULY DIARY

VOL. 4. No. 19. JULY 1922.

Editorial Offices:
93, Long Acre, London.

Registered for Transmission
by Canadian Magazine post.



JULY BIRTHDAYS.

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ON Thursday, July 6, 1911, an Englishman joined the cast of that successful musical comedy "The Pink Lady," then playing at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York. He was cast for the rôle of "Maurice d'Uzac," and his musical voice pleased the critics.

To-day his musical voice doesn't worry him much. As Crauford Kent he is known to patrons of the silent drama wherever photo-plays are shown.

Two Americans, destined to win world-wide success as movie producers, have reason to remember July 8. On that date in 1908, a struggling scénario-writer, who had persuaded the Biograph Company to give him a chance to produce, completed a picture entitled "The Adventures of Dolly"—the first D. W. Griffith film ever made. And on July 8, 1916, a promising youngster named Marshall Neilan left Chicago for California to direct Tom Mix in a series of Western stories.

A popular turn at the Palace Theatre, London, on July 9, 1900, was a comic monologist named Fred Niblo. Nowadays Fred is too busily engaged directing Douglas Fairbanks, and keeping house with his beautiful wife Enid Bennett, to deliver monologues at music-halls.

On July 13, 1907, a beautiful graduate from the musical comedy stage made her London début as a dramatic star. The play in which she appeared was entitled "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," and the playbills informed the public that Charles Hawtrey would be supported by Billie Burke in this production.

Some people hold that Friday is an unlucky day, but Tom Mix doesn't agree. On Friday, July 16, seven years ago, Tom was hard at work making Western pictures for the Selig Company, and on that date a new leading lady was engaged for his productions. The name of the new Selig player was Victoria Forde, and Tom thought so highly of her as a leading lady that it was not long before he asked her to play that rôle for life.

On July 28, 1911, the cast of "The Virginians," playing at the Harmanus Hall, New York, contained two movie-stars-to-be. An unassuming young man named Bert Lytell carried off chief acting honours, and he was ably supported by a clever player who figured as Mahlon Hamilton on the bill. Both actors have fully justified the promise of their early career.

Ten years ago—on July 29, 1912, to be precise—a very beautiful young lady made her début in a musical piece at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York. Her name was Kathleen MacDonald.

Tony Moreno's
passions are too
honest to be hid-
den in sidelong
glances.



Below:
Eugene O'Brien
is a recognised
captivator of
feminine
hearts.



Heroes I Have Known

By HAZEL SHELLEY

This interesting article provides you with pen-pictures of five of filmdom's most popular leading men. It is an unusually frank answer to the oft-repeated question, "What are they like off the screen?"

This is a story of personal impressions. In it I have set down with utter candour my own individual reactions to some of the great screen heroes.

They are not the same impressions I would have had from seeing these heroes only on the screen. They are different from the impressions that any male writer might have had—for what can a mere man know of the exhilarating effect of close-cropped wavy hair, for example, on the feminine heart? And lastly, they are perhaps entirely different from the impressions that these same heroes would make on you. My only claim for them is that they are frank and sincere.

I was sixteen years of age when I met my first screen hero—Eugene O'Brien. It is hard to explain the exquisite thrill, closely allied to terror, that made my knees imitate a couple of castanets when we were introduced. Any school-girl will recognise the symptoms—a sort of "can this really be I?" feeling. At that time he was playing opposite Edna Mayo in *The Chaperon*, for the old Essanay Company, and even now, looking back upon the meeting, though fortified with all the calmness of my present-day sophistication, I must admit that Eugene was very good to look at. His hair, with its bronze tints that caught the sunshine, waved rather crisply close to his well-shaped head; his eyes were cerulean blue, with rather a dreamy expression, his profile was as perfect as that of a classic Greek. And—he had a way with him! Innately a gentleman, his manner seemed to draw you into his exclusive circle, as much as to say, "My dear, you and I are different from this ordinary rabble. You will understand me."

Of course, this manner is inordinately flattering to women, and they picture Eugene O'Brien as their perfect Lancelot ready to do and dare for them as he does in pictures. Yet Eugene was the first to shake my illusions about heroes.

Two years later I met him for the purposes of an interview. He had become the idol of New York, but I must give him credit, he was even more courteously charming than before. He gave me his picture and autographed it, and treated me to ripe red cherries from a black-lacquer bowl. In a glow of enthusiasm I wrote what I considered a eulogy of the hero's home and characteristics. Alas! I mentioned something about a delft-blue davenport, and described his English accent. Offended is a mild term to apply to the O'Brien state of mind when he read those descriptions. Somehow, to me, he lost a little of his heroic aspect when I learned of his anger.

However, Wallace Reid came to the rescue of my lost illusions concerning heroes—not knowingly, of course, because Wallie would be the last person in the world to acknowledge himself a hero. Yet he is the champion of every woman everywhere. His heart is almost too big and too generous for his own good. Although he reached a man's estate some time ago, he seems more like a happy-go-lucky boy, and every girl or woman who knows him wants to mother him. I don't believe he has ever wilfully hurt anyone. His valet adores him, and what is it they say—no man can ever be a hero to his valet? Well, Wallie is. I feel that the screen recently has not done him justice.

Only in *Peter Ibbetson* did I glimpse the actual possibilities of the man properly given a chance. I believe that down underneath, the ideals of *Peter Ibbetson* are the ideals of Wallie Reid. Those who know him superficially will laugh at this statement. Yet I repeat, at heart Wallie Reid is a hopeless idealist, and I, for one, feel that he is searching—perhaps darkly at times—for some grail, and that if he ever finds it we will see the real John Barrymore of the screen, providing his managers have the judgment to make use of his genius rather than his good looks.

I am sorry to have to say it, but I cannot enthuse over the latest screen hero, Rudolph Valentino, whom they say—and I have no doubt that it is true—is the most popular of all screen heroes at present. I watched him when he was making scenes for *The Sheik*. It seemed to me that his self-satisfaction burst from him like quills from a porcupine. I looked in vain for the slightest hint of idealism in his eyes. No woman would try to mother him, I assure you. He is too self-assured, too hard, too egotistical. Yet the women are mad about him. Do they want a master? Well, I can well imagine Valentino mastering them. I asked Lila Lee why all the girls were so crazy about Rudy.

"Have you ever seen him dance?" she queried. "He dances divinely." Yet I imagine Valentino's fascination is much greater than his mere ability to dance well. Perhaps it is his Latin fire, but if fire could be cold, I should say Rudy's was—calculatingly so. It may be that I have not the right to judge Valentino—for I declined the opportunity of meeting him. His manner seemed to me too much that of a grand mogul, and I do not enjoy salaaming.

I am prejudiced also concerning another screen hero—but for rather than against; for while Tony Moreno is also blessed with the fiery Latin temperament, he is of a far warmer and more sincere calibre. I admire his tremendous enthusiasms, his honest hates, his loyal loves. I can imagine him a Charlemagne fighting for a great cause, but I cannot visualise him as a wily modern diplomat earning honours by a legion of lies or oily compliments. His passions are too honest to be hidden in sidelong glances. His eyes are round and startlingly, brilliantly brown—instead of being narrow and veiled. When I first met Tony he was hiding his handsome features behind Pearl White's for the camera. "The ladies *must* have the close-ups—God bless 'em!" he said.

The last time I saw Moreno he was a Vitagraph star. "This story features everybody except me," he confided with a rueful laugh. And he spoke the truth. He is diligent, capable of great things, and he never indulges in any follies which might retard his career.

In private life Moreno is even more heroic than on the screen. I know many people he has helped along the rocky road of their hard times. He never forgets a friend—*never!* That's saying something for a screen hero, but, most memorable of all, he can order a dinner that would make Lucullus turn over in his grave with jealousy.

Bert Lytell—now *there's* an American hero for you! Talk about being a hero to his valet: Bert's a hero to his scene shifters, studio carpenters, his director, his leading lady, even his press agent. Why? Because he is so *genuine*. His primary desire, like that of every worthwhile actor, is to be successful in all his pictures, but instead of climbing by stepping on his fellow-workmen, he climbs by helping them along, too.

Lytell is a hero whom we can all understand. There is a thrill to his handshake, a gleam to his eyes that makes every girl who knows him wish she were his leading lady. The first time I met Lytell he was beating a man at tennis, the next time he was helping solve studio difficulties for Bayard Veiller and Viola Dana. He even gives his own wife a thrill by staging his Saturday-night parties in his own home.

A hero, surely!

Rudolph Valentino.



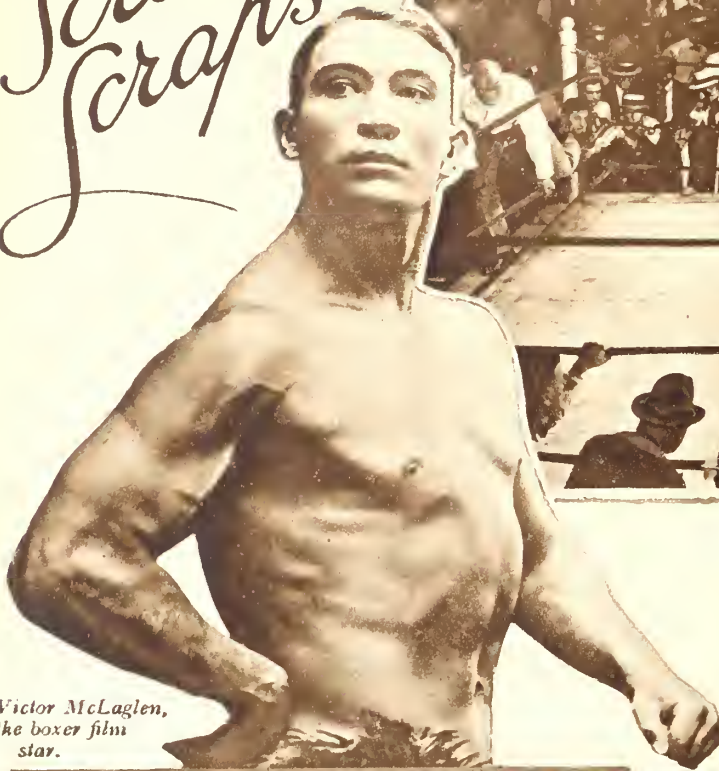
Circle: Bert Lytell.



Below: Wallace Reid.



Some Screen Scraps



Victor McLaglen,
the boxer film
star.



Conway Tearle has a thrilling fight in "The Referee."



Rev Davis in "The Pride of the Fancy."

play with such a title as *The Valley of the Giants* was bound to contain a fight, and with Wallace Reid, the heroic blacksmith in *The Birth of a Nation*, to do the fighting, I knew something fine was coming.

It was short, the actual encounter, but it was a thriller. The husky foreman of the lumberjacks had just dropped a man with one blow, and was in a battling mood when Bryce Cardigan (Reid) attacked him. This struggle is one of the most natural I have ever seen in the films; the men fight each other and forget everything

else—or seem to; and employ a mixture of tactics characteristic of the impromptu bout. The manner in which Reids lifts his opponent bodily, at the conclusion of the fight, proves him remarkably strong, and his suppleness is an outstanding feature of the struggle.

Another screen fight that every lover of realism will appreciate is the one between Albert Roscoe and Lon Chaney in *An Eighth of An Inch to the Right*. Chaney, always an admirable villain, is particularly good when he attacks the dance-hall girl (Alma Rubens) in the deserted saloon. Often men handle women too tenderly in our picture-combats, but Chaney is violent enough for anyone. To some spectators it will seem that the girl holds out unnaturally long against a man of such strength and ferocity as the crazed gambler displays. But note that Miss Rubens keeps him at straight-arm length most of the time; limbs already straight will bear far more weight than the muscles controlling them could push into that position. Besides, the girl's hand is pressing back the man's chin a part of the time, and this is one of the most punishing tricks known to wrestlers.

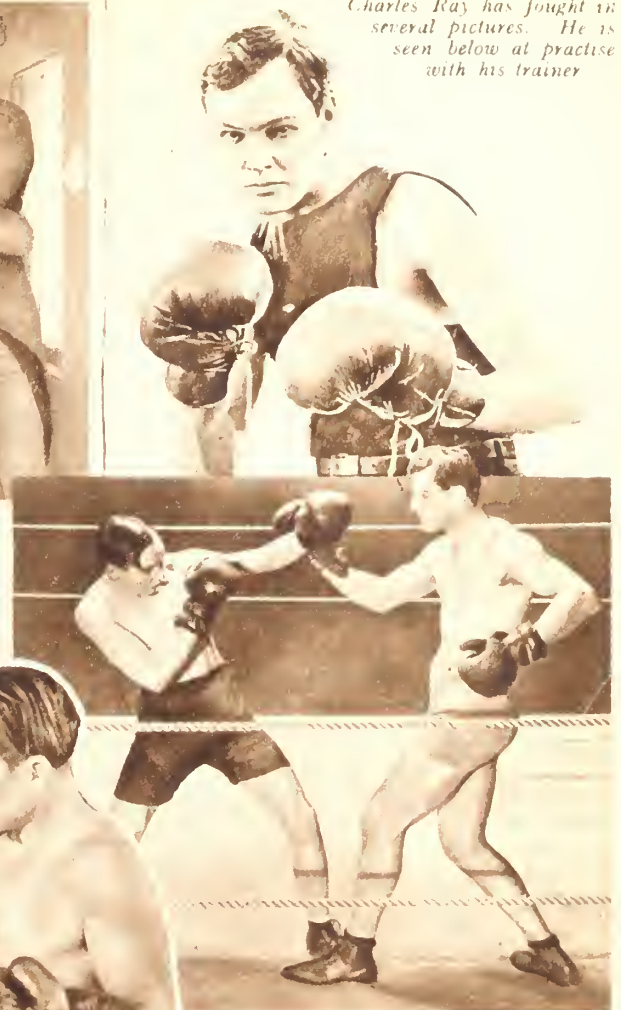
Then the rescuer, Roscoe, appears, and he and Chaney roll on the floor in "deadly combat." It is Chaney's part to seek weapons: his is a fight for life, and he tries desperately to get hold of a bottle. Roscoe repeatedly foils these attempts, at the same time throwing in killing right-and-left-hand wallops. These men avoid the common mistake of making their struggle on the floor a mere exhibition of clinching. Some screen scraps, notably the one in *The Devil's Trail*, have too much acrobatic work; when men clinch in a fight, they mean to pummel each other, not do "brotherly acts" of tumbling.



Eugene O'Brien can give a good account of himself at fisticuffs.



Charles Ray has fought in several pictures. He is seen below at practice with his trainer



Life for Elmo Lincoln is just one fight after another.

The reel fighter must be a real fighter. It is impossible successfully to fake a fight scene; a man must simply be "there" with the required strength and skill. Rehearsals are less practicable than for any other kind of acting; the pre-arranged fight is a failure on the screen every time—the experienced eye can tell it at a glance. It is possible, and, of course, necessary, to pre-determine the winner and his method of winning; but no director could control in detail the progress of the fight. And if he did, such a fight would not be worth seeing.

William Farnum and Tom Santschi had but a bare outline for their never-to-be-forgotten fight in *The Spoilers*, and it looked a time or two as though they would forget even that. But that was some scrap! Athletes, Bill and Tom, 200-pounders in superb condition, and not the least bit backward about mussing up each other. Santschi's arm was sore a good long time from that hammer-lock, the cruellest hold in the wrestling game, with which Farnum won the fight, and the victor himself was a mass of rags, blood and bruises.

And Farnum's fight with Alphonse Etheir, "Silver Jack," in *Rough and Ready*, is another classic. How entirely Farnumesque, when he rises after a knock-down, and answers the jeers with, "No, I have *not* had enough!" And how technically perfect his work as the cool, determined battler! He steadies his opponent with a right and a left, slips in close and slugs to the body till "Silver Jack's" guard comes down, then, like a flash, whips over the punch to the jaw.

William S. Hart is a great fighter. Though more at home with a brace of 45's, he can use his huge fists with telling effect. Hart shines in the long, gruelling contest; his fight with House Peters in *Between Men* is one of the longest ever screened. It is literally a finish-fight, for it ends with Peters falling from exhaustion into his opponent's arms. The long fight gives an actor a chance to depict gameness, and Hart is positively unexcelled at this. In *The Narrow Trail*, "Big Bill" cleans up



a houseful of opponents. When one man catches him by the coat-tail, Hart cleverly skins out of the garment and keeps right on "milling." He finishes in blood and rags, but out-fights and outgames his very last antagonist. But the premier Westerner is strictly a rough-and-tumble fighter,

(Continued on Page 63.)

Left: Mahlon Hamilton in "Half a Chance."

When Bill Farnum "sees red" the fur flies.



TEN YEARS *of* DICKENS FILMS

by *Thomas Bentley*

With his production of "The Old Curiosity Shop," released this month, Thomas Bentley reaches the tenth anniversary as an adapter to the screen of Charles Dickens' immortal works. No other film producer has approached his success in catching the true spirit of Dickens.

It hardly seems so long ago as that, but diaries cannot lie (whatever Margot may tell us), and mine tells me that I first introduced the works of Charles Dickens to the screen in the summer of 1912. Of course, my interest in the great novelist began long before that date. In fact, I was still just a schoolboy when my father first put a copy of "Oliver Twist" into my hands. He himself had a lively recollection of its author, for Dickens was a personal friend of my grandfather, and a frequent visitor at his house in Westminster. It was, I believe, their common interest in social questions which first drew them together, for my grandfather was a J.P., and something of an authority on the subject of workmen's dwellings, and the letters which Dickens wrote to him have long been treasured in the family.

Having read one of the great story-teller's works, it was not long before I had devoured others. It used to be my delight in those days to hunt out the original spots described in the books, and to people them in my imagination with the vividly drawn characters of the great master's invention. Even now I never pass down the Blackfriars Road without looking up at that sign of The Golden Dog and thinking of David Copperfield. In later years I revisited all my favourite haunts and photographed them for my private records, and this collection of several hundred pictures is invaluable assistance to me when seeking to recreate the atmosphere of the period. For, alas! one by one these historic landmarks are passing away, and the London which Dickens knew and loved so well is becoming an all-but-forgotten memory.

The task of transferring a Dickens novel to the screen is, of course, no light one. To begin with, you find it will be impossible to introduce every incident and character into the film. Yet leave one out and dozens of indignant Dickensians will shower reproachful letters upon you by every post. Still more formidable is the job of seeing that every tiny detail of dress, furniture and setting is absolutely correct to type and period. Here again a host of critics, amateur and professional, lie in wait for the



Right: Thomas Bentley. Circle: A scene from "Pickwick."



Thomas Bentley is himself a fine actor and a clever impersonator of Dickens' characters.

unwary producer, and woe betide him if he adorn an 1840 lady with an 1850 bonnet, or allow a street of mid-Victorian houses to be marred by a modern lamp-post.

It has always been a point of honour with me to use the original and authentic backgrounds for a scene if this is still in existence. But even so, there are always intrusive modern details which have to be obliterated or concealed. Time and time again I have had the camera set up before some quaint and picturesque group of old houses, only to find, bang in the centre, a glaring motor tyre advertisement, or stretching across my sky line a tangle of telegraph wires. When the original building has been destroyed, the producer has to build up an exact replica in the studio grounds. I remember when I was filming "Baruch Rudge," one of the earliest of my films, I had to search for days at the British Museum in order to get accurate details and dimensions of the old Newgate Prison. By courtesy of the custodians, I was allowed to photograph some of the old books and prints in their possession. From these, large scale working drawings had to be prepared, and the erection of the prison and buildings round it was a matter of weeks, and quite a small army of carpenters, builders, stucco workers and bricklayers were engaged in building up the houses and making the roads.

I shall never forget the two days on which we filmed the scenes of the Gordon Riots, and the assault upon

the prison. Two thousand five hundred artistes took part in these scenes alone, and the disposition of so many men required very complete organisation. I had forty section commanders, each of whom controlled sixty men. These leaders were carefully rehearsed on the previous day, and had exact instructions as to the part each section was to play. Quite a fleet of motor 'buses brought the company down to the scene of action. On arrival they were marched through turnstiles, and each man was given breakfast in a paper bag, a collapsible cup of coffee and a ticket. Each ticket bore the number of the recipient's group, and had three perforated sections, each representing a meal.



Above : Thomas Bentley in action. Top right : A coaching scene of bygone days. Right: Mabel Poulton as "Nell," and William Lugg as "Grandfather" in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

Each section was then marched to its own marquee, where dresses were served out, every man having a ringer and seat for himself. Action commenced strictly according to plan by the firing of a revolver. For once the producer's megaphone was left at home, and the action was conducted by flag and sound signals, with the assistance of a field telephone and motor cycle messengers. At the word of command each leader brought his section into play, and all threw themselves into the fray with the utmost conviction and energy. Two ambulance emergency tents were on the field in case of accidents, but there were no serious mishaps, and even on the biggest day there were only nineteen cases.

When I was filming *David Copperfield*, one of my earliest pictures, we travelled down specially to Suffolk, in order to take the old "Rookery" at Blundeston, or Blunderstone as it is called in the story, while on the coast between Lowestoft and Yarmouth we turned an old boat into a replica of Peggotty's famous home.

I believe the next picture I produced was *Oliver Twist*, in which, by the way, Alma Taylor was then the "Nancy," and Harry Royston the "Bill Sykes," and not long after, that charming fantasy, *The Chimes*. Another very interesting subject to me was "Hard Times," dealing as it did with an industrial problem which has come very much to the front in

recent years, and it was an additional pleasure to me that my old friend and fellow Dickensian, Brausby Williams, appeared in the character of "Gradgrind." This clever actor later gave an inimitable performance as "Serjeant Buzfuz" in *Pickwick*, a film the production of which caused more hearty fun to those engaged in making it than any picture I remember.

In *The Old Curiosity Shop*, which you will see this month, I was at considerable trouble to show a genuine old mail coach of the period, and had the very good fortune to secure one that for many years used to carry letters between Liverpool and London. Similarly in the churchyard scene, where Codlin and Short, with Little Nell, rest among the gravestones, a scene which has stuck in my fancy since a boy, you will notice from the dates upon the stones that they must all have been standing when Dickens wrote the book.

It is the sheer humanity of Dickens which makes him so great an inspiration to the film producer. Laughter and tears are so readily at his command, his sympathy and understanding of frail human nature are so intimate and genuine, that there is material for a great film in almost every chapter, and it is a mission which I deem worthy of a man's fullest powers to interpret them upon the screen.



Thomas Bentley remarkable make-up



The Compleat Sportsman

by
TOM MIX

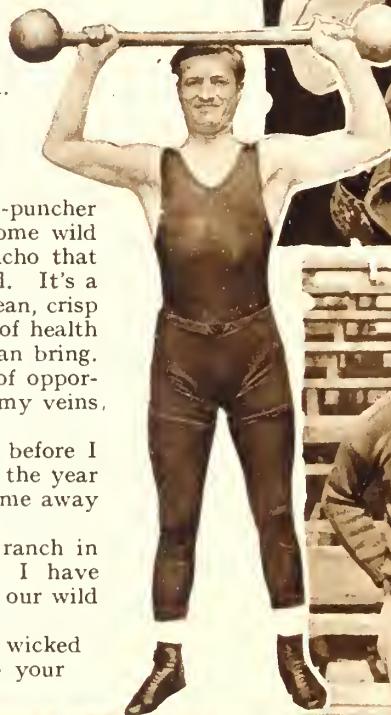
They say in the big cities that a man who gets down to his job and runs it like a hobby is the fellow that makes good. I guess that is why I have been lucky enough to get ahead in the picture game. Film acting, to me, is just as much fun as a hobby. Give me a screen rôle that calls for a rugged Western cow-puncher hitting the old Santa Fé trail, roping some wild bison, and then riding with the wind on a broncho that knows how to travel when you give him his head. It's a man's life out on the open plains breathing the clean, crisp air of the hills and valleys, and feeling the glow of health that trained muscles and physical fitness alone can bring. And because my hobby is sport, I have plenty of opportunities of answering the call of the open air in my veins, when I am stunting before the cameras.

Although I go into strict training some weeks before I carry out risky stunts for the screen, I am fit all the year round because sport occupies most of my spare time away from the studios.

From my earliest days down on my father's ranch in Texas I used to ride bronchos, but since then I have learned lots of other sports that did not figure in our wild life in the Western Sierras.

Now I shoot, row, box, golf, and wield the wicked baseball stick. It just proves that if you keep your muscles trim you can "put over" any kind of sport. I came from the plains as a cowboy who knew little but how to stick tight on the back of a horse. Now I'm willing to have a friendly test of skill in any kind of game. It's just a question of supple limbs, a clear eye, and a steady hand. That combination can help you to be quick and sure with a gun, just as much as it puts the accuracy and power behind a right hook to an opponent's jaw in the boxing-ring. When I was riding the plains and only knew of a gun as a weapon of defence, I little dreamed that one day I should have the gloves on with the heavy-weight boxing champion of the world. I fought that "Husky Boy," Jack Dempsey, once in the boxing ring that I've got rigged up on the lawn outside my bungalow.

It is because of my love of sport that I have never had to use a "double" to carry out my risky "stunts." That incomparable feeling of fitness which open-air life brings gives me the confidence and nerve that I need to take risks before the cameras.



Fishing, baseball, sculling and golfing are a few of the sports which help to keep Tom Mix fit.



Christie Comedy girls enjoy a holiday camp.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

by RUSSELL MALLINSON

With everybody taking or "talking holidays" at the present time, this article on movie-makers and their vacations has a strong topical interest. Read it, and catch the holiday spirit.

move continually amidst the wearying atmosphere of heated studios, with their glaring lights and myriad nerve-trying noises. When they journey in fast-moving cars to outdoor locations amongst their beauties of Nature, the relentless camera-men, the producers are close on their heels, and the temperament of the film artiste who feels the individual strain of putting her best work into a character-creation, excludes much of the enjoyment that otherwise might be derived from beautiful country.

Hence it is a natural sequence that those who go down to the studios to make pictures should "play hard" when eventually they secure a vacation away from the hissing arc-lamps and the clicking cameras. For it is then that they reap one of the most valued rewards for their toil, which is the possession of sufficient gold extracted from the coffer of filmdom to enable

them to spend the ideal holiday that is not restricted by considerations of finance.

And such relaxations are all the more prized by the bright lights of the screen, for so often they are postponed by the vagaries of producers and the exacting demands of lengthy pictures that eat into the summer months.

It took Bill Hart six years before he got his first real holiday. The success of his special brand of film entertainment kept him so hard at work that, when eventually he did walk out of the studios a short time ago for a vacation, it was an astonished world that regarded him, and immediately it began to whisper that Big Bill had retired from the screen. There could be no other explanation of his sudden decision to go away and play with his beloved Pinto ponies for a while, it was argued.

With many screen "stars" it is during holiday time that one can secure the most intimate sidelights on their characters. For the artificiality of the studios drops away, and they are, their natural, happy selves.

But not so with Bill Hart. He is spending his holiday this year in his little ranch on the hills just outside Los Angeles, and his surroundings might easily be an outdoor location for any of his Western pictures.



When you see film "stars" attired in resplendent summer raiment flickering across the screen amidst picturesque cooling landscapes and on golden beaches caressed with sea breezes, it is only natural that you should assume that life for them is very nearly approaching one long holiday.

But if you look beyond the shadows that you see on the silver sheet, and pass from make-believe to materialistic reality, this illusion is very quickly destroyed.

The creators of moving pictures



Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile, what could be more enjoyable than a paddle in the cooling waters of a mountain stream? These Christie girls ask for nothing better, anyway.



And to see Bill in holiday attire is to imagine that he has stepped out of the studio wardrobe-room. For the broad-brimmed sombrero is there, his open-necked flannel shirt, and the other details of the Western costume in which he figures before the cameras.

There is an attractive simplicity about Hart, much of which is reflected in his screen characterisations. He has little use for the artificialities of life. A holiday to him is to fill his lungs with the clean, crisp air of the hills, to feel the lithe form of a Pinto pony swaying in a reckless gallop beneath him, and to be up at dawn attending to the needs of the stud of horses that are pasturing on his hillside ranch.

If you saw Big Bill Farnum holiday-making, you would observe the familiar figure of the screen in a flannel shirt and the comfortable breeches that constitute his simple screen garb in many of his pictures.

When you see Farnum's shadow self on the film, there is a suggestion of tremendous energy that is a thing apart from the obvious strength that his fine physique holds.

He will tell you that he preserves the health that enables him to withstand the strain of his strenuous screen rôles by getting close to Nature when he has the opportunity for substituting the rays of the summer sun for the beams of the studio arc lamps.

Farnum's fights on the screen are of the reckless, realistic order, and his feats of strength, such as that in *Les Misérables*, when he lifted a great wagon from the mud with a heave of his massive shoulders, are not helped by any tricks of the camera.

He has a simple means of retaining his Samson-like strength, which is so natural a development that it does not require the continual assistance of gymnastic training.

Give Big Bill a fishing-rod, set him amidst the placid seas and picturesque woodlands of the Island of Santa Catalina, and he has all the joys that he requires for his holiday. He is like a massive oak tree that flourishes beneath the sun and thrives on the clean, open air of the country.

Farnum is a great fisherman. This year he hopes to beat the record that he made a short time ago when he won the championship in the motion picture colony at Los Angeles by landing the biggest tuna fish ever caught at Catalina Island. It weighed just over three hundred and fifty pounds, and it required all the strength of Bill's muscles to play it on a comparatively slender line for three hours before he got the monster ashore.

Frank Mayo (above) takes his holiday fishing more seriously than does Shirley Mason (right).



Dustin Farnum is holiday-making with his big brother this year. They are very alike in the simplicity of their tastes, these two hercules of the screen. Scudding close hauled to the wind in a racing yacht, or sending a fishing line hurtling across the placid waters of a Californian lake, is their ideal holiday.

It oftens happens that those who move in the stellar heights of film-dom build picturesque country houses out of the small fortunes they have amassed from the films, only to find that the demands of their work in the studios keeps them away from such delightful homes many months out of the year. This is especially the case where pictures involving locations in distant parts of the globe are concerned, for the stars in such productions have to close the shutters and lock the doors of their luxurious dwellings and go on the long, long trail that the producer has planned in some distant clime.

So that it is not unusual for film stars to spend their holidays "down at the homestead" in preference to the attractions of Venice, the famous seaside resort close to Los Angeles, or the Island of Santa Catalina. Mary and Doug are spending their holidays this year at "Pickfair," their picturesque house amidst the Beverly Hills.

In the huge grounds that they have laid out to their own designs, there exists most of the attractions that constitute those of a holiday resort. Doug can disport himself in his swimming-pool, and Mary has the delights of wooded country just outside the verandah where roses interweave the artistically tinted trellis-work.



These pictures, specially taken for "The Picturegoer" by the Christie Film Company, show how some of the Christie girls will enjoy their holidays. Riding, fishing and canoeing are included in their sports programme.



They are very proud of their beautiful home, these two happy "children of fortune." To fill the house with friends for week-end parties is one of their greatest delights.

Yet this summer it is probable that they will not be able to attract many of their friends away from the allurements of Venice, the Californian health resort that, in the height of the season, presents a kaleidoscopic scene of luxurious dress and the cream of the beauty of the Los Angeles film colony.

Venice is the jewel of exquisite Californian scenery. There are great golden expanses of sand with foaming surface providing an ideal spot for bathing.

The characteristic cloudless blue skies of the South mantle the happy holiday-makers, and at night there is a suggestion of the Italian Venice in the deep-blue of the heavens, interspersed with countless glittering stars.

In the surf at Venice you can see Marie Prevost, Grace Darmand,

Harnet Hammond, and other bathing beauties revelling in the novelty of being allowed near the water without the menace of the producer's megaphone to recall them to dryer localities.

They are splendid swimmers, these Venuses of the beach, and their costumes are almost as frilled and furbelowed as those which intrigue the eye before the cameras.

Society at Long Beach model their bathing costumes on the fashions set by the film beauties.

There are lines of picturesque bungalows at Venice belonging to film stars. Wanda Hawley, Ruth Roland, Tom Moore, and Zena Keefe spend their summer holidays in their bungalows at this picturesque resort.

It is an enlightening spectacle to see famous velvet-eyed heroines of the screen, ruthless film vampires, and grim-visaged villains tumbling about like happy children on surf planks and hurtling through the water in motor-boats with glass let into the bottom so that the marine beauties of the seas can be observed.

Long Beach, the famous resort twenty miles south of Los Angeles, is the spot where Charles Ray, Tom Moore, Norma Talmadge, Pauline Frederick, and other bright lights of the films are spending their summer vacations.

The Virginia Hotel, Long Beach, in the grounds of which Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda have been filmed in many of their comedies, is the mainspring of holiday-life at this popular rendezvous.

Charles Ray, who even on holidays takes the question of keeping his muscles in trim very seriously, is up at dawn with his athletic friends tossing the medicine ball, and in other ways keeping fit for his strenuous screen rôles.

The temperament of Nazimova does not turn to the lighter side of holiday-making. Her ideal vacation is in her lovely home at Los Angeles with her husband, her music, and her books as her companions. She is spending her holiday amidst the beauties of her lovely verandah-terraced lawn, and the picturesque sunken garden.

"This is my true existence," she explains when friends endeavour to



Top: Just the thing for a warm afternoon.

Below: Nazimova goes shooting.

persuade her to accompany them on expeditions to the sea or country. "Here, with my husband and the few people I have found who appeal to the depths of my nature, I spend the happiest hours of my life."

Marion Davies is on a walking tour in the Californian mountains this summer. Despite her somewhat doll-like prettiness on the screen, she is possessed of a very practical mind. On holidays she makes notes of scenery that appeals to her, and which could be used for locations

in future pictures. And any striking piece of landscape she transfers to the canvas, for she is an accomplished painter.

It was Ruth Roland who not long ago discovered one of the prettiest locations that has ever figured in her pictures when she was holiday making amidst the lakes and forests of the Adirondack Mountains, Atlantic City. She revisited this locality with the camera-men some weeks later and converted what had been the peaceful precinct of her holiday

into a scene of blaring megaphones and clicking cameras.

That thoughtful, reflective type of actor, Conway Tearle, as might be expected, is spending his holiday on the banks of deserted trout streams in California. The restful hobby of fishing provides him with the mind-relaxation necessary to counteract studio-tired nerves.

Alice Lake is taking to the open road in workmanlike breeches and a tweed sports coat. She is exploring the wilds of the San Bernardino Mountains of Southern California, much of the picturesque scenery of which appeared in her film, *Mother Love*.

Many "stars," like Gloria Swanson, are taking their holiday in the form of a world's tour when the capitals of Europe are visited. But such expeditions bring in their trail the penalties of fame in the form of reception and public fêting.

Douglas Fairbanks realised that world touring was far from a holiday when he visited this country not long ago. On the voyage from America to England, Mary said that she had never seen him so restless. He had little scope for his exuberance in the tameness of deck-quoit and similar ship's amusements of mild nature. He was longing for the tennis courts and the golf links, but Doug found that hero-worship gave him little freedom from his admirers for such pastimes.

The high lights of the screen who play on the sun-caressed beaches of California and amidst the wooded hills are more likely to glean that good health which has so much influence on the charming smiles and vivid expressions radiated from the screen.

ENTER A LADY PRODUCER

You'll remember her best as Peggy Hyland, star of many British and American screen successes, but she is more than an actress. Now that she has stepped into the production field, some of the older-established lady wielders of the megaphone will have to look to their laurels.

A few weeks ago, at a private theatre in Wardour Street, I witnessed the first moving picture produced in England by a lady director.

The lady director in question, Peggy Hyland—whom I first met in America some years ago as a screen star in her own right—sat at my side. Judging by the excellence of her first effort in comedy production, I could easily visualise her in her new rôle of film-producer, giving the usual orders for "Lights" and "Camera" in a clear, ringing voice, to the manner born, and getting her effects by sheer magnetic force of personality.

However, it is not only the stars of the noisy stage who are susceptible to that queer psychological "complex," commonly known as "stage-right."

Several critics were with me in the theatre to witness the pre-view of Peggy Hyland's first independent film production.

The lights went down, and at that moment the celebrated screen star, with a universal reputation, became just a very human, rather frightened, little girl, who clutched my arm and whispered, "Oh, I do so hope they are going to like it!"

I patted her hand reassuringly, and said that I felt certain they would. You see, I know Peggy rather well, and was more confident about it all than she. Then I devoted my attention exclusively to the business on the screen.

It was a two-reel comedy that Peggy had chosen for her debut as a film producer. It was of the light "domestic" variety, and depicted an innocent deception practised by a couple of young lovers, who were determined to get married in spite of the unreasonable opposition of an otherwise good-natured if somewhat irascible father. Papa's consent, however, is obtained in the end by a very ingenious ruse—in short, the story had all the elements of true comedy, surprise, dilemma, and a decidedly original twist.

The lights went up after the last laugh, and I turned to congratulate Peggy. But she was no longer in our midst. In sheer "funk," as she later confessed to me, she had slipped out at a very early stage of the proceedings, and it was only when she was being complimented on all sides by the critics and her assembled friends that she could be made to realise that she had proved herself once again not only a very charming little actress, but had also made a decided hit "first go" as a film producer.

I have known Peggy Hyland for a number of years. I was always a welcome guest at her hospitable home in sunny California, so I waited until the final reception and congratulations were over in order to get her impressions from a more personal angle.

"My dear," she said, when the crowd had melted away, "I have never felt more scared in my life. And I can't tell you how kind and encouraging they all were. Now, do tell me honestly—you know you can be quite frank with me—was it very dreadful? Do you think they really and truly liked it, just a little bit?"

Peggy is a very disarming little person. You could never meet her candid, blue-grey eyes with any kind of insincerity. She is so honest and straight herself that she would immediately detect any kind of prevarica-



tion on your part, however much it was intended to give her pleasure.

But in this case it wasn't necessary. I don't think for a moment she realised her wonderful pride of position as the first woman to mark a new epoch in the history of British moving pictures. She was for all the world like a small child who had been set a difficult task to perform, and was eagerly hoping that her elders had found it good.

"Peggy," I said, meeting her gaze with eyes as candid as her own, "I think it was just splendid!"

She was unmistakably relieved, and, encouraged by my interest, she told me something about the filming of her first independent screen venture.

She had made the whole story in a fortnight—something of a record in that! For years it had been her pet consuming ambition to produce a picture. During our long talks in California she had often amazed me by her expert knowledge of lighting, camera-angles, scenario "twists"—in short, of all that technical side of the business of which the average motion-picture star is well content to remain blissfully unconscious or accepts as a matter of course, without any



[Continued on page 64.]

The Camera Man

BY GERTRUDE M. ALLEN



The famous Bell and Howell camera shown in this picture costs a thousand pounds.

"Shoot!" If a certain important and respected member of the studio fraternity were to record the amount of "shots" he is responsible for in the course of a week, the pukka "crook" would be a bad second in comparison!

But the kine-camera-man has made an art of shooting—not a crime; without this accomplished gunner, the rest of film-land's ammunition would be of very little use.

Though some of us may know "how it is done," very few of us can do it, but it only needs such superb pieces of photographic art as abound in such films as Mary Pickford's latest success, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, to make the picturegoer gasp with astonishment at the genius of the men who are prosaically termed "camera-men."

They are the magicians of movieland, and their magic is not the least contribution to the success of a picture-play.

Thrills and throbs, danger and daring, are automatically associated with the names of all those who shine in screenland; but if records could be compiled and compared, it is safe to assume that the camera-

man would be an easy "first" candidate for the honours that attach to the conquering of fire, water, and other kindred discomforts.

Such records are, however, unavailable—for the camera-man is nearly always as modest as he is useful. But amongst his unassuming kind, I have recently made a discreet and patient effort to extract "copy" for this article.

Consequently, the readers of THE PICTUREGOER here have first-hand information, in a small degree, of some of the "experiences" of these wizards of the camera.

My first "subject" related, with characteristic modesty, the following incident as one of many in which he has been "leading man" in the cause of pictures.

"The film was one of those typical Western railroad dramas," he informed me. "One scene called for the hero to be photographed (from the interior) driving an express train in circumstances which inevitably meant that the heroine's troubles would be mitigated if he were successful in reaching his destination safely. But the 'if' proved to be a bigger one than either the producer or the hero had anticipated. Some-

Filming a scene on a moving train.



Below: Filming a Christie comedy.



thing (we have never quite discovered what!) went "wrong with the works" after we had been speeding along the line for about fifteen minutes. From my view-point behind the camera I could only see the back of the hero's head, but suddenly I noticed, with a dawning horror of the situation, that his ears were assuming a sort of green-grey hue, which isn't natural in a healthy and normal human being, and, after what seemed like hundreds of years (but what in reality could only have been a few moments) I realised that he had lost control of the 'gadgets,' and that we were running amok! Horrors! We were the only two men on the engine. The hero, after many trial runs and explicit instructions, had been allowed to take charge for the purposes of the film; and in a ghastly moment I *knew* that we two were journeying to eternity! (And I wasn't anything like ready.) Many desperate attempts to regain control proved unavailing, and, still automatically turning the crank, I discovered that the situation had become too intensely terrifying for the actor. He had fallen in a dead faint to the floor—and I was still turning!

"No. Please don't mistake me! It wasn't heroism — it was that sort of subconscious activity which makes men do amazing things in amazing circumstances. I must have gone on turning to the bitter and painful end. Although we eventually stopped our mad flight through space by colliding with a stationary goods train, when we were both 'whole' again (weeks later) and realised that a miraculous fate had saved both our lives (at the small expense of a severe shaking and many, many bruises), we learnt, too, that several hundreds of feet of perfectly thrilling 'pictures' were rescued from the camera. Less fortunate than we, the camera had lost all her 'legs' in the accident, but had been discovered, 'otherwise uninjured,' miles down the track, and those unrehearsed scenes which



Filming a motor-car close-up.

Even if his memory is a Pelmanised one, you couldn't expect him to do much better than that, could you?" "No serious complications," he continued, reassuringly. "I just calculated too strongly on the charm of my own personality, and persisted in getting a 'close-up' of the delightful beast. But it didn't realise my charm—and it had to be shot before I escaped, leaving behind me a goodly portion of my right elbow."

And even unto the third (and last) subject did I find that exquisite quality which is called Modesty.

"I'm afraid the best I can do is to relate that, whilst photographing a real (not reel) fire, for a topical subject, I came near to being roasted alive. I could sense some perfectly marvellous fire effects which might be obtained from the roof of a building adjacent to the blazing structure. So I wormed my way through excited and hysterical crowds and gained my vantage point. Several of the firemen warned me that I was 'asking for it.' I quietly ignored their protests, and steadily 'turned.'

"Engrossed as I was in the job of capturing the really picturesque part of the proceedings, I failed to notice that the flames had spread in an alien direction, and it was not until a warning shout came from one of the firemen that I realised that the buildings on the other side had joined in the merry crackle—and that I couldn't possibly get back the way I had come.

"All the 'intense' situations of the film-play 'fire' were acted on that roof in the next few moments. I was rescued, after much difficulty and danger, by a courageous fireman, who, when I regained my senses, proceeded to give me a perfectly deserved 'dressing down' for my stupidity."



Above: Paul Powell instructing Ethel Clayton prior to the filming of a scene. Left: Filming a scene in "The Cinema Murder."

I had almost unconsciously photographed were so good that much of the scenario was re-written in order to use them!

"And that's all about that!" "Verily, a sufficient 'all,'" I gasped.

"I can remember nothing worse than being mauled by a lion!" quoth my second "subject."



Movie Mothers

If there were no Movie Mothers, scenario-writers would have a very lean time, and the screen would lose some of its most picturesque personalities.

It is curious how one great picture forthwith creates a vogue for a whole long train of other films with a similar theme. Since the release, in America, of *The Sheik*, there has followed, and is following, a "long, long trail" of screen stories with "love in the burning desert" for a foundation. After the big stir made by D. W. Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm*, there came announcements from several film companies of work on scenarios with French Revolution scenes as a basis of theme.

Left: Mabel
Julienne
Scott.



Most important of all the "fashion-setting" films, however, is considered *Humoresque*, which, through the marvellous mother rôle depicted by Vera Gordon, put mothers in their real place on the screen at last. Of all people in the world, mothers must be reckoned the most important; yet it has taken the film world a good many years to find it out! In most pre-*Humoresque* films, a mother was a supplementary figure, and rarely of any great importance to the story as a whole. Very often, in fact, she was just a little bit of padding inserted to fill out the time between more vital scenes!

It was just Vera Gordon's truly maternal personality, coupled with her clever acting, that carried motherhood to star heights in movieland. Before *Humoresque*, though known in the stage world to a certain extent, she was quite unknown to the average picturegoer. She had no heralding advertisements to prepare the public for her; her very rôle was intended by the scenario to be merely a support to an established star—and yet she just walked away with all the honours of the film! She is really and truly a mother with two bonnie children of her own. Their interests, their education and health, their childish joys and sorrows—these are her first consideration always. And that is the kind of mother she was in *Humoresque*—big-hearted and sincere, living for her children's welfare. When questioned as to whether she found acting for the screen different from stage work, she declared that what she found the greatest difficulty was getting the right emotion necessary for a close-up. "Once I had to give a close-up—just my face—when I was supposed to be weeping over my baby," she said. "I simply couldn't do it. Then the director gave me a doll and told me to pretend that it was the baby. But it was no use—I just couldn't squeeze out one tear

Mary Alden.



Kate Bruce,
in many famous D. W. Griffith productions.



Sydney Fairbrother.



Mary Carr with her six children.

for a lifeless doll! So the whole business had to be held up till the next day, when a real baby was procured—and then I wept all that was required!"

Of all the pre-Humoresque mothers, Kate Bruce is perhaps one of the best known. She is always the simple, forgiving, patient mother prematurely aged by the worries of family life. She has always kept to these tender, gentle rôles, such as she played in *Way Down East*—typically maternal, but without the modern robustness of Vera Gordon's "Mamma Kantor."

A similar type is generally associated with the name of Edythe Chapman. She, too, is the gentle, tender mother, essentially feminine, but somewhat sentimental. There is an aroma of lavender generally about her mother parts, suggestive of a restful "old-worldliness." The kind of mother is she to whom the son or daughter, tired with "city life," can come home to be soothed and comforted, without any need to embark on a rigmarole of the cares that cause the tiredness!

Sylvia Ashton cleverly depicts the kind of mother of which, fortunately, there are few in the world. She is generally selected for the haughty Society mother to whom all children and domesticity are a terrible bore. She is often an aggressive mother-in-law, as in the rôle she played with Gloria Swanson in *Why Change Your Wife?* In these characterisations she shows a great histrionic talent, and convincingly proves, by comparison, how truly wonderful most mothers are! She has played the lovable mother on one or two occasions, however. Perhaps the best of these was in *A Girl Named Mary*. In this film she just gloried in making "Mary's" favourite linnens ready for the little typist—played by Marguerite Clark—when she returned from her hard day's work.

The films which feature Mary Carr and Mary Alden in mother parts show instances of directorial feeling of the pulse of the public. Simple homely tales of mother-love appeal strongly to the kinemagoer, and mothers are growing almost as important on the screen as in real life! As poor "Ma Benton" in *Over the Hill*, Mary Carr gives one of the finest, most pathetic personations ever filmed. It is a homely tale of plain humble folk in which the little worn-out mother goes over the hill to the poor-house rather than be a burden on any of her children. It is left for the scapegoat son—so-called by his pious brothers!—

[Continued on page 64]



Above: Vera Gordon, who set a fashion in mothers in "Humoresque." Mary Pickford as "Dearest" in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Gwynne Herbert, best known of British movie "mothers."



Left: Edythe Chapman, a pathetic "movie ma."



RICHARD DIX

Has won a large following in America by reason of his likeable personality, and it will not be long before his popularity extends to our shores.



BETTY FRANCISCO

Appears in "Midsummer Madness," the story of which is featured in this issue. Other pictures in which she has played are "A Broadway Cowboy" and "The Furnace"

**REX INGRAM**

Might be reckoned too good-looking to be a director, were he not such an excellent megaphone man. Rex was born at Dublin in 1892. He is married to Alice Terry.



ALICE TERRY

Scored her greatest screen triumph in "The Four Horsemen," directed by Rex Ingram, who lent added romance to the picture by marrying the star. Alice Terry was born at Nashville in 1896.



MR. AND MRS. HOOT GIBSON

Edward Gibson, better known to fame as "Hoot," was married recently to Helen Johnson, a vaudeville star. Hoot, who started his career as a circus cowboy, is a popular player in Western subjects.

Don't Go Near the Water!

The fond mother's injunction to her inquiring offspring stands good in the case of the Sennett Bathing Beauties when they are all dressed up for movie purposes. The gorgeous mermaids seen on this page are Phyllis Haver, Harriet Hammond, Marion Nixon and Dollie Beale. No wonder that people rush to the sea when the summer-time comes, if such syrens are to be seen.



Film Stars at Home:-

PRISCILLA DEAN



"What do you think of this scenario?" says Priscilla to her husband, Wheeler Oakman. Apparently he is not impressed.



Priscilla shows her pets to Tod Browning, who has directed her in many of her screen successes.

Priscilla Dean is and much of her in effecting her attending to the after h



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The ROMANCE of WILLIAM FOX



William Fox.

The romance of big business" is not a new phrase. But never has it been more aptly applied than to the career of William Fox and his present relation to the motion-picture industry. Denied in his boyhood all the advantages commonly associated with preparation for big business—that is, all save a sound brain and keen intelligence to direct it—he has risen steadily from most humble beginnings to a singularly enviable position.

William Fox, President of Fox Film Corporation, is a product of the famed lower East Side of New York. His early childhood was like that of his companions; but lurking in his young mind was an unsuspected ambition and artistic sense. His parents were poor—in worldly goods. He was forced from grammar school into the ranks of wage-earners, sacrificing his cherished hope for high school and college. He went to work at small wages in a cloth-sponging establishment on the lower East Side. He was foreman of the shop before he was twenty-one, later was the manager, and became the owner before reaching the age of twenty-five. The business prospered.

"Penny Arcades," nearly all located in stores awaiting permanent rental, were very popular about this time. The business of public entertainment long had appealed to the imagination of young Fox. Having accumulated a modest capital, he determined to acquire a penny arcade. He heard of one for sale in Brooklyn. He bought it, and, adopting novel exploitation methods, quickly had it on a paying basis. Encouraged by this experience, he took over two more penny arcades, and with equal success.

Mr. Fox soon thereafter decided that his life-work was to lie in

the amusement field. He leased various theatres and music-halls. Business boomed under his keen judgment and progressive methods.

In his music-halls William Fox had already presented motion pictures—then a comparatively crude product—as a feature of his programmes. He noted the growing popularity of pictures, and his foresight told him they had come to stay. In 1913, with his faith confirmed, he determined on a policy of more pictures and better ones. He would become a producer as well as a distributor and exhibitor.

The first picture produced by Fox was *Life's Shop Window*, from the book by Victoria Cross. It was made at the Eclair

Studio in Port Lee, N. J. Next came a remarkable spectacular production, with Annette Kellerman, the noted water nymph, heading the big cast. To make this picture, the company was sent to the island of Jamaica. The production cost of the work exceeded half a million dollars—the most expensive screen output on record at the time.

Mr. Fox was one of the first producers to realise, in the earlier period of screen entertainment, that the development of motion pictures must ultimately win to their service leading artistes of the speaking stage, despite the prejudice then existing among these against the film as an "interloper." He soon began to have signatures of distinguished artistes on contracts with his company. A few of these included William Farnum, Dustin Farnum, Pearl White, Bertha Kalish, Vivian Martin, William Russell, Virginia Pearson, Jewel Carmen, Valeska Suratt, Wilton Lackaye, Nance O'Neil, Robert Mantell, Anna Q. Nilsson.

As to personality, William Fox is a modest, kindly man—slow to make intimate friendships, but holding as with bonds of steel those friends he admits to intimacy. A willing listener, he can talk forcefully, and to the point, when the time arrives for talk. He wastes no words, and his confidence in his own judgment, after due weighing of arguments, is absolute.



William Fox and his daughters.



At work in his garden.





Midsummer Madness

by JOAN FLEMING

Seven years to-morrow Margaret Meredith looked across the table at her husband. Tall, dark, handsome—the sort of man that any girl.

But Margaret looked down at her plate with a sigh, and wondered. The sort of man that any girl might be proud to have for husband? True, as they walked the streets or trod the foyers of the great city theatres, and the passers-by and loungers glanced first idly and then with unconcealed curiosity at them, Margaret well knew that she was the envied of every girl. Tall, dark, handsome was Bob; a great lover he had been; and Margaret herself, once a looker-on like New York's crowds were now, had thought that life could hold nothing more splendid than to be his wife, to be with him always, not for brilliant moments, but for wonderful years.

And now she had had those wonderful years. Seven of them. Seven of them to-morrow.

Seven years to-morrow. Their wedding anniversary!

She glanced across the table again, not this time at Bob, but at the Osborns, Daisy Osborn and Julian. For all these seven years, and longer, had the Merediths been friends of the Osborns. Their early lives had run side by side, their marriages had been in the same year, their homes were not far apart. For all these seven years they had not been parted. Even their holidays had been taken together. As Margaret had had an

opportunity of judging Bob, so had she had an opportunity of judging the Osborns. Seven years had they been married too. How had the years gone with them? Again Margaret sighed.

Julian Osborn pointed with his cigarette to the twinkling lights across the river, shining like spilled gems through the open window.

"Even in crude commercialism," he said, addressing himself in general to all, but in particular to his wife,

CHARACTERS:

Margaret Meredith	-	LOIS WILSON
Daisy Osborn	-	LILA LEE
Bob Meredith	-	JACK HOLT
Julian Osborn	-	CONRAD NAGEL

Narrated by permission from the Famous-Lasky film of the same title.

"even in crude commercialism there is beauty sometimes. Don't you think?"

Daisy followed his gaze.

"The factory lights?" she said.

"Yes. Horrid!"

Julian shot a glance at Margaret and said no more. Margaret turned to her husband and laid the tip of her finger on his sleeve and smiled.

"To-morrow," she said.

Bob started.

"To-morrow?" he repeated, coming down to earth from a heaven of schemes and figures. "Yes? What?"

"Don't you know what it is?"

Bob's brow lined as he looked around the company for an explanation.

"To-morrow? Why, yes. Thursday."

Although there was only puzzlement in his reply, he was aware that flippancy seemed to be there. There was a look on Margaret's face that required explanation.

"Well," he said, "what? I know I've said something silly. What is to-morrow?"

"Our wedding anniversary," said Margaret.

Bob smiled.

"Oh, yes. Why, of course, I knew that. Our wedding anniversary. Yes."

He looked away, rather confused, and a silence followed, broken by Daisy.

"It must be ours soon," she said, with a glance at Julian. "One loses the trick of remembering these things after so long."

The Osborns did not stay late. There were things that Daisy wanted "seeing to" in the town, things that could not be left to servants, or even to husbands, as she explained. New decorations had to be selected for her boudoir, and there were lots of other things.

"Life is a business," she said as they went. And Margaret, watching Julian, saw a little shadow get strangely mixed up in the sunshine of his smile. She wondered if life were a business, or if it were a business for all.

They stood together a moment at

the door, Margaret and Bob, watching the lights of the Osborns' car vanishing down the avenue. Night was near. The western sky still held its hint of orange and silver, but to the east was blackness, and between the two a compromising purple sought to keep the peace of night and day.

"Is it not beautiful?" she asked, turning to Bob.

"Beautiful?" Bob echoed. "Beautiful? Don't know that I should say it's beautiful. Good engine and all that, but I hate those silver bodies. Too noisy. Give me a grey or a blue. Still, a wonderful thing for two thousand. Not beautiful—wonderful. Considering the price."

At the corner the Osborns' car vanished into the cross avenue and Bob turned now and went indoors. With a deeper sigh than any yet, Margaret followed.

That night she stood by her open window, looking on the lamp-like stars and the star-like lamps of the great city, and thought that sometimes a girl might mistake the one for the other so easily—a wonder of Nature, and a thing of mechanism and the world un-beautiful and sordid, useful, but empty beyond its usefulness; and yet so nearly alike unless you knew.

Seven years to-morrow!

Margaret Meredith had the soul of a poet, if not a poet's gifts. She could never hope to write poetry, but once she had hoped to live it. Now—was the hope to die? Bob, with his schemes and his companies and his dividends—what poetry had he? What could he see in the world but street lamps? What could he get from the sky but light to save the light that man made. To him the sun was an economy, the moon a failure.

And yet—he was a good husband. Everybody knew it. Even Margaret knew it. A good husband. . . . The sort of husband that any girl might be proud to have. Almost any girl. Any girl but. . . .

Margaret put the suggestion from her, and thought, oddly, of Daisy. A good wife, Daisy. Beautiful, charming, popular, in many ways quite brilliant. A good wife. A success. But. . . .

But Margaret wondered what Julian thought! Julian, too, was a poem that could never be written, his soul a rose that might very easily end, having blushed unseen. Daisy was a good wife, every thought given not merely to her own but to their—his, Julian's—social advancement. An excellent wife. . . . But, again, Margaret wondered what Julian thought. Seven years to-morrow! Seven years for the Osborns soon. Wasted years? For all of them? Or not?

Margaret turned from her window and sought relief in sleep.



As Julian bade her good-night, there seemed a subtle significance in the simple words.

Next morning two presents came for Margaret. The one, a bunch of flowers, sweet and fragrant; the other in an envelope, a cheque for a thousand dollars. The one was from Julian Osborn, a little gift for her wedding anniversary, a token of their lifelong friendship. The other was from her husband, a scrape of the pen, a last-moment thought, and, naturally for him, *money*. A good husband! Few would cast thousand-dollar cheques at their wives' feet seven years after the honeymoon. But. . . .

That night the Osborns and the Merediths sat together on the moonlit patio of the Osborns' home. Friends dropped in, business men to charm the heart of Bob, social climbers and the already climbed for setting to Daisy's brilliance. And, Julian and Margaret found themselves together, apart from the others, where they could talk of things both liked, of stars without street lamps and suns without economy.

"Life," said Julian, apropos of nothing in particular, "life is short."
"But the years are long!" said Margaret, bitterly, flashing a glance along the patio.

Julian looked at her keenly. Long

suspected had the situation in the Meredith household been, but not a word had been uttered in confirmation. Now there was no disguise. The sham was dropped, suddenly, with little show, but surely. And Julian wondered why he had been selected for the revelation. He looked at her again, saw the look of sympathy, or the appeal for sympathy, and wondered if another man here to-night would have been so honoured by the appeal. Was it the moment, or was it the man? Was *he* the man?

"Are things—not well?" he ventured.

She shrugged her shoulders and looked away. Suddenly he saw in her not a friend of long years' standing, but a beautiful woman. In all the years she had been but merely Margaret Meredith to him. Now she was a woman, a beautiful woman, with tastes that were his tastes, views that were his views, troubles that were as his own. He leaned forward and looked into her eyes.

"Margaret."

But she rose and made as if to return to the house. Without another word he followed, and for the rest of the evening only conventionalities were passed. But, as each well knew, the veil had been torn aside, and these two could never be merely friends again. As he bade her good-night, there seemed some subtle significance in the simple words, and an unspoken response was in her grasp as she clasped his hand. That night at her window she sighed, as so often she sighed now, but a shade of the hopelessness had gone from her. Far from her grasp might the twin soul be, but no longer was he far from her sight. A star shone for her in the dark sky—a star she might never hope to reach, yet one which she would now always see shining, a glimmer of what might have been, but still a glimmer. Small comfort, yet comfort, nevertheless.

The weeks drifted slowly by. By day Margaret had her home and her little daughter Peggy to occupy her time, and by night the far-off star of the might-have-been to fill her thoughts. Intolerable life, but less intolerable than before. Sometimes they would go to the Osborns, sometimes the Osborns would visit them.

There lingered the hidden significance and the unspoken responses that came from secret understanding, but opportunity did not offer for the twin souls to tread further along the road of wonder that had opened out

before them. Conventional chatter must be the mask, politeness veil passion; but Margaret knew and Julian knew, and were satisfied for this little. Bob's thoughts were still given to the dollar, but Daisy's mind was ill at ease. Often she would gaze at Margaret's photo, and her thoughts were not pleasant ones.

One night, many weeks after that moonlight night on the patio, Julian called round alone at the Merediths' home and found that Bob was not yet home from the pursuit. Margaret received him, and tried to hold off Fate by trivialities. Their eyes sought commonplace things—pictures on the wall, ornaments, torn copies of futile music, anything rather than each other's. Their talk was kept far from the end of the road of wonder. At first.

"Is Daisy not well?" she asked.

"Quite well," said Julian. "Her father is sick in Nevada, and she has had a sudden call to be by his side. She will not be back for some weeks, probably. I thought I'd drop in—to see Bob. . . ."

"Bob will be late."

"Yes? Busy man, Bob. Fine man. . . ."

It was such a night as that other. Through the window the moon shone steadily, gladly, as if it held their secret and approved—as if it knew and would give its aid. Margaret, standing by the window, nodded to it, and talked of the night as an easy thing.

"So glorious," she said.

"A perfect night," agreed Julian. "A perfect night. I came over by car."

"Yes?"

"Wonderful driving through the avenues. A wonderful night for a drive. And out in the country there—wonderful!"

Margaret's finger-tips strummed upon the window pane.

"Bob was telling me," Julian went on, coming closer to her, "that you've got the hunting-lodge ready now, up in the hills."

"Yes," said Margaret.

"A nice place?"

"Very."

"I've promised myself I'd go out and see it."

She did not speak.

"And, so—now, perhaps—as Bob is not home—I'll go now, I think. It will only be an hour's run—nothing—and such a night—just the night for a run. A shame to waste such a night!"

He laughed, and his fingers sought the glass beside hers, and he took her hand from the window and held it tight. For an instant he tottered on the brink of everlasting darkness. But she did not draw her hand from his.

"You—could come with me," he ventured.

She turned her head and looked at him.

"Nothing," he said. "An hour's run. There and back before Bob will be home. He'd be pleased you went. A mere nothing on such a night."

"Yes," she nodded.

"You'll come?"

"I was meaning—that it would be a mere nothing. . . ."

"Yes—but—you'll come?"

Suddenly she laughed and seemed to reach up her arms to a star.

"Just for the fun," she said. "Yes—I'll come."

She got wraps, and he prepared the car. In five minutes they were speeding down the avenue and away to the open country. Neither spoke. No thought of anything but the drive might have been in their thoughts. They did not look at one another. Their eyes were given to the scene and the brilliance of the night. The miles fell away—ten, twenty; houses were fewer and farther between, and soon there were no houses at all, and no light save the moon's light. At last, on the rise of a hill on the forest's edge, the hunting-lodge appeared before them, and soon they had stopped at its gates, and were looking up at the black silhouette of it.

"A fine place!" Julian agreed.

Margaret nodded.

"There'd be no harm," he went on, "in going in for a minute or two—just to see. . . ."

Without replying, she stepped forward as he made for the steps. Without yes or no she stepped firmly to the door and knocked. He glanced at her swiftly.

"A caretaker and his wife have charge," she explained.

"Really? I a caretaker and his wife? Oh, Margaret! If these people, you know, *talk-gossip*, if it should be said that you were here. . . ."

She turned her eyes full upon him and answered unflinchingly.

"Talk? Let them talk! Life is more than servants' chatter!"

He pressed her hand.

The caretaker admitted them, staring hard at seeing that Julian and not Bob accompanied Margaret. But he stood humbly aside, offered to find food, and left all comment to his eyebrows. When he retired he left no more than the merest nick of the door ajar, and very discreetly looked on with only one eye. Could servant be more accommodating?

In the silence that followed the servant's withdrawal, Julian looked at Margaret and Margaret looked at Julian, fearlessly, fighting Fate as if they hoped for defeat. And then, as if at an unuttered command, Julian strode to her side, and grasped her hand.

"Margaret!" he cried. "Julian!"

Curbed passions then burst their bounds and things that he had hopelessly tried for so many years to say to his wife he found himself now saying to his friend's wife instead. And things that she had tried to hear from that husband for so many years she was hearing at last from her husband's friend. Strange muddle of fates! Wonderful, happy muddle!

"I know you!" Julian cried.

"I am the first, the only man that ever knew you. Bob does not know you. He never could."

"Oh, Julian!" she whispered. "And I—"



Often Daisy would gaze at Margaret's photo, and her thoughts were not pleasant ones.

"Your life has been waste! Waste of love, of soul, waste of yourself. For years you have thrown life away, tossed it aside as a discarded doll, as a thing you could pick up and use some other day. But you cannot pick life up and use it again, Margaret."

She sighed.

"Life, once gone, is gone for ever. Once—and then darkness. Once broken, and there shall be no repair."

"Julian! Do you think—"

"Think! Don't I know? Have not I, too, wasted—the years, the soul, the love? We all make mistakes. You. But I have made my mistakes, too. I have trodden the wrong and futile path. I have chosen and chosen wrongly. But Margaret—time is not dead for us yet. We are not at the end. We can—choose again."

He took her in his arms and drew her towards him. But she seemed to stiffen and hold off. She seemed to look, but not at him—at something past him.

"Margaret," he said.

"We must break through to the happiness that can be ours only together. You must stay with me come with me. We will not return to the city again. We will go far away to some place, Margaret. Do you hear? I love you. I love you, Margaret. You are mine. I am yours. For ever!"

There was a tap at the door. The caretaker brought food and the interruption was like a cold draught through the thick air of a hot-house. Like drunkards suddenly sobered, they returned to the trivialities, took food, made silly politenesses before the servant, tried to look as if—

The servant went, and Margaret crossed the room to the oaken sideboard, and took up a photograph that stood thereon. In a moment she was back at Julian's side, and showing it to him. It was a photograph of Bob and their little daughter Peggy.

"I wonder why that should be here, now," she said. "It—changes everything for me. For both of us. Life is not easy, Julian. We are romantics, you and I. But would it be easier for us—life—if our romance came down to earth? We are chained, but should we be really happier free? Is life that way? Who can say? Who shall try to say? What about it shall be certain? But this is certain, that Daisy loves you, and is your good wife, and Bob loves me, whatever his ways, and is as good a husband in those ways as will be found. And there is Peggy and—and oh! Julian, I scarcely know what I am talking about; but, somehow, I feel we have been saved. What am I talking about? Let us go. Come. There is time. Another moment and we might have been throwing not only our own lives, but the lives of those who love us into the gutter. Julian, we have been fools. Let us be friends

instead." He stood with bowed head, and then slowly led the way back to his car.

"Yes," he agreed. "Fools. It—"

He laughed. "I think it was the moon did it. Thank God we found out the mistake before it became one. Thank God we turned back before it was too late. As it is, I don't know how I shall ever look old Bob in the face again. Bob! Dear old Bob! And, Daisy. Come, Margaret."

Silent and ashamed, and yet proud, too—proud that they had had the



"I love you, I love you, Margaret! You are mine for ever."

strength to meet temptation, and fight it—they got into the car and made their way back to the city.

"Bob and Daisy do not know," they agreed. "It will be happier for them and all if they never know. We must ourselves forget."

A month had passed. The Osborns were at the home of their friends. The wheels were running as they had ever run. A star no longer shone in the sky for Margaret and Julian, but the darkness was less dark than before. The knowledge of a temptation fought and conquered was like a lightning in the east. They were chatting idly of many things, when suddenly Daisy cast the bombshell. At first neither Margaret nor Julian recognised it for what it was.

"Servants," said Daisy, "are dreadful gossips."

"Quite," agreed Margaret, secretly considering the casual remark beneath Daisy's usual level.

"Especially servants who live a

great way from anyone and anywhere, and have to make a little go a long way. Such as the servants at, let us say, your hunting-lodge."

Margaret shot a glance across the table. Julian turned to his wife and felt the colour mounting to his cheeks as he did so.

"They make a little go a long way," Daisy proceeded, "such a long way that sometimes it reaches to town—to the ears of the eminent gossip, Mrs. Hicks. And when anything reaches Mrs. Hicks, it isn't a half-day before the errand boys in the city streets get it and toss it about. Mrs. Hicks can get a scandal round quicker than any woman who ever lived. She is saying now, for instance—well, what do you think she is saying?"

"What do I think?" gasped

Margaret, in a low whisper.

"What should I think?"

Daisy rose, the bantering tone gone from her voice. With a quick darkness in her eye, she flashed from Margaret to Julian and back to Margaret.

"What would you think if I told you that Mrs. Hicks is telling the town that you and Julian, you and my husband, are in the habit of going out there to this hunting-lodge of yours after midnight—together, alone?"

Bob, across the table, had gone deathly pale. He rose now and stared dully at his wife for an explanation.

"This," he said. "This—is it true? I mean—I mean, I know it cannot be true, but—Margaret, you hear this. Don't you say anything, now?"

Mutely Daisy looked to her friend for an answer, but before another word could be uttered, Margaret had dropped with her head buried in her arms on the table. Convulsive sobs shook her frame, a tear fell pathetically upon the flowers by her side.

"Julian!" cried Bob, turning to his friend.

But it was not Julian who spoke now. Before he could do so, Margaret's tear-stained eyes were looking up into her husband's, and she was nodding hysterically. "Yes, yes!" she cried. "Yes, it is true. But—"

Bob swung round on Julian.

"You say so, too?"

Julian looked at Margaret, aghast at what was happening.

"Let me say—" he began.

But Bob was towering over him, explosive, impatient. "You will say one of two things. You will say Yes or No. You will say that this thing is true or that it is not true. It is no time for 'buts.' Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Julian, hanging his head.

For a moment Bob was as one stunned. He looked dully from Daisy to Margaret, from Margaret to Julian. The sudden crumbling of all friendship,

(Continued on Page 62.)

Picturegoer Parodies

STUART HOLMES

When a villain's not engaged in movie-making,
His thoughts are far away from scenes
of strife.

Instead of wrecking homes when hearts
are breaking,

He's happy with his children and his wife.
My feelings I with difficulty smother
When there's dark and dirty duty to be done.
Taking one consideration with another,
A villain's lot is not a happy one.

When I've spent a hectic day with prussic acid,
Administered to damsels in distress,
I love to sit at home, serene and placid,
Playing my neighbour at a game of chess.
In private life I wouldn't hurt a rabbit,
But people who have seen the crimes I've done
Are frightened that it may become a habit!
A villain's lot is not a happy one.

Full many a time in print I've seen it stated
I've acted like a rotter and a beast.
By learned people it's been estimated
I've broken up a hundred homes at least.
As film fans watch my movie machinations
You'll hear them say "That man's a proper Hun!"
Oh, listening to their bitter exclamations,
A villain's lot is not a happy one.

If I should take a damsel out to dinner,
See how the people stare as we come in.
They whisper: "There he goes, the wicked sinner!"
It's time he paid the penalty of sin."
Although I seek a corner cool and
shady,

I never can forget the things I've
done.

The band strikes up "Don't trust
him, gentle lady!"

A villain's lot is not a happy one!



Farming a la Sennett



It is a vagary of the screen that melodrama before the cameras, if not very carefully presented, can speedily become uproariously funny. The blustering villain who returns to the old village as the clock strikes midnight has to be very wary of the relentless camera that can very quickly satirise his traditional mannerisms and convert grimness into guffawing.

Mack Sennett, who, perhaps, more than any other man has analysed very carefully the ingredients of screen humour, has taken advantage of this fact most cleverly in his outstanding new comedy, *Down On the Farm*.

He has transferred all the historical characters of a rousing melodrama to the rural setting of a farm. *Down On the Farm* is Sennett satire at its best.

All our old friends—the faithful wife, the villain with a mortgage protruding from the pocket of his immaculate coat, the “ch-e-i-l-d,” and the persecuted heroine—are there. It is life down on the farm reflected in hilarious farce.

Louise Fazenda is the pretty girl of the farm whose attractions inspire plots and counter-plots of the true Lyceum order, that eventually reduce the rural existence of the farm to a turmoil reminiscent of a mad-house.

Harry Gribbon, her rustic sweetheart, whose efforts to milk cows and to solve similar back-to-the-land problems are a joy to behold, falls foul of Bert Roach, the irate father.

It is then that one realises the possibilities of farming implements as aids to slap-stick farce.

Marie Prevost is very effective as the faithful wife who is guarded by her jealous husband.

True to tradition, *Down On the Farm* smoulders from subtle humour revolving around the antics of green-horns on the land until it flares into a riotous climax when Louise Fazenda endeavours to escape the bad man on a family buzz waggon loaded with boxes. The chase that follows carries the droll inhabitants of the comic opera farm across the countryside until the faithful lover rescues his lady love, and the villain gets his just deserts, just as the curtain has rung down on melodrama throughout the ages.

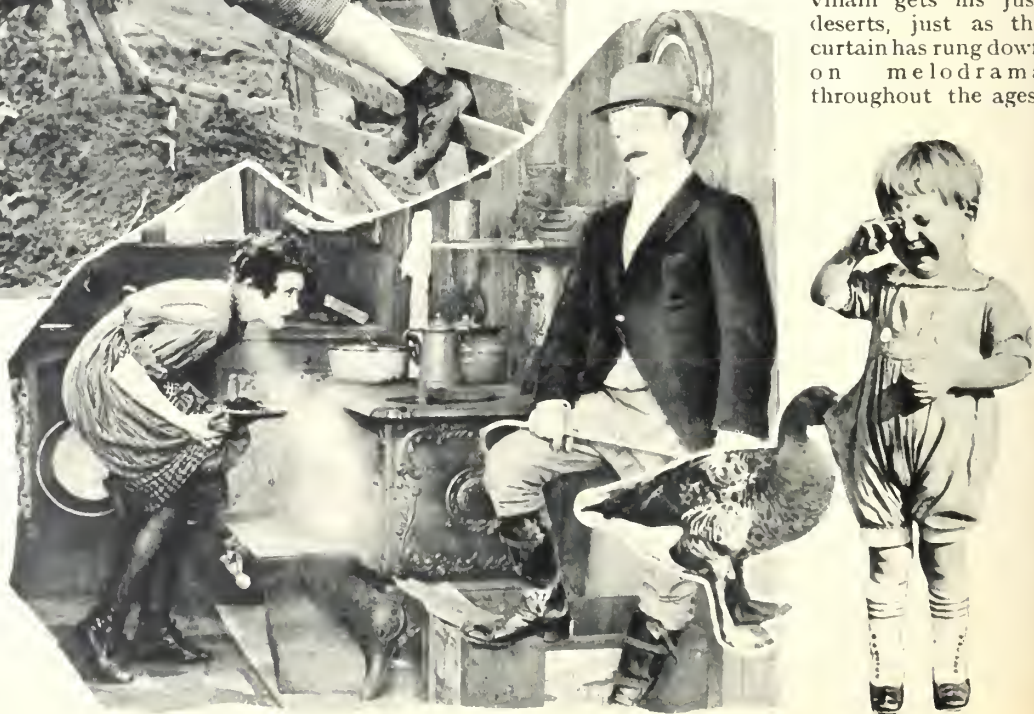


Scenes from Mack Sennett's comedy-melodrama, "Down On the Farm," which is released this month.

Top: Louise Fazenda as a farmer's lass.

Above: Harry Gribbon and Louise in a comedy episode.

Right: James Finlayson and Marie Prevost.



A MERRY MADCAP



Better known to film fame as Viola Dana, the irrepressible sister of Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath.

"Miss Dana is in the garden," they had told me, and confidently I had plunged into the picturesque delights of sunken lawns, wooded glades, and trellised pathways. Searching for the screen "Peter Pan" in this glorious garden, that was even more beautiful than any that Sir James Barrie's immortal hero had alighted upon in his dream flights, was something of an adventure.

Gravelled paths intersected one another with maze-like confusion, and any of the numerous red-tiled summer houses and rose-covered retreats scattered around the grounds of Viola's vine-covered home in the Hollywood foot-hills might have sheltered the elusive little person for whom I was searching.

As I walked up the moss-grown steps of a shaded lawn, the effortless notes of a soprano voice drifted through the trees.

Beyond a wooded pathway I saw an elf-like figure resting on the edge of a marble swimming-pool. A head of wavy, rebellious bobbed hair was thrown backwards. The sun caressed a white throat of Dresden-like delicacy that was vibrating very slightly with song.

It was a pretty picture, but one that held deception. The suggestion of artistic effect, of Arcadian charm and simplicity, was swept away by the modernising effect of the realities

that not unpleasantly were forced on to my mind as I drew closer to the shimmering pool.

Viola Dana was not garbed in Grecian draperies. A silken bathing costume covered her very small but charmingly proportioned figure. A pair of laughing grey eyes greeted me, the expressive depths of which there was no suggestion of the seriousness that one associates with sandalled seekers for Elysian fields.

She laughed with infectious good humour as she saw my questioning glance.

"I thought I heard the song of some forest maiden, and now I find a very twentieth-century young lady," I smiled.

"What do you think I am supposed to be?" said Viola, with the mock seriousness of a child preparing to recount a fairy story.

"A candidate for a Mack Sennett bathing comedy," I hazarded, with little imagination.

She tilted her pretty head with an imperious gesture.

"I am a syren—a sea-nymph singing to the waters," she said, grandiloquently. But I saw the fun lurking in her expressive grey eyes.

"Now, if you had been a sailor, you would have been fascinated by my song and let your boat drift on to the rocks."



Always merry and bright.

"Loreleis"

I said, reprovingly, "should have flowing golden locks and not curly, bobbed hair."

"And, according to historical tradition, they did not wear the latest fashions in Long Beach bathing costumes."

Viola chuckled as she lifted a bathing robe of delicate sky-blue over her rounded shoulders.

"I love to forget all about myself and invest my personality in some imaginative person," she explained. "I used to play charades almost before I was out of the nursery, and

Mischief
brewing.



perhaps that is why my heart is in screen acting. It's such fun pretending that you are somebody else."

"It's such fun." That is the philosophy of life of the charmingly diminutive Metro star. Her work before the cameras is a restless form of merriment—a *joie de vivre* that, oddly, does not find its outlet in careless self-gratification, but interprets itself through an unusual zest for untiring work in the studios.

There is something very attractive in the vivid, vivacious personality of Viola Dana: the suggestion of the enthusiasm of a child for make-believe, existing in a mind unaffected by worldliness, or the materialism that of necessity forms a large part of the production of moving pictures.

"Imagination is a wonderful companion," said Viola, as we walked back across the lawns to the picturesque ivy-covered house that she shares with her sister, Shirley Mason.

"When you found me at the swimming pool I was away on seaswept rocks, and I could almost hear the roar of the breakers and the moan of the wind."

There was no straining after effect or affectation in her manner as she made this confession.

Viola Dana is very natural, although her diverse traits that follow in the trail of temperament, such as happy irresponsibility one moment, and then wistful sadness, might be misconstrued by those who are not familiar with the vagaries of those who go down to the studios to make pictures.

"It was a little hard for me when I played in *Cinderella's Twin*," chattered Viola, as she glided her

very tiny feet encased in bathing slippers over the smooth lawn.

"I had always loved Cinderella when I was a kiddie, and I envied her beautiful clothes and her glass slippers. In the film picture I had to play tricks with the legendary story and show a modern Cinderella in the guise of an orphan in sombre maid's



A daughter of the soil.

costume and drab clothes."

"I believe," I interrupted, with a quite smile, "that you have all the enthusiasm of a child for dressing up."

"Hasn't every woman that instinct in her heart?" asked Viola.

I agreed, for I thought what a charitable way it was of describing what a cynical world regards as feminine vanity.

When we reached the rose-covered verandah with trellis-work so naturally green and slender that it is difficult to discern it amongst the branches and clustered foliage, Viola laughingly kicked away her bathing shoes and curled herself up in a be cushioned cane chair.

Beneath the warm rays of the Californian sun, and amidst the softness of the air that filters through the

wooded valleys that surround Viola's house, sitting in a bathing costume and light robe is not catering for the doctors as it would be in a more southern climate.

"I had my revenge on the producer for the drab clothes that he made me wear in *Cinderella's Twin*," said Viola, reminiscently, after I had been introduced to two mischievous-eyed wire-haired terriers who seemed to instinctively recognise a counterpart of their own exuberant spirits in their pretty mistress, and utilised all their canine persuasiveness to make her romp with them.

"Keep quiet while we're talking business," she said to these delightfully shapeless animals, who had the long legs and slender, wiry bodies of puppydom.

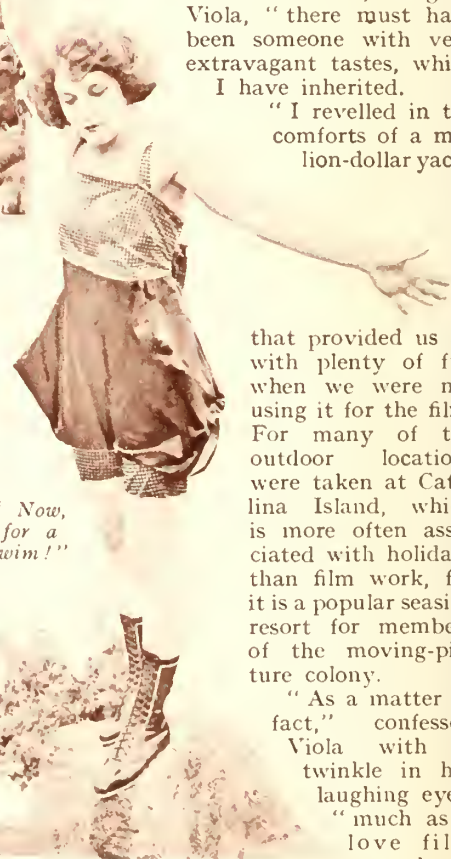
They rolled their quaint eyes in my direction as though they held me responsible for spoiling a pleasant afternoon, and settled down in furry heaps beneath their mistress' chair.

"In *The Offshore Pirate*," explained Viola, offering me a cigarette, "I had the opportunity of wearing beautiful clothes. I chose garments of rainbow hues. I had a dinner gown of lavender taffeta, another of shell-pink crêpe-de-Chine, and one dress composed of inlaid petals, just like those of roses.

"I was very happy in *The Offshore Pirate*. It appealed to my love of luxury to play the part of the ward of a Southern Californian millionaire. Somewhere down my line of ancestors," laughed Viola, "there must have been someone with very extravagant tastes, which I have inherited.

"I revelled in the comforts of a million-dollar yacht

"Now,
for a
swim!"



that provided us all with plenty of fun when we were not using it for the film. For many of the outdoor locations were taken at Catalina Island, which is more often associated with holidays than film work, for it is a popular seaside resort for members of the moving-picture colony.

"As a matter of fact," confessed Viola with a twinkle in her laughing eyes, "much as I love film work, I

was often glad when the director shouted 'Cut' at the end of the day's work. I had a motor-boat of my own at Catalina Island, and I delighted in skimming across the waters of Avalon Bay. Speed has a tremendous fascination for me.

"In *Seeing Is Believing*, I drove the powerful motor boat *Hurricane II* around Balboa Harbour, in the race scene. I appeared on the screen in that incident with an expression of tense excitement on my face. Most people thought that was acting. It wasn't. I just felt like that, all tuned up and thrilled, and the cameras caught my natural expression."

In that little confession Viola Dana disclosed an enlightening sidelight on her success on the screen. With the aid of her gift of imagination that she terms her "friend," she can reflect the mood of a moment when characterising before the cameras, because she has the power to lose her own personality in her work and live in her parts. She has the natural gifts that enable her to portray the transmigration of emotions—which is how David Wark Griffith once described the ability to lose one's real self in a screen portrayal.

"Flying used to be a favourite hobby of mine," said Viola. "But I never seemed to have enjoyed it since poor Locklear was killed. He gave me my first experience of the air, and after his sad death I never really felt happy in the air again. I was haunted by the memory of his terrible spin to earth from the clouds."

"Imagination, you see, can sometimes be a two-edged sword," she added, with a sudden wistfulness in her quickly changing grey eyes.

I played with the frolicsome fox-terriers whilst Viola, with shapely white limbs flying in all directions, scampered up the broad, luxuriously carpeted stairs leading from the cosy lounge hall to augment her scant attire.

Quick changes in the studio, it would appear, do much to speed up her ideas of the time that should be taken over one's toilet. With quickness that would have silenced the scoffers who make fun of the hours that pretty femininity devote to their sartorial adornment, she reappeared in a few minutes, looking daintier and prettier than ever in a charming afternoon creation of many frills and trailing laces.

She held a tiny, sleepy little Pekingese towards me. "Let me introduce you to Radiolite," she said, laughingly. "He's very annoyed because I disturbed his beauty sleep. He doesn't include the observance of social amenities in his somnolent outlook on life."

He was the smallest thing in dog flesh that I had ever seen.

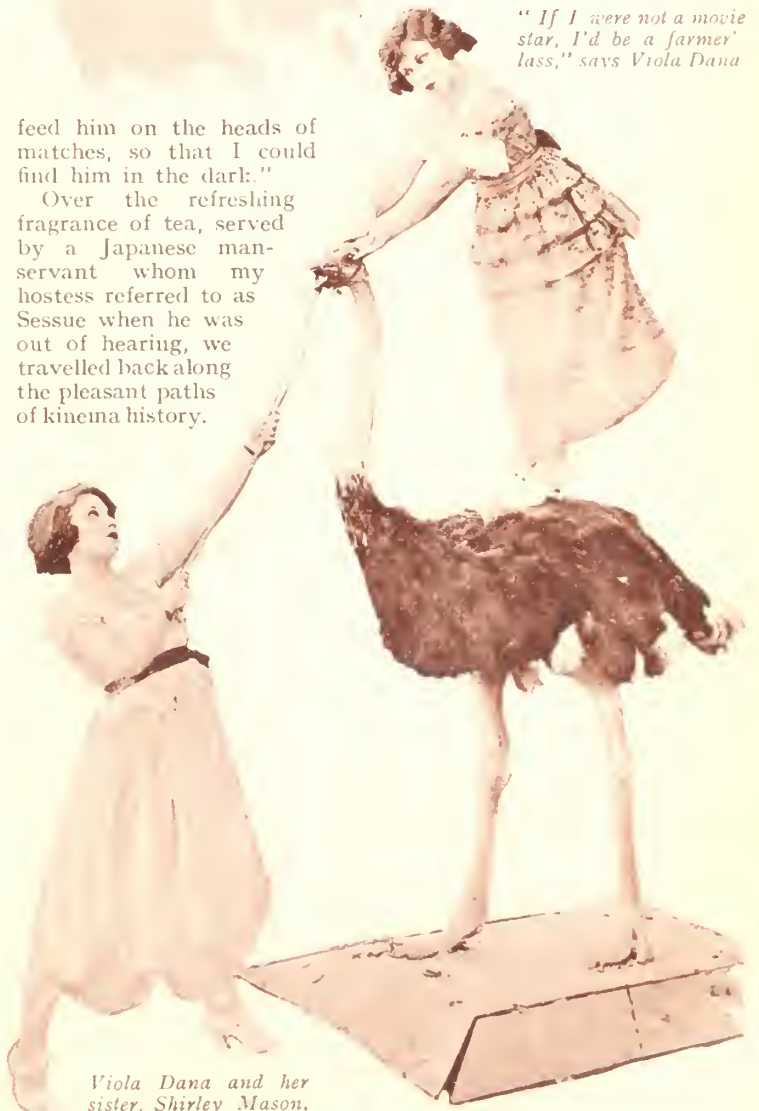
"Tiny, isn't he?" said Viola. "He was sent to me by a kind-hearted admirer, who described him as a watch-dog—I think he must have meant a wrist-watch-dog. Dallas Fitzgerald said I ought to



"If I were not a movie star, I'd be a farmer's lass," says Viola Dana

feed him on the heads of matches, so that I could find him in the dark."

Over the refreshing fragrance of tea, served by a Japanese manservant whom my hostess referred to as Sessue when he was out of hearing, we travelled back along the pleasant paths of kineina history.



Viola Dana and her sister, Shirley Mason.



The girl in the garden—a charming camera study of Viola Dana in a picturesque setting.

She told me of how she had been a star at the early age of sixteen. That was on the stage when she played in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and it was during the run of this production that she took the name of Viola Dana, for her real name is Viola Flugrath.

One saw the deeper emotions of the vivacious Metro star, and a human example of how humour and tears are not far apart in a girl with her imaginative appreciation of life, when she spoke of John Collins, the Prince Charming of her very youthful days.

"He gave me my first position in pictures," she said sadly, "and afterwards he became my hero in real life as well as before the cameras. I married him when I was sixteen. He died soon after, but I always think that my memories of those happy days gave me the power to think and feel more deeply. I was able to reflect emotion on the screen with greater realism, because I had known sorrow at a very impressionable age."

Then, as if almost apologetically, as though she had a brief regret at showing those hidden emotions that beneath her merry madcap personality she so successfully conceals from the world, she became the laughing girl again, and told me an amusing story of *Gladiola*.

"I played the mother in that picture," she chuckled, "and my four feet eleven inches presented a problem for the producer. He had to discover a child that was sufficiently small not

to be ludicrously taller than I. Days were spent finding this diminutive offspring, and I very nearly had to resort to the subterfuge of padded boots to increase my inches.

"My screen career has been identified almost constantly with Metro," she told me. "*The Willow Tree*, *The Chorus Girl's Romance*, and *Please Get Married* are amongst my favourite films because they were the first pictures that did not give me shivers down my spine when I saw myself acting for the first time in the private theatre adjoining the studios.

"Seeing oneself on the screen is a bigger nerve-strain than you can imagine. Shirley and I often see our pictures together, and we hold each other's hands in the dark—it's kind of comforting.

"We always go together to see Edna, our sister in England, in her pictures. Through the screen we watch one another grow up. We've been separated for a good many years now, and although we are hundreds of miles apart, we keep in touch through our shadow selves. Once Edna wrote and said that she had seen me in *Sorrentina*, and she added, 'You are developing wrinkles, my dear.'

"Ugh!" said Viola, and I am sure that her tongue was dying to protrude from her pretty lips. "I had my own back when I wrote and told her that she was out of the fashion, as she hadn't bobbed her hair. And then, like

Shirley, she followed my example and had her hair clipped."

She recalled the days when with Shirley and Edna she was trained as a toe dancer.

"I've loved dancing ever since," confessed Viola, "but I seldom get dancing parts on the film, to my sorrow. I shimmied through life in *The Chorus Girl's Romance*, but a knowledge of terpsichore is of more value to the stage than the screen."

"You still have a love for the stage?" I asked.

"It was my first love," she answered. "And one day I expect that I shall go back.

"Gee! I must hurry," exclaimed Viola, suddenly glancing at a diamond-studded watch on her slender wrist.

"I've got the gang coming in for a dinner and dance."

"And who are the gang?" I asked curiously, as we stood in the rose-covered porch making our farewells.

"Only my noisy neighbours," smiled Viola. "I've got May Allison, Charles Ray, Enid Bennett, and Doug and Mary living around this locality. So we foregather for social evenings, and then I drive them home by moonlight."

Which, on second thoughts, is just what one would expect a Merry Madcap like Viola to do, for the light of the lunar sphere is traditionally the setting for a mercurial temperament such as that of the happy, irresponsible Metro star

What are the Wild Waves Saying?

WHY, they are whispering the sad news that they are to lose their Princess. After becoming famous as one of the Mack Sennett bathing beauties, Phyllis Haver, the central figure in the picture below, has been selected to play the part of Polly Love in "The Christian."

But there are other things which the wild waves have to tell, and that is, the **SIX LONG and COMPLETE FILM STORIES IN "PICTURES"** make splendid holiday reading, either at the seaside or countryside.

You will readily recognize July "PICTURES" on the bookstalls—the cover depicts a dramatic situation in "The Nut," the long film story of Douglas Fairbanks' great success.

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64 Pages—4 Colours—All Photogravure.
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"PICTURES" is a
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Three Bathing Belles who won fame as members of the Mack Sennett Beauty Squad — Harriet Harlow, Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost.

Looking Backward with Charles Ogle

by BARNETT C. KIESLING



In his thirteen years of movie-making, Charles Ogle has played in over five hundred photoplays, so his reminiscences are worth reading.

at that time, and was signed by Biograph at the extremely high pay of ten dollars a day. Since 1909, Ogle has played with practically every star in the business. He has seen them rise and fall and die.

"It was my mother's great ambition that I became a lawyer. From the very first, however, I was interested in the stage. And to study law one must have money. So at nineteen somebody—I don't recall who—offered me a character baritone part in Asbury Sater's light opera, 'The Little Typhoon.'

"Another season I acted as ringmaster, and played the tuba in the band for Miller Brothers' Circus, out at Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. It was then that I met Fred Stone, now the famous comedian. Stone was with a competing circus that had a route parallel to us."

Mr. Ogle's recollection of his circus days is clouded with memory of the death of his father. The elder Ogle dropped dead in his pulpit while preaching a Fourth of July sermon. The support of the family then devolved upon Charles Ogle, who, completing his legal education, commenced the practice of law. For four years he pleaded the causes of his clients successfully.

All of this time thoughts of the stage had been resolutely shoved to backgrounds. The apogee of his success was reached when he ran for the Circuit Judgeship, and was defeated by the small margin of 184 votes.

This defeat crystallized Mr. Ogle's desire to return to the stage.

"I went to my mother," he relates, "and pointed out that I had fulfilled her wish of becoming successful in law. But I further told her that I hated law, and that to be truly happy I must return to the stage. So she

gave her consent, and I made my re-début in a quick-fire old melodrama, the 'James Boys in Missouri.'"

In this show were Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kimball, mother and father of Clara Kimball Young. The now famous star was not yet on the scene, although in later years Mr. Ogle saw her grow from a baby into her later success.

The name De Mille became identified with the Ogle destinies when he joined the James R. Waite Repertoire Company for seven years. The different plays interpreted were all by Henry C. De Mille, father of William and Cecil B. De Mille, the present famous motion picture directors, with whom Mr. Ogle is now frequently associated. At that time Cecil and William were just completing their educations, and securing under their father and mother that thorough dramatic training which has brought them to their present heights.

Then came two seasons in a show the name of which has escaped Mr. Ogle's memory.

"But I do remember," he says, "that I was the Irish father of Mary, Jack and Lottie Pickford. Mary and Lottie were very young girls, while Jack was just a baby. In fact, I believe I carried him on the stage for his very first appearance. We paid baby Jack a salary of twenty-five cents a week—and I'm not sure he didn't take it out in gum drops."

Remember Joseph Dowling, *The Miracle Man*? Dowling was Ogle's boss for several seasons. At that time the wonderful old white-haired character player was a famous producer, and had three different shows on the road.

"My last legitimate show," Mr. Ogle said, "was with Mabel Garrison in 'The Blue Mouse.' John Emerson was stage director of this show. It wasn't long after this that Mr. Emerson came into pictures as a writer."

Vacationing in the year 1907, Ogle first made contact with David Wark Griffith. Griffith was getting up a troupe to put on a pageant, "Pocahontas," at the Jamestown Exposition.

The itinerant life of a Methodist minister's son; the strife and matching of wits of the law court; the glamorous, kaleidoscopic existence of stage and studio; such have been the widely different complexes which make up the personal and professional life of Charles Ogle, thirty-five years a player, thirteen of that time a veteran of motion pictures.

Nobody who has ever seen a photoplay needs any introduction to Charles Ogle—he's been in over five hundred of 'em, in every kind of character from leads to old men. Of later years he's been known for lovable, fatherly things like the old stage doorkeeper in *After the Show*, or "Pa" Jucklins in *The Fighting Schoolmaster*. Ogle is like a mirror of the kinema and an interview with him reflects scores of interesting facts not generally known.

Charles Ogle's first job on the stage was for eight dollars a week and "cakes." His first work in pictures was under the direction of David Wark Griffith, in 1909. Griffith was then just starting on a career which has brought him fame and fortune. Ogle was a well known stage player



How they made movies ten years ago when Charles Ogle first joined the Famous-Lasky Company. Note the primitive scenery.

The financial guarantees, however, were not enticing, and he decided against the proposition. Later on, however, he again met Mr. Griffith, then gaining his honour of being one of the now famous old "Griffith Biograph Troupe."

When Biograph approached him in 1909, they approached a man who was then of the same status that a "star" is nowadays. He was offered the overwhelmingly huge salary of ten dollars a day, later increased to fifteen. As extra people were getting three dollars a day then, and real players five dollars and six dollars, it can be considered that Mr. Ogle was decidedly a leader.

The Honour of His Family and *The Last Deal* were the Biograph pictures in which Mr. Ogle appeared under the direction of David Wark Griffith.

Compare *The Honour of His Family* with the present-day Griffith master-pictures running into twelve reels. The length, as given on the little advertising "throwaway" describing it, was 988 feet, or about 12 feet less than the total length for one reel. It was released January 24, 1910, and in the cast were Owen Moore and Henry Walthall, star in his own right; James Kirkwood, featured in recent Paramount pictures; and Mack Sennett, noted comedy producer.

"My memory regarding individual pictures is rather hazy," says Mr. Ogle. "From 1909 to 1914 I appeared in about three hundred different picture plays, averaging one a week, and sometimes playing in two or three at once.

"I do recall, however, *The Iron-*



A character make-up.

master, a picture which introduced to me Rex Ingram, director of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and one of the biggest men in the industry to-day. So far as I know, it was Ingram's first picture.

"In 1914, with Miss Fuller, I joined Universal in the East. I can recall that Miss Fuller was paid by Universal 800 dollars a week, 500 dollars for salary, and 300 dollars for wardrobe and publicity. This contract got tremendous newspaper notices, as it was a very large amount for those days.

"In 1916 I fell out of a window—and nearly out of pictures! We were doing a fire scene near Ossining, New York, and I jumped from a two-storey window, breaking both ankles.

"The doctors told me that I would never be able to act again. So after closing up my affairs in New York, I came to California to recuperate.

"I went out to the Lasky studio one day to meet William and Cecil De Mille, sons of that Henry in whose plays I had appeared so often. Those young men, with Jesse L. Lasky, whom I had known as a successful vaudeville impressario, had established a plant especially for five-reel feature pictures, using the best plays; rather a new wrinkle in film-making, but one which has proved the backbone of the industry as it is at present.

"I proved to be just the type Mr. William De Mille wanted for the play, 'The Heir to the Hoorah,' and I signed a contract to begin August 23, 1916. But before that day rolled round Mr. Cecil De Mille found unsatisfactory a certain actor playing in *Joan, the Woman*, one of the series in which Geraldine Farrar was starred. So I really started on the West Coast, August 21, with Mr. Cecil B. De Mille.

"*Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* is one of the early Paramount pictures I particularly remember, because it brought me with Mary Pickford, the little girl I had known with Chauncey Oleott, now a very famous star."

Charles Ogle's delicate, well-drawn character impersonations of later years have become nationally famous. He will be recalled at once for his work in such pictures as *The Valley of the Giants*, *Hawthorne of the U.S.A.*, *Treasure Island*, *The Prince Chap*, *What's Your Hurry?* *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*, and *A Wise Fool*. More recently he has appeared in such Paramount pictures as *North of the Rio Grande*, *The Woman Who Walked Alone*, and *After the Show*.

But fifty-seven years old, Charles Ogle considers himself but a "youngster" in pictures.

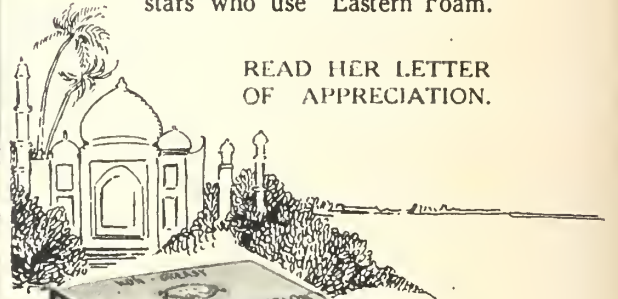
Thirty-five years an actor and still in love with the profession and its people—that's Charles Ogle.



Thelma Murray

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(Signed) THELMA MURRAY.

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THE CREAM OF FASCINATION

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CRITICAL GOSSIP—
ABOUT PLAYS &
PLAYERS IN —
CURRENT PICTURES

Warm weather programmes are, as a rule, somewhat uninspired, for there has been a fatal tendency amongst British exhibitors to meet small attendances half-way by supplying cheap pictures. It is therefore refreshing to note that the July releases are of a somewhat higher average than usual. There are few "world-beaters" amongst them, but some useful productions will reach British screens this month, notably two excellent "home-made" pictures in *Mr. Justice Raffles* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

Picturegoers took very kindly to *Raffles* when he made his screen début, and there is no doubt that they will thoroughly enjoy *Mr. Justice Raffles*, a Hepworth production released this month. The story, telling of the cricketer crook's triumph over a blood-sucking money-lender, provides a succession of dramatic thrills, and the acting is admirable throughout. Gerald Ames does good work in the title-rôle, and he is admirably supported by James Carew, Hugh Clifton, Henry Vibart, Lyonel Watts, and Eileen Dennes. Beautiful backgrounds and first-class photography contribute to the general excellence of the production.

With *The Old Curiosity Shop*, released this month, Thomas Bentley completes ten years of filmmaking in Dickensland. His latest production is a worthy addition to his screen library of Dickens' classics, and all picturegoers should be pleased with the fare provided. Mabel Poulton, who has been seen in two previous Welsh-earson productions—*Nothing Else*

Matters and *Mary - Find - the - Gold*—shares acting honours with William Lugg, who plays "Grandfather" to her "Little Nell." Hugh E. Wright is seen as "Codlin," Pinto Conti makes a ferocious "Quilp," whilst the irrepressible "Dick Swiveller" is played by Colin Craig.

By the time these lines appear British picturegoers will have been accorded their first taste of German films, for the Goldwyn Company is taking the plunge and releasing a number of ex-enemy productions. Their first release, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligan*, is about the weirdest picture ever shown on the silver sheet. It is an audacious experiment in movie-making that deserves to succeed by reason of its originality. At last something new under the movie sun has been discovered, and, whatever your private opinions may be, you will have to admit that Germany has got ahead of the rest of the film world on this occasion.

The William De Mille production, *Midsummer Madness*, can be classed as excellent entertainment, for every reel bears the De Mille hallmark of merit. The story, which is given in full elsewhere in this issue, concerns the matrimonial misunderstandings of a millionaire and his wife. The acting is of the highest quality, which is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that the cast includes Conrad Nagel, Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Betty Francisco, Claire McDowell, Charles Ogle, and Lillian Leighton. The title is distinctly topical, but the picture should please anybody, any time, anywhere.

Swedish Biograph productions are always welcomed by picturegoers of discriminating taste, and Victor Seastrom's current release is a good example of that master producer's art. It bears the intriguing title, *A Lover in Pawn*, and the producer, who plays the stellar rôle, is supported by Greta Almroth and Concordia Selander. The story tells of an elderly pawnbroker who forces his attentions on a girl whose sweetheart has become indebted to him. As "Enman," the pawnbroker, Seastrom gives one of his inimitable character studies, and Greta Almroth makes an appealing heroine.

A film version of Martha Morton's play, *Her Lord and Master*, is Alice Joyce's vehicle this month. The story tells of an English nobleman's marriage to an American heiress, and the troubles of his irresponsible wife in staid English society. The plot is distinctly thin, and does not afford much opportunity of real acting on the part of the players. Frank Sheridan, Marie Shotwell, Walter McEwen and Holmes E. Herbert support the star. Fair entertainment.

Were he alive to-day the author of "Cinderella" would be drawing more royalties than Ethel M. Dell. The theme of the popular fairy-tale has formed the basis of countless film plots—and still they come. This month's addition to the "Cinderella" family is Viola Dana's offering, *Cinderella's Twin*, in which the versatile little film-star is seen in the rôle of a scullery maid who goes to a ball, meets Prince Charming, and undergoes more adventures than her illustrious namesake. *Cinderella's Twin* is

"You mustn't say that, Polly!" May Collins reproves an impious parrot.



however, only average fare, in spite of the efforts of a cast that includes such likeable personalities as Wallace MacDonald, Ruth Stonehouse, Cecil Foster and Edward Cecil.

If you like domestic melodrama, you will enjoy Pearl White's current release, *Know Your Men*, which is described as a drama of woman's strength and weakness. The serial star is seen in the rôle of a persecuted wife who wins happiness after many tribulations. Wilfred Lytell, a brother of the famous Bert, and to whom he bears a strong resemblance, is seen opposite Pearl White in this production. Others in the cast are C. Downing Clarke, Harry C. Browne and Byron Douglas. The film is good stuff of its kind, and Pearl White's many admirers should have no cause for complaint.

The pertinent query, *What's Your Reputation Worth?* announces Corinne Griffith's release for July. It is the story, somewhat unsavoury, of a girl who agrees to be "evidence for divorce" in order to help her employer, whom she secretly loves. Corinne duly loses her reputation, but wins it back again, and a husband into the bargain, before the final fade-out. Percy Marmont, who supports the star in this picture, is an Englishman who has been selected to play the rôle of "Mark Sabre" in Fox's version of *If Winter Comes*.

Tom Mix's current release, *Hands Off*, is described as a Western whirlwind, and the description is about adequate. Tom is seen in the

rôle of a Texas ranger who leads a hectic life on the Mexican border. The film is a mixture of Western melodrama and slapstick comedy, and contains a number of choice thrills. Incidents in the picture include attempted lynchings, hold-ups, a stampede of wild horses, and thrilling hand-to-hand fights, so spectators cannot well complain of lack of excitement. Pauline Curley supports the star.

Thomas Meighan's July offering shows the star in the rôle of an author who is spoiled by success. Its title is *The Easy Road*, and Tom follows the primrose path through several reels until he discovers that uneasy lies the head that sleeps in easy street. It is a human little story, in which the star's pleasing personality shows to good advantage. The supporting cast is an excellent one—Gladys George, Arthur Carew, Viora Daniel and Lila Lee.

Every day and in every way movie-makers become more and more inquisitive. In addition to *What's Your Reputation Worth?* we have with us this month *What's Worth While?* and *What's a Wife Worth?* The last-named picture features Casson Ferguson, who will be remembered for his fine performance in *Madame X*. It is a sob-story that offers nothing new in the way of dramatic situations, and only earnest students of the sentimental drama will find real entertainment in its artificialities. Ruth Renick, Alec Francis, Howard Gaye, Lillian Langdon and Virginia Caldwell are others in the cast.

Lois Weber's production, *What's Worth While?* does not measure up to the highest standard attained by this clever woman director. The story tells of an aristocratic girl who falls in love with a Western oil magnate of uncouth manners. Although disgusted by the crudeness of the Westerner, the girl cannot master her infatuation for him, and persuades him to acquire polish and refinement. Like a nice obliging hero, he does all that he is asked to do. And is the heroine pleased? No, Clarence. Movie heroines are not so easily satisfied as all that. Beautiful Claire Windsor plays the part of the proud aristocrat, and others in the cast are Arthur Stuart Hull, Mona Lisa, Louis Calhern and Edwin Stevens.

William S. Hart has joined the North-West Mounted Police this month, and we see him in full regalia in *O'Malley of the Mounted*. The plot of this picture is about the oldest on record, but Bill Hart gets away with it simply and solely because he infuses new blood into an anæmic theme. The police constable, torn between love and duty—where have we seen that theme before? Anyway, plot or no plot, it is a good picture, and Hart contrives to find plenty of thrills in ancient dramatic situations. Eva Novak, Lee Willis, Antrim Short and Bert Sprotte support the star.

Two French productions, *The Dream* and *A Sentimental Burglar*, feature M. Signoret, a talented artiste whose work is highly polished. The first is a film version of Zola's story, a pathetic little romance that may or may not appeal to British picture-goers; the second is an altruistic crook story that is somewhat reminiscent of *The Great Gay Road*. Another French picture released this month is *The Girl from Nowhere*, a sentimental romance featuring Jean Lord and Yvonne Aïrel. Here, again, is a story that will delight some people and bore others to distraction.

Racing dramas have a public ready-made, and *The Home Stretch* is sure to please a large number of people. Douglas Maclean, in the stellar rôle, impersonates "Johnny Harwick," a grocer's assistant who is a great authority on horse-flesh. How "Johnny" acquires a wonderful horse named Honeyblossom, and backs it to the limit in a hard-run race, is told in an entertaining story. Like many people, "Johnny" discovers that it is easier to lose money on the Turf than to win fortunes, but the end of the film finds him well satisfied with his sporting venture. Beatrice Burnham is the heroine, and the supporting cast includes Walt Whitman, Margaret Livingston, Wade Boetler, Charles Mailes, and Jack Singleton.

Buck Jones has unpleasant memories of *The One-Man Trail*, a Western drama that figures amongst the July releases. The scenario called for a leap into the river on horseback, and after Buck had performed the feat for the first time, he learned to his chagrin that the camera had not registered the splash. The second attempt was a perfect leap so far as Buck Jones was concerned, but the film buckled in the camera at the critical moment, and it was love's labour lost once again. When the third leap was being filmed, a runaway horse charged into the camera-men, and Buck Jones, crawling out of the river, saw that they had stopped turning. Expressive, indeed, was his language! *The One-Man Trail*, in which the star is supported by Beatrice Burnham, is a Western subject of average merit.

C. Gardner Sullivan, whose original first-class dramatic entertainment, wrote *Good Women*, and Louis J. Gasnier directed it. Gasnier is the man who produced *Kismet*, and he knows just how a picture should be made, therefore *Good Women* is technically perfect as regards story and direction. Rosemary Theby, who is featured, is seen in the rôle of a feminine defier of all things conventional. She is a rich and talented young lady who becomes a notorious member of Bohemian society, playing with fire without burning so much as the tips of her pretty fingers. *Good Women* may be a mechanical production, but the

machinery is well-oiled and smooth-running. Rosemary Theby, Hamilton Revelle, Earle Schenck, Irene Blackwell, William Carleton, Arthur Stuart Hull, and Rhea Mitchell are members of a capable cast.

The Famous-Lasky British production, *The Princess of New York*, is not a notable offering, although it boasts Cosmo Hamilton as author and Mary Glynne and David Powell as stars. The story is painfully conventional in theme and treatment, and little effort has been made to infuse new life into ancient dramatic situations. Mary Glynne is an American heiress who is besieged by unscrupulous fortune-hunters (British), and David Powell is an Oxford undergraduate, the epitome of masculine virtue, who rescues her from the clutches of her pursuers. Some interesting Oxford backgrounds figure in the film, but the story is too obvious to be more than mildly entertaining. Others in the cast are Saba Raleigh, George Bellamy, Dorothy Fane, Ivo Dawson, Phillip Hewland and Windham Guise.

Gladys Walton specialises in flapper rôles, and she has a characteristic part in her current release, *Risky Business*. The story tells of a society flapper and her love affairs, one of which centres around a fascinating Raffles. The flapper saves Raffles from the clutches of the law, and reforms him before the final fade-out. Lewis Willoughby, the British actor well remembered for his work in *Colonel Newcome*, supports the star in this picture, and Fred Malatesta, that accomplished screen villain, performs his usual quota of evil deeds. The film provides fair entertainment.

Clara Kimball Young is seen this month in a pleasing comedy of New York society entitled *Straight from Paris*. Clara's rôle is that of a Frenchwoman, "Lucette Grenier," the proprietor of a fashionable millinery establishment. "Lucette" is courted by a number of aristocrats, and she manages to keep her true identity secret from them all until a drunken grandfather gives her away. Society snobs are satirized in the story, which provides pleasing entertainment, and affords Clara Kimball Young a chance to display some part of her £50,000 wardrobe. Thomas Jefferson, Bertram Grassby, William P. Carleton, Clarissa Selwynne, and Gerard Alexander support the star.

Not Nazimova, but her double, Inez Gay, who understudies Alla for lighting rehearsals.



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Buck Jones sets
out to see if
"music hath
charms."
Apparently it
hathn't.

A quixotic American doctor who marries a Japanese girl "in name only," in order to protect her from a villainous suitor, starts the romance that is the theme of *A Tokio Siren*. Tsuru Aoki is the star of the picture, and she does her best with the poor material at her disposal. Matrimonial misunderstandings in America provide incidents for the latter portion of the story, which falls down in interest towards the finish. Even warm admirers of the little Japanese star will be dissatisfied with the fare provided in this instance. The cast includes Jack Livingstone, Goro Kino, Toya Fusita, Arthur Jasmine, Peggy Pearce, Florence Hart, and Frederick Vroom.

William Russell's July release, *Children of the Night*, belongs to the Ancient and Honourable Order of Dream-Adventure stories. William Russell is a clerk in a railway office, who reads a newspaper article about success in high finance, and dreams himself into the position of a financial magnate. His adventures as a member of a powerful secret society, known as "The Children of the Night," are strenuous enough to satisfy the most exacting of film fans. Serial lovers will enjoy Big Bill's dreams as much as the star appears to do, and the action is too fast and furious for spectators to pause to consider possibilities.

A dour old Scotsman's struggle with his conscience is the theme of the British production, *In His Grip*, which is based on the novel by David Christie Murray. Cecil Morton York's portrayal of "Sir Donald

MacNeigh," the Scottish contractor whose pride in his own integrity goes before a fall, provides an interesting character study, but the film as a whole is somewhat slow-moving and lacking in incident. The cast also includes Netta Westcott, George Bellamy, David Hawthorne, Hugh

Miller, Cecil du Gué and W. T. Ellwanger. People who can appreciate a drama of character should find this picture interesting.

Marjorie Brown is a model in a fashionable modiste's establishment who learns that the fiancée of an English nobleman is a member of a gang of crooks. The mannequin dons a dress that has been made for the adventuress, and becomes involved in a series of exciting episodes that culminate in a romance between herself and the said nobleman. *Silk Hosiery* is the title of the story outlined above, and the rôle of the adventure-seeking model is played by Enid Bennett. Others in the cast are Geoffrey Webb, a young British artiste who has been seen in several American pictures, Joan Standing, Donald MacDonald, Derrick Ghent, Bonnie Hill and Vernon Winters. A likeable little romance.

The story of *Youth to Youth*, a Swedish production by the Skandia Company, takes us back into the sixteenth century. It is a comedy of peasant life, played with the artistry that characterises Scandinavian productions. The story tells of a young candidate for priesthood, who is compelled to marry a woman of eighty—the relic of a former pastor—in order to secure a living. The young priest, being in love with a damsel of his own age, waits impatiently for his elderly spouse to shuffle off this mortal coil, but she is a long time in shuffling, in spite of his efforts to help her on her way. A theme such as this requires delicate handling, but the producer has made no errors of judgment.

Continued on page 50.

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"Here goes for a close-up," says George Walsh to Robert Service, "the Canadian Kipling," who came to watch the star being filmed in "With Stanley in Africa."

The unhappiest wife in all screen-dom—Bessie Barriscale—pursues her career of suffering in *The Breaking Point*. It is to be hoped that one of these days callous film producers will allow Bessie to contract a happy marriage, for, up to date, not one of her screen alliances has been made in the place where good marriages should be made. Here we see her married to a wealthy waster who makes her life a misery until she kills him in defence of her child. Alas! poor Bessie. Should you ask her the title of her favourite song she will answer you without a second's hesitation: "A good man is hard to find."

If you can enjoy an old-fashioned sentimental melodrama, then go to see *Hearts of Youth*, the film version of "Ishmael," by Mrs. D. E. N. Southworth. It contains all the ingredients dear to the heart of the novel reader—love and mystery, doubt and distrust, vicissitudes and vengeance. Harold Goodwin, a pleasing performer, essays the stellar rôle, and the supporting cast includes Lillian Hall, Fred Kirby, Plilo McCulloch and Iris Ashton. This story will tug at the heartstrings of the unsophisticated, and bring a smile of superiority to the lips of the wordly-wise.

Eileen Percy has a rôle after her own heart in *The Tomboy*, and she romps merrily through the picture. Eileen's rôle is that of a girl who has a passion for manly sports, baseball

being her favourite game. She wears male attire, edits the sports page of a local paper, brings a gang of boot-leggers to book, and wins a handsome revenue officer for a husband. Others in the cast are Hallam Cooley, Paul Camp, and Byron Munson. A bright little comedy.

Tom Santschi is famous for his screen fights, and he adds yet another lively tussle to his credit in *The North Wind's Malice*, a Rex Beach story released this month. Apart from the fight, a thrilling fire scene and a series of picturesque backgrounds that lend beauty to the story, the film affords but moderate entertainment. It is a tale of Alaska, the hero being a man who leaves his wife under the false belief that she has wronged him. Acting honours fall to William H. Strauss and Vera Gordon, who give a delightful study of a Hebrew Darby and Joan. The film as a whole lacks the punch that one associates with Rex Beach's stories.

Shirley Mason, as "Marion," has ample opportunities for reflecting her ability to portray sentiment on the screen in *Mother Heart*. She is able to portray "sob stuff" without approaching pathos or straining after effect. When Marion's father was sentenced for theft her mother died of a broken heart, leaving the girl to take care of her baby brother. Marion became a servant at a farmhouse, the owner of which was, unknown to her, the man who had sent her father to prison. Tribulations

overtook her, but she won happiness in the end, and the story that began as a tragedy, finished as a romance. As "Marion," Shirley Mason does her best with a conventional rôle, but the film rarely rises above average sentimental drama. The supporting cast includes Raymond McKee, Cecil van Anker, Peggy Elinor, William Buckley, and Edward B. Tilton.

George Walsh enacts a characteristic rôle in *Dynamite Allen*. He plays the name part with a strenuousness that involves exciting captures and gallant rescues of the melodramatic order. This hurricane-like adventure unfortunately prevents him from using to their fullest extent his undoubted abilities as a skilful portrayer of character parts. The story tells of a miner accused of a murder, in reality committed by his enemies. He is sentenced for life. When his son grows up he is nicknamed "Dynamite." How he proves his father's innocence provides the setting for many thrills, in which Edna Murphy, as an appealingly pathetic heroine, figures. Dorothy Allen gives a clever representation of the paralytic who regains the use of her limbs through a seeming miracle. Those who do not analyse the plot too closely will enjoy the clever acting and skilfully planned climaxes in this picture.

Those popular stage favourites, Isobel Elsom and Owen Nares, figure in *For Her Father's Sake*, the screen version of Sutro's play, "The Perfect Lovers." Owen Nares is naturally well-fitted from the point of view of looks for the handsome hero who, in the earlier episodes of the picture, goes abroad to endeavour to forget the girl whom her father has forced to marry for money in preference to his better-looking self. He looks very serious throughout in a manner that at times approaches lugubrious glumness. But the picture has a vein of sadness running through it which suits Isobel Elsom's somewhat pensive type of beauty. The story is of the conventional melodramatic type, with the characteristic climax of the happy reunion of the lovers and the death of the villain.

The announcement of Blanche Sweet's engagement to Marshall Neilan will add interest to her appearance in *That Girl, Montana*. The story is laid amidst the majesty of forests, mountain torrents, and the kaleidoscopic beauty of the West. It is a story of primitive emotions in uncivilised surroundings. The picturesque appeal of the picture greatly assists a somewhat ordinary story, which deals with the struggle of a girl against the persecutions of men whose nature is as wild as the surroundings amidst which they live. A cleverly-produced storm scene figures in the picture and a spectacular dash down the rapids on a frail canoe.

(Continued on page 58)



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The old man of Quebec, "who was buried in snow to his neck," has nothing on Frank Mayo in his picture "Across the Deadland," except that Frank used sand instead of snow.

Blanche Sweet, in the primitive garb of the West, shows that she can prove as attractive on the screen as she has done in the silks and satins of the drawing-room in the past.

The story of *When We Were Twenty-One* is founded on Nat Goodwin's great stage success that provided such famous actresses as Constance Collier and Maxine Elliott with historical stage presentations. It has been carefully transferred to the screen to preserve its original attractive themes of charming romance and unselfish sacrifice. H. B. Warner plays the leading rôle of "Dick Carewe," the unselfish, sympathetic guardian whose ambition is to see Phyllis Erickson married to his ward Richard Audaine, a youth whose main interest in life is the sowing of wild oats. Warner's acting is clever, but he carries his

restrained type of screen work a little too far in emotional scenes, when his lack of spirit strikes an unnatural note. Claire Anderson creates a lovable character in the part of the disillusioned young girl who has built a castle on sand in the form of a dissolute lover. On the screen, *When We Were Twenty-One* loses a little of the human reflection of the aspirations, follies and pitfalls of youth which Nat Goodwin so effectively sketched in his stage version of the story. It is, however, attractive, human entertainment.

Florence Vidor presents an appealing sidelight on the frailties of human nature in *Beau Revel*. She drives home the moral that flirting does not pay, and her clashes with Lewis Stone, who gives a picturesque picture of the beau whose hobby is the conquering of women's hearts, is

very true to life. Lewis Stone is the father who, to cure his son of what he considers to be an undesirable infatuation, boasts that he will prove the girl's worthlessness in a fortnight by making love to her. The father meets his Waterloo, and becomes infatuated with the fascinating girl, played by Florence Vidor with her characteristic womanly charm. This family entanglement, that produces a rift between father and son, is solved by the dramatic death of the elder man. Clever photography appears in the picture when the beau dreams of the fair women he has known, who float before his eyes like misty visions. Those who admire Florence Vidor will enjoy this picture, for it reflects her charm very effectively.

Tod Sloan, the jockey, who was the friend of kings and princes in the zenith of his remarkable Turf career, appears in the film picture, *The Killer*. It is a changed Tod that we see on the screen, but he gives evidence of the fact that he has not altogether lost his cunning in the saddle. He carries out a spectacular ride across the desert to secure aid for a persecuted heroine, and we see the old-time crouch that some years ago was a by-word on every course where silk-clad jockeys strove for racing honours. There is an interesting story told of *The Killer*. When it was first shown in the United States, the picture is said to have proved so blood-curdling that it had to be stopped to allow the audience to "simmer down." It is hardly likely to affect British picturegoers in this way, but it certainly contains an eerie story inclined to be morbid, evolving around a ranch-owner who killed dogs, children, men and women with calculating coolness, and played the piano and discoursed on literature and art when he was not catering for his lust for the destruction of human life. A stirring picture for those who like thrills, but hardly the fare to entertain an audience in any way. Claire Adams and Frank Campeau figure in the cast.

Pretty Eileen Percy blossoms out as an unconventional heroine in *The Tomboy*. She plays a part that is especially suited to her buoyant temperament, and she is very natural in her presentation of the girl baseball enthusiast who unwittingly becomes involved in a plot to smuggle illicit

[Continued on page 60.]

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Harold Lloyd gets that morning after feeling in "Grandma's Boy."

whisky. The chief centre of interest in the picture revolves around the vivacious acting of Eileen from Ireland. She strikes a human chord when she illustrates that beneath her harum-scarum exterior she has a big heart, and it is whilst she is mothering the children of a friend that the husband, who in the interests of conventionality sleeps in a stable, is arrested as a smuggler. Byron Munson, as the youthful sportsman and reporter, provides added attraction to this good, light entertainment, which deals with surface emotions, and does not seek to analyse the deeper sentiments.

That ever-popular theme, mother love, pervades the story of *The Greater Claim*, which is saved from being commonplace by excellent production and most convincing acting. Alice Lake is very appealing as the mother who, forced through relentless circumstances to part with her child, secures a post as a nurse in order that she may be near him. Sentimental romance gets going from the first few feet of the picture when an irate father forbids the marriage of his son with a chorus girl, and the heart chords are vibrated right down to the final fade-out, when the bronzed lover returns from foreign parts. He clears up all the misunderstandings that keep pretty Alice Lake registering fear and sorrow through the majority of the scenes in the picture. The softening of an irate father's heart by a

particularly attractive curly headed youngster, who has Jackie Coogan's entire absence of camera fright, strikes a human note in the story. Others in the cast are Jack Dougherty, Edward Cecil and Florence Gilbert. The convincing acting of Alice Lake is the main attraction of the picture, which does not tell a story of any striking originality, but it is good entertainment for lovers of sentiment.

In *The Gilded Dream* it is possible to recognise many clever characterisations of people that one meets in everyday life. This brings a sense of realism to an imaginative story woven around the old maxim that true love is worth more than gold. Carmel Myers wears many beautiful dresses as the shop-girl who, receiving an unexpected legacy, determines to use it for the fulfilment of her dreams of marrying a wealthy man. The reform of a wealthy idler, who makes good for her sake, provides the excuse for a thrilling climax when the heroine is rescued from drowning in a sensational manner reminiscent of the exploits of film serial stars. Elsa Lorimer, Edward Tilton and Boyd Irwin assist Carmel Myers in the making of a notably good cast. A picture essentially for those who like social drama of a virile type.

DELYSIA'S BEAUTY SECRET.

In these days of light summer frocks, when shapely ankles and rounded arms are so necessary for the attractive appearance of the fair sex, the problem of reducing superfluous flesh becomes even more distressing to the outdoor girl. Alice Delysia, the famous French actress, recently declared that the well-known scientific fat-reducer known as Rodiod had been employed by her with great success.

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DON'T IMITATE OTHERS.

BY JEANIE MACPHERSON.

Cecil B. De Mille's special scenario writer offers some good advice to would-be authors.

The motion-picture market is an unsteady one; the public's preferences change almost daily. What is popular to-day is worn out to-morrow. Every good picture, particularly if it be an innovation, has a dozen imitators as soon as it is shown—sometimes before, if some rival producer happens to be a good guesser.

Therefore, it behoves the screen writer to keep abreast of the times if he would succeed in the motion-picture game.

The beginner anxious to succeed is tempted to imitate certain types of pictures. I daresay there were hundreds of pictures of the order of *The Miracle Man* written in feverish haste by embryo scenarioists, after the amazing success of that masterpiece of the late George Loane Tucker, released by Paramount, in which Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson had the leading rôles.

When the psychic wave hit the world after the war, pictures based on this subject became popular. But how many hundreds of scenarios written around the question of the soul's immortality failed to see the light of day will never be known.

It is almost like the old saying, "When you hear of a new book read an old one." When you see a successful picture, don't go home and imitate it; try a different idea. I do not mean by that to write tragedies because the comedies are popular, but to be different within reason. The object of this is plain: If a picture is a success, someone has long realised the fact and already submitted a scenario along similar lines. You are sure to be too late—if you are not "in the game." There are exceptions, of course, but these merely prove the rule.

Try to look ahead. That is what the producers are doing. They are visualising the future. What will be popular a year from now? Try to imagine it. At least get a few months ahead of the procession, because, after all, most pictures are not released till several months after their completion.

Try to get some experience in writing. Get on a newspaper. Or try your hand at fiction first; short stories are easier to sell than scenarios. Then study the medium as best you can from the outside. If you can't get inside, there are books and other methods of learning the technique. But nothing is comparable to actual experience in writing in the studio. Note that great writers such as Sir Gilbert Parker, Elinor Glyn, Edward Knoblock, and others have gone into the studio in order to learn at first hand the intricacies of the profession.



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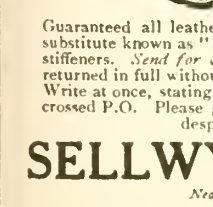
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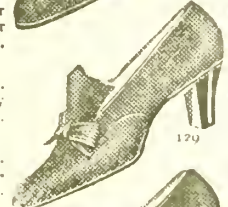
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Clara Whipple with her
husband and baby
daughter.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS. (Continued from Page 40.)

all loves, all human happiness occurred before his eyes. His fist raised, but fell, as if revenge could only be as futile as friendship.

Then slowly he reached a hand to his hip-pocket and took out his revolver.

"No!" cried Margaret, springing to her feet and grasping his arm. And she saw as she did so that Daisy was putting herself between the men.

"I am not going to kill him," laughed Bob hollowly. "But to give him an opportunity of being a man."

He cast the revolver at Julian's feet, and the latter in mechanical obedience stooped and picked it up.

"Julian!" cried a voice, and he was surprised to hear that it was not Margaret's, but Daisy's. "Julian! Put it down! For . . . my sake!"

He stared at her in amazement, and then appealed mutely to Bob. Bob sneered and turned his head.

"But Bob," Julian protested, "you do not know. You have not heard. 'Yes or no' you said my answer would be. Well, you have had my answer—Yes. But it is no answer at all. You must hear me now."

He sank back into a chair, and, looking at none of them throughout his recital, told of the midsummer madness that had possessed Margaret and he. He told of their temptation, but he told too of its conquest—of the fight that he had put up for Margaret, and the defence that she had offered for honour. He told how they had walked to the brink and turned back.

"One night only we went to that place," he said. "Once—and we came back as we went—I still Daisy's husband, Margaret still your wife. And the truth is—"

"Is what?"

"That we are just two romantic fools, perhaps, but that if there were just a little more romance in our own homes—just a little—we perhaps should not be driven by midsummer madness to find it on moonlit nights in far-away forests. There's been little enough in our home, Daisy, when you think of it, and perhaps not all the midsummer madness was in the night of that ride to the hunting-lodge. The very worst way to keep a romantic husband is to let him—or to make him—look for his romance over the hills and far away. And you, Bob, are you blameless? Did you ever spend an hour from declaring dividends to declare your love for your wife? Somebody's going to do it, take my word for that—and it might as well be the husband. What do you think?"

Bob reached across the table and took back the revolver, slipping it into his pocket.

"If you could get so near to that temptation and turn back, I guess that we all aren't too near to the wreck of a friendship that we are obliged to proceed. If there's been a change in Margaret, it was most likely because there was no sign there'd ever be a change in me. Well, we'll see what we'll see. It's never too late to mend. Especially when a thing's not broken. And our little friendship and our little hearts are not broken yet. Margaret—my wife—I apologise to you for having been always a rich man. From now on I am going to try to be a husband. And you, Julian, and you, Daisy—why, wherever can they have got to, Margaret—Julian and Daisy?"

"So long as they get to where we have got to," smiled Margaret, taking his hand, "what does it matter which road they take?"

SOME SCREEN SCRAPS. (Continued from Page 15.)

not a boxer; when it comes to the fancy stuff he is a trifle slow on his feet, and does not possess the real boxer's left hand. I did not like Hart's fighting in *The Aryan*—it looked amateurish; but he more than redeemed himself in *The Primal Lure* and *The Border Wireless*. In the latter he battles magnificently.

William Russell is a leading screen scrapper. He has trained with professional fighters, and in *Pride and the Man* boxes Al Kaufman, a famous pugilist and sparring partner of James J. Jeffries, in the latter's palmy days. Any man who travels half a dozen rounds with Al when that rangy boxer means business is a fighter to be reckoned with.

Like Russell, William Desmond, hero in *Bare-Fisted Gallagher*, has worked with real pugilists. It is said that handsome Bill made Willie Meehan extend himself in a friendly bout, and Meehan, I would remind you, holds one or two decisions over Jack Dempsey, the present heavy-weight champion.

Another "Fighting Bill" is William Duncan. I imagine he could give a good account of himself as a boxer, though I have seen him in none but rough-and-tumble frays. His fight in the snow with George Holt in *God's Country and the Woman* is one of

Duncan's best. He lifts Holt as though George were a child and dashes him to the ground with force enough to end most any fight. Duncan puts far more real fight into the pictures than do most screen scrappers, and his "fighting face," in its seriousness and calm determination, rivals that of Big Bill Hart.

The setting of a battle greatly modifies the fighter's style. In regular ring contests, such as those shown in *The Egg Crate Wallop* and *The Battler*, the actor must know boxing rules and be able to "fight clean." It is hard to tell much about Charles Ray's boxing ability in the egg crate classic; having to play the rube as he goes along, muffles any such prowess as he may possess. He does not impress me favourably as a fighter, though he stands up well under a severe drubbing. This fight is well staged, the details entirely correct, and Referee Van Court's work particularly good.

One of the best rough-and-tumble saloon fights ever filmed is seen in *The Flame of the Yukon*, between Melbourne MacDowell and Carl Ullman. "Everything goes" in this struggle, and never have two actors seemed in more deadly earnest. MacDowell, as the villain, had to lose; but I once feared that he had "forgotten his lines"—he fought like a tiger.

Plays of the North nearly always contain one or more good fight scenes. *Carmen of the Klondike*, wherein Hershel May and Edward Coxen battle in knee-deep mud, is a very good example, and the Rex Beach plays are even better known in this respect.

And that reminds us of Mitchel Lewis, "Poleon" in *The Barrier*. As the primitive bare-hand fighter of the woods, Lewis is a champion. He rivals Doug Fairbanks in the ability to handle a bunch, and when he lands on an opponent there is no doubting the blow's force.

Douglas Fairbanks' acrobatic stunts are his greatest capital, but, as a matter of fact, he is an expert at boxing, wrestling and ju-jitsu. It surely is a revelation to see him clamp a leg-scissors on one opponent and hold him helpless while he attends to another with his hands, as in *The Americano*. Doug's most orthodox scrap is with William Lowery in *Raggie Butts In*. His use of the half-nelson, a popular wrestling hold, in this fight could not be criticised by the best grapplers. I venture that "Bull" Montana, the wrestler-actor, who has worked so long with "the smile doctor," could tell us of Fairbanks' fighting prowess. They have had some terribly hot struggles, and Montana admits that he has usually taken second honours.



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ENTER A LADY PRODUCER.

(Continued from Page 53.)

sense of responsibility. The star is always more or less a marionette in the hands of a skilful producer. "Smile," he says, and she obediently obliges. "Now raise your left arm," and she mechanically complies. *His* is the real vital personality that moves the pawns in the game in accordance with his will. The greatest directors I know in the business are those who possess a power of almost hypnotic suggestion.

It is only natural that those pawns in the game who also happen to possess that elusive quality we call "personality," sooner or later feel the urge to express *themselves* with a greater scope, and usually end by aspiring to directorial honours. They cannot always remain content merely to be the medium of another person's mentality.

It is not sufficient for them to be a mouthpiece when they themselves feel that they have something to express. They do not want to remain a cog-wheel in the great scheme of things.

Their ambition is to create a work which shall bear in its entirety the stamp of their own personality.

Peggy Hyland is one of these people. She is a little slight, girlish creature, but wonderfully "vital" and magnetic, bubbling over with energy, and yet at the same time also eternally feminine.

In my own mind, I believe there is a wonderful unexploited field for the woman film director. A woman's life is usually made up of trifles, and force of circumstance has made her naturally observant.

It is the little trifles of life, the tiny, tender, human touches, which count so very much on the screen. Peggy Hyland, I might add, possesses this sense in a remarkable degree.

For example, her picture closes with a fade-out, which I, for one, found distinctly clever and original. It is an hotel corridor. "He" throws out his shoes, then delicately places a pair of ultra-feminine footwear at their side.

I told her I liked that touch immensely, and thought it consummately done.

"I'm so glad you appreciated it," she said joyously. "I took such a lot of trouble to get it over. I told Mr.

Attwood to throw his shoes down, just as though they were the sort of old things that didn't matter a bit. Of course, you noticed the tender little pat he gave the other shoes. And he managed to make them sort of lean up against the big, clumsy male things, as I wanted him to do. Don't you really think there's a world of expressiveness just in inanimate things?"

I gathered that Peggy's first days in her unfamiliar rôle nearly scared her stiff.

"Why, most of the actors," she said, "had had ever so much experience. It seemed almost presumptuous to tell them how I wanted things done. But they were ever so nice about it. Sometimes I felt a bit ridiculous. I found myself standing beside the camera 'registering' all the emotions myself that I wanted the others to feel."

I reassured her by remarking that I had seen much the same thing done in the very best comedy circles, so she supposed it was "all right."

"And, perhaps," she owned with a laugh, "it's the only way."

When you say that Peggy not only directed this comedy herself, but also acted the principal part, you've not covered her entire activities by a long way. I admired the very pretty interior "sets," and she confessed that she had designed them all herself.

She likes a pretty hall-way viewed from an unusual angle, and hates that old-established custom of photographing things in "any old corner." That is why she has provided her picture with really distinctive backgrounds, refined surroundings, and some almost priceless antiques.

And you know how the public always "falls" for the "pet animal." In America, they call it the "Mickey Neilan" touch, because it was that director who first realised the appeal of the "dumb friend." Peggy is just crazy about dogs, so, of course, in *With Father's Help*, there had to be a West Highland terrier, one of the most intelligent animals you ever saw.

ELSIE CODD.

MOVIE MOTHERS.

(Continued from Page 27.)

to eventually make enough money to buy back the old home and carry—literally, he picks up his mother and carries her like a baby!—back to the old home nest in which she had given the best years of her life.

Mary Alden, "the plain girl of the movies," as she is often called, "gets over" the silver sheet, and tugs at the heartstrings of her audience by her clever mother portrayals. Those who have seen her in *The Old Nest*, and *The Man With Two Mothers*, know how abundantly she proves that personality without beauty will work far greater wonders than skin-deep beauty with no character back of it.

Among the many screen actresses now appearing in "young mother" rôles, first place must be given to Ethel Clayton, to whose credit stand a large number of delightful characterisations of young maternity.

Anxious to specialise in such parts is also Helen Jerome Eddy, another girl, who, like Mary Alden, relies on her clever acting rather than her looks for her fame. In *The Woman In His House*, Mildred Harris shows excep-

tionally talented work as the "neglected wife," and the mother of the cleverest little baby imaginable.

One would hardly expect that one so young as Mary Miles Minter would shine in maternal impersonations! Yet, in *All Souls' Eve* she plays motherliness in triplicate, and with great sincerity! Playing a dual rôle, she appears as the Irish nurse, and also as the baby's mother who, victim of a plot of jealousy on the part of another woman, is cruelly murdered. Later, Mary marries the sculptor—father of her tiny charge—and so becomes the baby's step-mother.

No description of movie mothers would be complete without mention of the artistic triumph of the "World's Sweetheart"—Mary Pickford—in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. This is also a dual rôle film, and Mary, following her usual custom, plays a child's part, that of "Cedric," the lovable, courteous, but thoroughly boyish little Earl-in-embryo; and is, in addition, a beautiful "Dearest," the gentle widowed mother.

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"I THINK there are only four great film actresses at present, Nazimova, Pauline Frederick, Mary Pickford, and Norma Talmadge. Also I think it is a pity so much money is wasted on the production of costume films. With a very few exceptions, they are never as effective on the screen as modern dramas."—*Picturegoer (Battersea).*

"THE other night I was present at a film version of the famous song, 'The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond,' and the picture moved the audience to laughter. The young Highland girl was dressed in a garb more reminiscent of a music-hall turn than anything else—a kilt, high ruffled stock, plaid, cairngorm brooch and feathered bonnet all complete. And in this guise she was treading the historic shores of Loch Lomond! Again, the attempts at dialect were lamentable, for I have yet to meet the Highlander who says, 'tae gae.' At one time we were told that they 'stood on the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomond,' and this when that towering mountain was distinctly facing us across the loch! This is not the first time I have been jarred by such ridiculous errors, and it is surely more than time that the beautiful scenery and romantic stories of Scotland were filmed, not by an Englishman, who probably has never lived across the borders, but by a Scot who knows what he is doing. I am sure that many of your readers—particularly those living north of the Forth—will agree with me."—*M. Robertson (Dunfermline).*

"NO one can deny that the cinema industry is progressing—mechanically, at any rate. The men in the laboratories are doing their bit, but if the photography is a new art, it has not yet found a master. The masters of any art are not those who have made piles of money by the skilful way in which they have pandered to the public taste, but those who through their life have devoted themselves to their art unselfishly, striving all the while not after public distinction, but after what they consider best in their art."—*R. S. Morgan (Stockwell).*

"LET me say that English picturegoers are, to use a common phrase, 'fed up' with American pictures. I greatly admire Swedish films, but we only see one about once every six months. Some of our English films are excellent. Several years ago, if we saw an English producer's name go on the screen, we would settle down to what we knew would be poor entertainment; but now it is the reverse. American films on the whole are exceedingly light, but boil them down and you get very little left. They are mostly pretty, but more like a dress parade than a play."—*S. Wolf (London).*

"I THINK the filming of famous novels, etc., has been a fine thing, since practically everyone reads books, and nothing is more enjoyable than to see one's favourite characters actually come to life, as it were. I think also that one of

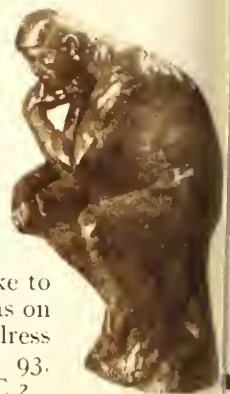
the most important things in a film is to have all the sub-titles absolutely clear. Nothing is more annoying than for a letter or telegram of great importance in the story to be absolutely unreadable, as very often happens."—*A. H. Roberts (Ilford).*

"I HEARTILY agree with 'Bessie' (Hull) in saying that it is indeed a blessing the 'Twelve Farnum Fans' have nothing to do with editing the 'PICTUREGOER.' I myself am a flapper, and I adore Wally. All my friends, both male and female, old and young, admit that Wallace Reid's films are so delightfully clean and invigorating, that it is a sheer pleasure to watch them."—*Wally Fan (Rutherglen).*

"NOW for the discussion re 'Wally Reid v. Farnum Fans.' I shall always praise Wally simply because of his happy-go-lucky style and youthful air always retained in any of his pictures. He is always pleasing, and I venture to say he would make anyone laugh who had the gout. William Farnum I regard as an unrivalled character-actor. I shall always speak highly of him. Any picturegoer, I feel sure, who has seen such films as *Les Miserables* and *Tale of Two Cities* must admit that Farnum is a character-actor far above any others. I have always found that Farnum is just as popular as Wally, and give equal praise to each."—*D. E. M. (Poulton).*

"I WOULD like to give you my opinion on what stars I think would be suited to act opposite each other. Alice Lake and Ivor Novello would make an ideal screen couple. Norma Talmadge and Matheson Lang would make a very successful picture together, and there are others who would pair well on the screen."—*Ideal Couple (Glasgow).*

Perhaps "PICTUREGOER" readers would like to send in their ideas on this subject. Address "The Thinker," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.



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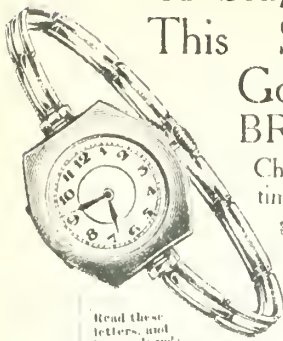
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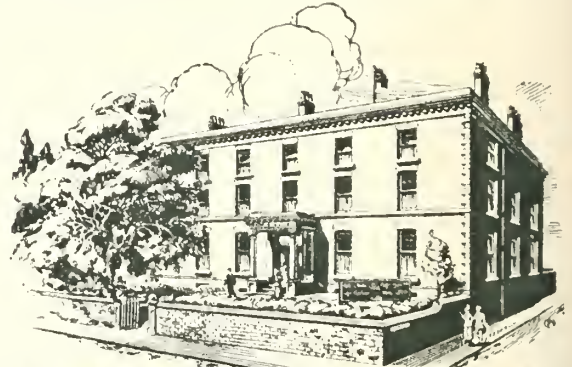
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**BETTY BLYTHE**

Of "Queen of Sheba" fame, was born at Los Angeles in 1893, so she just had to become a movie player. She is 5 ft. 7 in. high, and has dark hair and blue eyes.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

VOL. 4. NO.20. AUGUST 1922

Editorial Offices:
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An August Diary

Wednesday, August 3, 1920, was a tragic day in the history of screen stuntists, for Ormer Locklear, the dashing young American Lieutenant, lost his life attempting a more than usually daring feat. He was working on a Fox feature film when his aeroplane crashed and fell to the ground.

There was a distinct boom in the sale of pocket-handkerchiefs at Syracuse, N.Y., on Tuesday, August 5, 1913, when every matinee girl in the town cried and refused to be comforted. The cause of all the woe was young Harrison Ford, the idolised leading man of the Weeking Theatre players, whose last performance there was due to take place that day.

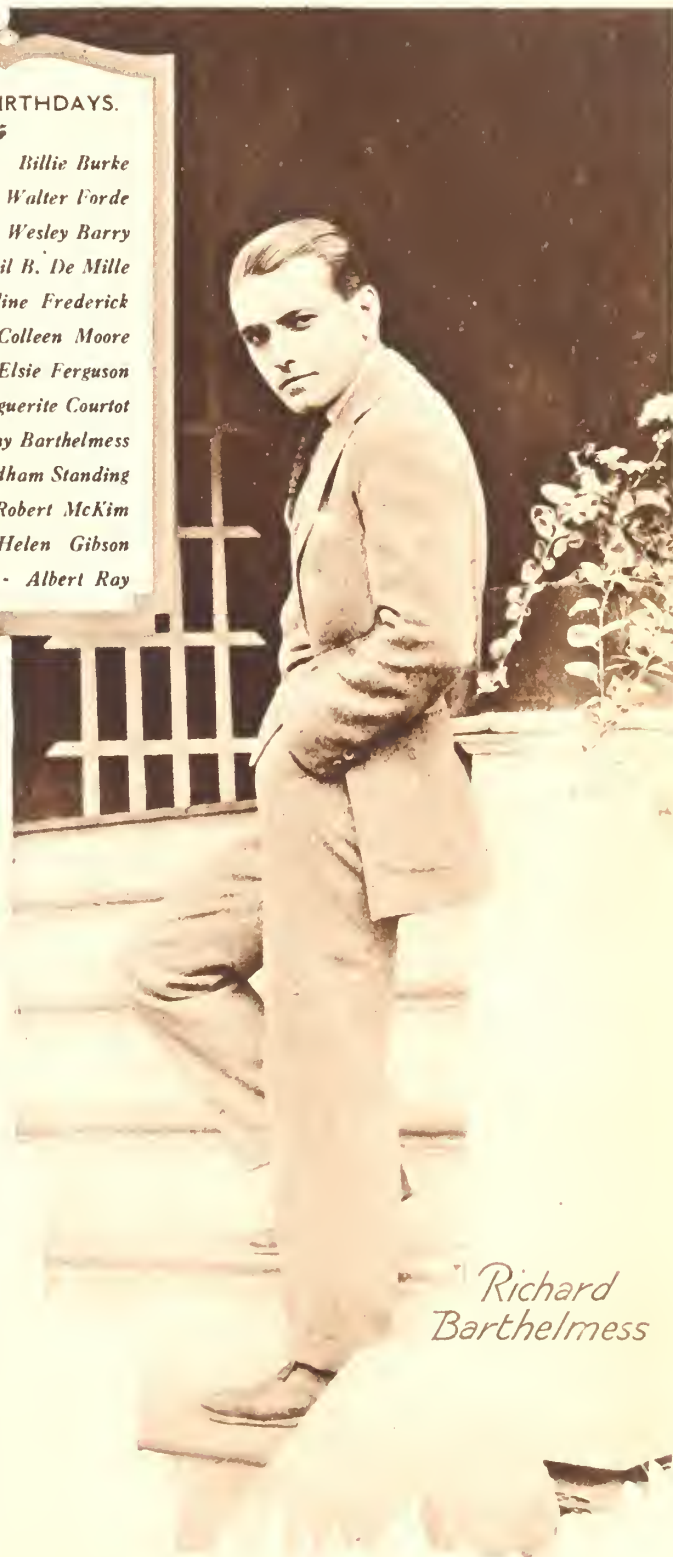
On Monday, August 8, 1893, the stage manager of the Schiller Theatre, Chicago, commanded Theodore Roberts to shave his moustache off. Theodore was due to play "Scarbrov the Indian" in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and it hurt him to part with his hirsute adornment. But he did it, and took to chewing cigars instead. August, 1923, finds him again bare of lip, this time for film purposes; they're starring him in "The Old Homestead."

Anybody who paid their admission money could have seen "Officer 666," playing at the Gaiety Theatre, Broadway, New York, on Monday, August 19, 1912. In the principal rôles were a dashing youth called Douglas Fairbanks and a sweetly demure ingénue called Vivian Martin. Neither had thought about movies then, but what would not picture fans give to have the chance of seeing "Doug" and Vivian in a play to-day?

On Saturday, August 27, 1919, "The Miracle Man" was shown for the first time in New York. It opened very unostentatiously indeed, but its run was the second longest in Movie history and it "made" three people—the late George Loane Tucker, Betty Compson, and Tom Meighan.

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS.

7	-	Billie Burke
8	-	Walter Forde
11	-	Wesley Barry
12	-	Cecil B. De Mille
12	-	Pauline Frederick
18	-	Colleen Moore
19	-	Elsie Ferguson
20	-	Marguerite Courtot
22	-	Mary Hay Barthelmess
23	-	Wyndham Standing
26	-	Robert McKim
27	-	Helen Gibson
28	-	Albert Ray



Richard
Barthelmess



Featuring Georges Carpentier

Stuart the Star-Maker, whose other name is Blackton, believes in catching them inexperienced, and training them in the way they should act. Starting with Norma Talmadge, in her schoolgirl days, he has passed down the movie ages collecting stars *en route*, until he has a niche in his museum for nearly every screen celebrity you could name. From the left as you go in, you will find Lady Diana Duff-Cooper (from a life-size word-painting by Felix Orman), Clara Kimball Young, Earle Williams, Johny Bunny, Florence Turner, Flora Finch, Anita Stewart, Mabel Normand, Tony Moreno, E. K. Lincoln, Harry Morey, Wallace Reid, Larry Semon, and a pageful more. I am not there at present, but should I reach those sublime heights, it won't be because of my ability, but because J. Stuart Blackton is so darned persuasive that he could coax a mushroom into registering emotion.

Which brings us to the latest exhibit in the Blackton museum of hand-made movie stars, No. 733, M. Georges Carpentier, of whom perhaps you may have heard. But what you have heard of him in the past is nothing to what you are going to hear of him in the future, when Felix Orman gets properly into stride.

There were 'umpteen office matters that demanded immediate attention, and there was a cordial invitation to spend a day at Sloane House watching Carpentier at work. What did I do? "You are a good guesser. There will be fifty pretty girls in the scene," wrote Felix in his persuasive way, so, of course, I just had to go to see if he was speaking the truth.

He was. I had counted to forty-nine, when up came another

little girl, saying: "Hideous old hag you called me last time we met. Take a look at me now." It was Elsie Prescott, of "forty faces" fame, wearing Face Number 17, and looking quite human for once in a way.

Sir Hans Sloane built Sloane House at Chelsea in the centre of a lovely old-world garden, thus providing the movie-makers of posterity with one of the most delightful locations it is possible to imagine. And on the day of my visit, lords and ladies, resplendent in eighteenth-century attire, wandered to and fro along the old flagged paths, blending with a background that had been built as a frame for their butterfly beauty. It was a charming scene, and gazing at it, one felt the intervening centuries rapidly slipping away, until an anachronism in white flannels spoilt the illusion by remarking: "I think I'd better have my megaphone for this scene. The folks at the back can't hear."

As becomes an incorrigible optimist, J. Stuart Blackton wears white flannels through the length and weth of our English summer; but his optimism was justified on this occasion, for the day was incredibly fine. In the soft, silky tones of a man who has unlimited good nature to draw upon, he coaxed the players in the direction he wanted them to go. And when he said "Lift" and they never lifted, he merely tutt-tutted, and obligingly explained everything over again.

"They say in America," said Felix Orman, who has an anecdote for nearly every occasion,

that J. Stuart B. has more patience than any man in the movie game. I have seen him when he should have been exasperated beyond endurance, but he never batted an eye."



Centre:
Georges as
"Valerius
Carew."
Top and bot-
tom: Georges
and Flora
Le Bycton.



"Just look at those two girls!" broke in the indignant voice of Mrs. Blackton. "Sitting down in their crinolines!" And off she bustled to avert a tragedy.

You would like Mrs. Stuart Blackton. She is a feminine edition of her good-natured husband, and the mother, god-mother, big sister, and guardian angel of every player, star or extra who crosses the threshold of the Blackton studios. When J. S. B. is on the floor, she works indefatigably as his assistant, and her smile would disarm a Bolshevik.

The only sad thing about the studio is the shyness of Georges Carpentier. He is just a great, big boy, entirely unaffected and unspoiled, and he is terribly shy in the presence of strangers. As an actor he is shaping in great fashion, for he possesses the power of concentration, and he never needs telling twice how to play a scene. But it was not until Mme. Carpentier arrived with Baby Jacqueline that he really came out of his shell and romped happily on the lawn.



Flora Le Breton in a dramatic scene.



Georges Carpentier, Flora Le Breton, and Hubert Carver.



Georges Carpentier as "Merodach the Gipsy."

When we adjourned for lunch, I secured a seat between Flora Le Breton and Violet Blackton, and gleaned some details of the production. The picture is based on "My Lady April," by John Overton, a stirring novel of the eighteenth century. Carpentier is seen in the dual rôle of "Valerius Carew," an exquisite, and "Merodach," a boxing gipsy; and Flora Le Breton as "Dorothy Forrest," supports the star. Others in a remarkable cast of over 500 include Sir Simeon Stuart, William Luff, Charles Blackton, Nell St. John Montague, Norma Whalley, Mary Clare, Rex McDougall, Hubert Carter, A. B. Imeson, Percy Standing, Henry Latimer, Ronald Buchanan, James English, and Rosalie Heath. The title for the film is not yet fixed.

"I am learning French and swimming in my spare time," Flora Le Breton confessed. "I have to be nearly drowned in one of the last scenes in the film. They are taking that scene last of all, in case of accidents."

Everybody at the studio calls Flora "Rosemary" in memory of her rôle in *The Glorious Adventure*. She is a very vivacious little lady, with a remarkably healthy appetite for one so tiny.

"Be careful, 'Rosemary,' you'll get fat," warned Mrs. Blackton every time the little star helped herself to potato salad; but Flora heard the warning twenty times without worrying. And talking of eating, reminds me that Violet Blackton, on my left, had demolished one hundred and seventeen cherries before I gave up counting. I know I shouldn't mention these things. It isn't good form. But it's good copy.

About the middle of lunch that grand old man of the movies, Felix Orman, whose sixty-three years lean very lightly upon him, arose to remark: "Ladies and gentlemen, please excuse. I can't eat another bite until I have seen how my children are faring." Then he went out, ostensibly to see if the extras were being fed properly. But it's my private belief that his real mission was to refresh his tired eyes with a peep at the Felix Orman Beauty Squad. It's a wise casting director who knows his own selections when they are dolled up in white wigs and crinolines; but Felix can call everyone on the floor by name.

Speaking of wigs, reminds me that Willie Clarkson dropped in during filming operations to see how the "wigs and costumes by Clarkson" looked on Felix's selected. He was more than pleased with the tableau, his one complaint being against Carpentier, who will fuzz out his gipsy hair.

"It should be worn combed out straight," lamented Willie Clarkson, in the tone of a man who has a great sorrow in his life.

Still speaking of wigs, reminds me that Strange Occupations in Studio-land, No. 373, is occupied by one of Blackton's employees whose mission it is to go round the set with a pocket-comb, combing out the wigs of the players before the camera starts to turn. I should like a job like that.

Continued on page 12

Three Pages

Two of which have reference to the third—Jean Paige, of Vitagraph fame.

"My life as a serial heroine," remarked Jean Paige, smiling up at the larger-than-life-sized portrait of herself that hangs on the wall of Vitagraph's London office, "lasted exactly seven months. It was my first and only serial, and I enjoyed it immensely. But I don't think I'll ever make another."



With Joe Ryan during the filming of a serial.

"Why did you do it?" I queried.
 "Mr. Smith asked me. I had been offered the serial twice before, and refused each time. And so I thought I'd try."
 Jean Paige was not Mrs. Albert Smith in those days, though the President of Vitagraph has always taken an unusual amount of interest in the career of the girl with the big grey eyes. He had her in mind when, with Cleveland Moffett, he wrote the scenario of *Hidden Dangers*, with all its nerve-racking stunts.
 "I didn't quite realise what I had undertaken until we were fairly started. After that—well, my father often used to say 'Never commence anything you can't finish.' And I was quite sorry when we had finished the very last episode."
 There was a synopsis of *Hidden Dangers* on the table. Jean Paige's delightful, half-shy smile broke forth again as she recalled more of her thrilling experiences.



Jean looks shy—and she is.

Below: Jean on location.





A scene from "Black Beauty," one of Jean's screen successes.

"We went all up and down California, amidst the loveliest scenery you can imagine. Camping out for weeks and weeks at a time, something I am very, very partial to. And Joe Ryan (the very nicest man and a wonderful athlete) used to tell me all about his early days when we sat by the campfire at night. He's a real cow-puncher, Joe; and his impressions of Denver, the first city he ever saw, are the most comical thing.

"I was kidnapped in nearly every episode," she continued. "I was thrown into a fiery furnace, and imprisoned in a burning church and a burning lighthouse. Another time they dragged me and screwed me into a coffin. I was chased by maniacs with knives, chased by a bear and a bull (the last wasn't in the scenario, though)."

I shouldn't have suspected dainty, gentle-faced Jean Paige of anything so strenuous. But she recounted her past perils with keen enjoyment.

"The bull, you must know," said she, "had been photographed charging about with a dummy fastened upon his horns. Then, wearing a dress exactly like my 'double's' (it was a blue-and-white spotted affair), I had to lie down, where the bull was supposed to have tossed me, for a close-up. "Just as we were all ready to hoot," Mr. Bull came round a corner with a terrible rage, and made straight for me. I suppose he remembered the dress. Anyway, I ran for my life. You can run, when you're frightened, you know. They did a kind of fence ready to check my pursuer's career when necessary, and, clinging myself near to it, I climbed over in

double-quick time. I found the only nail on the top, and left a piece of myself and my stocking on it.

"Another time we were filming in the mountains, and I had to escape from a house and let myself down some sheets tied together. It was risky, that, because, though the others were perched upon different corners of rock, nobody was very near me; and before I was half-way down, I felt my improvised rope beginning to give way. The material evidently wasn't as strong as I was! There wasn't anything to do but keep on and trust to luck. But the others heard the tearing noise, and were dreadfully alarmed. Just as I was nearing the ground there was another ominous r-r-rip, and a man standing by rushed right into the picture ready to catch me. We had to cut out those few feet of film, and put in a close-up of me clinging to my 'rope.'

"Leaping from the vane of a burning church and climbing up a rope into an aeroplane was easy," she mused. "But though I've ridden all my life, I found leaping from horseback on to a passing train wasn't as simple as it looked on the screen afterwards. Anyhow, I know I grew very bronzed and fit, and put on weight over it."

She came into screenland on July 20, 1917, she told me, at Vitagraph's Brooklyn studio, and was lucky in commencing quite near the top. For Martin Justice, who took a test of her, did not wait to see it, but cast her for second lead in *Blind Man's Holiday*, one of the many O. Henry stories Vitagraph filmed. Very much like Jean herself are the lovable, thoroughly wholesome heroines she portrayed during her years of screen life.

"My favourite O. Henry film," she averred, "was *The Skylight Room*, my first star picture."

They thought the story almost too slight for a five-reel film; but the scenarioist, a personal friend, re-wrote it round Jean Paige herself and her own winning personality. Born and brought up on a model farm at Paris, Illinois, Jean spent all her spare time in the open air. Riding, swimming, attending cattle shows with her father (a noted breeder of pedigree stock), or vying with her two brothers in athletic pursuits, she knew nothing about films until she was through college and studying elocution with a view to a stage career.

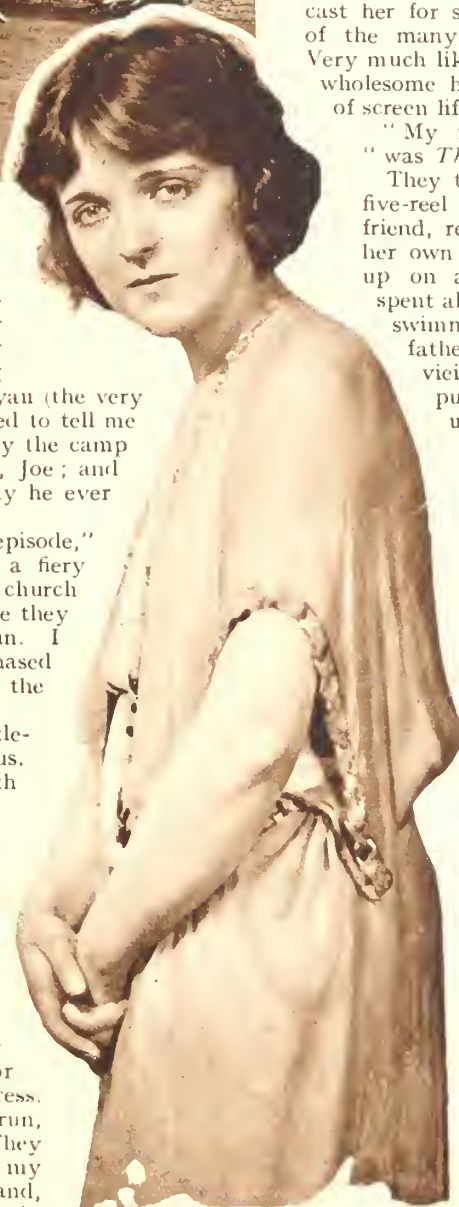
Her own name is—or rather *was*—Lucille O'Hare, and she looks exactly like her photographs, only fairer. Her hair is light, not dark brown; and she has clear-cut features and most expressive grey eyes. Since her marriage to Albert E. Smith in 1920, she has spent more time at home than at work; but she has by no means given up filming. During their present trip, which included a visit to Paris, several stories have been acquired for her future use, and we shall see her in some Vitagraph specials later on in the year.

"The same kind of stories as *Black Beauty*, which I love," said Jean. "I still have several of my dresses from it. They are so pretty, I can't bear to part with them. *The Prodigal Judge*, too, is an old-time story."

"It's a risky business, making serials," I said, as I wished her "Good-bye and bon voyage." "I think you're wise in resolving to make your first your last."

"When one's very happy," she said, glancing at her husband, "one thinks twice before running into danger."

I'm certain he wouldn't allow her to do more than think about it. And he's perfectly right. J. L.





She had been such a busy Binney that I had all but given up the chase after the fourth attempt to arrange a meeting; but we finally fixed it over the phone.

"At the Hotel Goring," said Constance. "Ebory Street. You know it."

And a kind friend arranged to "drop me at Ebory Street." And did so—at the wrong end. Leaving me with a damp, damp, walk before me.

At the end of the trail was a cosy little hotel lounge, and a tiny, friendly hand outstretched in greeting.

She had only just returned from "location," where, to use her own words, "We sat around for hours and waited for the sun. But they were the final 'shots,' and I'm sailing for home at the end of the week."

Of course, we discussed *A Bill of Divorcement*, the film which had brought Constance three thousand

N.B.-Nota Binney

Being an interview with Constance Binney, who came from America to play in "A Bill of Divorcement," produced by Denison Clift.

miles to play "Sydney Fairfield."

"I saw the play in New York," she said. "With Katherine Cornell. And I was more than delighted to have the part. 'Sydney's' a wonderful character. Don't you think so?"

This film "Sydney" is first seen at the age of thirteen. "Not in the play; but introduced, by consent of the authoress, into the screen-play," Constance confided. "No. Not my first little-girl part, by any means. My first star picture, *Erstwhile Susan*, made me into a quaint-looking Pennsylvania Dutch girl called 'Barna-

beta.' And my second, *The Stolen Kiss*, sent me back to socks and 'Mary Janes.' I was a child of eight, the child when she was eighteen, and her mother, aged thirty-two."

"Double exposure?" I hazarded.

Constance nodded. She is tiny and demure-looking, with her wide-apart blue eyes and prettily curved mouth. The

perfect *ingénue*. I told her so, and she seemed to think it a pity.

"Yes. That's what everyone used to tell me when I wanted dramatic rôles," she exclaimed. "But I used all my powers of persuasion, and my last few film stories are much more to my taste than airy trifles like *Board and Lodging*, *The Stolen Kiss*, and *First Love*."

Erstwhile a Realart player, now that this company has been absorbed into Paramount, she hopes to have better and better stories in the future. But first she is due to appear on the stage again.



Constance Binney in a dramatic scene from "A Bill of Divorcement."

In a play with music in it," said Constance. "Though it is not musical comedy."

In her very simple little golden-brown tweed suit that just about matched her golden-brown hair, Constance is no stranger to London, although she has never worked on this side until now.

"I was about seventeen when I first stayed here," she remarked, with a charming smile. "And I'll always remember my visit because I had to undergo an operation. I was on my way to school in Paris, and I didn't see much of London. No more than one *does* see from the inside of a nursing home."

She looks so very young that it was surprising to learn that she is two years older than sister Faire, whom she left behind in New York playing "Sally" in the well-known musical comedy.

"I've missed her so much, for, though we have never worked together since our first film (*Sporting Life*), we always *play* together. Though of course, I feel years and years older than Faire; she's such a child."

She doesn't look it, anyway. The two pretty sisters hail from Boston, though New York is their birthplace, and trace their descent from a long line of New England ancestors; but Constance was the first to win fame on the stage. A delightful singer and dancer, she was the bright particular star of some amateur theatricals when Winthrop Ames, the well-known producer, happened to be amongst those present, and he offered her a tiny part in "Saturday to Monday."

"It was a case of 'Man proposes, but Father disposes,'" she recalled. "My late father was very, very much against my doing such a thing. I did accept his offer, though."

There's a hint of—well, let us call it great decision about Constance's square little chin. I'm not surprised she managed to carry out her wishes. Solo dancing in "Oh, Lady Lady" followed, with much success for her. This musical show ran for many months; but Constance Binney's ambitions did not lie that way, and a welcome experience in a film studio, when she and Faire made their first bow to the camera in Maurice Tourneur's *Sporting Life*, came next.

"We had a great time," she observed softly. "I particularly enjoyed my second film, when I played in *The Test of Honour* with Jack Barrymore."

We compared opinions of Jack Barrymore, and his stage and screen work for a few moments, and then discussed New York studios versus Californian. Constance prefers working in New York. I believe she has more friends there than in Hollywood.

"I spent most of my spare hours at Pasadena, when I was on the coast," she said.

Next ensued a stage success in "39 East"; this was afterwards filmed with Constance in the rôle she created in New York; and her life has been one film after another for the last year and a-half.

We delved quite deeply into the psychology of "Sydney Fairfield," as I commandeered a few "stills" of *A Bill of Divorcement*.

"I think I am quite a plump person," she laughed. "But just look at these. I'm quite gaunt in this one with my film mother, don't you think? Constance

Skinny instead of Constance Binney. But you don't think of her appearance at all," she said after we had thoroughly dissected Clemence Dane's seventeen-year-old heroine. "At least, I don't. It is more the character of the girl (such a tomboy at first) and her strength of mind that make her so wonderfully interesting." I disagreed. I thought the pictured "Sydney" charming in her many pretty frocks, and said so.

"I hope she'll be all I've tried to make her," Constance mused, seriously. "I should dearly like to appear in another Clemence Dane film or play. She has another, you know, and I hope to take the MSS. back to New York with me when I go. And now," with a mischievous glance at the mantelpiece, "I really must rush; for, look! That clock says it's half-past ten." The clock was a hotel clock, and wasn't going; but Constance had to change yet, she said, for she was going to "Tons of Money" to-night.

And so she flitted away, this first American star to come over specially to play for an All-British concern. Let's hope she'll come again some time.

JOSIE P. LEDERER.



Two widely diversified studies of Constance Binney.



Chaste Salutes

A few words on screen kisses.

strated in the studies of Buck Jones and Tom Mix. We award the medal to Buck Jones. A big, husky fellow like Tom Mix should be ashamed of himself to kiss a girl in that fashion.

Although William Farnum is not too bad, Niles Welch reveals a horrible example of wasted energy. And if Dustin Farnum doesn't hurry up and decide to kiss Mary Thurman, the seven feet will be finished before their kiss commences.

After all, screen kissing is an art unto itself, and Art must not be restricted. Remember, too, the educational value of the movies. Lovers must learn.

The seven-foot kiss must go!

In these days of ambitious minimums, no self-respecting picturegoer can be content with such a meagre allotment. Let us be firm in demanding our legal rights, so that in after-years we may "remember their kisses, when we have forgotten their names!"



Stuart Holmes seems to be a rake reformed, judging by this "Prisoner of Zenda" kiss.

That last, long, lingering close-up dear to the heart of the picturegoing flapper is not so lingering as it used to be. Unless Mac

Busch and Richard Dix carry out their threat of introducing a two-hundred-and-forty-foot kiss into *The Christian*, the art of protracted osculation seems likely to die out so far as the screen is concerned.

Some American censors have decreed that no screen kiss should exceed seven feet in length—seven feet of film, that is to say. It sounds quite a liberal ration, but it isn't, really. A seven-foot kiss is an "If so early I was done for, what on earth was I begun for?" sort of kiss. It may be a promising kind of kiss, but in performance it lacks finish.

Take a look at Stuart Holmes in the picture on this page. It is from his latest film, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and it reveals the melancholy fact that this bad man of the movies has become a follower of fashion. Stuart Holmes, champion of male vamps, reduced to bestowing "kisses of renunciation!" It is very sad. Shed a tear and pass him by.

Kissing—then and now—is demon-



Niles Welch and Elaine Hammerstein.
Dustin Farnum and Mary Thurman.



William Farnum and Myrtle Bonillas,
Buck Jones and Eileen Percy, Tom Mix
and Patsy Miller.



Mr. and Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa.

Happy Tho' Married

To suggest that the alliance of screen stars brings a new spirit of comradeship and understanding to marriage is not altogether straying into the fanciful realms of idealism. For there are few classes of the community where husband and wife are so closely associated in their work. The wise men of past generations have said that a man who has the help and sympathy of his wife in his career is sure of success. Carry this parallel into filmdom, where you will find the big men of the studios working for hours beneath the arc-lamps with their beautiful wives, and there is represented the higher and wider meaning of comradeship that inspires successful careers.

In other directions there is much to make for the happiness of those who are betrothed amidst the atmosphere of the film studios. There is money in lavish quantities with which to gild romantic dreams, the picturesque rose-covered bungalows of the Californian hills as the settings for those whose interests have drifted towards a sentimental appreciation of life, and there are the cloudless blue skies and wooded hills and valleys that are akin to a lover's paradise.

Many of the happiest marriages of filmdom matured before the cameras. "I admit that I fell in love with Bobby at first sight," Mae Murray will tell you when she talks of her romance with big, handsome husband Robert Z. Leonard. She was playing *The Plough Girl*, with Elliott Dexter as her leading man, when this butterfly of the screen determined that away from the studios she would

The mésalliances of filmdom receive full publicity, but the happy marriages do not get the credit that they deserve. Yet thousands of screen stars are "happy tho' married." Here are some of them.

find in real life much of the romance that for so long she had been picturing on the silver-sheet.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Leonard are one of the most successful partnerships in the film world. They have their own company, and big Bob directs his fascinating wife in all her films. That these pictures, which include *Peacock Alley*, have proved to be such successes is largely due to the fact that they have been built up on the basis of a sympathetic understanding between the star and her director—a comradeship that inspires true dramatic expression.

They spend hours together working out striking costumes and lavish settings to frame the fascinating, flitting figure of the girl wife who is so dependent on her husband for the startling effects that have made her pictures famous. Mae Murray even relinquishes her feminine traditions where the choice of clothes is concerned by allowing her husband to trespass into the kingdom of her sartorial splendour. Robert Leonard designed for his wife the gown of silver cloth ornamented with tiny

carbon lights that glittered like jewels on the screen in the bubblic dance in *The Gilded Lily*. He is responsible for directing his wife's natural cleverness in selecting artistic costumes into those channels that render possible the greatest dramatic and scenic effect before the cameras.

On the subject of marriage, Florence Vidor has very decided views.

"I believe that it is almost impossible for any young unmarried girl, from the psychological standpoint, to be a great dramatic actress," she said recently.

Florence Vidor is one of the most ideally happy girls of the Californian film colony. She has been married to her author-director husband, King Vidor, for seven years. Practically most of her period of stardom has been during her married life, and she is of the opinion that a woman who is loved is more capable of expressing life in its higher meaning than a "butterfly" who flits from one romance to another and stirs little but the surface emotions.

Because the marriage transpired in a manner suggestive of the story books, the alliance of Priscilla Dean with handsome Wheeler Oakman is none the less happy. Oakman describes, with a twinkle in his eye, that he became a Benedict because when he asked his leading lady, for camera purposes, to marry him during the filming of *The Virgin of Stamboul*, she insisted on taking him seriously. The truth is that when the expressive dark eyes of Priscilla Dean first gazed into the reflective, hazel eyes of Wheeler Oakman, Cupid flitted into the glare of the studio arc-lamps,

and launched his arrows barbed with "love at first sight," and they married before the film that brought them together was completed.

They are very happy, these two talented celebrities of filmdom, for they live in the Beverly Hills, and fish and picnic and keep prize fowls with a joyous irresponsibility that has beneath it that true heart affection that makes real comradeship possible.

The woman who had the utmost confidence in her attractive charms might well be dubious in seeking to hold the affection of Thomas Meighan, who has numbered amongst his "screen wives"

*Bryant Washburn
and family.*



*Mr. and
Mrs. Owen
Moore.*



Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ince.

such attractive members of the film world of fair femininity as Blanche Sweet, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Katherine MacDonald, and many other beauties.

Yet Frances Ring, slim, pretty, and with undeniable charm, possesses all the heart that Thomas Meighan has to give. He met her ten years ago when he was playing in her company in *The College Widow*.

"She is the best friend and pal I have in the world,"

Meighan will tell you proudly. And as he becomes reminiscent over the pretty little woman whose influence has done so much to help him climb to success, one realises that she is mother, wife, sweetheart, and good pal to her handsome Irish husband. Mrs. Meighan is always in the studios when her husband is at work before the cameras. She has left the films herself now; but Meighan is rather like a child in his dependence upon her. He says that she inspires him, and he can do better work if she is near him.



Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton.

Two bonnie boys, who boast the names of Franklin Bryant and Dwight Ludlow Moody, have helped to seal the married happiness of Bryant Washburn and Mabel Correst. They fell in love in the old days at the Essanay studios. Then Mabel Correst was a slim, blue-eyed girl of

Rudolph Cameron and Anita Stewart.



Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay.

seventeen. Florence Vidor was not far removed from her college days when she was married, and there are many other instances of girl and boy weddings spread along the path of kinema history. Yet these alliances, which in everyday life are looked upon with doubting cynicism, have seldom proved unhappy.

When Nazimova leaves the studios in her big blue car to drive with her husband, Charles Bryant, to their picturesque home in the Hollywood Hills, one sees one of her thousand moods that seldom finds a reflection on the screen. In Nazimova's bizarre, imaginative presentations before the camera, love of the domestic and truly human order is seldom portrayed. Aesthetic passion is more her rendering of the affairs of the heart. Yet in reality she loves her husband and her home in the old-fashioned way that has survived through the centuries. She married Charles Bryant ten years ago, when, strangely enough, she was portraying on the stage the loveless character of "Bella Donna." In her home, much of the subtle mystery that surrounds her on the screen falls away. She is at times almost a recluse in her love of family life, contenting herself with her books in her house of amber curtains and Venetian mirrors, in the company of her husband, with whom she collaborates in the writing of her screen plays.

Up in the Beverly Hills, where the red-tiled roofs of picturesque houses gleam in the eternal sunshine of California's cloudless skies, live many happy husbands and wives of filmdom. They are very like happy children in a wondrous garden, playing with their modern toys, in the form of luxurious limousines, picnicking in the hills, and delighting in their Japanese gardens, swimming pools and beautifully furnished bungalows.

Mary and Doug at "Pickfair," their house in the hills; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray; H. B. Warner and his wife

Tom Mix and Victoria Forde.



Rex Ingram and
Alice Terry.



two visitors with babyish lisps and paved the way for Cupid and a resultantly happy marriage.

Something of the loneliness that inevitably affects Orientals in Western lands was responsible for the happy marriage of Sessue Hayakawa. He met his wife, Tsuru Aoki, at the Ince studios, and the sentiments of the East that lived in their beings inspired a mutual attraction.

In spite of their Japanese ancestry, both Mr. and Mrs. Hayakawa were educated in America, she in a convent school and he in Chicago University. Hence their domestic life has a touch of the Western world, and they live at the foot of the Hollywood Hills.

Certainly, if happy marriages are made in heaven, then the celestial records must contain the names of many happy husbands and wives of filmdom. And the happiness of these alliances undoubtedly finds its reflection on the screen in the presentation of the deeper human emotions that mere acting art could not hope to realistically portray.

Right: The Warners.
Below: The Desmonds,
and Mr. and Mrs.
Conrad
Nagel.



Rita Stanwood; Dorothy Phillips and her director-husband, Allen Holubar; Shirley Mason and her husband, Bernard Durning, and many other high lights of the screen are members of this happy colony, who mingle social life with the companionship that the open-air life in California's ideal climate provides.

At Hollywood you could find an old-world bungalow with the name "Ruth" painted on the rose-covered porch. Here lies a romance. It is the dwelling of Conrad Nagel and his wife, Ruth Helms, and the bungalow is named after her and a chubby, flaxen-haired youngster who bears a similar name.

Nagel met his wife through his love of children. He was visiting a children's hospital in Chicago, and one day he found a girl with expressive blue eyes and flaxen hair sitting at the bedside of one of his favourite kiddies. With a child's typical lack of conventionality it introduced the



do the trick." Evidently it's very serious, this business of being a comedian.

Sark On the Screen.

Guy Newall, Ivy Duke and company are away at the Channel Isles. Not holiday-making, but hard at work on exteriors for *Maid of the Silver Sea*, the John Oxenham story they are bringing to the screen. Sark is the spot chosen for most of the scenes, and Ivy is, of course, the "Maid" of the story.

Trying It On the Dog.

Here's an "at-home" snapshot of Frank Dane, who has just finished work in *Creation*, down at Torquay. Frank plays the pretended husband in this story of a woman's belief in Spiritualism. Not at all a nice character at the beginning of the film, for he deliberately trades upon the heroine's idea that the spirit of her drowned husband would return to her. However, he repents before the last reel. You'll see him this month in *The Black Tulip*, as "King William of Orange." Frank Dane comes from Kent, and commenced his career with the old London Film Company. He likes character rôles best, he says; but doesn't object to being a villain now and again. The dog isn't a "Great Dane," nor even a little one, but, according to Frank, he's a great pal, and never interrupts his master's elocutionary efforts.

Georges Carpentier
and
J. Stuart Blackton.



Pauline Johnson's Prayer.

Pauline Johnson quite recently complained that she was tired of being a good little film girl, and wanted to be a tomboy. But with her mass of fair hair and gentle expression, she looks just the "heroine" type. Pauline Johnson was starred in *Blanchette*, the film made in France, and has appeared in several Broadwest productions. Reforming tramps seems to be a hobby of hers (on the film, that is); she was the girl in *The Great Gay Road*, and has now been playing opposite Victor McLaglen in *A Sailor Tramp*, at Welsh-Pearson's. Pauline Johnson

appeared as "Polly Love" in the scenes made this side for *The Christian*, and, amongst other things, had to cross a crowded West End street carrying a baby in her arms, and dodging interested onlookers as best she might.

Looks Like A Sad Page.

The rather tragic episode depicted at the foot of the opposite page will be seen presently in *Pages of Life*, in which Evelyn Brent stars. Evelyn is seen as a young girl, with Luis Hidalgo; also as an old woman—her first dual rôle. The story is one concerning the Chelsea section of London's



Frank Dane and a four-footed protégé.

inhabitants, and varied aspects of the life that is known as "Bohemian," as well as many night scenes taken in the West End. Filming some of these was accomplished with difficulty. One of the indignant inhabitants of Onslow Square, awakened by the glare of the arc-lamps, thought his house was on fire, and rushed into the street without waiting to dress. When he saw what was actually taking place, he was highly indignant, and held forth at great length about it to a sympathetic P.C. he found not far away. But when he had finished his long tale of woe, the patient policeman informed him that he really couldn't take the producer and company in charge, because he was one of their own "supers."

Violet Hopson's Holiday.

The tea party on the opposite page took place at Cookham during the filming of *The Son of Kissing Cup*. Adeline Hayden-Coffin, who has successfully "mothered" Violet Hopson in so many recent films, is just back from Minehead, where she has been playing in *Lark's Gate*. Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome are working together once more in *The White Hope*, after which Violet will take a rest. She has appeared in every film directed by Walter West for the past four years, and declares it is high time he made one without her. So, while *The Pruning Knife* (which is Walter West's next after *The White Hope*) is produced, Violet will be on her holidays.

**HARRY MYERS**

Who was the "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," has had a long and varied screen career. For many years he produced and starred in his own comedy films.



DORIS DEANE

This stately lady looks an ideal Queen of Tragedy, doesn't she? But you mustn't judge by appearances in the movie world. She is Clyde Cook's new leading lady in his hilarious comedies.



FLORA LE BRETON

The dainty "Rosemary" of "The Glorious Adventure," who is now supporting Carpentier in J. Stuart Blackton's new film, which is based on the novel "My Lady April," by John Overton.



CHARLES BRYANT

A howl of rage went up from picturegoers when it was announced that Nazimova's handsome husband was deserting the screen in order to look after his wife's business affairs. Mr. Bryant is an Englishman.



CONRAD NAGEL.

Whose smile is now beloved of the movie multitude, Conrad, who is 26, has figured in several recent releases, notably "What Every Woman Knows" and "Midsummer Madness."

The Screen Fashion Plate

Some charming movie modes worn by popular players of the shadow stage. Left: A gorgeous gown of mirror velvet and grey georgette, with a draped panel. The panel is faced with grey crêpe meteor, and the girde is composed of blue pearls and steel beads.

Right: Claire Windsor's ninon dress, veiled with shadow-lace, with side panels of beaded ninon.

Below: A pretty sports outfit displayed by Leah Baird. Helen Chadwick's wonderful evening dress of silver tissue and georgette, the draped sleeves of which are trimmed with fur. A simple sports costume worn by Mary Anderson.



Salome

Remarkable scenes from Nazimova's latest production, which is a film version of the play by Oscar Wilde. Costumes and settings for the picture were suggested by the drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, and the production is on Futuristic lines. The famous Dance of the Seven Veils is one of the features of the film, the supporting cast for which includes Nigel de Brulier and Mitchell Lewis.

Four girls, clad in mysterious black robes, take part in the dance; and music is provided by six weirdly misshapen dwarf figures playing various instruments. These are taken straight from the Beardsley art. The effect of the silvery costumes and settings was enhanced by the use of gold paint on the finger nails and eyelids of the dancers.







Vivien Gibson and Olaf Hyttek in "The Bride of Lammermoor."



A. B. Imeson, Wyn Richmond, and Clive Brook in "Rigoletto."

Potting the Classics

A common complaint from the picturegoers of the present day is that in a number of films they are obliged to watch scene after scene, played by dashing heroes and dainty heroines, which are of little or no consequence to the actual story.

Realising this, H. B. Parkinson, of the Masters Film Company, has devised a plan whereby the boredom of "picture padding" is done away with, and the audience is presented with the pith of and the most important incidents in the story in one reel of film.

So successful have these productions proved, that in addition to the first series that he originally planned—and which were entitled "Tense Moments from Great Authors"—his producers are now busy with two more series.

Selecting the most famous of the operas, he has compiled a series of twelve, and in these operas appear many of our leading British screen stars. The next series, which is now well under way, is composed of six one-reel films, all of well-known and popular plays, in which Sybil Thorn-



dike will appear in the leading part.

Amongst the operas which can now be seen on the screen are *Samson and Delilah*, with Mlle. Valia as the famous "Delilah"; *La Traviata*, with Clive Brook and Thelma Murray as the hero and heroine respectively; *Don Juan*, with Pauline Peters in a leading part; *Fra Diavolo*, with Lionelle Howard as the hero; and *Il Trovatore*, with Lillian Douglas as "Leonora" and Bertram Burleigh as "Manrita."

Amongst the famous artistes who have appeared in the Great Authors series are Hilda Moore in *Sapho*, Iris Hoey in *East Lynne*, and Lyn Harding in *Les Miserables*.

It is interesting to note that the last film work done by the late H. V. Esmond, who died in Paris recently, was as "Scrooge" in one of this popular series.

Despite the fact that these films are only short features, all possible care is devoted to them—as much so, in fact, as to many five-reel films.

If the series now in course of production prove as popular as the first, Mr. Parkinson plans to produce several more novel one-reel series.

Top right: Russell Thorndike in "It's Never Too Late to Mend."

Below: Milton Rosmer in "David Garrick."

Left: Russell and Sybil Thorndike in "Oliver Twist."

Below: Clive Brook in "La Traviata."



Salvaqe

by JOAN FLEMING

Cyrus Ridgeway, being quick in all things, had no need to pause long at the matrimonial dish and pick around. From his financial pursuits he stayed long enough to select the one who would grace his name and fortune, propose the marriage, buy the ring, and name the day. It took him less than a fortnight; then the wheels revolved as ever. Bernice, mistaking width of girder for strength of will, became Mrs. Cyrus Ridgeway. And everybody seemed satisfied.

But a year with the grandest machine tends to dull the musical charm of its creaking. Twelve months after her marriage, if Bernice admired her husband at all, it was rather in the spirit of the stranger to New York who admires the Flatiron Building. His might she could not doubt; his strength was apparent even to those who had never met him, but had only felt the tremors of him from afar; but might and strength—in the material sense—are things that can be admired at a distance. Bernice began to wonder what was the advantage—or the sense—in joining the Flatiron Building in matrimony. Her taste in domestic architecture had been at fault, and she was beginning to appreciate it.

"We might be happier," she suggested, "if we had a child."

"Certainly we need a child," he agreed, not taking his eyes from the morning mail. It was the third minute of breakfast, and he had not yet looked at her.

"You would like a child?" she asked.

"What's to become of the house of Ridgeway if we don't have one?" he asked coldly.

It was then she told him that soon the name of Ridgeway was to be perpetuated.

"Ah!" he said. "Good!"

"You are pleased?"

"There will now be somebody to carry on the work that I leave behind," he said.

"If it's a boy!"

"It will be a boy!" he snapped, in the manner of a man who can order the universe.

And it was. A boy. A boy, but . . . The nurse, well-paid in Ridgeway gold, explained to Bernice.

"He was born terribly deformed, Mrs. Ridgeway—terribly deformed. He died."

Dead! Her baby dead! The baby that was to have bridged the gulf in their home, that was to have shown Bernice that her husband was more



than a splendid piece of architecture and that was to have taught Ridgeway himself that life holds more than shares in oil—dead!

She turned to her husband for sympathy in her hour of trouble.

"Yes," said he; "dead. But . . . as well, though, perhaps. A deformed

held, leaving her costly dresses and jewels behind, she went out of the dignified mansion of the Ridgeways for ever.

She stood a moment at the gate, looking back.

"Dead!" she murmured, her pale hand clutching her throat. "Dead! Hope, love, my child and my future—all dead!"

Ridgeway had found his wife, as he explained afterwards, in the gutter, and he supposed that it was to the gutter she returned when she cut herself adrift from all that he had to offer her. In truth, although she had not been of so exalted a station as her husband, Bernice was of royal blood in her earlier days by comparison with what she now sank to. To hide for ever from the scenes and the memories of her husband and her marriage was now her only aim—to fly to some place where he should never be able to find her. To the gutter, then, she went—but from choice as well as necessity. She took up her residence in Tracey's Rents for another reason than that she must earn her living at the factory near by. Here she was lost—lost to the past.

And here, at long last, in some mild measure, Fate was kind to her.

One day, at her window, she beheld across the street a woman in whom she felt at once an absorbing interest. It was not merely that the

CHARACTERS:

Bernice Ridgeway	PAULINE
Kate Martin	FREDERICK
Cyrus Ridgeway	RALPH LEWIS
Fred Martin	MILTON SULLS
Ruth Martin	HELEN STONE
The Maid	ROSE CADE
The Cripple	RAYMOND HATTON

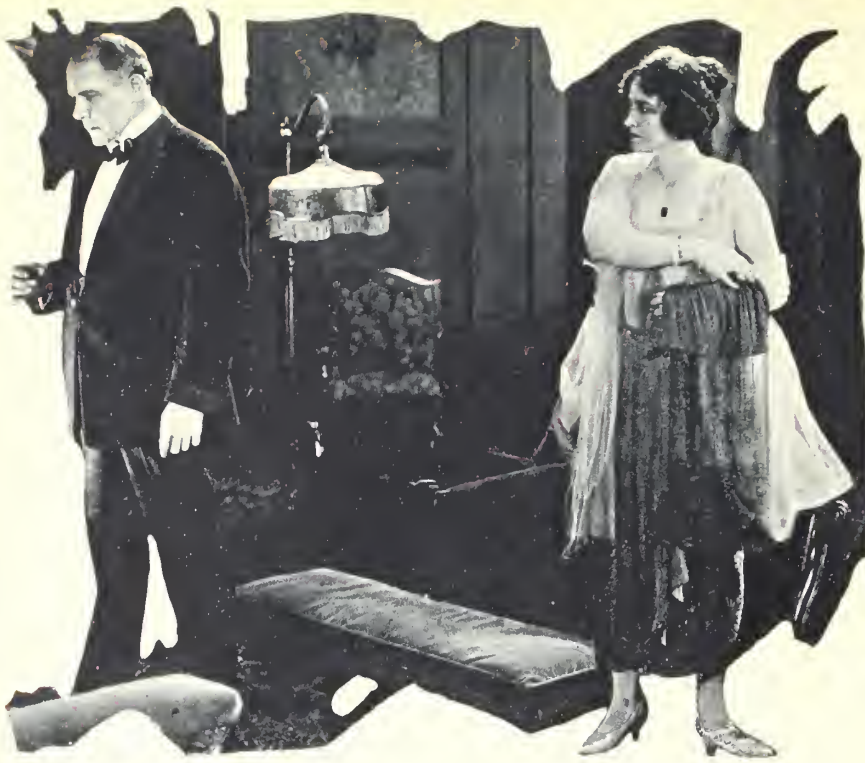
Narrated by permission from the Jury film of the same title.

man, a terribly deformed man, carrying on the Ridgeway name—my name. As well, perhaps."

"Cyrus!" she cried.

"There, there! Be calm," he commanded. "We must think of these things . . ."

The day came when Bernice was convalescent and was ready, as her husband said, to take a holiday. And Bernice was resolved to take the holiday—the longest holiday that life could hold. To Ridgeway she said nothing, but, dressing herself only in the poorest dress that her wardrobe



Bernice's taste in domestic architecture had been at fault, and she was beginning to appreciate it.

woman was of a type totally strange to her—the furtive slouch, the averted eye, the halting gait, and trembling limbs of her betokened the dope fiend, the wreck of a character that had once been big and strong; but her face and her figure were so strangely the face and the figure—and in some way not either—of Bernice herself, that the looker-on might very well have been peeping into the mirror of the future as she watched the passer-by.

"There, but for the grace of God," Bernice murmured, staring entranced as the forlorn creature turned the corner and was lost to sight.

Bernice determined to know better the lost woman who was so strangely like her, or like what she could so easily become, and the ice of silence was broken by the woman's daughter, Ruth, a little girl of five or six, who came one morning with a message.

"Please muvver says could you lend her a shilling. It's for the gas."

Bernice smiled and patted the mite's head.

"Tell your mother that I have no change just at the moment," she said, "but that I will get some and bring it across. And here is a flower for your dress."

The little girl toddled off with the message, and Bernice set about finding a shilling, which was a greater task than the girl had been given to understand. But the shilling was found, and with it Bernice crossed the sordid square of Tracey's Rents to the foul hovel of Ruth's mother.

The woman's name was Kate Martin, and she had a candour born of despair.

"Thanks," she said. "It's for

the gas, but you can't tell a kid that, can you? You'll have your shillin' back by evenin'—leave it to me! It's just for a drop, dearie, just for a drop. I dunno how I could go on livin' without my drop. What do you say?"

And then came her history. Everybody knew it, so why shouldn't the new neighbour? Her trouble was the drink—and the drugs when she could get at them; mostly she couldn't through lack of funds. Her downfall had been the stage. Her millstone was the child. Her husband was in prison.

"Awfully hasty man, Fred," she explained. "Terribly hasty man. Had a friend living with me while Fred was away in the North, working. The nicest man you could hope to meet, that friend was. The nicest man you could hope to meet. But Fred, when he met him, what do you think? Bullet clean through his heart! Awful hasty way with him, my husband! Now he's in prison for five years, and my friend's in heaven for ever—if ever a man is—and I'm just here like always, in debt. Terrible thing, life, missis. You couldn't make it a couple o' bob, could you?"

Bernice ventured the suggestion that a sunbeam like little Ruth must lighten the darkness of Tracey's Rents.

"Kids!" said Kate Martin, with curling lip. "You dunno what you're talkin' about, missis. Wait till you've a kid of your own. They're punishments, kids is, absolute punishments! But what I've done to deserve her..."

It was the strangest friendship, and yet friendship it was. Sometimes Kate would drag her bones

across to Bernice's little room and bring her "drop" with her, not being able to "bide" solitude and her daughter Ruth in one dose. She would sit through to dawn sometimes, cursing fate and life and kids and husbands, and demanding to be told what she had done to deserve it. On these occasions little Ruth would be put to bed in Bernice's room while the women talked, and in the course of time she came to look on Bernice as more her "real mother" than Kate.

One day Kate grandly took her call in her friend's room, and Fate again pushed round the wheel in Bernice's favour.

Kate had been two days "dropless," and it seemed to her that the end of the world was near enough for her to cease bothering about the to-morrows.

"What's the use?" she moaned. "I ain't had a drop for two days. I might not have a drop for two more! What's the use?"

She took out a revolver.

"Seen one o' these before?" she grinned.

And before Bernice was clearly aware of her intent the crazed woman was dead at her feet and the room was filled with the vile smell of the smoke.

Death again! Bernice shrank back appalled. The death of child, hope, love. Now the death of her only friend. . . . Always death.

Her hand was on the knob of the door, her intention was to summon aid, to send someone for the police and bid them keep the dead woman's child away, when suddenly the move of Fate was plain. Her chance!

Kneeling, she changed attire with the corpse, and in five minutes what the little world of Tracey's Rents took to be Kate Martin was running across the little square guiding the doctor and the panting neighbours to the body of what they took to be Bernice Ridgeway.

"She told me 'er name was Ridgeway, Bernice Ridgeway," said Bernice, mimicking the dead woman's tones. "Said she was wife of Cyrus Ridgeway, the City man, and had 'opped it because he was a bit of a terror. Said she was fed up with life."

It got into the papers and shook the town. Even Cyrus Ridgeway himself, brought thus crudely to the bigger reality than cash, was shaken like a stout oak, and found himself wishing that things had been in some way different. But how, just how, he did not know.

It got into the papers—and it got out again, as things do. In a week, all the world except Cyrus Ridgeway had forgotten.

In Tracey's Rents life went on as ever. Suicides were the dust of life's street in Tracey's Rents. People batted an eye, flicked out the dust, walked on. A mere nothing! The new Kate Martin took up her abode in the old Kate Martin's hovel, and nobody was a halfpenny the wiser—except,

perhaps, little Ruth, who wondered now and again what had come over "mummy." If the rest of the sordid community wondered at all, it wondered why old Kate had suddenly decided to leave the booze alone and go out to work.

It was one night in the autumn when the door of the little room was thrown open after a timid knock and a man walked in. He was a man not yet old, though aged by experience; still good-looking, and with the furtive glance that betokened Tracey's Rents not yet pronounced.

"Kate," he said, glancing away from her shame-facedly, "I'm out. It was a free pardon. They've been looking into my case for a long time, it seems, and now I'm out. I say—I'm sorry I did what I did. If you'll cut that out and start afresh with me . . ."

He glanced across the room again, and saw her staring eyes.

"Kate!" he gasped. I mean . . ."

He came closer and sat before her and stared at her. Then round the room at its patent tidiness, and back again at her eyes. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"I—I don't understand!" he cried. "Why . . . you're not Kate!"

"No," she said. And then she listened and heard the tiny footsteps pattering up the steps. "But everybody thinks I am, and little Ruth thinks I am, so please, for her sake, wait until afterwards—and I'll tell you all."

The door was flung open again, little Ruth came in, paused in surprise on the threshold, shouted "Daddy!" and raced across the room. And, though Fred Martin could not understand it in the least, he saw so plainly that things had changed—and changed for the better—and he saw too that his little daughter Ruth was head over ears in love with "mummy," and decided that it would be wiser, all things considered, to leave well alone and let the explanation come when it would.

"Could I—have a cup of tea, Kate!" he asked.

Over tea she observed him closely and liked him. Fred Martin was largely what seven years of Kate had made him, polished by seven years of Tracey's Rents. In some other setting he might be reborn a new man. He was gentle and kind, and loved his little girl; if he had been through the furnace, it seemed that the ordeal had only served to harden the steel. Yes, she liked him.

And when little Ruth was in bed, and even Tracey's Rents were quiet, she told him all, and he sat and listened with eyes that shone as if they had seen the re-birth of hopes long dead and buried.

"You'll stay?" he asked.

The kiddie thinks the world

of you, and the place is so different, and . . . it wasn't like this at all, before. I can camp in the spare room comfortably. You'll stay?"

"I'll stay," she promised. "I—have nowhere else to go."

And so she stayed, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Martin continued to occupy different corners of the Martin stronghold, meeting on the common ground of the little kitchen for meals and talk.

In the same tenement was a cripple living with his baby, a little boy of not yet one year. Often had Bernice seen the long glances which the cripple cast in her direction when she was passing, and at last he spoke.

"I have seen the kind way in which you treat your little girl," he said. "There is so little kindness in Tracey's Rents. I wondered . . ."

He broke off and looked away.

"Yes?" she prompted.

"My wife is dead," he went on, "and I have just found work at a great distance. I wondered . . . I have nobody to look after my little boy, you see . . ."

"Why," smiled Bernice, "leave him with me. I will take all the care of him that he needs."

And in this way the strange baby joined the already strange household.

A strange household, yes; but a very happy household too. Tracey's Rents began to stare. Saturday afternoons in the park or the fields; Sundays pleasantly at rest; singing and laughter on the working days. Fred Martin began to hold up his head with a pride that Tracey's Rents did not know.

One evening Fred decided that their happiness could be yet more complete.

"Bernice," he said—for always now in private and when other ears were not near to hear he called her by her own name—"Bernice, I want you to marry me."

She was sitting at the moment, not expecting the sudden confession, but now she rose swiftly and walked to the window and stood looking down on the sordid spot that was her world without at first answering.

"Bernice," he repeated, "do you hear me? I love you—can never stop loving you now. You must see that things cannot go on much longer as they are. I want you. Once I made a big mistake—I came very near to making a wreck of all my life. In you is my chance to wipe out that dreadful past, and to live over again my life as I should always have lived it. And you will be a reward, too, for all I have suffered. Bernice—"

She turned now and came towards him.

"No," she said; "no. I—cannot."

"You will not marry me?"

"I cannot. Think! Cyrus Ridgeway may think me dead—the world may think me dead—but I am still Cyrus Ridgeway's wife. Her name is on a lonely grave, but she still lives. Do you think Ridgeway divorced me? No. He mourns his wife, perhaps, but his wife lives."

Martin sighed.

"Believing what he does, he may try to marry again," he said.

"In which case I must admit my deception," said Bernice.

The body of what they took to be Bernice Ridgeway



It seems that whatever we may do, all through life, we are trapped," Martin complained.

"We are happy," smiled Bernice. "Perfectly happy. We must just keep on being happy and refusing to recognise the trap, and . . . waiting."

"Waiting?"

"I am not free. But some day I may be."

Somebody was coming up the steps—it might be a neighbour—the feet were already pausing for the last steep climb. Hurriedly Martin crossed to her and took her in his arms and kissed her before the door should open.

"That," he said, "is to show you that on the day you are free . . . you won't be!"

She smiled.

"When the chains fall off," she said, "it will be my greatest happiness to help you fasten the others on."

"You mean it?"

"I mean it!"

"Bernice!"

"Fred!"

The knock was at the door panel now, and she hurried to admit the caller.

She opened the door, and Fred, across the room, heard a low cry and hurried to her side.

"What—do you want?" he heard her saying to the caller.

Into the room came a young woman in the uniform of a parlour-maid, over which a raincoat had been hurriedly thrown. Once, in a long-dead past, she had been parlour-maid to Mrs. Cyrus Ridgeway.

"I came for you, ma'am," said the maid. "Master is very ill, and wants you to see him."

"But—how did you know I was here?"

"I saw you here many weeks ago, ma'am, when I called at Tracey's Rents on business."

"Then—he knows?"

"He has known all the time, ma'am, that you were not dead."

A shadow of perplexity crossed Bernice's forehead.

"And what was the business that brought you here?" she asked.

The maid looked troubled, and her eyes fell.

"Tell me."

"Your baby, ma'am, when it was born—it didn't die. But because it was deformed, master sent it away—here. . . . I used to call and see it for him . . . and pay. And when the doctors came to it I was present for master, though nobody knew it was his—not even the doctors—nor where it came from."

"The doctors? It died, after all?"

"No, ma'am. It was operated on, and recovered. It is not crippled now. It is—like other children."

The cripple's adopted boy came into the room now, holding the hand of little Ruth.

"Is that the boy that was with the cripple who used to live downstairs?" asked the maid; and, at her mistress's nod: "He is *your* baby."

Bernice looked from the maid to her baby, scarcely able to believe the glad news, and not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "But—but. . ."

"Master arranged it all, so that you could go on living as you wished and get your baby back to you, ma'am," said the maid. "And now he is very ill, and—"

"How shall we go?" Bernice asked.

"The car is waiting in the street."

Bernice put on her hat and then turned to Fred.

"You—will wait?"

"I will wait," he answered, "if I have to wait a year."

She pressed his hand and followed the maid to the waiting car. And in half-an-hour she was beside the bed of her husband.

"Bernice," said Ridgeway, turning his head feebly towards her, "I wanted to say I was sorry. I tried to make amends. I found out that there were other things in life. . . . I hope you will be happy. I . . . am going . . ."

She knelt by the bed and took his hand. For a little while they talked of the dead days and of her future.

At last, half-shyly, he said:

"I cannot in the nature of things expect you to have affection for me, but if you could just kiss me once."

She kissed him tenderly, for the sake of the love that had been dead so long, and as she leaned over him he whispered—

"I have left you all—you and the boy." And with these words Cyrus Ridgeway died. For a long time Bernice knelt in silence by the bed, her boy clasped in her arms. At last the butler approached her.

"Your room will be ready, ma'am," he hinted.

"I shall not want my room," she said. "But ask Rogers to get out the car."

"Yes, ma'am."

And to Rogers, as he stood beside the open door of the car awaiting orders, she said—

"Tracey's Rents."

"Yes, ma'am," said Rogers, and he drove her there. But, as he said long afterwards, retailing the story for the hundredth time, he never could understand it.

Neither could Tracey's Rents.

For a long time Bernice knelt in silence by the bed, her boy clasped in her arms.



He Would be an Actor

No other profession appealed to Bert Lytell, and picturegoers will agree that he knew very well what he was about.

Before I commenced to make my way up the wooded drive that led to the Hollywood house of Bert Lytell, I instinctively transferred my note-case to a safer pocket. It was a tribute to the realism that this Jimmy Valentine of the screen puts into his light-fingeredness before the cameras rather than an aspersion on his honesty.

There is little to suggest distrust of the open-countenanced Paramount star when one meets him in a domestic setting away from skeleton keys and safe-breaking implements.

If Lytell had carried his screen characteristics away from the studios, and he represented a plausible individual preying on Society, he would have found me a ready pigeon to be plucked. His smile is such a maker of instant friendship, and his reflective, hazel eyes inspire confidence. Had he produced a pack of cards from the pocket of his immaculately cut suit, and, selecting three, had called upon me to "find the lady," I would readily have hazarded my coins on the flickering pasteboard. And if I had lost—as, of course, I should—had Lytell neglected to transform himself back into the respectable "Dr. Jekyll" of family life, and had retained his "Mr. Hyde" characteristics of the studio, I should not have mourned. His happy smile would have made me feel glad that I had not, won and hurt his feelings. Bert Lytell is like that—a lovable, likeable fellow, whom you instinctively want to please. He has an irresistible twinkle in his eyes.

"Do you know," he said, with mock seriousness, after he had led me to a shaded rose-covered verandah, where attractive yellow straws protruded from iced drinks of delightfully vague concoction, "that when



On or off the screen, Bert Lytell is always genuine and unaffected.

you say you have come to talk over my career, you are fortunate not to be conversing with a serious, spectacled lawyer?"

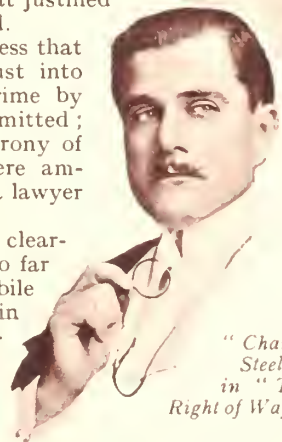
"I thought that your only association with the law was the presentation of characters that justified its existence," I remarked.

Lytell grinned. "I confess that I have been cruelly thrust into the screen by-ways of crime by heartless producers," he admitted; "but that is rather the irony of Fate, for my parents were ambitious for me to become a lawyer when I left college."

I looked at the bronzed, clear-cut features of my host, so far apart from the rigid, immobile faces of those who live in chambers amidst the atmosphere of crackling parchments, and I saw in his eyes the lack of that insensible outlook on men and affairs that enables lawyers to balance and weigh human tragedy as though it were chalk and cheese.

"You would never have made a successful lawyer," I said, reflectively; "you are too human."

Suddenly Lytell became serious. "You are right there," he said, reminiscently, "for although it may sound strange to admit that I became obsessed with a character that I was depicting for the cameras, it was certainly the case when I played in *The Right of Way*. I was 'Charlie Steele,' the lawyer, in that strong story of Sir Gilbert Parker's. Honestly, there



As "Charlie Steele" in "The Right of Way."

were days when I lived 'Charlie Steele.' I ate with him, slept with dreams of him, and at times I plied his profession with him, and felt as if I was really preparing to plead for the life of a murderer before a stern-faced judge."

He shuddered as he spoke, and I realised then how powerful his imagination is, and how

it enables him to weave his characters before the cameras with a realism that at times is almost uncanny.

"Because I always live in my parts until the final fade-out," said Lytell, "I had a memorable insight into life as a lawyer has to live it in my part as 'Charlie Steele.' It made me very grateful that the call of the stage in my blood had proved too powerful for my parents to resist."

Like all creative artistes, Lytell is temperamental. His seriousness was swept away like chaff before the wind as I recalled his happier memories of early stage days.

"Talking of hereditary influences



Bert Lytell in
"A Trip to
Paradise."

where the stage is concerned," he said, with a chuckle, "mine took an early opportunity of evincing themselves. I made my first appearance behind the footlights at the age of three, when I escaped parental control, and wandered on to the stage across a canvas set representing the waters of the River Thames. My efforts were greeted with ironic applause; but the salutary punishment that I received afterwards in the family dressing-room did not suggest parental appreciation of my youthful histrionics."

Old Drury, with its historical traditions that give it a leading place as a training ground for stage talent, I learned, was the scene of Bert Lytell's first success in the theatre. He appeared at the age of thirteen on the stage that Keats and Toole trod, and Lytell's subsequent success in the world of filmdom incidentally provides a new aspect to the achievements of those who learned their acting art on the boards of Drury's famous theatre. Its records can now boast an association with the fostering of a screen star.

"At Drury Lane," Lytell told me,

"I had a part in 'The Lights of London,' the melodrama that survives in the memories of our grandfathers."

It was in New York, however, that Bert Lytell first began to convince his parents that he had made a wise choice when he displayed his preference for the wigs of the stage rather than the wig of the legal profession.

"I played in stock companies from the time that I was seventeen," reminisced Lytell. "It was due to the number of make-up tricks that I learned that I was able to play leads, for I was able to disguise my youthful features and present characters considerably older than I was in reality. Facial control was useful on such occasions," he explained.

Then as I sat watching his animated expression, he gave me an illustration of his miming art. Almost as though



With Lucy Cotton in "The Misleading Lady."

some magician's hand had swept across his features and transformed them, his face changed. The under-lip of his well-shaped mouth dropped and curled, his high forehead wrinkled, and seemed to lose its height, his eyes narrowed, and thin lines wavered around them. I was looking at the face of a furtive, dissolute wastrel.

It was an impressive insight into Lytell's cleverness, an almost uncanny

transmigration of personalities suggested solely by extraordinary control of the muscles of the face, and an inner understanding of those expressions and subtle facial contours that sketch character on the features. He was a crook of the screen at that moment, and I visualised how the addition of make-up could give to the cameras a realistic study of a man of the underworld. But even without the artifice of grease-paint, or the studio arc-lamps, I saw in a flash how, with a few contractions of his face, he had become the drug fiend who lived in a loathsome hut in India—a character-study in *The Price of Redemption* that Lytell engendered with startling realism.

Then, with a flash of even white teeth, he became my smiling, good-humoured host again.

"You see," he said, without pride, but with a touch of enthusiasm in his voice that revealed his love of acting, "how much screen-acting in reality depends on the artiste, despite the tremendous progress that has been made in the direction of costuming and make-up. A property-man can only embellish a player, after all. He can never give him the spirit of character-presentation, which must essentially come from within."

There is a peculiar shyness about Bert Lytell—as though he shrinks from appearing egotistical in his enthusiasm for his work. Suddenly he will stop abruptly as he talks on the art that he loves, and almost shamefacedly will direct the conversation into less personal channels.

We talked of the diverse characters that he had played before the cameras. In no sense is Lytell a screen type. His versatility is the most valuable shot in his locker of film talent. He has figured in the rôles of a lawyer, a rich man, a poor man, a beggar man, and a thief.

A light step on the verandah heralded the arrival of Mrs. Lytell, and rather, I suspect, to my handsome host's relief, the conversation went off at a tangent.

I found myself gazing into a pair of kind, blue eyes, and a little bejewelled hand was held towards me.

"This is my wife," said Lytell, and I could detect the pride in his tone as he spoke of the appealing, fair-haired woman who had been his inspiration since his early days in stock companies on the road.

They are ideally suited. For Evelyn Vaughan, as Mrs. Lytell was known on the stage before she married her leading man, has that somewhat unusual combination of womanly appeal allied with a practical outlook that even the dimple in her rather determined chin does not hide. She is a very suitable guide for her temperamental husband—a sympathetic link between his imaginative dreams and the practical affairs of life.

She teases him with that good-natured understanding that real affection inspires.



Bert Lytell and Leatrice Joy on Lake Tahoe during the filming of "The Right of Way."

"Has he been telling you of all the beautiful women that have been his heroines on the film?" she asked, with mock seriousness.

I looked at Lytell for guidance. We were on delicate ground, I suspected, but my hostess speedily disillusioned me on that point.

"Don't think I am jealous," she said, with a happy, confident laugh, as she took her big husband's arm. "He's much too nasty a man on the screen—a veritable waster. He doesn't shave, he drinks, and takes drugs; I'm really frightened to go and see him on the films, sometimes."

"Anyway," retorted Lytell, with a twinkle in his eye, "you were very glad to have a screen 'crook' as a husband the other day when you lost the key of your dressing-table drawer.

"Did you hear about it?" he asked me. "My wife had to fall back on my 'Jimmy Valentine' knowledge of picking locks with a hair-pin to overcome the difficulties of a lost key. The man who taught me that sort of light-fingered business enlightened me in the studios. He was an expert, and we had a close-up of his hand operating the hair-pin. Everyone thought it was a great success until we heard that the lock-picking genius had practised his talent on the producer's office and helped himself to the loose cash."

We walked round the picturesque grounds of the house whilst tea was being laid on the verandah, and Mrs. Lytell recalled the days when she first met her husband at San Francisco.

"We were both playing at the old Alcazar Theatre," she said; "and from love-making on the stage, we became lovers in real life."

"I had a hard standard to live up to where sentiment was concerned," interrupted Lytell, with a quiet smile.

"In stock we played several plays a week, and I made love to my leading lady every evening in every variety of character. I was the bold wooer, the shy suitor, the overbearing cave-man, all within a few days. Yet when I proposed to my wife, despite all the groundwork that led up to my romance, I confess that I was the diffident, stuttering amateur just as tradition paints the man who declares his affection to the lady of his heart."

Amidst the gravel paths and smooth lawns of the picturesque grounds of the house of the Lytells, I detected signs that told of the Paramount star's hobbies. There was the neatly rolled tennis lawn where he forgets the strenuous life of the studios, and the glistening, white enamel cups let into one stretch of lawn revealed the fact that he keeps his hand and eye in training with clock golf.

When we had wended our way back to the verandah, and Lytell was momentarily occupied in helping his wife to arrange the tables around the silver, glistening tea-table, I had



Bert Lytell and an "extra" in "Junk."

the opportunity of studying my host without an apparent staring process of analysis.

He is pleasing without being handsome in the Adonis class of the matinée idol. He has a strong face with a firm, fighting jaw that spells determination in anything that he attempts. His thick, black eye-brows have just a slight Mephistophelian

suggestion, but his kindly hazel eyes hold the attention. They are like mirrors that reflect passing emotions, retrospective mirrors that gleam with the momentary impressions of laughter, tragedy and sadness that pass through his active, creative mind.

Lytell's heart is in character work, for although he sometimes appears before the cameras as himself, he more often obscures his real personality behind the clever mask that he creates when he is presenting some human rôle for the screen.

He told me that his favourite rôle was one far apart from the *matinée* type of hero. It was in *The Price of Redemption*, when he played the rôle of a British officer who ran through a gamut of emotions. From a fashionable, drink-loving young Englishman, he became a drug fiend, and eventually a rejuvenated man.

"I had to sink my own personality in the part, and build up the dissolute character I portrayed, piece by piece, until I was a man entirely different to my real self," said Lytell, as we discussed the film.

"That to me is the highest art of acting, and it was because, in the early days, I did not think that without the human voice and the restrained acting that exists on the theatre stage, it would be possible to reach a high standard of character presentation before the film cameras, I was not enthusiastic over the films. I imagined that the exaggerated movements on which producers insisted would reduce such miming to something approaching unconvincing melodrama."

It was here that Lytell told me a little-known secret of his screen career. When first he appeared in a film he was disappointed in what he considered to be the limited scope for a trained stage actor, and he went back to his first love, the stage.

"Although my first picture was *The Lone Wolf*, in which I made my *début* before the film cameras at the request of Herbert Brenon," says Lytell, "it was the Metro Company who gave me my first real insight into the possibilities of adapting stage art to the kinema. I have the happiest memories of my films, *Lombardi Limited*, *The Right of Way*, *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, *The Price of Redemption*, *The Spenders*, *One Thing at a Time o' Day*, and *Faith*."

Remembering that it had often been whispered that Bert Lytell was still enthusiastic over the stage, and was likely to forsake the pictures for his old love, I tackled him on this question.

"I naturally have the influences of heredity and the natural love of one's training ground in any profession to make me still fond of the theatre," he admitted; "but these are rather like the memories that one stores in a chest amongst lavender. They are sentimental rather than of practical influence. I have practically decided to devote my career to the films now."

And then Mrs. Lytell, with a characteristically feminine piece of logic, interrupted.

"I never want Bert to go back to the stage," she said, with a quiet smile. "That would mean that I should lose him in the evenings. Now, I don't mind him being at the studios all day, when I can look forward to having him later in the day."

And as Bert

Lytell is devoted to the little fair woman whose opinions are valued by her big husband, as is the case with those who know true affection, it is very possible that this very womanly reason may be an invisible bond that will do much to prevent filmdom losing one of its most attractive actors.

Before I departed, Bert Lytell showed me another side of his diverse character by taking me round his library. The walls of this retreat are lined with rows of volumes of past and modern masters of fiction.

"They are good friends to me," said Lytell, waving his hand towards the books that cater for his intense love of reading. "For they bring to me snatches of character, and from their cold print I evolve imaginary beings that often, in the past, have formed the basis of my screen presentations."

In reality, books to Bert Lytell are very largely part of his work; a means of enhancing the value of his character studies on the silver-sheet. For he is in no sense a book worm. His greatest delight is to get away into the open air after the turmoil and heat of the studios.

The hills and woods and plains of picturesque California afford him opportunities for his hobbies of fishing, riding, and shooting.

"To get close to Nature," he told me, "brings that feeling of good health that is one of the essentials of film acting. If you feel fit you are far more capable of presenting realistic work on the screen. For I have a strong belief that anyone who works before the cameras and is in any way distracted by the effects of ill-health or an overstrained nervous system, cannot deceive the lens."

"You must feel the emotions that you are depicting, sorrow or happiness must be reflected in your eyes and the lines of your face. It is more than miming. It is a presentation of something that momentarily exists in yourself."

To those who aspire to screen success, Bert Lytell is an inspiration and a warning. He proves how necessary hard work and intelligent study of acting art are to those who wish to achieve fame; and on the other side of the picture he reveals the folly of believing that the way of a film star is strewn with roses from the beginning of things.

I left Bert Lytell with his books, for he is searching for sidelights on a new character that he is preparing for a future film. An interesting insight into the famous star's character flashed into my mind when he told me, as I departed,

that he would be spending the rest of the evening working in his library. He had just been given the leading rôle opposite Betty Compson in Paramount's film version of *Kick In*, a drama popular on both sides of the Atlantic. With his usual thoroughness he was studying the part as he used to study his stage rôles, learning the lines that probably no one, except his wife, would hear him declaim. Bert Lytell still lives in the future, preparing for greater triumphs, heedless of the temptation to relax now that he has progressed so far along the road that leads to fame.



Bert Lytell on his boat "Nancy."

Picturegoer Parodies

Clara Kimball Young

"You are Young, Clara Kimball," the Film Fan said,
"And my question may seem indiscreet,
But I hear you've been acting for thirty-two years—
How have you accomplished the feat?
"The question of acting applied to my age,"
Answered Clara, "has nothing to do.
"As a baby in arms, carried on to the stage
By my father, I made my début."

"You are Young, Clara K., but you've collared a pile
Of the tangible wealth of this earth.
I suppose that your income of thousands per week
Dates back to the day of your birth?"

"In my youth," Clara Kimball replied with a sigh,
"The movies were woefully mean.
Five guineas a week was the stipend that I
Was paid when I came to the screen."

"You were Young, Clara K., but you're wiser to-day,
And such bargains 'twere hopeless to seek.
Pray, who was the far-seeing maker of films
Who paid you a fiver a week?"

"It was J. Stuart Blackton," the actress replied,
"Who taught me the screen was sublime.
He paid me that wage, but it can't be denied
That he thought it a lot at the time."

"You are Young, Clara K., but your wardrobe, I'm
told,
Costs you twenty-odd thousand a year.
Pray, what did you do when you'd hardly a sou
To spend on adornments and gear?"

"In my youth," Clara Kimball replied with a groan.
"My dresses of 'priceless brocade'
Were cut out of cheese-cloth or coloured cretonne—
Cheap gowns by the hundred I made."

"You are Young, Clara K., as I've mentioned before,
But, although you have money and health,
How oft do you sigh for the dear days of yore,
When you hadn't the worry of wealth?"

"I have answered four questions, and that should
suffice,"
Answered Clara, and flew in a rage.
"Send the rest of your queries to 'George' for advice,
And await a reply on his page."





Jack Holt, who tells the story of his adventurous career in this article, is well-known for his work in "The Romany Rye," "Victory," "Held by the Enemy," "Midsummer Madness," "The Mask," "Kitty Kelly, M.D.," and other screen successes. At one time he specialised in villainous rôles, but he is a likeable hero, too.

Purely Personal

by JACK HOLT

The old South, with all its traditions, was my birthplace and the home of my ancestors through a good many generations, and, like every Southerner, I felt, and still feel, pride in the fact. I was born in Fehquar Country, Virginia, and my father was an Episcopal rector with parishes at Portsmouth, Baltimore, and elsewhere in that district.

I was about sixteen when my father's health failed, and he had relinquished his eastern parish and retired to a smaller one in Virginia. This brought us back to the South, and I was soon adjudged old enough to attend the Virginia Military Institute. This was more to my liking, but the strict guard kept on us was mighty irksome. I remember we were supposed to have one afternoon off a week, but demerits counted against this privilege, and I had but one such holiday.

School over finally, I obtained a position, which I held for four months, with the Pennsylvania Railroad as civil engineer. But this wasn't quite as adventurous a life as I craved. I wanted to see the world.

About this time the Donahu Exploration Company was organised to go to Alaska, and I signed up with them as engineer—this was the period of the copper boom in the North, and we headed for the Kennecott River. We surveyed and staked claims, and waited for the boom which didn't come.

Before going to Alaska I flipped a coin to see whether I should go to that portion of the world or to the Panama Canal, where there were also prospects of employment. Alaska won!

As I say, the boom didn't materialise, but I stuck it out for two years with the Company, wild-cattling about with no luck to speak of. Then I quit them and packed mail by horse or dog-team.

I had narrow escapes, yes; but then everyone who seeks fortune in the frozen North, goes after big game in Africa, or seeks adventure or profit along the Equator, has many such escapes. My worst was when I was caught with five or six others in a snow-slide. They were all lost, but I stuck my shovel up, and it projected through the snow, which resulted in my

being located by the search party and rescued—more dead than alive. I had covered my face as well as I could, and saved a little breathing space. But it was a mighty unpleasant experience, and one I shouldn't care to repeat.

I had tossed coin to decide whether I should go to Alaska. Now I again consulted Fate to decide whether I should go to Canada and join the North-Western Mounted Police, or to Oregon. It was Oregon which won, and if it hadn't, I might be chasing outlaws across the barrens of the North instead of acting in pictures. Luck or Fate seems to have played a pretty prominent part in my career—and, I suppose, will continue to do so.

A pal of mine joined in my trip to Oregon, and at Klamath, where we wound it up, we prospected about a little seeking something that looked worth while. Finally we went to a mutual friend and discussed with him the feasibility of leasing a cattle-ranch he had. The upshot of it was that we got control of the property and the stock. Then began my life on the range.

All our hard work, our optimism and high ambitions, however, couldn't make the ranch a prosperous undertaking. We hadn't enough capital primarily, and then there was a lot of alkali, and one thing or another. Result: I talked it over with my partner, and he decided he wanted to stick. But I'd had enough—and the old gipsy spirit was in my blood again. So I rode away after turning my half of the lease over to him—rode away, and never again went near the place.

Did my failure discourage me? Not a bit of it. I believe that discouragement is the best weapon Satan has in his whole repertoire. So I just buckled up my belt, and hit the trail for San Francisco.

After a time, when I had begun to worry a little, but not much, I landed a job with Beatrice Michelina doing "Salomy Jane." I played one of the vigilantes, and doubled in brass. After this engagement, I worked in a sketch that was being rehearsed for the Orpheum, but it never opened. Later I worked for a film company in a suburban town near San Francisco, but though two pictures were made, they were never sold. I began to think that my lucky star had started to pale its fire, and



Jack Holt and Seena Owen in "Victory."

wondered whether I had not better return to Virginia, when someone told me that Los Angeles was the place to be.

I didn't flip a coin this time—for the very good reason that I hadn't a coin to flip. I got to Los Angeles without any over-supply of cash; but I was lucky at once, and secured a position with Reliance-Majestic. Then I went to Universal, later to Lubin, back to Universal, and finally to Famous-Players-Lasky, where I have been most of the time since. I played all kinds of rôles, many of them heavies, but I never wanted to portray villains, especially, and when I signed the contract before the present starring one, it was stipulated that I should play leads.

But among the first Paramount pictures in which I was cast as lead was one in which I thought at first that I would rather play the heavy. It was called *Held by the Enemy*, William Gillette's melodrama of the Civil War.

One was a Chinese story, called *Crooked Streets*, in which Ethel Clayton starred. I had the time of my life in that, chiefly because I am a devotee of boxing, and one of the big scenes was a prize-fight, supposed to take place in a low dive in Shanghai. Miss Clayton was referee, and a two-hundred-pounder was my opponent. We fought all over the Lasky studio, and had a fine scrap.

Then I played several featured rôles under the direction of William De Mille—*Midsummer Madness*, *The Lost Romance*, and *After the Show*. Conrad Nagel and Lila Lee were associated with me in these, and we grew to be quite a happy studio family.

When I was promoted to stardom, Mr. Lasky promised that the stories purchased for me would be all strong, outdoor yarns—the kind I like. He certainly kept his promise with my first starring vehicle, *The Call of the North*, adapted from Steward Edward White's popular novel of life in the Canadian wilds, "The Conjuror's House."

Horses are still a source of much pleasure to me. I have four—Robin Hood, a jumper with a record for this part of the country of six feet eight; Lady Barbara, and Tim Tucker, polo ponies; and Silver, a blue ribbon winner. I enter them at various shows and contests, and have a number of ribbons that they have taken.

Riding is, of course, a great relaxation for me; and polo is a game that I am very keen on. As to reading, I have an omnivorous taste, and anything good strikes me as all right.



A Ragamuffin-T ragamuffin! Ragamuffin!



Above: Ivy Duke as "Nan Wetherell" in the film version of "Fox Farm."

Right: Some local talent recruited in support of the star.

For the first time in her screen career, Ivy Duke will appear before kinema audiences as a ragamuffin. Discarding the silks and satins of the society heroine and the suits of the sports-woman, Ivy has clad herself in the cottons and gingham of a poacher's daughter.

"I am glad to have the opportunity of playing such a part," she told me, "because I have never appeared in a character of this sort before, and, until one has tried all kinds of parts, it is impossible to know which appeals to the public most. There is just one drawback to this part of Nan Wetherell—and that is her boots. O-oh! I have suffered agonies with them, and do you wonder? Just look at them!"

And she placed her foot on the rung of the chair that I might more closely inspect them. Real, good old-fashioned hob-nails they were—warranted to hurt the toughest foot. Little wonder, then, that Ivy suffered agonies.

This charming little actress proves herself something of a fighter, too, in this picture, and the boy actor, who received a "clout" from her, is ready to stand witness to the fact that her style is quite good.

Guy Newall, who has personally directed this George Clark picture, also plays the leading part of Falconer. He admits that it is one of the most difficult parts he has yet played, for

almost throughout the picture he appears as a blinded farmer.

Great difficulty was encountered when the incident of the blowing up of a tree (which caused his blindness) had to be arranged. The first tree which was selected for the scene was exceedingly stubborn, and although six attempts were made to uproot it, they proved useless. Finally, however, a less firmly rooted tree was found, and the scene was filmed successfully. Both Mr. Newall and the camera-man took grave risks on this occasion, for splinters of the tree flew in all directions, and the explosion knocked Mr. Newall completely off his feet, as is required by the story.

Commenting on her "supports" in *Fox Farm*, Miss Duke says: "You have never seen such a thoroughly disreputable crowd as my brothers—real ragamuffins they are.

"Mr. Newall and I had a busy time keeping the boys near the locations when they were not actually working; for, naturally mischievous (they were all under the age of fifteen), they would run away directly our backs were turned. Then, when we wanted them, they would be missing. One day two of them had a real fight (not a film one), and the elder boy pushed the baby into the stream, with the result that he had to sit wrapped up in a big coat whilst his clothes were hung up to dry—because we were too far away from his home to get him there and back in time to play in the real fight scene."



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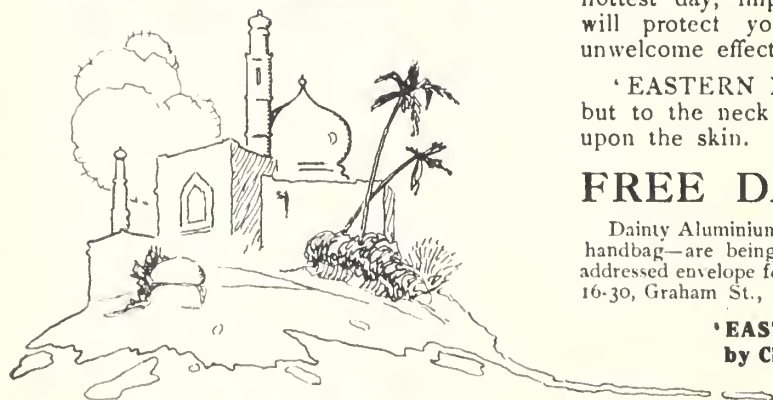
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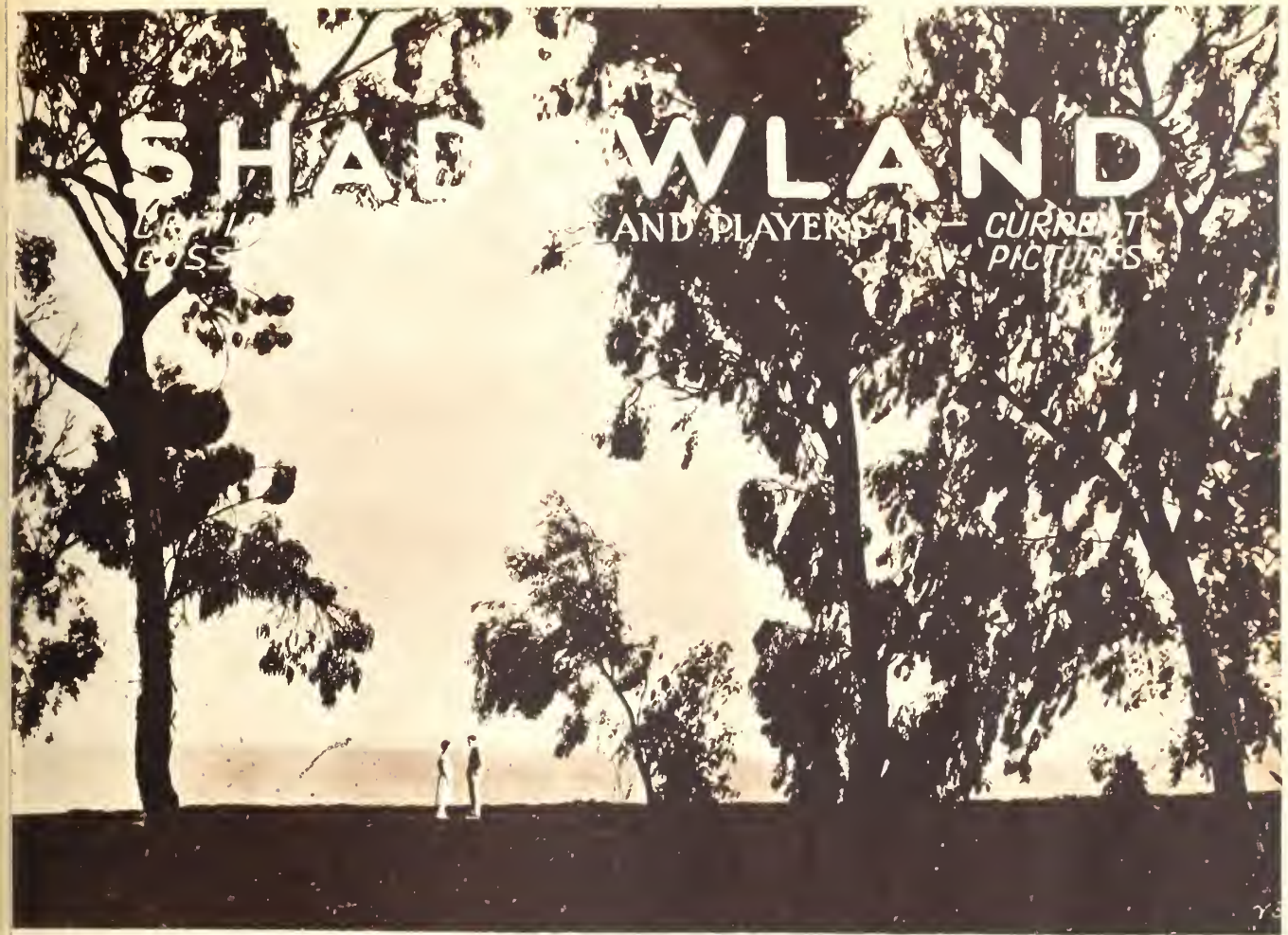
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THE CREAM OF FASCINATION



The big event of the month to many keen picturegoers is Nazimova's long-awaited *Camille*. Besides that, history and melodrama are very well represented, historical events forming the background of some of the best August releases. Pauline Frederick and Sessue Hayakawa head the list of dramatic stars whose offerings are now due, and a fairly good all-round collection of diverse features will compensate those holiday-makers who strike a patch of wet weather. Mae Murray's August release is one of her very best: the story is on a par with her usual, but the setting decidedly wonderful. The British favourites, Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome, have one feature each. There are fewer good cowboy stories than usual, but the Great North-West is well to the front.

Pathos is undoubtedly Sessue Hayakawa's strong point, and none knows this better than himself. In *The Swamp*, which he wrote for himself, he plays a rôle that fits him like the proverbial glove, and strikes a genuinely human note. It is good drama, too, and is set amid the lowest quarter of a big city and in high Society. Sessue plays a chivalrous Chinese fruit vendor, who rescues the despairing heroine and her child just as they are on the point of starvation. Posing as a fortune-teller, he is enabled to unearth

and bring to book the rascally husband, and after he has made everybody happy he returns to his native land and his native sweetheart. Bessie Love plays "Mary" in wistfully charming fashion; she will be seen in several other films opposite Hayakawa later on. Frankie Lee plays her little son, and Harlan Tucker is the bad man.

The Hayakawas will be enjoying a trip to their native land by this time. "It is the first time we have been home together," says Sessue. "And we are planning to do the things we've talked over for so long." Work in Japan is not necessarily part of the programme, for Hayakawa is leaving filmland for a time, and will be seen on the stage in America in the autumn. Tsuru Aoki has made several trips to Tokio and other places, but her famous husband has always been too busy in the studios for such a long trip. It would be interesting to see the talented pair, in features made in Japan, for the scenery there is wonderfully lovely, though on a different scale to that of America.

One of the best of the one-word-titled films (there are six of them this month) is Pauline Frederick's *Salvage*. It is a melodramatic story, with mother-love as its leading motive, and the star's two rôles give her great

scope for her thoroughly artistic gifts. As a rich wife whose baby is born a cripple and allowed (as she supposes) to die by its father, she leaves her husband to spend the rest of her life amongst the poor. Here she finds her double in a drug fiend, who dies in her room, whereon she impulsively changes identities and pretends to be the mother of the dead woman's tiny daughter. Then, after four reels, she finds her own baby, and eventually happiness. Milton Sills, Ralph Lewis and Raymond Hatton play well in their parts. Hatton has a Chaney like cameo of a crippled beggar. Milton Sills plays a likeable fellow in a likeable fashion. He is one of the best-liked leading men of to-day.

Pearl White has an unusual rôle (for her) in *Beyond Price*. She plays a neglected wife, whose rather fantastic adventures lead her into situations as thrilling as those in her serials. "Sally," the heroine, wishes for three things—to be a millionaire's wife, a famous woman, and to have a baby's arms around her. She is married to a business man, and by an ingenious series of events, everyone of her desires is granted, yet at the end she is glad to remain in her original position, but neglected no longer. The Society scenes are very well staged and dressed, and Pearl's gowns and a wonderful fur coat she wears will



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the "Shannon and George Ray" "Fashioned Day," released this month.



interest feminine film fans. Vernon Steel, who plays opposite Pearl White, was well known on the English stage before he took to film work. He comes from Santiago, and is best known for his Shakespearean rôles.

Studies in wives abound this month. *S* After the neglected one in *Beyond Price*, and the unhappy one in *Salvage*, we have the thoughtlessly extravagant species in May Allison's *Extravagance*. She is a wildly selfish little lady, thinking only of social affairs, gowns, and being well in the swim with her aristocratic friends. And as her husband is only a young lawyer, he resorts to forgery to produce the money to satisfy his pretty wife's expensive tastes. It is then that her real love for him gives her the courage to plead with her father-in-law and uncle and eventually save the sinner from prison. The acting is natural and convincing throughout, and the characters are remarkably good. Scenery and settings are artistic. Robert Edson plays a stern father, and the harassed husband is portrayed successfully by Theodor von Eltz.

Harry Carey has nothing out of the ordinary to offer this month. *Human Stuff*, in which he stars, is quite commonplace stuff. It has good actors, and really beautiful settings, but the story is the well-worn one of the Easterner who goes West to run his father's ranch. There is the usual wicked Mexican foreman and persecuted heroine, but fortune favours Harry Carey, and his daring and ingenuity outwit his enemies. Finally, of course, he wins the heart of the

young lady of his choice. Ruth Fuller Golden (Mrs. Carey) plays the hero's sister, and Mary Charleson, Rudolph Christians and the two cowboys who are always seen with Carey make up the cast. Thrills are few, but two "killings" provide dramatic moments and Harry Carey is a pleasing hero. In acting, shooting and riding he is the perfect player for a rôle of this type.

Dutch history does not often find itself reproduced by film makers so that *The Black Tulip* strikes a novel note amongst costume pictures. It is adapted from Dumas' famous story of how an innocent tulip grower becomes a supposed conspirator against William of Orange. He is cast into prison, and it takes his gaoler's pretty daughter and many feet of interesting adventure to set him free again. The scenes, taken in the picturesque tulip fields of Holland, were made at Haarlem, the heart of the industry in these flowers, and British and Dutch players share honours in this well-produced and appealing production. The players amongst whom are Gerald McCarthy, Zoe Palmer, and Coen Hissink wear their quaint costumes very naturally and the photographic effects are charming, both in indoor and outdoor scenes.

We like George Walsh as an athlete best; certainly we could not give him honours in the acting class of the strength of his work in *Dynamite Men*. He has a poor and made-to-order story, which gives him no chance for stunts, and he doesn't take what acting opportunities the scenarios

has allowed him. The plot is melodrama, and very wild at that. It includes a murder, an innocent man being sent to prison, faith cures, scheming and plotting galore, and a train wreck for the final effort. As the coal-miner hero, George Walsh has to stand about for a good deal of the time; the rest of the cast over-act, all save little Billy Gilbert, a serious child artiste, who is sincere and pleasing. Edna Murphy, of *Over the Hill* fame, plays opposite Walsh; she was starred for a while, but has returned to the leading lady class again now.

Another domestic problem is unravelled in *Too Wise Wives*. Very skilfully, too, though there is a bit too much moralising. Rich American business people (screen variety) seem always in trouble over their domestic affairs, and the two couples shown in Lois Weber's photoplay have their full share. One wife is too wifely and the other is not what she seems, and the developments when all get together are interesting and instructive. The acting, notably that of Claire Windsor, is very fine; Mona Lisa, too, is good as the vampish wife, and Louis Calhern and Phillips Smalley play the husbands capably.

Emmy Whelen's August offering may cause a further epidemic of aspirants for the career of a movie star. For it is the story of a pretty factory girl who goes to New York, where she finds fame more speedily and easily than a real live maiden would do. She writes the story of her own life, is filmed as its heroine, and at a private show of the film is seen by her own father-in-law. Picturegoers may remember a slightly similar incident in "The Girl on the Film," the Gaiety Musical Show in

which Emmy Whelen was seen some years ago. Here, too, discovery was made by film, but the stage play was pure comedy, whilst the film is drama. Frank Currier and George Stuart Christie play respectively a scheming father and his weak-willed son.

Six favourite British players may be seen in *A Sportsman's Wife* with popular Violet Hopson at the head of them. Gregory Scott plays hero, and Clive Brook the villain, a crook sporting character to whom the heroine loses her heart. Of course, it's a racing drama, with many clever racing scenes. But there are also some excellent shots of Trafalgar Square and Cockspur Street, which cost the producer much trouble to obtain. *A Sportsman's Wife* is Walter West's ninth racing drama; he practically introduced these racing stories to the British public. Almost everybody is interested in this sport from one angle or another, and the "behind the scenes" glimpses with which the plot deals are sure to appeal universally. Mercy Hatton and Adeline Hayden Coffin and Arthur Walcott complete the cast.

The Fourth of July spirit got well into a Sennett Comedy Company working way out in Dry Lake Desert. Billy Bevan and Mildred June (she's the girl on the cover) suggested that they try to put a little life into the tiny village of Dry Lake, which is just the kind of place its name suggests. So they bought in all the available fireworks, though they were last year's and nothing to boast about, and posted members of the company in each of the little town's four corners, with the order to let go all together at a given time. But they'd hardly started before the village constable was on the job, and though the poor

Patsy Ruth Miller's mother interrupts a mud pie interlude.



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and be quite sure that it's going to look its very nicest. Isn't it good of me to tell you all this? But I'm so excited, I must tell someone. I've only used it two or three times, and my hair is already much thicker, ever so glossy, and is even developing a decided tendency to curl!

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Pearl White and Robert Elliott in
"A Virgin Paradise."

man couldn't run four ways at once, yet he succeeded in making one substantial capture. Six-foot-seven "Tiny" Ward was caught with his weapon in his hand—it was an extra special rocket and clapped into goal. But only for an hour; and now they're arguing whether it was the eloquence of the manager who procured his release or the fact that he was a very tight fit in the cell.

Creighton Hale is not starred in *A Child For Sale*, but he stands out from amongst a good cast. As a struggling painter who loses his wife and has to part with one of his children to a wealthy widow for a time, he demonstrates the reason he is now a member of the Griffith stock company. The picture is highly moral, and preaches against profiteering on the part of landlords. Julia Swayne Gordon over-emphasises her rôle of a woman with a past, but Bobby Connelly, Gladys Leslie and William Tooker are extremely good. There are landlords everywhere, so that most picturegoers will sympathise with the down-trodden tenant hero of the film. Creighton Hale will be seen in Griffith's next production, an original story titled (at present) *At the Grange*.

An alternative title to *The Witching Hour* might be, *What Will-Power Can Do*, and the film which stars Elliott Dexter and Mary Alden is a powerful drama founded on an American stage success. The story shows signs of trying to take both sides of the question at once, and endeavours to prove either theory correct, so that

believers and disbelievers in telepathy ought to feel satisfied. The characters are very well drawn and the acting first-rate. Mary Alden has a "mother" part once more, and Edward Sutherland gives a good study of the intensely nervous young fellow whose fear of a catseye tie-pin leads him to murder a man.

"Ben Hur," the classic that has been the subject of such keen competition this year, has fallen at last to Goldwyns. Almost every big producing company at one time or another made a bid for it, and Douglas Fairbanks tried more than once to secure it for himself and Mary. The dramatic company who owned the rights have made quite drastic stipulations that cast, scenario, and all details of the film version must be approved by them. This, despite the fact that the purchasers paid much more than one million dollars for the "right to picture." The scenes in Italy and Palestine are to be made on the spot, but the principal artistes will be American. A year is to be spent in making "Ben Hur."

It is a pity the last reel of *The Passionate Pilgrim* is not up to the standard of the first four. It looked like being a great film, and even with its conventional ending it still remains much above the average. Matt Moore, the star, is the cleverest of the brothers, and is well cast as the newspaper man who is too fond of depicting things as they are to

succeed. He becomes a famous novelist later on, and is a most interesting figure throughout. Samuel Merwin wrote the series of stories of which "Henry Calverly" is the hero, and he pursued his "pilgrimage" for many months in an American magazine. Most of the characters in the stories appear in the screen version, which is rather episodic. Rubye de Reymer, Matt Moore, Charles Gerard, Van Dyke Brooke and Julia Swayne Gordon are a few of the names included in the all-star cast.

Matt Moore is the youngest of the popular Irish stars, and has been in the movies for three or four years. He was leading man for Marion Davies in *The Dark Star* and *Getting Mary Married*, and has recently been playing lead in *Sisters* with Seena Owen, in which as "Peter" he plays once more a likeable man who gets the worst of everything. Matt doesn't believe in make-up; whenever he can he likes to appear on the "set" *au naturel*, and even if the director insists upon it, he uses as little as possible. He doesn't care whether he looks old or no, but he does care whether his facial expressions register or no. "And you *can't* emote," says Matt, "when you're plastered with grease-paint till your face looks like a mask."

Charles Ray has a delightful comedy-drama in *An Old-Fashioned Boy*, which is by turns funny and sentimental. Aided and abetted by some amusing kiddies who have been assigned to his care, he keeps his too self-willed fiancée in quarantine by getting a certificate of "measles" in the house. Ethel Shannon plays the properly indignant damsel, who however, remains loyal to her sweetheart amid somewhat trying circumstances. Ray is always life-like and natural in his own particular way, his toffee-making performances and the scene in which he visualises himself as a lonely old bachelor being particularly well played. Frankie Lee and Gloria Joy are the principal child players, and the baby who cries so persistently and pitifully is Virginia Brown.

Fine acting and good characterisation save the rather slow action of *The Marriage Pit* from dullness. It is a social husband and wife story in which two pairs of partners are concerned. A wife who has married to save her father, a vampish dancer, and their respective husbands play out their drama in and around a stockbroker's Wall Street office. The hero nearly loses his fortune and his wife's love, but all ends as it should, and the strong, silent man (Frank Mayo) comes out on top. Lillian Tucker plays his misunderstanding wife, and Dagmar Godowsky and Ray Ripley a swindling pair.

The heroine of *The Ordeal of Odette* certainly had a nerve-racking time in the big scenes of this photoplay. She was a flirtatious little wife pursued by an unscrupulous financier (a French one, not the traditional American movie specimen), and though it was partly her own fault, Emma Lynn, who stars as "Odette," is appealing and lovable always. It is an emotional story, made in France, and fine sea-scapes, lavish dance scenes and first-rate acting make it an artistic entertainment.

The author of *The Heart of Maryland* must have heard "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," for he has made his heroine swing out upon a bell to save her lover's life. Only, as this is a story of the days of Lee and Lincoln, it wasn't a curfew bell. But the film boasts of a replica of the sexton of the familiar poem—white-haired, wrinkled, deaf, and complete with comforter and the traditional straps. It is a very fine spectacular drama. Besides the Civil War scenes, some clever trick-photography provides some unusual effects. Battle and strife are not the keynote of the film, but a rather complicated romance between a Northern man and a Southern girl has been emphasised with special attention being paid to atmosphere and detail. Catherine Calvert plays "Maryland Calvert," the heroine, and Crane Wilbur and Warner Richmond head an excellent cast.

Naturally, the *Maryland* Company went South to make the war scenes, and loaned a wonderful old mansion from an old lady of eighty six. This they restored to some of its pristine glory, and it, and the acres of trees surrounding it, can be seen in the film as "Maryland's" home. The cast was reinforced by inhabitants of the near-by town, who gladly ransacked attics and trunks for ancient Confederate uniforms, crinolines, and hoop skirts. When two real old Civil War cannon were discovered reposing in the back garden of a house in the town, Tom Terriss was delighted, and commandeered them at once. The chapel from which "Maryland" swings aloft is a real edifice, not a studio set, and is still used by the coloured folk as a meeting-house. The scenic backgrounds in *The Heart of Maryland* include General Grant's headquarters, Windy Hill Manor, and the Devil's Table, which overlooks the beautiful Mississippi Valley.

Nazimova is Camille III, in the history of screened classics; numbers one and two were Clara Kimball Young and Theda Bara. The C. K. Young version kept to period, but Theda Bara's photoplay was modernised, and Alla's is almost Futurist, in its settings at any rate. To begin with, we see a peculiarly curved staircase down which the heroine, wondrously arrayed, glides.

Her rooms, too, are decidedly freakish in decoration, but the settings have a beauty of their own and express Nazimova's bizarre screen personality perfectly. Camille herself, "Duval" (Rudolf Valentino) and "Duval's Father" (William Orlamond) are the only characters; the others are the merest shadows, which is not according to Dumas. Valentino is excellent as the young Frenchman, standing out quite as much as the star herself. Alla is here her own producer, and, contrary to certain predictions, she has succeeded in making a very fine film. As petted Queen of Montmartre, or pathetic, forsaken little consumptive, she realises her conception of "Camille" and is quite her old self once more. She wears some startling clothes, and in a short insert dealing with Manon Lescaut looks delightful in white wig and satin gown.

Ann Cornwall is best known for her pronounced success in *The Copperhead*, and with Eddy Lyons and Lee Moran in *Everything But the Truth*. She appears this month in a real old time melodrama, *The Girl in the Rain*, all about a counterfeiter and his sister. Hero and heroine always succeed in outwitting those about to pursue them, and ways and means of escape from police and sheriff are always waiting just where the pair can most easily find them. But if you like "melos," you'll like *The Girl in the Rain*, for it is well acted and has an exciting finish. Lloyd Bacon, Jessalyn Van Trump and James Liddy are the chief supporting players.

When we put it upon record that the heroine of *The Gilded Lily* is a charming dancer, noted for the airiness of her attire, it is hardly necessary to add that the name of the star thereof is Mae Murray. She gives a better performance than usual, portraying a character very much akin to "Cleopatra" of *Peacock Alley*, for despite her spectacular stage career, she longs for the simple life. So she marries and settles down. And then, not the dancer, but the husband proposes a return to the white lights. Her second venture into romance is more successful and the end satisfyingly happy. The dance scenes are, as usual, magnificently staged and lit, and devotees of the near-sensational will find these alone well worth a visit. Coloured effects at the commencement and fine lighting throughout make up an artistic achievement on the producing side, and as the story is well told and the sub-titles apt and restrained, the film deserves inclusion among the snipers. Lowell Sherman, Jason Rolands and Charles Gerard are the chief male players, and Lowell, for a change, plays hero, not villain.

To Barnum we owe the famous statement "There's a fool born every minute," and the famous showman was right. "Jimmy Knight," the hero of Douglas Maclean's *One a Minute*, took the adage to heart when he invented a wonderful patent medicine that cured everything. He had to put over something, because his father's drug store was on its last legs, and he made his mixture exceedingly bitter because he thought it more effective. And though he was

Mae Murray and Lowell Sherman in "The Gilded Lily."



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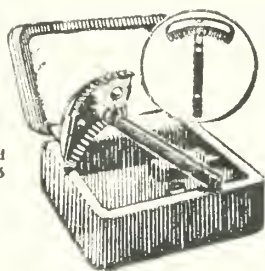
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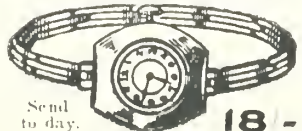
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acted and finally, during the Drug Act, he did a roaring trade, and finally cured the judge trying the case. The film must not be analysed too closely, for though it is not over-burdened with plot, it is bright, breezy and thoroughly amusing. Douglas Maclean seems inclined to over-emphasis of expression at times, but he is very good as the persuasive Jimmy.

The month's best action film is *Get Your Man*, with Buck Jones cast as a miner instead of the conventional Western hero. But we must hand it to Buck this time, for without any ranch scenes or cowboy stuff, he puts in excellent acting. Good suspense and excellent photography is shown in the early scenes of the mining disaster. Later, as a North-West Mounted policeman, Buck is soon in the thick of stunts, hard riding, and fistfuffs. The backgrounds are good, also some realistic snow and blizzard scenes, and the fight between hero and villain at the end gripping and convincing. The villain is a Scotsman; so is the hero, which accounts for the pertinacity with which pursued and pursuer stick to their guns!

By this time next year melodramas by the dozen will be showing on British screens. Already we have sampled a few. *Why Girls Leave Home* was a shining example; *Way Down East*, too, was "melo" at heart despite its Griffith camouflage. A list of one

producing company's "fakes" includes titles like these: *The Girl Who Came Back*, *Lottie the Poor Saleslady*, *Child Slaves of New York*, *Back to Home and Mother*, *The Opium Ring*, and *Asleep at the Switch*.

The book titled "Nomads of the North" is all about a pair of animal chums. The photoplay is chiefly concerned with a wicked North-West factor, his equally despicable son and a persecuted girl, though the pet bear and the dog appear in many scenes. The story is picturesque and melodramatic, despite its many gaps, and the production ingenious, with a few really thrilling scenes and a fine conclusion. Betty Blythe is totally un-Shelba like as the Girl of the Great North-West, Lon Chaney enjoys himself in a character rôle, and Lewis Stone gives the best display of acting of them all. As a man who makes himself a martyr to duty, Stone is first rate, and is as convincing and manly as a James Oliver Curwood hero ought to be.

The opening of *A Ridin' Romeo* is not unlike the first reel of Douglas Fairbanks' *The Nut*. For Tom Mix is seen as a cowboy with a passion for inventing labour-saving devices for the home. Ingenious machinery cooks his meals, washes the dishes, etc., etc. But the hero is by no means lazy; in fact, he isn't still a moment, even in the quiet moments of the film, of which there are not many. Stunts on horseback, up mountain sides and

over cliffs abound. Tom wrote his own story, a wholly farcical one, which, however, will delight all good and true Mixites. Mix is not a remarkably wonderful comedian, it is in his horsemanship and the realistic thrills with which the farce is peppered that he is inimitable. Horse "Tony" co-stars with Tom, Rhea Mitchell is the girl in the case, and Eugenie Ford has a small rôle.

Clara Kimball Young has a gorgeously costumed social drama in *Hush*, the best of her two August releases. The plot, which is of the sentimental problem variety, proves that it must be a terrible thing to have a wife who has something to confess. The "something" in question took place long before she met her husband, but she persists in her too-conscientious idea of unburdening herself concerning it. When she turns an adoring husband into a jealous and suspicious specimen, it causes her much tribulation and gives Clara Kimball Young opportunities for dramatic acting and a display of wonderful gowns, many of which are of her own designing. Frank Glendon is properly agitated as the jealous husband, and Kathlyn Williams, Bertram Grassby, and Beatrice La Plante make up a strong supporting cast. The other film, *Marrying Money*, is a slight comedy about the mutual discomfiture of a pair of fortune-hunters.

Having completed *The Hands of Nara*, Clara Kimball Young's next is to be a celluloid version of *Enter Madame*, Gilda Varesi's entertaining play, which was given in London earlier in the year. Clara

should do well as the temperamental prima-donna who nearly abandons her husband and then decides that he was worth the winning and proceeds to re-vamp him. Elliott Dexter will be the leading man; after which he is due to star in *An Old Sweetheart of Mine*.

"Always Pay your Bills" is the moral contained in *Sham*, which features Ethel Clayton. Ethel portrays an extravagant society girl whose income is small and whose creditors are growing impatient. It is either a loveless marriage or a sale of a family heirloom. Ethel chooses to sacrifice the heirloom rather than herself, but finds they are counterfeit, having long since been sacrificed to pay her father's debts. So she converts herself from the gentle art of "grafting" with great vigour, and is eventually enabled to marry the man she loves. The change in the heroine's character is excellently shown by Ethel Clayton, who invests her with a quizzical kind of humour well contrasted with moments of passionate fervour. Walter Hiers supplies some broad humour, and Theodore Roberts has a characteristic father rôle. Ethel Clayton took a long holiday from screen work, but she is now back again at the head of a company of her own.

Will Rogers is always human and likable, and his films make pleasant entertainment. *Boys Will Be Boys*, his August offering, shows him as a good-natured Irish oster whose first thought when he comes into a large fortune is to give his boy-pals a real good time. Adventurers try to swindle him and frame up ingenious excuses to separate him and his cash, but right is triumphant in the finish. Humorous situations abound, likewise sub-titles in the best Will Rogers vein, and clever touches of sentiment intermingled with them give just the right balance to a none too strong story. Irene Rich is once more the leading lady, and some clever child actors seem to enjoy

themselves in the "say it with melons" scenes.

Belle Sweet started her Biograph career in comedy and comedy drama. Then she "Judithed" her self into fame, and a series of sombre studies in womanhood followed. In *The Unwilling Husband* however she is delightful as an impudent young miss who calmly annexes a middle-aged bachelor and passes him off as her husband to annoy her fiancée. Farcical incidents follow, then a general melee and a surprise ending. Edwin Stevens and Albert Roscoe are the victimised bachelor and lover.

Napoleon's Court, Napoleon himself and many picture-que scenes and characters appear in *Uncle Bernac*, which was made in France with popular Rex Davis the only Englishman in the cast. The story is romantic and adventurous, with two good fights and a thrilling chase. M. Ducien, who plays Napoleon, M. Chaumont in the title rôle, and Rex Davis score the heaviest, many of the others being inclined to over-emphasis besides being somewhat overburdened with make-up. Rex Davis makes a properly picturesque and gallant "Louis de Laval."

Stewart Rome and Joan Morgan co-star in *Dicky Montoth*, a British-made kinematization of a Tom Gallon novel. Stewart is excellent in his Sydney Carton-like character, though the sentimental story will annoy screen lovers who are critical. Joan Morgan looks quite unlike her dainty self as a down-trodden little lodging-house slavey, but as the heroine she is quite satisfying.

A little more humour would have been welcome in the development of *Beau Reced*, especially in the final denouement. The beau (Lewis Stone) is a middle-aged dandy who thinks himself irresistible where feminine hearts are concerned. He also considers himself the proper judge as to whether the girl of his son's choice is worthy of him. The elderly Lothario tries his "system" upon the girl (Florence Vidor) and falls in love with her. Father and son come to loggerheads, and when the heroine denounces the beau, he commits suicide in dramatic fashion. The characterisation of "Beau" at the beginning leads one to believe that he would have run true to form till the end of the chapter, not taking matters seriously enough to take his own life. Lewis Stone makes a fine "Beau," and Lloyd Hughes plays the son.

Alice Joyce has heard the call of the Kliegs and will return for at least one picture this autumn. Jean Acker, too, the pretty little star of *Checkers*, has decided that movie making is the only life. Jean has been an absentee from Screenland for two years.

Mrs. Will Rogers and family.



Kinema Carols

[If the spirit should move you to burst into song about your favourite star here's your opportunity. Below we give you some rhymes selected from our letter-bag, and this feature will be continued whenever space permits, prizes being awarded to all readers whose rhymes are printed. Send your songs about the stars to "Carols," PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]



Helen Chadwick
and her mother.

TO MARIE DORO.
"Readers, if the Muse be willing,
Enter where the beans are spilling,
Where the Mixites Nine are milling,
And the Farnum Fans are killing,"
Says our host; so while
Every picturegoer's craze is
Threading the poetic mazes
Through such controversial hazes,
Marie, would I sing your praises,
In the latest style.

And, dear Marie, I may mention
While my fate is in suspension,
That should this, my poor invention
Reach the forests of contention
Where the brickbats are,
Ere they punish me severely
I intend to tell you, merely,
Truly, fitly, and sincerely,
That you're great, and Filmland clearly
Has no brighter star.

Thus will I conclude my mission
Of description, definition,
Or allotment of position,
Hoping in some blest edition
These my lines to see,
My poetic soul contenting;
So I'll send them unrepenting.
The admirers supplementing.
Of an artiste representing
All that Art could be!
VERITAS (London).

A RIDDLE-ME-REE.
My first is in "Charles," and also in
"Lane,"
My second is in "Gail," but not in
"Kane,"
My third is in "Mary," but not in
"Hay,"
My fourth is in "Zoe," but not in
"Ray."
My fifth is in "Pauline," but not in
"Starke,"
My sixth is in "William," but not in
"Parke."

My seventh is in "Francis," but not
in "Forde,"
My eighth is in "Warwick," but not
in "Warde,"
My ninth is in "Marjorie," but not
in "Daw,"
My tenth is in "Walter," and also in
"Law,"
My eleventh is in "Cameron," but not
in "Carr,"
My whole is the name of my favourite
star.
B. S. (Freshwater Bay).

Answer:
ELMO LINCOLN.

MY LADY OF DREAMS.
I write of Violet Hopson's charm
(She holds my heart within her palm):
For Violet is the very queen
Of all the stars upon the screen.
Her eyes, sincere, withal demure,
Her soul reveals, so clear and pure:
And Violet's smile doth make me feel
As if before her I could kneel.
Her matchless form of perfect grace
Is worthy of her lovely face,
And she, the fairest to be found,
With glorious waves of hair is crowned.
P. L. (Litherland).

A REID CAROL.
W's for Wally, a hero of mine;
A is for acting, at this he's just fine;
L is for Love, which he perfectly plays,
Love that with him in real life ever
stays.
A's his appearance, he's great all the
while,
C is the charm of his wonderful smile.
E's for the excellent pictures I see,
They all stand for Wallace, the one
star for me
A. B. (Gibraltar)

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 post-cards, and each reader must have his or her attempt witnessed by two other readers. It will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Not a Ford.
In Episode Eight of *Elmo the Fearless*, "Elmo" is being pursued by a motor-car. He drives to the edge of a cliff, gets out, and his own car falls over, turning somersaults all the way down, and lands at the bottom overturned, none the worse for the fall. "Elmo" follows it, turns it on its wheels again, and sets off at full speed. I should like to know if the car, being in running order after such a "terrible" fall, was made for the purpose.—(D. T. (Sheffield).

A Peter Pan Baby.
In the film, *The Edge o' Beyond*, a new-born baby is carried on to the verandah in a frock edged with beautiful lace. Soon afterwards the baby dies, and then a sub-title appears which states that eight months have elapsed, and the mother is seen thinking of the baby. The baby is then shown sitting on the floor laughing—showing a mouth full of teeth, and is still wearing the frock edged with beautiful lace. Do Rhodesian babies never grow bigger, and do they cut all their teeth when they are about two months old?—(D. E. M. (Camden Square).

Where Did the Hats Come From?
The Arlington Mystery provides an amusing fault. Franklyn Farnum, as "Arlington," is seen sitting with "Margaret" in her home when a car draws up, and three men alight and cover them with revolvers. "Arlington" grabs a rifle and points it at the men backing away with "Margaret." They dash into the waiting car and drive off bareheaded. The next minute they are seen driving along. The woman had a huge hat on, and "Arlington" a cap. Where did they get their headgear from?—(M. B. (St. Helens).

A Comedy of Errors.
In *The Iron Trail*, O'Neil, the "Irish Prince," is compelled to swim for half-an-hour before reaching the shore, carrying Gordon's step-daughter, because their ship was wrecked. When he landed, he was quite dry, and was still wearing a fisherman's hat; but the girl was wet. When they took her into a room, senseless, she too was quite dry. O'Neil then went into the house of Appleton, an engineer, but when he got inside he was then wearing a wide brimmed cowboy's hat.—(C. I. Palmer's Green)

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RF



John Harron and Shirley Mason at osculatory practice.



VAHOLE (Kent).—(1) That poem hasn't been filmed yet. (2) Hugh Thompson opposite Leah Baird, in *Cynthia of the Minute*. (4) Jack Kerrigan now acts in and directs his own films. He does more directing than acting these days. One of his last was a North-West Mounted Police story; others are *The Green Flame* and *The Coast of Opportunity*.

AN ALICE CALHOON-ITE. (1) Your favourite's name is pronounced Calhoon. She was born at Ohio, and commenced her movie career when she was 14. First film was *How Could You, Caroline?* Then *The Thirteenth Chair*. Her first star film was *Princess Jones*; others you will see later are *A Charming Deceiver*, *The Dream*, and *The Little Minister*. Will not be shown this side. Five feet 4½ tall, reddish-brown hair and hazel eyes. (2) "Percy" is Sid Smith, and "Ferdie" Harry McCoy.

GREEN EYES (Kilmarnock).—(1) No trace of either of those now. You're fond of ancient history, I see. (2) Edna Murphy played in *The Branded Woman* for First National before she joined Fox. She's rather reticent about herself. Fair, with grey eyes; 5 ft. 2 tall. (3) Triangle. Mildred Harris is *Her Big Brother*, with W. S. Hart. No Art-plate of me, Green Eyes; it's too dangerous.

T. W. S. All your passionate pleadings for page plates of your favourites have been attended to. Sessue's last releases were *Black Roses*, May 29; *The Swamp*, Aug. 24; and others to come are *The Street of the Dragon* and *The Vermilion Pencil*. (2) Stoll Films, 155-7, Oxford Street, W.C., may be able to supply a photo-

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. Send along your queries to "George," c/o. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

graph of Signore Gravone. Write him, c/o. M. Mercanton, 23, Rue de la Michodiére, Paris, France. No p.c.'s of Gabriel. Why not ask him to send you photo when you write him?

ELMO LINCOLN ADMIRER (Aberdeen).—You Scotch readers will be the death of me (in time). (1) Dorothy Gish in *Battling Jane*. (2) Clarence Geldart and Clarence Burton are two separate individuals. (3) Likewise Messrs. Raymond Cannon and Raymond Hatton. (4) That player doesn't state. He was in *The Nut*, and has been with Griffith five years. (5) Sounds like it, doesn't it? (6) Scenes in serials are mostly the real goods. Very few stunts are faked, though dummies and deputies are used at times. (7) Sidney Ainsworth is correct. Write in again for the other. Space is precious.

NILES WELCH FAN (Clapham Common).—Niles is with Selznick at the moment. Some of his latest films are *The Cup of Life* (Ince); *Why Announce Your Marriage?* *Way of a Maid*, and *Evidence*—all Selznick. (2) Haven't heard *re* re-issuing that film. Write Gaumont Co., Denman Street, London. They will be able to tell you. (3) Page plate of Niles Welch in the December 1921 PICTUREGOER; he was also on the cover of "Pictures," Nov. 20, 1921. Your views *re* PICTUREGOER are very sound.

PHYLIS (Eltham).—That was Mae Marsh in *The Birth of a Nation*. Yours was a letter after my own heart.

GOLD FLAKE (Brighton).—(1) Florence Billings free-lances nowadays. She commenced with Vitagraph, and played in *Wit Wins* and *Heart of a Gipsy*. *The Blue Pearl* was a Lawrence Weber production; *The Woman Game*, *Worlds Apart* and *Road of Ambition* (Selznick); and *The Rossmore Case* a Roland West production. (2) Ethel Clayton was born in 1890. Exact date not stated.

FANNY FILMITE (Hull).—Lou Tellegen has not been inside a film studio for some years now. He's on the American stage. Lou was born at Athens, Greece, on Nov. 26, 1881. Played in stock and leads with Sarah Bernhardt on tour and in Paris. Screen career with Lasky (*The Unknown*, *The Explorer*, *The Black Wolf*). Other films, *Blind Youth*, *World and Its Woman*, *Flame of the Desert*, and *Honour Redeemed*. Goldwyn will release *World and Its Woman* later on.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY (North Wales).—Nothing little about your bump of curiosity, milord. (1) We have plates of every star in his turn. (2) Winifred Westover played in *Intolerance*, though her name is not in the cast. Her later ones are: *John Pethcoats*, *This Hero Stuff*, *Hobbs in a Hurry*, *All the World to Nothing*, *Old Lady 31*, *Forbidden Trails*, *Firebrand Treason*, *The Village Sleuth*, and *Busking the Tiger*. Not working at present. (3) Yes, certainly. (4) Winter Hall's home is at 1963, Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, Cal. More another time.

INTERESTED READER. — (1) Ben Deely was "Gullen" in *Iron Heel*. (2) The year of Tom Meighan's birth was 1888; he's married to Frances Ring. (3) Henry Edwards is still a Bachelor. Your list of favourites is quite a good one. Why this ardent desire to see more of me? You might be disappointed if the Editor granted your request.

E. T. (Australia).—(1) Priscilla Dean. (2) C.o. Universal City, California, U.S.A. (3) Norma Talmadge is 25. (4) Haven't heard that H. B. Warner and Charles Kingston are related. (5) Yes, to that one. William Farnum is very happily married to Olive White. (6) Betty Nansen was on the stage in New York last time I heard from her. She has given up film work, and returned to her native land, I believe.

TOM MIX MAD.—(1) Tom Mix was born on Jan. 6, in Texas. He doesn't tell the year. (2) Tom's Art-plate appeared in the June 19, 1920 issue of "Pictures." Mine may, perhaps, appear A.D. 2000; but don't count on it. (3) Sessue Hayakawa stands 5 ft. 7½ in his socks; he was 33 on June 10.

K. C. (Brighton).—Yours had a distinctly legal flavour. Anyway, your request was granted in the May PICTUREGOER. Satisfied?

D. A. (Sussex).—I've done it.

[Continued on page 60.]

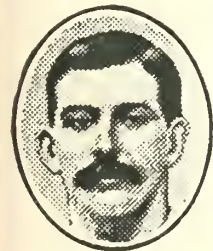
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PETER LATHAM.

catarrh, coated tongue, offensive breath, insomnia, stomach trouble, heart palpitation, loss of appetite, etc., etc.? *It's your liver.* Constipation has even been called "the beginning of all disease," because it introduces into the blood, by absorption from the intestines, various disease-causing poisons which could not possibly even remain in the body otherwise. Poisons and impurities, whether you call them toxins, microbes, bacteria, bacilli, uric and stomach acids, or by any other names, are admittedly the primary cause of serious organic and other disease. Without their presence in the system the disease could not exist.

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LET GEORGE DO IT.

(Continued from Page 58.)

SAMBO (Jo'burg).—(1) Anita Stewart born 1896, at Brooklyn, New York, and educated at Erasmus Hall. Commenced her screen career with Vitagraph in *The Wood Violet*. Now a First National star. Light-brown hair and brown eyes. Anita's married to Rudolph Cameron, who sometimes acts opposite her. (2) Viola Dana, in *The Innocence of Ruth*. (3) Older than that, my child. (4) Anita Stewart was her maiden name. (5) Caeson Ferguson was born in India in 1891. Yes, he's married. Why do you blacken yourself that way, Sambo?

A. H. (Christchurch).—I murmured "ah" and several other exclamations when I saw yours. Can't spare space for all those episodes. You'll find most of them have appeared in previous replies. *Million Dollars Reward* ran in "Pictures" as a serial.

TOUCHWOOD (Kingston-on-Thames).—I do; but it doesn't influence my post-bag. (1) Lila Lee hails from New York City. As "Cuddles" she was well known on the American vaudeville stage. Screen career with Famous-Players only; now Paramount. Lila's 5 ft. 3 tall, with black hair and black eyes. (2) Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Ill., 1891. Height, 6 ft. 7½; dark-brown hair and brown eyes. Write all stars, c.o. this journal, enclosing stamped plain envelope with your letter.

STAUNCH MIXITE (W. Hartlepool).—(1) His birthday is Jan 6, but he's shy about disclosing his age. An article about him in the January 1921 issue; also in last month's PICTUREGOER. (2) Wallace MacDonald's a Canadian, born in Nova Scotia; stage career in stock. Screen career with Triangle, Vitagraph, and Goldwyn. He's a leading man, not a star. Married to Doris May. Wallace is 5 ft. 10 tall, with dark-brown hair and eyes. (3) Will speak severely to our tame story-teller about it. When I "peg out," I promise to give you due notice.

HOUDINI'S ADMIRER (Liverpool).—(1) Harry Houdini's films are *The Master Mystery*, *The Grim Game*, *Deep Sea Loot*, *Adventures of Houdini in Paris*, *Terror Island*, *The Man From Beyond*, and *Haldane of the Secret Service*. The two last are his own productions. Married, but not to a screen player, though. (2) In *Two Little Urchins* Sandra Milowanoff was

"Ginette"; Ed. Mathé, "M. De Bersagne"; M. Hermann, "Pierre Manin"; Olinda Mano, "Gaby"; Blanche Montell, "Blanche"; Violette Jyl, "Lisette Fleury"; Alice Tissot, "Mme. Benazar"; Mme. Gaston Michel, "Phillippe Bertel"; M. Charpentier, "Amedee"; Bout-de-Zan, "Rene"; and Biscot, "Chamberlain." (3) It is not unlikely. (4) Yes, she's married. (5) Marguerite Marsh is Mae's sister; her last film is *Iron To Gold* (Fox). Glad you appreciate me. Sure, write again when you feel like it.

M. K. (Birmingham).—C.o. this journal for all of them, with the usual S.P.E. (1) The first name is; if Geoffrey Kerr is, he hasn't told us.

PANSY (Near Stockport).—Harry Pilcer played in the Gaby Deslys' films; he hasn't done any screen work lately. No post-cards of him; but Gaumont Co., 6, Denman Street, London, might be able to supply a photo. He's a well-known dancer; usually lives in Paris.

AKEENRAYITE (Yorkshire).—Sounds like a toothache cure. (1) About five years. (2) Mary Miles Minter is single. (3) Nothing much to choose between them just now. (4) Roland Myles is unmarried. (5) Things (and people) are not always what they seem. I found that out long ago, but it doesn't worry me.

C. M. (Chiswick).—All the films on your list are released, except *The*

Yellow Typhoon, and you'll have to wait some time for that one.

N. L. (Tewkesbury).—(1) A Boston gentleman called John E. Libby. (2) *Eternal City* was made partly in Rome, partly in Famous-Lasky studios. (3) Pauline Frederick hasn't been working for many months; she's on the stage in New York. You may see her in London next year; but nothing has been definitely decided. You're very staunch, you Frederick fans.

A. B. (Worthing).—That's a very sad state of affairs, never having Tom Mix at your kinema. Keep worrying your manager (hope he doesn't read this) until you get 'em. (1) Billie Rhodes was never married to Will Rogers, the star of *Laughing Bill Hyde*. Billie was Mrs. Jobelmann at one time. (2) Franklyn Farnum isn't related to Bill of that ilk. (3) Yes; some films are much more expensive to hire than others.

FILMAD (Sussex).—(1) Irene Browne has red hair and grey eyes. She played in *The Glorious Adventure* as one of the Court Ladies. (2) In her late 'twenties. (3) Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Webster Campbell. Some of her films are *Love Watches*, *Miss Ambition*, *Thin Ice*, *The Unknown Quantity*, *The Climbers*, *Bab's Candidate*, *The Broadway Bubble*, *What's Your Reputation Worth?* and *Island Wife*. Mary Pickford is 29.

(More replies will appear next month.)

FEATURING GEORGES CARPENTIER.

(Continued from Page 11.)

Out in the old-world garden, after lunch, the sun shone on a fashionable assembly, and many pretty scenes were filmed. I managed to chat a while with Carpentier, and he told me that he has put all thoughts of boxing out of his mind for the present. "There is a fight in the film, but much more besides. I want only to learn English and the rules of acting just now," he told me. "Mistaire Orman is teaching me to sing rag-times, 'Whose Bébé Are You?' and Mistaire Blackton he is teaching me all about acting."

Carpentier speaks all his lines in English, and Mr. Blackton directs him in that language. Georges can speak English quite well, but he pretends that he can't, in order to escape interviewers.

When I dragged myself away from Sloane House, the sun was sulking between two clouds, but his was the only scowling face on view. Everything else in that old-world garden was lovely, including Felix and his Beauty Squad, Mr. Blackton's patience, Mrs. Blackton's cheeriness, Georges, Mrs. Georges, and Jacqueline, stars and extras. Even Nicholas Musuraca, the camera-man, smiled through the view-finder of his Bell and Howell. Optimism must be infectious.

In the dining-room, where I collected my hat, Violet Blackton was in the act of abstracting the last two cherries from the dish. But I am a well-bred man, for a journalist, and I pretended not to see.

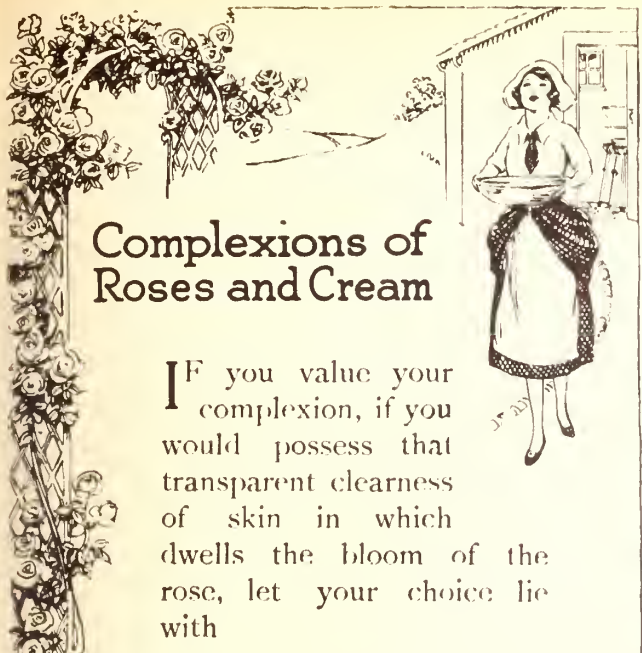
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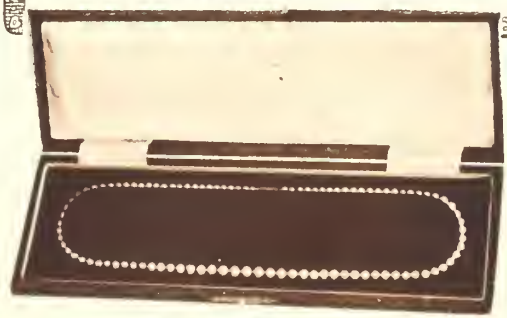
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Magazine, we are able to introduce many new features in this issue that are sure to meet with the approval of our readers. The acquisition of George, the "Human Encyclopedia," will be a boon to inquisitive correspondents, and other important additions to our pages are "British Studio Gossip," "Kinema Carols," and "Pulling Pictures to Pieces." Keep your eye on THE PICTUREGOER. Every month, in every way, we are growing better and better.

"MY ideal screen lover is Stewart Rome. He acts with beautiful sincerity, dignified gentleness and charm. Every expression of emotion is simple and not exaggerated, and seems

An Ideal Screen Lover. real. His love-

making is always earnest, tender, and reverent; and he can make a man's tears and sorrow touchingly pathetic—not weak and silly, as some actors do. I think he has the most wonderfully expressive and genuine smile, and always looks a 'straight,' manly man. Violet Hopson is my favourite heroine. She has such a sweet face and gentle, womanly ways, and is always well dressed. Her character, I think, resembles Stewart Rome's, and I love seeing her act with him. The two lovers I like next are Henry Edwards and Chrissie White. He is delightfully healthy and natural, like his plays, and she is charming."—H. M. (Weybridge).

"FOR a long time there has been little said of Alice Joyce, and I should like to take this opportunity of awarding her a big bouquet.

The A's Face It. I consider her one of the most charming and capable

actresses on the screen to-day. Somehow, her restrained and natural acting is always convincing without ever being overdone. She is always graceful and refined, and so unlike the usual screen actress that I think one of her great appeals is this quiet individuality of hers. Another actress who deserves plenty of praise is



Anna Q. Nilsson.

She is so beautiful and do nothing else, but I think she acts remarkably well in addition to being a Venus. She certainly is one of the loveliest women I have ever seen."—H. de H. (London).

"I AM sure 'N. P. C., Bristol,' must have forgotten *Stronger Than Death* in saying Nazimova had done nothing good since *Madame Peacock*. Although

Wait and See! Alla is my favourite actress, and I think she is wonderful, I admit in some films she is inclined to be affected, and poses; but I am sure that does not apply always. As to saying her future films will consist of 'a series of close-ups of Madame posing,' I should suggest following Mr. Asquith's example and 'wait and see.' As to actors, Bert Lytell most certainly tops my list, although even he is a little bit of a poser. I wish him all the best of luck as a detective, if he takes the part as well as he does a crook."—I. M. N. (*Seven Kings*).

"I HAVE seen nearly all the good actors, and, to my mind, Lon Chaney, in *The Penalty*, stands far ahead of the rest. The extraordinary way in which he dominated one's attention in this photograph impressed me beyond words. His evil character, his tempestuous outbursts of anger, were presented with wonderful realism. The pathetic little incident at the piano, when he wept at the thought of the day when he would walk again,

A Great Character Actor.

or to have a brickbat at players who displease you, write to "The Thinker," c.o. "PICTUREGOER," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The most interesting letters received will be dealt with on this page each month.

was beautifully acted. The characterisation of 'Blizzard,' too, was a revelation to me of the power of a superb actor to express himself through the medium of the silver-sheet. I hope Lon Chaney will give us other plays of this high standard, for we are in great need of them."—D. H. (*Bath*).

"I OFTEN go to a theatre after a tiring day to see a noted beauty in one of her films. I find it extremely refreshing to *In Praise of* forget her acting, and the story, and just gaze at her extraordinary beauty. I expect most of us

appreciate unusual beauty after the commonplace people one meets every day. I suppose Katherine MacDonald, the lady whom I see as a relaxation, is, strictly, the most beautiful woman on the screen; but I prefer Gloria Swanson and Corinne Griffith."—J. S. (*Bristol*).

"SURELY film producers should make an effort to keep within reasonable bounds of historical accuracy. The producer of *Madonnas and Men* most certainly fails in this one respect. Not only does he invent an emperor of Rome—Turnerius (and makes that fault even worse by stating the date), but he actually has Christians martyred before Christ began to preach! Surely most people know that Christ only began to preach in A.D. 36."—K. O. (*London, W.*).

IF you have any views to expound on any subject under the kinema sun; if you wish to present a bouquet to your favourite star,

What Do YOU Think?

or to have a brickbat at players who displease you, write to "The Thinker," c.o. "PICTUREGOER," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The most interesting letters received will be dealt with on this page each month.





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Mr & Mrs Charles Ray



NORMA TALMADGE

Whose next production will be a film version of "The Voice from the Minaret," by Robert Hichens. Popular Eugene O'Brien will support Norma in this picture.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

VOL. 4. NO. 21. SEPTEMBER 1922

Editorial Offices:
93, Long Acre, London.

Registered for Transmission
by Canadian Magazine post.

A September Diary

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS.	
3	- - Pat O'Malley
6	- - Rowland Lee
9	- - - Tsuru Aoki
10	- - - Bessie Love
10	- - Irene Dalton
12	- - Gerald Ames
14	- Barbara Castleton
22	- Dorothy Dalton
29	- - James Neill
29	- - Alice Hollister

Monday, September 5, 1912, found the leading man of the Blaney Stock Co. so hoarse that he couldn't speak above a whisper. He'd been declaiming his new rôle of "John Nazare" in "The Cherry Pickers" till he'd no voice left, and his manager threatened to engage a substitute. But Bert Lytell's blood was up; what he took for it no one knows, but his voice rang out clearly again that night and won him four curtain calls at the end of the play.

On Saturday, September 6, 1916, "The Battle of the Somme" film was shown at Windsor Castle before a Royal audience. Our King and Queen, by whose request this was arranged, were greatly impressed and interested.

A hurried fire call on Sunday, September 11, 1915, soon had every available flame-fighting device and hundreds of firemen at West Twenty-Sixth Street, New York. Nothing like celluloid for making a blaze, and before this one was finally put out, it had made a horrible mess of the Famous Players Studios.

That sad-faced maker of comedies known to the world as Buster Keaton allowed his frozen features to relax into an honest-to-goodness smile on Tuesday, September 13, 1921. This happened in the studio, without previous warning, and startled the company so much that Buster told them to call it a day and go home on condition that they "forgive and forget."

The question as to whether Mary Pickford's curls were supplied by Art or Nature, which had been agitating the minds of film fans all over the earth, was finally disposed of on Monday, September 26, 1916. From that date onwards the query was discarded in favour of "Does Pearl White wear a wig?" which to date is still going strong.

At Drury Lane Theatre, London, on Wednesday, September 28, 1902, a drama entitled "The Best of Friends" was settling down as a steady success. So was the actor who played "Paul de Lahne," whom the gods in the Gallery referred to as "The one with the eyebrows" and the programme styled Conway Tearle. Conway hasn't been seen in person in London since he joined the Movies, but his shadow shows that the description still fits.





girl that she despised because she sold flowers at the foot of Piccadilly's famous fountain. It was a character study that was very true to life, a reflection of the real Metropolitan policeman whose efficiency on his beat in reality cloaks a kindly nature entirely free from the spirit of Bumbledom.

Bill Hart has been a City policeman and a member of the "North-West Mounted" in the course of his screen career. In *O'Malley of the Mounted* he made a picturesque figure in the trim uniform of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. His narrow-lidded eyes peered behind the revolver sights just as they registered relentlessly in his cowboy characterisations. It is not a far cry between the Western roughrider and the picturesque mounted police of the Sierras, where the presentation of strong characters is involved. Thus

William Desmond in "The Policeman and the Baby."



Bill Hart is equally effective in either rôle.

There are few screen comedians who have not reflected humour from the screen either by wearing the blue uniform of the comedy policeman, or utilising droll representatives of the law as copulent and most

irregularly uniformed butts for buffoonery. Down the path of kinema comedy history innumerable custard pies have flattened themselves against the ludicrous features of those who play before the cameras in "property policeman's garb."

Police! Police!!

Fred Groves and Betty Balfour in "Squibs."

The movies could never do without the husky boys in blue.

The policeman is a handy man, but the versatility that the film producer creates in the screen man in blue eclipses by far the Robert of real life. The minion of the law, as the studios know him, is an elastic type of character who can reflect humour, drama or tragedy according to the requirements of the scenario. He can supply the human note in the kitchen of the portly comedy cook as he consumes her traditional pies; or he brings grinness to a scene when he stolidly enters in his notebook the details of a screen crime.

On occasions the film policeman is promoted to stardom. Tom Moore was the farcical "Bobby" who in *Officer 666* played the title-rôle in a comedy of errors. Fred Groves accorded a stellar position to his clever characterisation of a London policeman in *Squibs*, and William Desmond, in *The Policeman and the Baby*, and W. S. Hart in *Cradle of Courage* and *O'Malley of the Mounted* have imbued the policeman's life with an atmosphere of romance and adventure.

Fred Groves, as the humble Robert who lost his honest heart that beat beneath a tunic to the golden-haired flower girl, played by Betty Balfour, brought a very human policeman to the screen.

We saw him holding up the traffic in Piccadilly with that majesty of the law that has inspired world-wide admiration of our police force. Yet he was a simple, big-hearted fellow when he pleaded with his mother in the country for the



Left: Tom Moore in "Officer 666." Below: W. S. Hart in "O'Malley of the Mounted."



The Keystone comedy police, whose amazing acrobatic falls from the weird automobile over which they clustered when making their erratic progress to the "scene of a crime," rank amongst the pioneers of screen history. Ford Sterling has brought many amusing, humorous studies of a harassed chief of police to the screen, although his quaint stubble beard broke the regulations concerning clean-shaven chins in the Force.

Because Charlie Chaplin's humour is often akin to pathos, he seldom introduces into his pictures a policeman that is not trimly uniformed and who has the efficient appearance of the real life variety. For Chaplin, although he may raise a laugh over the attentions that the police pay to him and his ragged friends, also very cleverly suggests the heartlessness of the law and how its shadow hovers over those who are destitute in life's byways.

Although so many producers take liberties with the majesty of the law in

Lionel Barrymore and "British" police in "The Great Adventure."



their quest for humour, Robert as he really is on occasions comes into his own. The police force has had a film devoted entirely to itself when the organisation that lies behind the work of the British police was reflected on the screen by means of an officially sanctioned picture. The Roberts who appeared in these and similar pictures must have had their screen aspirations dampened when they heard of a protest by an actors' association against the employment

W. S. Hart in "The Cradle of Courage."



of real policemen as supers in film productions, as it was stated that actors looked more like the genuine article on the screen than "dyed in the wool" Bobbies.

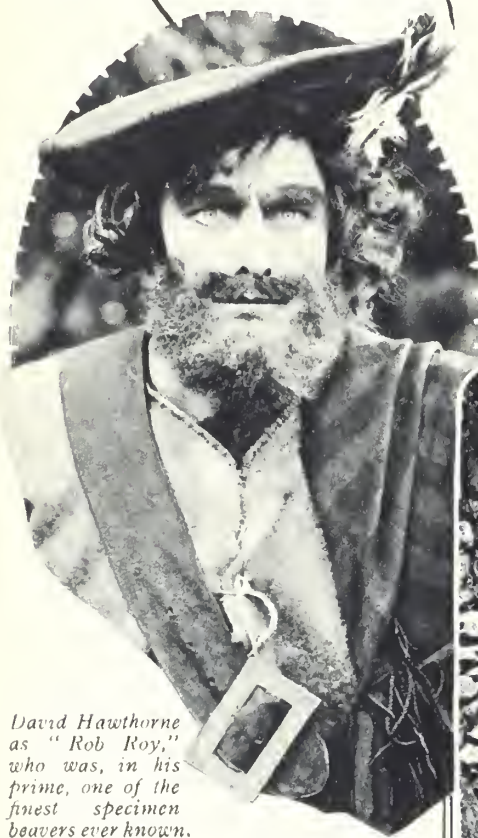
The varied nature of the uniforms and equipment existing amongst the police forces of various countries at times provides pitfalls for producers. In *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, the old-time English policemen were depicted in their quaint uniforms and helmets. Yet they were shown with twentieth-century bull's-eye lanterns!

P. R. M.



Mack Sennett's Keystone Police brought a new type of constable to the screen. Above: Leo Sulky, a famous Sennett policeman, in a scene with Billy Bevan and Mildred June.

A King Beaver



David Hawthorne as "Rob Roy," who was, in his prime, one of the finest specimen beavers ever known.



"The Kiss," the finale to the second movement of that grand old dance, "The Pavane."



Above: "Red King Beaver," circa 1700-1750, posed by Alec Hunter

Below: The funeral of "Rob Roy," with an appropriate accompaniment on the bag-pipes.

Last month I wrote regretfully upon the subject of screen kisses, but ere the issue had left the printing-presses came one to me saying: "Hurry along to the Gaumont Studio at Shepherd's Bush, and watch 'em dance the Pavane."

I went. I watched, and was conquered. Write me as one who loves those good old-fashioned party pastimes. Kiss-in-the-ring has its joyous moments, and there are possibilities in Postman's Knock, but leave me a Pavane within the programme, and I'll not ask for Twilight Waltzes.

At the Duke of Montrose's ball, where Rob Roy fell in love with the fair Helen Campbell, they were rehearsing the second movement of the "Pavane" when I arrived on the scene. The "Pavane," they tell me, is two hundred years old, and I'll say that

it has worn very well. The here we - come - gathering - nuts - and - may part of it may lack the snap of the modern Fox-Trot, but the finale to the second movement, when the lips of all male and female dancers meet together in a long, lingering kiss, is fifty years ahead of the Palais de Danse.

As a rule, rehearsals are tedious things, but the eagerness with which the players rehearsed the "Pavane" was beautiful to witness. They were indefatigable. When the producer said, "Do it again," they made no demur. At the command, "One," every man was in his place, and every woman was in every man's arms. At the command, "Two," their lips met. "Hold it!" shouted Will Kellino. Did they hold it? Madam, they were magnificent. If they had been doing it for enjoyment, they could not have done it better.

Will Kellino took three kiss stills in succession, and still they showed no outward and visible signs of weariness.

"I must congratulate you on the way you held it," said Will Kellino. Then he turned to Mrs. Hawthorne, and said: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Hawthorne, but they'll have to do it again."



Mrs. Hawthorne was standing by the camera watching David kiss Gladys Jennings as though his life depended on it. But she only smiled, and said: "Don't mind me. This is not nearly so bad as Stirling Castle."

I felt sorry for Sir Simeon Stuart in the rôle of the



"Rob Roy" in pre-beaver days.

Duke of Montrose. He was the poor dog who got none. He had to stand in the foreground and register jealousy every time that Rob Roy kissed Helen Campbell. He registered very well, but what an exasperating part!

Next to watching the "Pavane," the most interesting items on the afternoon's programme were spotting "beavers" and listening to the skirl of the pipes. Some of the finest specimen beavers in captivity were to be seen on the set, although Rob Roy did not appear in full whisky regalia. In the latter parts of the film, however, he is a regular "King Beaver," as the picture at the head of this article proves.

The pipers of the London Scottish gave an amazing display of frightfulness, and their execution at close range was deadly in the extreme. They marched up and down the studio with their pipes in full song, until the place echoed and re-echoed with weird wails. Personally, I prefer the "Pavane."

The cast of *Rob Roy*, which will be one of the most ambitious British pictures ever made, includes David Hawthorne in the title-rôle, Gladys Jennings as "Helen Campbell," Sir Simeon Stuart as "Montrose," Wallace Boscoe as "Killearn," and Alec Hunter as the "Dougal Cratur."

The company had some interesting experiences whilst on location in the Macgregor country in Scotland. Local interest in the picture was very great, and char-à-banc tours were run from the big towns to enable people to watch the film folk at work on location. Eight hundred supers took part in one battle scene, and local rivalry between men from Stirling and Glasgow provided the producer with all the realism he required. Fifteen players had to receive medical attention after the fray!

Will Kellino tells a good story at the expense of David Hawthorne. When they were about to film the mock burial of Rob Roy, the producer shouted through his megaphone: "Bring out the bier for Rob Roy!"

At once the listening supers gave a cheer, and David Hawthorne chirped: "That's very thoughtful of you, Mr. Kellino; I'm as dry as a bone."

His face fell when the producer pointed out that the bier in question was the kind you bury people on, and not the beer that you bury yourself! The great village fire scenes were filmed at Aberfoyle, when the homes of Rob Roy and his clansmen were fired before a vast concourse of sightseers. Flames 30 ft. high swept through the village, and the players engaged had a very warm time of it. Some

very effective pictures were obtained.

Soldiers from Stirling Castle, who took part in the battle scenes, entered into the spirit of the fray with extraordinary enthusiasm. Much of the fighting took place at the gates of "Inversaid Fort," an imposing structure which was specially built for the film.

At one stage of the fight a soldier was instructed to put more pep into his claymore duel with a MacGregor. "Och!" he retorted. "Whit's the use; I've killed him twice and he'll no dee!"

W. A. W.



Will Kellino on location in the Trossachs.



"The Lament of Rob Roy." Soloist: Gladys Jennings, as "Helen Campbell," "Rob Roy's" sweetheart.

One "Mae" Day



Being a studio interview with Mae Marsh, who has come to England to star in "Flames of Passion."

onerous duties as commander-in-chief of a venture that looks like making film history in England doesn't seem to worry him much. We all had a look and decided that the colour was wrong, so the carpenter retired whence he came to alter it.

When I looked round again, Mae Marsh, hitherto invisible, had seated herself in the chair next mine and was gazing into space with unfathomable grey eyes.

A slender little lady in a pretty navy-blue frock, I had just time to register an impression of bright, fluffy hair and tiny features, before a young lady brought forward a boxful

Left: In "Polly of the Circus." (Goldwyn.)



They were just completing a set at the Islington Studios when I arrived in search of the heroine of *Flowers of Passion*. I found the author, H. S. Wilcox, and the producer, Graham Cutts, supervising final arrangements of furniture, and looking at pieces of panelling through a section of blue glass.

"For the Old Bailey," observed Cutts, whose

With Eva Moore in "Flames of Passion."



of wedding-rings, and invited Mae to take her choice. They all proved too large, so: "I am going to wear my own," she finally announced, and, as the set was still not quite ready, we all went up to lunch. Most noticeable is Mae Marsh's disinclination to talk about herself. Of her mother and sisters (Margaret is well known in Filmland), she will tell you in detail. Also about "Snooky," the idolised baby girl. As she mixed one of her famous salads, she waxed singularly informative regarding a dark, good-looking young fellow at the other end of the table. "Come over on our boat," she said. "He writes stories and plays, though he's never written me one. 'Snooky' and I have known him a long time." Then, crinkling eyes and mouth in a whole-hearted smile: "Meet my husband, Louis Lee Arms, who snapshotted me across London yesterday morning."

Studio work leaves Mae Marsh little time for such delights, though; her rôle of "Dorothea," the distressed little heroine of *Flowers of Passion*, is exacting and whilst it has some comedy touches, is mostly in the pathetically tragic vein which suits her so well. She was due to make the big "confession" scene that day, hence the presence at an adjoining table of some very temperamental-looking folk, who refused to be separated from violin and cello cases.

Like all the girls and boys Griffith has steered into fame, Mae delights in singing his praises, and recalled her sorrow when she went from Fine Arts to Goldwyn, soon after the Chicago première of *Intolerance*.

About her remarkable work as the terror-stricken child in *Birth of a Nation*, Mae wasn't communicative. Only remarked that Lillian Gish had played her elder sister. Everybody remembers her "Flora Cameron," although, in the minds of most of us, Mae is ever and always the "Little Dear One"

of *Intolerance* fame. The amount of pathos and humanity she infused into the lovable figure of the brave little wife was wonderful. *Home, Sweet Home* and *The Escape* were other Griffith productions she worked in, and her Goldwyn films (she spent several happy years there) include *Polly of the Circus*, *The Cinderella Man* (the two best), *All Woman*, *The Beloved Traitor*, and others that gave her plenty of variety.

"Then we were married," declared Mae's husband, "and I took her away for a year and a half to my ranch in California. Baby Mary arrived, and Klieg lights and make-up took a back seat in the Mae Marsh scheme of things." Retiring and shy, except when before the camera, Mae Marsh undoubtedly is, off the screen she's a real "home bird" and only occasionally allows herself to

le lured to social affairs or dances. She came back into screenland again in *The Little 'Fraid Lady*, made at Robertson Cole Studios. An appealing little story about an orphan, *Nobody's Kid*, came next. It was retitled *Little Miss Somebody* on its arrival this side.

"Then there was 'Brittie,'" prompted Louis Lee Arms. "'Brittie' was a Cockney play, mostly comedy. Mae's first stage appearance. We opened at Plainfield last November, before an audience that included Griffith and a whole lot of film friends of ours."

I gathered that Mae Marsh will probably make her next picture at the Griffith Studios. There was some talk of *The Sands of Dee* in many more reels than D. W. G.'s early version. Of course, Mae would like that; she appeared in the first production, and the story is a favourite of hers.

Back upon the set again, Mae became the petted little wife of an eminent K.C. (played by Aubrey Smith, complete with



Above: "Flames of Passion." Top: A dual rôle in "Hidden Fires." (Goldwyn.)
Left: In "A Border Line Romance," an old Triangle picture.

papers, pipe, and correctly meditative expression), and two or three times over a short scene between them was "shot." Then lights were changed and cameras moved nearer, and I watched

her make a series of "close-ups," emoting into the very eye of the camera, only a foot or so away. Then: "Is that just how you want it, Mr. Cutts?" she said. "Yes? Then I'll slip away and change my dress."

I wished her good-bye before she vanished, with the remark: "I was

so late last night, but to-day I hope to be home in time to kiss 'Snooky' good-night."

Here's where Mae Marsh is unlike some screen stars, who keep domestic affairs a dead, undiscussable secret. She reminds you about her husband or her baby every other sentence. I suppose she knows she looks so absolutely girlish that you need reminding.

JOSIE P. LEFFLER



John
MacAndrews.

"A Sister to Assist 'Er"



Mary Brough as "Mrs. May."

"Mrs. May" has arrived in Screenland. Possibly you met the artful old lady when the late Fred Emney so successfully impersonated her in vaudeville. A classic of the music-halls, "A Sister to Assist 'Er," with its quaint catch phrases and irresistible comedy, has been expanded into a five-film reel by George Dewhurst.

The film "Mrs. May" is clever Mary Brough, who is quite the best low-comedy star of to-day, and when I heard that she was visiting Lambeth in state (and in character), I hastened to follow.

"Mrs. May" and her landlady (whom she called "Daisy," but the onlookers christened "Aunt Liz") held a little conversation at the door of the house that was theirs *pro tem*. They talked about haddock—beg, pardon, "addick"—and the price of pigs, after which they donned outdoor attire of a fearful and wonderful description, and George Dewhurst said he would take the next scene at a fish stall.

He did try, but, unable even with the aid of the police to persuade spectators to retreat, gave up the idea and retreated himself. In a small, quiet alley he requested someone to "bring out the piglets."

With many injunctions to everybody not to move, whatever happened, and not to laugh, the filming started. The two ladies allowed their squeaking captives to escape as per scenario.

Everyone expected the four-footed performers to dash madly away; but they didn't. They came along very slowly indeed and gravely trotted

back the way they'd been carried, with their fair (?) owners gesticulating wildly behind them. Of course, those nearest the camera leaned forward, causing the camera-man to tear his hair and prophesy dire punishment if it spoiled the "take." By the time the animals were recaptured a few hundred onlookers were there. George Dewhurst begged them to go home, told them he'd rather be alone, and finally bundled all his players into a big motor-van and said very loudly, "That's all for to-day." Nobody believed him, and nobody moved. Still, somehow before nightfall he had successfully "shot" all the scenes he wanted, including one or two in which he enlisted the aid of the eager watchers, thus winning their hearts for ever.



A scene from the film





The New Co-Optimists

ONE OF THEM

We began it on a shoe string, as they say the other side of the big drink, with just nup'pence in the bank—and a whole treasury of promises—some apple-pie ones, others splendidly genuine. And all on a summer's day, a little commonwealth of kinema artistes, a fellowship of players, began this picture—high in hope and low in funds.

But you will wonder what this optimistic scheme was for. We have a club all our own, and this poor little sanctuary was rapidly becoming water-logged with debts. Cruel, stony-hearted landlords, tax-collectors, gas and electric-light folk were at our doors, and the position was becoming more than grave. We put our hands into our pockets, but, alas! it was all that came out, for the thin and lean time, the time of stress, struggle and strife has come to the kinema world—so something had to be done to save our little club.

Our chairman—producer, father, mother and friend all in one—went to see the bank manager, and asked for a loan to start this picture, but this shrewd business man inquired about our assets, and was told that we had none save a lot of talent.

"Oh!" came the laconic reply, "you cannot raise money on that."

To which our champion retorted: "Can't you just! We'll jolly well

The Kinema Club's production of "The Crimson Circle," by Edgar Wallace, is Britain's first attempt at co-operative movie-making. It is an all-star picture in every sense of the term, and this account of the filming, written by one of the leading players, is of unusual interest.

show you," only jolly wasn't the word he used.

With no money, we had a little whip round for running expenses (and *how* they run!), and, having found our cast, and our first location, secured a story of Edgar Wallace's, and a huge working capital of enthusiasm. We launched our little craft, and then, right at the start, ran into a rock. The lady who was to play lead fell ill, and we had to find another. After a week with the new star, she received a fine contract which took her away from us. Fortunately, Madge Stuart undertook the part, and, for a time, our trouble was at an end.

We began "somewhere in Surrey," in a fine garden of the modern-antique variety; and thereby hangs a tale. Our director wanted such a garden, and called and asked for permission to "shoot" there. The lady of the house received him coolly, saying: "I think you picture people are the limit. You call at private houses

and ask permission to use their gardens. For cool cheek, commend me to film folk! Well, you'd better come in and have a drink."

The director, like the wise man he is, pocketed the affront, and the invitation, and in due course we took our scenes there.

It was Mammon in that garden, but a little later on we went to an old-world garden, centuries old, where one could feel the truth of the verse that "one is nearer God's heart in a garden than anywhere else on earth."

On another occasion, whilst waiting to "take," a severe old lady in a bath-chair "parked up" opposite me, and snipped out: "So you're picture people—I've read about your goings-on in the paper—you and Fatty Arbuckle!"

I nervously disclaimed all knowledge of him, so she said—

"Well, I have heard of the large sums of money you make, so I hope you will subscribe to my fund for Dr. Barnardo's Home!"

Happily, I was at that moment called for a scene, and she was trundled away, I verily believe, terribly disappointed not to find us gorging ourselves on cocaine!

Having for days played hide-and-seek with the sun, we finished our exteriors, and then came the next disaster—Miss Stuart contracted

pleurisy—a legacy of this variable climate—and when the news came over the 'phone that she couldn't work for over two weeks, we all felt like throwing up the sponge. Not so our splendid director—George Ridgwell—



In an old-world garden.



Wilful Murder?

"a man of happy to-days and cheerful to-morrows," who must have had lessons in optimism. He was certainly a tonic to us all, and we did all the scenes we could without our lead.

And now a word or two about the cast. I mustn't say too much about it—for

Rex to the Rescue.



a reason you will soon discover. Madge Stuart plays a lead—and for the lady readers I would say that her frocks are a dream. One she wore in the garden scenes was like a flower itself; to say more would be to add insult to lingerie! Eva Moore's smile would woo the birds from the trees. Robert English is very like his name, and the wave in his hair fills Marcelle with envy. Fred Groves, as a Scotland Yard detective, looks so like the real thing, one takes a rapid survey over one's past life.



Can you identify these players?

Lawson Davidson's trouser-crease is a revelation. Clifton Boyne rushed from the Adelphi to give us a touch of villainy. Dear Sydney Paxton supplies yet another mellow study—and there are hosts of others. And in the ball-scene all the stars are there—Marie Odette, Joan Morgan, Flora le Breton, Rex Davis. . . . But stop! I'm giving away a secret, for there is to be an important "Find the Stars" competition in connection with this picture.

I am afraid the old lady in the bath-chair would have thought the *worst* of us all, for, in order to get every kinema artiste of repute into the picture, we had to take the ball-room scene on Sunday!

Perhaps the Recording Angel will bear in mind the charitable cause. Practically every star in the film firmament twinkles brightly in this scene, and look to it you miss no one in making your list, for your kinema star is a



A love idyll.

very sensitive plant. It is interesting to note that had every artiste been paid for that day's work in proportion to their week's salary, the scene would have cost over £2,000.

So if we chose to give up a Sunday to help the club, and, maybe, start a benevolent fund for out-of-luck, out-of-work brother and sister artistes, please don't be too hard on us, old lady in the bath-chair! You will find the dance scene full of



One of many dramatic scenes in "The Crimson Circle."

merriment, except for the hero, who is thoroughly miserable because he finds the heroine dancing with—but I mustn't give away the story.

Whilst the hero and heroine were enacting a pathetic scene "on location" their pride suffered a severe shock. Two country housemaids, members of a group of interested spectators, watched the scene with ill-concealed boredom, and when it was finished one observed to the other: "Easy, ain't it? Fancy paying 'em for that!

Well, if everything else fails, me for the pictures!"

One bright spot in the making of this co-operative movie has been the wonderful spirit of camaraderie that exists in all branches of the kinema industry. Two producing firms lent their studios; a photographic business gave us some film; the costumes were all lent—even the cameramen came into line. The camera used for filming the production cost a thousand pounds, and we paid over £3 a week insurance on it whilst it was in our possession.

Directors, artistes, producers, camera-men, scenarists, press-men, all combined, contrived, co-operated



and contributed to save the Kinema Club and found a Benevolent Fund for the profession. The fund is badly needed, for, alas! the silver screen has many cloudy linings; and for "the poor player who frets and struts his hour" on the screen, there are many shadows.

So that's the story of the Kinema Club picture. We have made a film that we think will please, and we hope when you see the production that the result of our co-optimistic co-operation will meet with the approval of every picturegoer.

With so many film favourites in the cast, each picturegoer will be able to praise his or her particular pet amongst British stars, and so everybody should be pleased with the new co-optimists.



Who's who in this picture?



Anna Little--

--was "Anna Brooks."

What's a Name Worth?

The answer is : "Untold gold when allied to a popular personality."



Allan Forrest was "Allan Fisher"



Shirley Mason and Leonie Flugrath, or vice-versa --it's all the same.

It depends upon whether it's the one your parents gave you or the one you acquired yourself, if you're a screen star. Names, known throughout the length and breadth of movieland, mean so much to some stars that they would certainly never dream of changing them, professionally. That is why Stewart Rome strove hotly for the right to keep the name he'd popularised when he left the company that endowed him with it. A court of law considered the question, and finally decided that he might have it. So that, in this case, it was worth a law-suit. That his real name is Wernham Ryott doesn't matter much. It is the kinema cognomens by which the public know and love their stars that matter most, and just as a striking title is an asset to a film, so is an agreeable-sounding appellation a something every new-comer to film-land likes to have. When Camille Ankewich came to Famous-Lasky Studios, people tied their tongues into knots when she was "wanted on the set." "It's a striking name," protested Camille, but eventually it was struck off the register, and the clever, dark-eyed actress emerged into prominence as Marcia Manon. This star had a reason; but just why Juliet Shelby should take exception to her name is hard to explain. Mary Miles Minter is certainly longer; but either suit the fair-haired heroine of countless film romances.

Once upon a time a pretty girl wrote to Lou Tellegen, and sent him a signed picture of herself. In return she demanded, "Your photo with your very own name on it in your very own handwriting."

When she got what she'd asked for, she had a shock. The face was the face of Lou, but the signature read, "Very faithfully Yours, Isadore Louis Bernard Edmund van Dammeler." Lou doesn't use "his very own name" much—he left it when he left his 'teens. Can you blame him? Had it not been for the photograph, though, the recipient would surely have thought someone was playing tricks. Similarly handicapped were Silvion des Jardiens and August Edwin Philip von der Butz (you know them only as Bobbie Vernon and Edwin August).

It is very certain that to Mary Pickford, "Mary," as a name for screen stars, owes its popularity. Everybody now knows that Mrs. Doug. Fairbanks has only recently legalised her screen name. She came into movieland just Gladys Smith; and legend hath it that the famous curls and the famous name materialised together. Certainly there are many, many more Marys in film-land than there would have been had Mary Pickford elected to adopt Joanna Grey as her movie designation.

Nazimova expresses to a nicety the bizarre personality of Russia's best-known contributor to the art of the silent screen. Yet the few Londoners who remember her visit in 1905 knew her then as "Madam Nasimoff," and one persistent rumorist insists that Alla Orlenoff is correct. Alla herself likes the sound of Mrs. Charles Bryant as well as any other.

You surely know that Lila Lee is really Augusta Appel, and that Edna Flugrath is

Robert Warwick changed his name from Taylor Bien.

ring and a perfectly good husband, yept Burton Hawley. That's one side of the question. On the other stands Corinne Griffith, whose wedded name is Campbell, and who, although Corinne Campbell sounds good to us, wouldn't hear of being professionally so titled. Indeed, though all the world knows of Corinne's director-actor-partner, she still likes to pretend it's a dead secret.

Spelling and pronunciation are accountable for Ramon Samaniegos and Signe Auen transforming themselves into Ramon de Navarro and Seena Owen. Something other than that caused Norman Kaiser to become Norman Kerry. And we can't be very harsh with Bob Warwick because he discarded his own name of Taylor Bien; nor with Hallam Cooley Burr because he wouldn't let the last bit stick to him for life.

Marjorie Daw is Margaret House when she's at home; and Colleen Moore, Kathleen Morrison; Eugene O'Brien's first name is Louis, though he'd hate you to address him by it. Wally Reid used to be known as William Wallace Reid when he was only a small-part man; but now that he's a world-famous star, everybody calls him Wally—and he likes it.

Our own Peggy Hyland was originally known as Gladys Hutchinson, and delightful fair-haired Claire Windsor declared her name to be Ola Cronk when she and Lois Weber were first introduced!

The how and the why and the wherefore of screen names is a fascinating subject; and however well the fan-in-the-street knows the faces of his favourite stars, he could hardly identify some of them should they register at the local hotel in the names that are theirs by right, not by adoption. J. L.

Mary Odette was once "Odette Goimbaumt."



Lila Lee was "Augusta Appel." Doris May was Helen Garrett.

Quiet Shelby, alias Mary Miles Minter.

Right: Jean Paige, Lucille O'Hare.

the only one of three lever sisters to keep the family surname. Shirley Mason's own name, Leonie Flugrath, appeared in the pay sheet of the old Edison studios, but she liked Shirley Mason better, and so one calls her Leonie now. Viola, "the middle one," kept her first name, but left Flugrath for father and mother and took Dana for her surname.

Rudolf the Romantic used to sign his letters home "Antonio Guglielmi," before he happened on Valentino. Did you know that? Also, that the leading lady in *Always Audacious* owns the baptismal soubriquet of Lehua Wai-ahua, although the printed cast informed you that she was Margaret Loomis.

Names like Lovely, Sweet, and Pretty really do sound so adjectival to be true. The first two were acquired in the studios. Louise Lovely made her picture debut under her own name De Carbasse. Later she became Louise Welch; but shed Welch at the portals of Universal City, and entered that stronghold as Louise Lovely. Blanche Sweet was originally called Blanche Alexander; secondly, Aphne Wayne, of Biograph; thirdly, Blanche Sweet; and, lastly, Mrs. Michael Neilan; but Arline Pretty has never changed her name for professional purposes. Pretty she has always been, long before she knew what a Kleig light was.

Delving amongst the private papers of this and that popular favourite, we find that Anna Little is really Anna Brooks, and Doris May commenced film life as Doris Lee, though in private they called her Helen Garrett; that the "B" in H. B. Warner's name stands for Byron (Warner, not Henry's family name, but his father's stage name). B. W. was known as little Harry Lickford in the days of his extreme youth. And Pauline Frederick, famous on both stage and screen, used to be Beatrice Libby when she tended her own particular private school in Boston, Mass. The third change was the last change in the case of Wanda Hawley, erstwhile Wanda Petit, and originally Selma Hattack. Wanda acquired the Hawley with her wedding



Filming a Best Seller

All about the made-in-England film version of A. S. M. Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes." The picture on the right shows a sergeant of the "Bufs" being initiated into the mysteries of make-up.

Harry Millarde partakes of refreshment between shots.



To travel over a thousand miles to obtain the correct locations for a film, and then to find that, having found exactly the

spots he wanted, he had to wait and wait (with his whole company standing idle) for nearly a month before he could commence work, is the disappointing experience which Harry Millarde has had to endure.

Following on his production of the very successful Fox film *Over the Hill*, Harry Millarde was selected by William Fox to bring his company to England to make a film version of "If Winter Comes."

"Judging from your June and July weather," he commented when I met

him, "your winter is permanent there's no doubt about its arrival."

On no less and no more than five occasions, however, the sun shone all day. The first time was when, for scenes which show "The Pinks" of A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel leaving Tidborough for France, Millarde had a whole company of soldiers belonging to "The Buffs" at his disposal. It was the most successful day's filming Millarde had experienced in England. Amongst many other scenes, one showing the soldiers marching through the Canterbury High Street was taken.

This caused no small amount of excitement, for in order to get the "shots" he required, Millarde had his camera-men set up their camera in the middle of the street. Special police (told off by the Chief Constable to give Millarde the assistance he required) kept back the huge crowds of spectators (who would insist on standing right in the camera line) and the main road traffic. For nearly half an hour half the Canterbury High Street, leading to the West Gate, was devoted entirely to filming.

Then, headed by "The Buffs'" regiment band, the soldiers made their exit from the town. Just as they reached the West Gate Millarde shouted his instructions to his crowd artistes (who represented sisters, wives, and sweethearts of the men), and throwing themselves heart and soul into the work, they marched cheerily along with the soldiers.

From Canterbury and the soldier scene Millarde next turned his attention to the country residence of Lord and Lady Tybar the Northrepps of the book. And what a number of "country seats" Millarde saw before he was satisfied! Few of the

possessed the typically English atmosphere, which, despite his short stay in this country, he has grasped so wonderfully, and which he is determined to show the world.

At last, on a very wet and drizzling day, he came across an ancient Norman Castle tucked away in the green downlands of Kent. "That's what I want! Now, to get permission to 'shoot' it!" he gasped, as he looked at it from various angles.

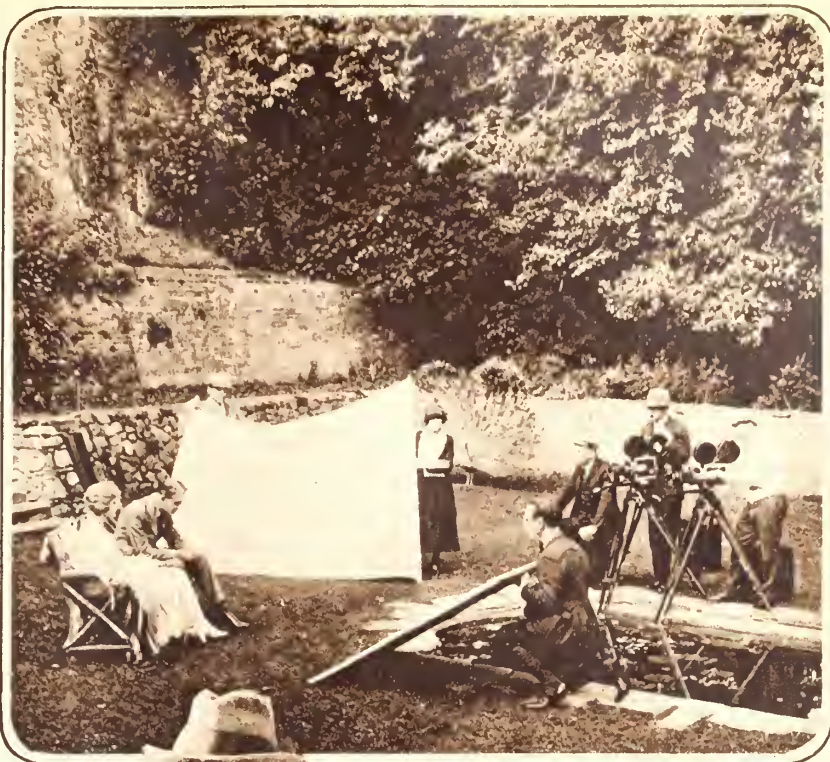
"Northrepps," as it will be called in the film, has been shot many times, for the ancient stronghold has been through troublous times since it was first built in 1071. Here fortunes and battles have been lost and won, and still can be seen the gaps in the towers through which a look-out was kept for approaching enemies. Henry VIII. frequented the castle when Anne Boleyn was his wife; and beneath the walls he had built for himself a huge swimming pool—stone-walled and stone-roofed—now overgrown with weeds and inhabited by pike which wander in from the moat.

And around this famous old castle, Lord and Lady Tybar and "Mark Sabre" (played by Percy Marmont) have lived again through the scenes of A. S. M. Hutchinson's book characters.

When the sun has been kind, Lord and Lady Tybar have ridden on horseback through the wonderful grounds attached to the castle; they have passed over the quaint stone bridge and under the ancient gateway which

was once the scene of the hanging of the Castle Governor. "Mark Sabre" and "Nona" have sat together on a garden seat under a tree (over five hundred years old), and have told, each other of the wonder and disappointments of life—just as hundreds of years ago gay lords and ladies of Tudor times confided in each other 'neath that self-same tree.

"To walk over that bridge gets me into the atmosphere," said Millarde; "but what's the use, when it rains, rains, rains! You might as well try to film a Sahara scene at the bottom of the Mississippi"; then, with another hopeless glance skywards, Millarde retired disconsolately to the harness room attached to the stables which once sheltered Cromwell's (horses) to brood, and brood until a shaft of sunshine tempted him out to reconnoitre once more. They tell me last year you had



Harry Millarde directing a scene.

Lawford Davidson and Percy Marmont.



an exceptional summer," he laughed. "I'm going to reserve my next trip until I get word you're in the middle of another exceptional one. These ordinary affairs are enough to make any film producer think of becoming a plumber or a diver."

So the characters of "If Winter Comes" are gradually being brought to life on the screen—the film is scheduled for release in America in October. I expressed my doubts as to whether the filming would be through in time; but ever the optimist, Millarde replied, "Never fear—we'll work twenty hours a day on the interiors to make up for lost time."



"The Buffs" make their screen debut in the film version of "If Winter Comes."

Seeing Limehouse With Mabel

ELSIE CODD



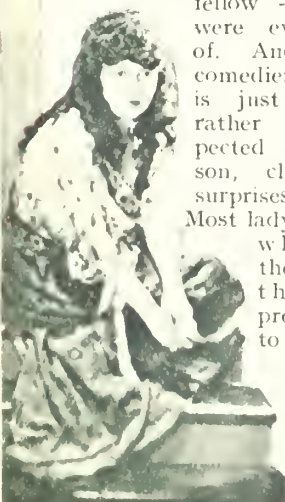
Mabel Normand in "Molly O."



A character-study from "Molly O."

Off the screen, Mabel Normand is a very serious little lady, with a taste for high-brow literature and intensive study. This account of a London sight-seeing tour throws an interesting sidelight on the famous comedy star.

As everybody knows, Mabel Normand is a world-famous film comedienne. To be strictly accurate, she is *the* most famous film comedienne, for as "Keystone Mabel," she had romped her joyous way to stardom before most of her fellow - twinklers were even heard of. And, being a comedienne, Mabel is just naturally rather an unexpected little person, chockful of surprises.



Most lady film stars who treat themselves to that long-promised trip to little old Europe usually travel with whole trunkfuls of scrump-

tious feminine garments, incidentally allowing a few empty ones as well for a visit to Paris. The London porters must have found Mabel's baggage uncommonly heavy to handle, for most of *her* trunks were filled with books, and not of the light variety at that.

So it didn't surprise me in the least, when I looked in to see her at the Ritz, to find her, as usual, buried in a book.

"You're just in time," she greeted me. "I've ordered the taxi, and we're going right down to Chinatown to see all these wonderful things I've been reading about."

I picked up the book from the chaise-longue to look at the title, "Limehouse Nights," by Thomas Burke.

"Do it right now" is a typically American motto; and I am tempted to believe it must have originated with Mabel. She told me whilst she adjusted a smart little turban and scrambled into a wrap that she had just been re-reading some of the stories, and felt she "couldn't wait another minute."

We drove through the glittering

West End thoroughfares, with all their jolly traffic and the bustle of a great city preparing for its evening's amusement, whilst Mabel gaily chatted at my side, telling me sketchily what she had been doing since her arrival in England.

Then we crossed one of the bridges and plunged into that darker London which lies to the south side of the river. Followed an interminable ride through a bewildering maze of mean and dimly-lighted streets, till at last the car slowed down in what seemed to be some main thoroughfare between Pennyfields and Limehouse Causeway.

"We'd better get out now and walk," our escort suggested. "A car in these parts is likely to attract too much attention. I'll tell the driver to wait for us here."

We wandered up the Causeway, then back again down Pennyfields towards the river. London's Chinatown is rather an unpretentious affair compared with that of Los Angeles, where there is a beautiful temple tucked away behind a maze of crooked streets, and where some of the little restaurants have their balconies so brightly decorated that you

can almost imagine yourself under Eastern instead of Western skies. Limehouse has an atmosphere all its own. The unfathomable spirit of the East broods over its drab streets and narrow alleys.

A little Chinese two-year-old was seated on a doorstep in Pennyfields, the only touch of youth and freshness we saw in those mean streets. She was dressed in a spotless suit of white "rompers," and was mothering a Teddy bear, much like any British baby.

"Isn't she just cute, the darling!" Mabel cried, and stopped for a little chat. For a moment the Teddy bear was forgotten, whilst the child appraised her visitor with a pair of solemn eyes. She evidently didn't understand a word of what Mabel was saying, but she must have decided that it was something nice, for gradually the little face crinkled into a smile, and the chubby fingers clutched at something bright and sparkling on Mabel's dress.

Babies, after all, are much the same all the world over.

We finished up the evening with a Chinese restaurant. Mabel isn't the sort of person who is content with a superficial impression of the mere outside of things. She wanted to see a real Limehouse "interior," and she wasn't going back to the Ritz until she had seen what she wanted. Diplomatically our escort steered us back to the less dimly-lighted thoroughfare, where a policeman stood on guard,



and halted before a small eating-house.

A brief argument ensued on the subject of Miss Normand's jewelry. The expedition had been undertaken entirely on the spur of the moment, and the man of the party was at some pains

to convince her that, though diamonds are all very well at the Ritz, it was but reasonable to suppose that a certain element of risk was entailed by wearing them in Limehouse. Mabel, however, thought otherwise, and absolutely declined to entertain any suggestion that she should "pop them into her handbag" by way of precaution.

So far, she had remained unrecognized, but during this little discussion I noticed that two small street arabs had crept up and were staring at Mabel with very suspicious interest.

"It's Mybel!" ejaculated the one in a whisper, hoarse with suppressed excitement.

"T'ain't!" The other was trying hard to sound sceptical, though obviously half-convinced.

"I tell yer it is!"

Two small noses were immediately flattened against the window when we took our seats at the plain deal table inside. After a time they

Above: With Jack Mulhall in a scene from a recent production.



disappeared. The owner had evidently pattered away to impart the "scoop" to their friends.

The sensation of the evening, in fact, was provided by Chinatown's Cockney population. Those two small boys had not neglected their opportunity. On leaving the restaurant, Mabel found herself suddenly hailed with a delighted "Mybel! Mybel! Hello, Mybel!"

A small crowd had assembled and had been eagerly waiting for her to re-appear.

They were not by any means a classy or fashionable gathering, but they gave their screen idol a right royal welcome, bombarding her with questions. "What's it like in America, Mybel?" "Is Mybel yer real name?" "How old are yer?"

And there was no getting Mabel away from them. We should never have got her back to the Ritz that night if the good-natured policeman, who had hitherto discreetly looked another way, had not eventually decided that it was high time to save her from her friends. They gave her a cheer as the taxi slowly moved away, and she waved them a last good-bye.

**HOUSE PETERS**

Will be seen shortly in Universal's big production, "The Storm." Has won many admirers by his work in "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives," "The Man from Lost River," and other screen successes.

**DOROTHY PHILLIPS**

Is Mrs. Allen Holubar in private life. Has been a screen favourite for many years. "The Right to Happiness," "Once to Every Woman," and "Man, Woman, Marriage" are her latest productions.

**HELENE CHADWICK**

Made her screen debut in "Girls," and has since appeared in "Go, Get 'em, Garringer," "The Long Arm of Manister," "Godless Men," and other popular releases. She has fair hair and brown eyes.



MAHLON HAMILTON

Joined the movies after an extensive stage career. Some of his best-known pictures are "Daddy Long-legs," "In Old Kentucky," "The Deadlier Sex," "Earthbound," and "The Third Generation."



WHEELER OAKMAN

Has had an extensive screen career as leading man. Married Priscilla Dean during the filming of "The Virgin of Stamboul." He plays opposite his wife in "Outside the Law," which is released this month.

The Film Fashion Plate

posed by
KATHERINE
MACDONALD

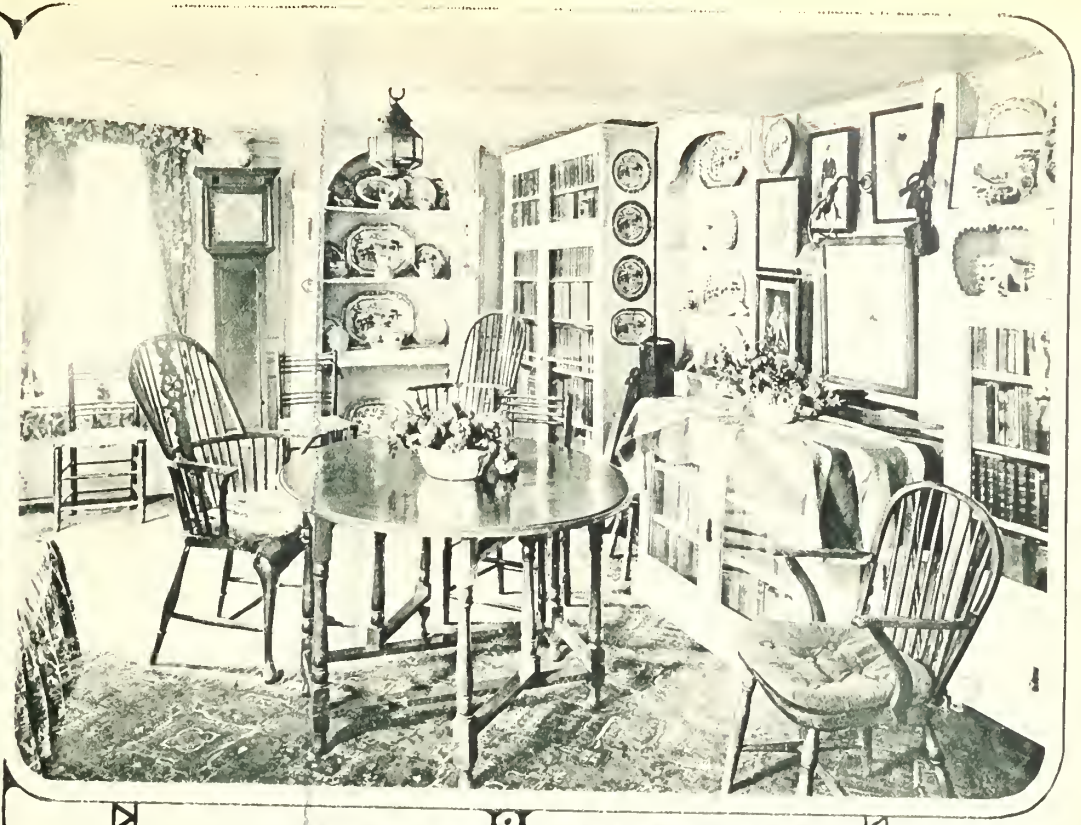


Katherine Mac-Donald's gorgeous gowns prove the truth of the movie makers' adage, "Beauty adorned is adorned the most."

FILM STAR
AT HOME
Rex
Dav



The popular British film star caught
which contains many trophies that



at his beautiful riverside home,
 owess as an all-round athlete.

The Return of Tess



Above: Tess's home on Chatsworth Lake.
Left: Lunch-time on location.

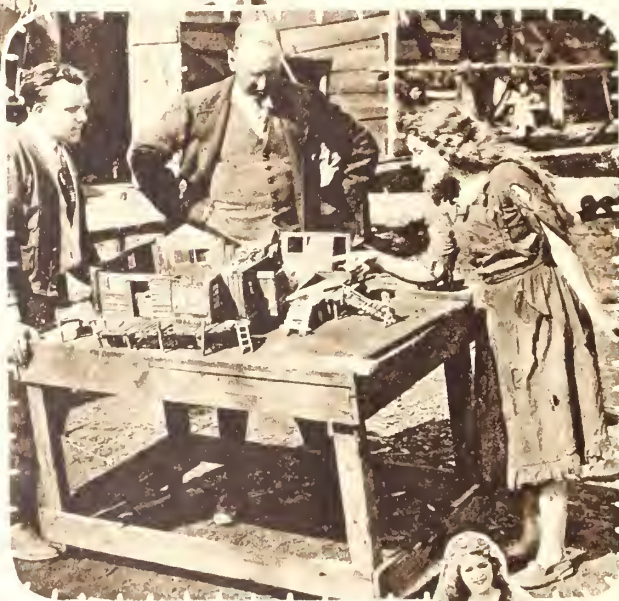


biggest character-rôle that had, so far, fallen to Mary's lot, and she revelled in it. So did the rest of the world when the feature was finished.

In more or less abbreviated form, the old five-reeler has been re-issued and re-issued again, to meet public demands, which proves that the new film will receive a rapturous welcome. Many scenes, hitherto omitted, are to be included in this second filming, and the Grace Miller White story is to have eight reels (three more than previously) devoted to its unfoldment. All the world liked Mary's work in *Tessibel*; but Mary herself finds many faults with it, and means to make the new "Tess"

an improvement on the old. Photography and settings, etc., have naturally advanced much since the initial production came into being. The village scenes then were probably made in the studios, for Famous at that time prided themselves on the fact that they could (and did) make "exteriors" in their big studios. To-day, however, squatters' huts were submitted in model form to the star and her director (John Robertson), and, after being approved, were erected in sufficient quantities to form a complete fishing village by Chatsworth Lake. The burning of these by the stern old landowner will be a more spectacular affair this time than formerly.

Bare-legged, bare-armed, bare-headed, except for a tangled mane of sunny curls, a small, energetic figure has been haunting Chatsworth Lake, California, for the past few weeks. A re-incarnation, though anything but a ghost. With a big company of players, including a dozen delightful children, Mary Pickford has made Chatsworth her headquarters for the exteriors of the new version of her old success, *Tessibel of the Storm Country*.



Left: Inspecting a model with her director and camera-man.

"I shall surely re-film *Tess*," said Mary, when "Picturegoer" interviewed her in England last winter. "I can't say just when, because the rights aren't mine yet, though they soon will be, I hope." That she meant what she said, these pictures plainly prove.

Back in 1913, over eight years ago, in Famous Lasky studios, the first screen version of "*Tessibel*" was made; and little Mary, a comparative newcomer to the fold, roamed about in a pair of fisherwoman's boots, many times too large for her, and a dilapidated rag of a gown. Grammarless "Tess," with her great heart and her impulsive ways, was the



On location at Chatsworth Lake.

Picturegoer Parodies

Mary Pickford

She came from haunts of Maple Leaf,
And made a sudden sally
To banish all the pain and grief
From life's unhappy valley.

She started life as Gladys Smith,
But Smiths are all ill-fated,
So little Gladys died forthwith,
And Mary was created.

She changed her name for fame, but oh!
Our Mary changeth never,
For stars may come and stars may go,
But she goes on for ever.

She went to work with Biograph
When movies were derided,
And taught the world to cry or laugh,
Whichever she decided.

From film to film she hurried down,
Successes brought successes,
Till every soul in every town
Loved Mary's golden tresses.

Though some like black, some brown, some red,
And people's fancies vary,
Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who loves not little Mary?

The chain that draws us in her tow,
Nor time, nor change can sever,
For stars may come and stars may go,
But she goes on for ever.

Like comets flashing through the sky,
Stars good, and bad, and rotten
Have pleased our eyes in passing by,
But now they are forgotten.

Where are the stars of yesteryear?
'Twould tax your brains to find them.
No longer "still to mem'ry dear,"
They've left their fame behind them.

Oh, Mary, first of movie stars,
Time cannot come between us!
Thou art as permanent as Mars,
As beautiful as Venus.

Though Fashion changeth ever so,
Our Mary changeth never,
For stars may come and stars may go,
But she goes on for ever.



British Studio Gossip



Matheson Lang as "Dick Turpin" . Lewis Gilbert as
"Tom King."

No Smoke Without —

Master's Studio was one big smoke cloud when I groped my way through it on a very wet Friday. "Keep off the set," yelled someone, "unless you want to be rescued." I did as I was told, and when my eyes grew accustomed to the thickened atmosphere, I watched them rehearsing the rescue scenes of *The Old Actor's Story*, one of the series of G. R. Sims' poems being filmed there. The set represented the deck of a burning liner, so H. B. Parkinson, the producer, informed me. "And as soon as we've timed the rescues correctly, we'll have a few flames." He then disappeared behind the scenario.

—Flames.

They had a fine collection of smoke-bombs, also half-a-dozen giant-sized clay pipes, or, at least, that's as near as I can get to a description of them. "You unscrew the top, so," said Bert Wynne, suiting the action to the word. "Fill them up with this; apply a light, give a puff or two, and there you are. Like to try?" It was hard to refuse, for one of my secret ambitions is to smoke a clay pipe; but I was doubtful as to its effects, and declined the honour. They called up the "Captain" (Booth Conway) and the crew again, and after one more rehearsal, the "passengers," most of them in their night attire, were successfully assisted across the deck into non-existent boats.

All Hands On Deck.

The final studio shots of the "fire at sea" were very realistic, for the combined efforts of those responsible produced a row of leaping flames before the man at the wheel, and a few stray ones behind him. Dense smoke



issued from the hold (I pitied the man down there), and the effect proved too much for the nerves of the youngest member of the cast, a fair haired mite who had been pattering about very happily. She (Baby June Hamlett) puckered up her face, and as her film mother caught her and staggered across the camera's line of vision with her, began to cry dismally. It took quite a while until peace was restored, after which sounds of protest issued from the hold, which was promptly dismantled, and the property man, who had been immersed therein and forgotten, was allowed to come up and breathe.

Burning their Boat.

The "old actor" told me, in the voice of James Knight, that he and "Nell," his wife in the story, were waiting until the rain stopped before being abandoned and left to their fate on board a real ship, which was moored a little way up the river waiting to be set alight. He seemed to be looking forward to it, and had blackened his face and hands in readiness. "In case you haven't read the George R. Sims' poem," he said, "I must tell you that we're old at the beginning of the film, and I tell the story of our ups and downs in life. We're going to stick to our ship till she gets too hot to hold us, then when the camera stops, we dive into the river and swim for it." "It's cold!" said "Nell," who, none other than Stella Muir, looked exactly like Mary Pickford, curls and all, only a size larger. "But I'm all ready." Stella returns to the screen, after a long illness, in *The Old Actor's Story*; she will also appear in *The Lights o' London*, another in the series. But, sad to say, when the rain, having kindly ceased, "Joe" and "Nell" went through their fiery ordeal, they stayed below just a few seconds too long. For James Knight is now bemoaning the loss of his eye-brows and lashes, and



Centre: Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley.
Above: Filming a scene for "Rob Roy," Gaumont's historical drama.

Stella Muir has an unappreciated souvenir in the shape of a badly-bruised arm. And so ended *The Old Actor's Story* for that day.

Storm and Strife at Aberfoyle.

Eight hundred supers took part in the big battle scenes of *Rob Roy*, including four companies of genuine Highland soldiers (the Argyles and the Sutherlands). Aberfoyle, at eight o'clock that



Stewart Rome as he appears in "The White Hope."

"relieved" the wealthy as well as the needy, though in slightly different fashion, is, of course, the central figure all through. The weather did its best to interfere with the "Ride to York" scenes, but British players and producers are used to its vagaries, and excellent "shots" were secured between the showers. Isobel Elsom, Cecil Humphreys, Norman Page, and Malcolm Todd are a few of the favourite players who compose the fine supporting cast.

Betty's Winning Way.

Life is one comedy-characterisation after another for Betty Balfour. Since playing the name-part in *Wee MacGregor's Sweetheart* (you'll distinctly approve of Betty's curls, not to mention her delightful work in this), she

has re-donned her shaw and shiny black hat and become "Squibs" again for another film. Titled *Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep*, it introduces the three principal Cockney characters of the first film, and will be released some time before Christmas.

The Great Moment.

According to scenario, "Squibs" hears of her good fortune from a reporter whilst she is plying her trade as a London flower-seller. So to Piccadilly Circus Betty Balfour, Fred Groves, and a few other players went in a closed motor. Twelve o'clock noon is usually a busy time by the fountain, but passers-by saw nothing unusual in the spectacle of a young fellow with a notebook stopping to whisper to the youngest and prettiest flower-girl. But when she uttered a whoop of joy, and, seizing his hat, flung it up in the air, and then, scattering flowers pell-mell, dashed round the fountain embracing and kissing her companion-workers, everybody turned to see what was happening.

What The Crowd Saw.

They saw her prance across the road to the policeman on point. They wondered if she was about to give herself up for creating a disturbance. She didn't. She gave the "Bobby" a delicious smile and a bear-like hug which nearly knocked him off his feet, and then they all disappeared into the waiting car, which bore them out of sight in a twinkling. History doesn't state where George Pearson hid himself and the camera, but the "take" was over in a very few seconds.



James Knight and Stella Muir in "The Old Actor's Story."

morning, was filled with men from Glasgow and men from Stirling, who seemed absolutely spoiling for the fray. Possibly they had a few old scores to work off upon each other, for Will Kellino had little cause to complain of lack of realism.

Holding The Fort.

"Inversnaid Fort" (specially erected for the occasion) formed the centre of activities, and fierce contests were waged round the gates. A Stirling man and a player in the MacGregor tartan went for each other with claymores, egged on to greater fierceness by the director. "Now slay the MacGregor!" shouted Kellino. "We'll 'take' this time." "Whit's the use?" retorted the "slayer." "I've killed him twice already, and he'll no die." Late in the evening, when the combatants mustered for home in the special trains arranged for their conveyance, the casualty list had mounted from five to fifteen. Considering the vigour with which the "mountaineers" waged their battles, the number is surprisingly few, for the scenes were on the biggest scale yet staged in Great Britain.

Filming Dick Turpin.

Stolls have finished *Dick Turpin's Ride to York*, a scene from which appears on the opposite page. Matheson Larg makes a right gallant "Dick," doesn't he? The other figure is "Tom King," played by Lewis Gilbert. The dashing highwayman, beloved of tradition, who



Victor MacLaglen and F. Martin Thornton, star and producer of "A Sailor Tramp."



Betty Balfour in "Wee MacGregor's Sweetheart."



A Strenuous Star

George Larkin, specialist in screen thrills, thrives on an adventurous diet.



heads, Larkin has succeeded in dodging death in numerous features and serials, the most recent of which are *The Lurking Peril*, *The Man Trackers*, and *The Unfortunate Sex*. Broken ribs and ankles, dislocated shoulders and concussion of the brain have figured as the price of his daring on several occasions, but his extra-

ordinary recuperative powers have speedily brought him out of hospital. The hero of a thousand screen escapes is now starring in a series of features for the Russell Productions, entitled *Boomerang Justice*, *Bulldog Courage*, *Barriers of Folly*, and *Saved by Radio*.

Physical culture, swimming, and riding are his methods of bracing his nerves; day-long gallops out to the hills around California bring him back to the studios ready for any and every movie danger.

George Larkin in "Boomerang Justice."



The nerve specialists are commencing to gaze through their horn-rimmed spectacles at George Larkin, and they are shaking their grey heads over his dare-devilry, which is toppling over their pet theories like card castles. For over ten years this slim dark young man with the laughing eyes and iron nerve has been facing death before the film cameras, yet he is still on the sunny side of the walls of a hospital for neurasthenics. According to the doctors, he should be a nervous wreck, but he still light-heartedly dives from the seventy-foot masts of steamers, fights screen villains on the lofty girders of thirteen-story skyscrapers, and falls over fifty-foot cliffs with the abandon of a cat who still has nine lives well in hand.

George Larkin commenced his screen career of thrills way back along the path of kinema history when one of the pioneer film serials, *The Trey Of Hearts*, was produced. He startled picturegoers at that time by sliding up a fifty-foot machine pulley belt, travelling at sixty miles an hour, and leaping to safety just as the iron cogs controlling the leather band threatened to reduce him to a form of human mince-meat. Since those early days of thrills, when producers did not have to work out new hairbreadth escapes with the aid of wet towels encircling their

Stage Star,- Screen Star



Elsie Ferguson is one of the few stars who can make the transition from stage to screen, or from screen to stage, with indisputable success.

stairs to the sanctuary where Elsie Ferguson awaited. It was all rather like a presentation at Court, for many uniformed keepers of doors had to be passed before I was ushered into the august presence of one whom I was interviewing on behalf of her subjects, the picture "fans."

Certainly she heightened this illusion of regal impressiveness. She was very stately as she crossed from her dressing-table and held out a jewelled hand with much of the dignity that I would imagine Queen Elizabeth affected when she extended her greetings to Sir Francis Drake before the curious eyes of courtiers. Yet her manner did not suggest affectation. She was rather like a beautiful oil painting that commanded respect through the artistry that had created it.

Nature has fashioned Elsie Ferguson on aristocratic lines, from burnished Titian hair to her slender, shapely feet, and she has been given an imperious tilt of the head, and a stately, swaying walk. Such physical attractions do not reveal the entire Elsie Ferguson. Beneath this attractive combination of charm there is the thoughtful, emotional woman who places her love of artistry before empty pride, and prefers her books and simple home interests to the limelight of public life with which an appreciative world would envelop her.

"Sit down and have some tea" was her very human greeting, and my visions of

Queens and Courts faded, and I saw in their stead an attractive hostess presiding with simple charm over dainty blue-enamelled tea cups.

"I love to have colour around me," she confessed, noticing my admiring glance at the delicate shades of her dressing-room decorations. "When I am working before



Had Pygmalion lived in the twentieth century, an astute Editor in all probability would have commissioned him to interview Elsie Ferguson. For there is something suggestive of bringing a marble "Galatea" to life when one seeks to discover the deeper emotions of this statuesque star. She hides so much that is human behind a deceptively cold and dignified exterior. Yet, if you are patient and talk to her of the work that she loves, of the artistic future of the film, and of her picturesque home in the Californian Hills, then, like the goddess of legend, she sheds her statue-like pose and radiates her love of life.

I watched her clear grey-green eyes change from coldness to warmth and enthusiasm as I chatted to her in a dressing-room of wonderful mauves and purples at the ornate white studios at Long Island.

I had been piloted through a vast glass-roofed chamber strung with glaring lights that gazed down on resplendent sets like giant watching eyes, then up three flights of winding



the cameras, amidst settings that are bright with colour, I am always happy ; but it is very sad, I think, when lovely shades of rose, orange or blue are turned into greys or whites on the screen."

She spoke slowly and thoughtfully, as is her custom ; and although she was discussing little that was really serious, there was a wistful sadness in her eyes. Elsie Ferguson's face is made for tragedy. It may be a trick of the shadowed light that lurks beneath her eyes, or the droop of the corners of her mouth of coral-red that creates this suggestion of pathos. Yet it is an expression that the screen has so often caught during her emotional characterisations.

"When you came to the screen from the stage, no doubt you missed the atmosphere of colour-music, and the in-

know that, after playing before huge audiences in theatres, I found in the film studios that I could not give my best work if there was even one stranger on the set whose presence was only prompted by curiosity. One pair of watching eyes which I felt were not sympathetic were more trying to me before the cameras than a thousand people gazing at me from beyond the footlights."

"Temperament," I suggested.

"I know that I have a reputation for what people call 'fireworks,'" she replied with a smile. "But I do not really stamp and storm if things go wrong in the studios. That would be fatal for an artiste who is at all highly strung. If one lets their nerves get out of hand, the cameras are going to punish you. For, in emotional work such as mine, the greatest self-control is needed. That is a curious phase of dramatic acting. The more frenzied you may appear on the screen, the greater the self-repression needed to reflect the varying depths of emotion, in accordance with the length of the scene determined by the producer."

As she sipped her tea, I noticed the character in her hands, the power in her long, slim fingers and the narrow, shapely palms, to suggest sympathy or tragedy. My mind went back to those hands as I had seen them gliding over the tangled hair of the dissolute Diaz in *Sacred and Profane Love*. There Elsie Ferguson indicated how she has the true artistic sense

A costume from "Footlights."

of expressing emotion with subtle mannerisms that with the clever actress do much to take the place of the spoken word on the screen.

"You found the part of 'Carlotta' in *Sacred and Profane Love* an exhausting one?" I asked her.

"Had I not had a sympathetic director," she assured me, "it would have been very difficult at times. I do not think many people realise the importance of an understanding producer when a temperamental artiste is playing before the cameras. If anyone shouts at me, my creative powers seems to shrink into nothing. A really human producer can bring the best work out of one, rather like a musician reflecting the clearest notes from a delicate instrument."

Elsie Ferguson loves her work. You can see how her heart is in the studios, where the arc-lamps glare and the cameras whirl the thousands of feet of celluloid through the velvet-lined slots from early morning till dusk. As she talked of films in general, and her own in particular, her former self-repression gave way to an enthusiasm that brought animation to a face that was still more beautiful now that something of the mask of sensitive shyness had gone.

She told me how she admired Fitzmaurice, and that he invariably



In "Sacred and Profane Love."

spiration of large audiences that you knew behind the footlights?" I suggested, carrying on her train of thought.

She nodded her regal head with a reminiscent light in her eyes.

"It was difficult at first," she told me. "Do you



In "Lady Rose's Daughter."

inspired her best work. "Talking of my temperament," she said, with a quiet smile: "it was Fitzmaurice who, a little time ago, made me repeat a scene beneath drenching water pipes. I had to climb into a brougham dressed in a Victorian gown of purple velvet, and decorated with delicate lace ruffles. The 'studio' rain came down and soaked me, and whilst I stood cold and bedraggled at the side of the set, I heard the ominous warning that a re-take would be necessary. There had been a mistake with the cameras, and only half the scene had been taken!

"I had to spend the best part of a day renovating my costume. Perhaps I should have been angry if the sympathetic Fitzmaurice had not looked so worried and apologetic; so, instead, I laughed over it all. It is the human touch in the studio that does so much to make things work smoothly. If there were more sympathetic directors, there would be less heard about temperamental film artistes."

Whilst we were on the subject of the male sex, I endeavoured to discover if she had any favourite man—on the screen, of course, for Elsie Ferguson is very happily married to Thomas Clarke, a New York banker. This alliance has provided still further evidence for those who advocate the marriage of contrasting natures. For the husband of the Lasky star is a shrewd business man, well known for his practical, commercial acumen. He is very dissimilar in temperament to the highly strung Elsie, yet their marriage is one of the real romances of filmdom.

"Playing, as I do, such varied emotional rôles," she told me, "the quest for an ideal leading man is a difficult one. If I found him, I should have him to play with me in every picture. It is a question of adaptability to the part that has to be presented.

"Whilst I am actually appearing with one of my screen-lovers, I always imagine that they are ideal, but that does not mean that they would appeal to me in a different characterisation. Conrad Nagel was a sympathetic lover in *Sacred*

With Conrad Nagel in 'Sacred and Profane Love'"



and Profane Love, who helped my portrayal of the temperamental 'Carlotta' to a very large extent. But 'Pedro de Cordoba,' in *Barbary Sheep*, was just as much an ideal to me whilst we were playing together. It is not fickleness, but just an appreciation of character-presentation, as it fits into the scheme of the picture at the moment. In *The Rise of Jenny Cushing*, I was happy to run away with Elliott Dexter, but some time after I was just as ready to give my happiness in life into the keeping of Wyndham Standing in *Eyes of the Soul*, for the purposes of the picture."

To hear Elsie Ferguson talk of her film characters is to realise that they are very real to her. She has the soul of the artiste behind her work, and she carries in her memory mental portraits of the parts she has played, and those that her fellow-artistes have presented with her, very much as one treasures an album of photographs of very dear friends.

She told me laughingly that she had committed so many murders on the film, and been associated with death in various violent forms, that she often wondered what the great world of picture goes through of her real life character.

It was rather a relief to

One of Elsie's delightful old-fashioned gowns in "Lady Rose's Daughter."

me," she added, "when I advertised for the loan of a child in my picture, *The Lie*, to be met with an overwhelming number of offers from trusting mothers. It proved that they had not lost faith in my integrity."

In reality, Elsie Ferguson, in choosing sad and poignant phases of life as the vehicle for her screen presentations, has discovered what is undoubtedly her *flair*. She has a touch of fatalism in her eyes which she can accentuate with extraordinary impressiveness; and many will remember the realistic desolation and despair in her face when she gazed on the still form of 'Ispenlove' after he had shot himself for love of her in *Sacred and Profane Love*. It was more than acting. It was an expression of the natural sadness that so often exists in those of an introspective nature.

There is something suggestive of her nature in the quietude of her dressing-room, which is situated away from the noise and turmoil of the great studios below. It is rather like a study, for books line one side of the room, and tables covered with photograph albums are scattered about the spacious apartment.

She confessed to me that she was always a little afraid that the mechanical side of picture production might affect her creative acting.

"Although I naturally admire the science that lies behind the work

walk on to a balcony and express my pleasure at the delight of a wonderful moonlight night. The sky on that occasion was a huge black drop of painted canvas, and the night

breeze emanated from a creaking electric fan a few yards from my elbow. Of course, since then I have acted amidst beautiful natural surroundings in the country, and in picturesque houses. Yet that has always made me admire the pioneers in pictures who knew little of the wonderful



Above: In "Eyes of the Soul." Left and right: Some film creations.

of a modern studio," she said, "I think that a sensitive artiste should endeavour to disassociate herself from it as much as possible. When I am playing, I always visualise a vast invisible audience, and do not think of the inscrutable camera lens or the hissing arc-lamps."

"That must have been difficult when you first came to the studios?" I asked.

She smiled reminiscently.

"I always remember in my first picture, *Barbary Sheep*, how the director told me that I had to

settings amidst which modern artistes appear. Registering emotions before canvas backgrounds and similar crudities of the early days of the films must have been very trying."

Like Gloria Swanson, Elsie Ferguson has the fear that the beautiful clothes that invariably accompany her screen characterisations may suggest to the picture public that to a large extent she relies on dress to secure effect.

"I welcomed the part of the down-trodden slum girl in *The Rise of Jennie Cushing*, for, on that occasion, I was able to dispense with elaborate costumes."

It is in keeping with her love of the open air that she studies most of her film parts lying in a hammock in the

garden of her Hollywood home.

The shrill voice of the studio boy announcing that Miss Ferguson was wanted in the studios brought my Pygmalion quest to a close. The Galatea of the films again became a statuesque figure as she rose, her slim form suggesting stately height with the light of the window throwing it into sharp relief against the mauves and purple of the decorations.

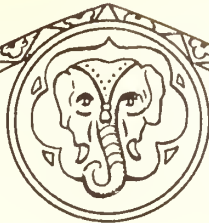
The dreamy veil had again fallen over her expressive eyes, but as I shook her shapely hand, I knew that I had secured a glimpse of the real Elsie Ferguson that has never yet been conveyed from the screen.



Evelyn Brent,

the popular American Film Star now playing in British Films, says of "Eastern Foam"—

"It is delightfully refreshing—and protects the skin against east winds."



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CRITICAL — ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS IN — CURRENT PICTURES
GOSSIP



The absence of "Picturegoers' Guide" caused many readers to write appealing for its re-installation. This month the information contained in the "Guide" will be found below, but future issues will include the feature in its original form. September makes us decidedly serious in our film-fare; farces are *non est*, and comedies few and far between. We have favourite stars once again with us, for Lillian Gish, Betty Compson, Priscilla Dean, Jackie Coogan, Marie Doro, and Mabel Normand have one release each. The French serial, *The Three Musketeers* (Sept. 4), is a notable addition to the month's attractions—no Dumas-lover should miss it; and *The Glorious Adventure*, the first all-colour film, with its mammoth cast of stage, screen, and society favourites, is released by Stolls on the same date. *The Glorious Adventure* has a complicated plot; it has been novelised, and can be obtained from the publisher, Cecil Palmer, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London.

Jackie Coogan proves once again his right to stardom in *My Boy* (Pathé, Sept. 25). From the moment the shabby little orphan from France arrives on Ellis Island (where all immigrants land) and the grandmother he expected fails to meet him, he

enlists one's sympathy. Somewhat reminiscent of *The Kid* is the way Jackie and the grumpy old sea-captain he "adopts" take care of each other. Jackie's rich grandmother doesn't appear until the final reel, so that there is no lack of pathos. All his own are "The Kid's" methods of "putting over" humour and tears: he has plenty of the latter, for the story tends to martyrise him rather. Claude Gillingwater's embittered old seaman stands only second to his "Earl of Dorincourt" study. The other rôles are unimportant, but capably filled; and the feature is well directed and satisfactorily photographed. After a too long (for him) sojourn in hospital, Jackie is at work again now on *Fiddle and I*, in which he has chosen one of the tallest screen stars (Eileen Sedgwick) for his "opposite."

Movie-makers must have ransacked their old store cupboards again this summer—so many ancient stories are being refilmed. Besides Mary Pickford's *Tessiel*, we have Wallace Reid in *The Ghost Breaker*; and now Norma Talmadge's husband has just bought *Within the Law* for her future use. Vitagraph filmed this five years ago, with Alice Joyce as "Mary Turner" and Harry Morey opposite. Fox's have just released their new version of *A Fool There Was*, with

Estelle Taylor in the rôle that brought Theda Bara into prominence.

Welcome news for picturegoers with memories—Dorothy Gish and Dick Barthelmess are to be seen together again. The film is a picturisation of "Fury," by Edmund Goulding, and will be commenced the end of next month. Without benefit of monkey glands, Dick Barthelmess claims that he had twenty years taken away in less than ten minutes. Yes, you've guessed it. Dick grew a beard in order to appear as his own father in *The Bondboy*, the film he's now at work upon. One barber, one razor, and a pair of scissors removed the growth and the years together.

The main idea of *The Bargain* (Imperial, Sept. 4), the impersonation of one man impersonating another so as to secure an inheritance, is a very old one, and not even Henry Edwards's skilful work as producer and chief player can prevent this from being noticeable. Still, with its excellent settings, good continuity, and delightful acting, it provides pleasant entertainment. The missing heir in this case is the villain of the piece; as Rex McDougall plays him, one can understand his father (Henry Vibart) paying him to keep out of England. Chrissie White hasn't much to do, but she is a natural and charming heroine;

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The rescue, a stunt scene from "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," which has been given a special release in London.

and Mary Dibley is almost unrecognisable as the slatternly wife of a Western ranch owner.

Two new serials of the month are *The Sky Ranger* (Pathé, Sept. 14) and *The Blue Fox* (Sept. 7). The first concerns a pair of rival inventors, one of whom specialises in searchlights which signal to Mars; the other in aeroplanes speedier than shotguns. George B. Seitz and June Caprice star; and Harry Landes and Peggy Shane are a realistic villain and vamp. Sky, sea, and land are the backgrounds of thrills which will please the sensation-seeker. George B. is hard at it just now directing Pearl White in *Plunder*.

Anna Little stars in the other chapter play, *The Blue Fox*, which contains that dearly beloved ingredient of the serial writers, a feud. True to type, a gang chase the hero and heroine through thirty reels, with a fight in every one; with aeroplanes, snow scenes, and underground passages thrown in gratis. Congratulations to Anna Little on her riding and other stunts; she is one of the best horsewomen on the screen, besides being an excellent actress.

Tom Mix is serious again this month. No more patent devices for lightening household labours. *The Night Horsemen* (Fox, Sept. 25) is a sequel to *The Untamed*, and the hero thereof, amongst other qualities, possesses eyes that turn yellow when their owner "sees red." The opening is slow (for a Mix film), but when two villains pursue Tom at once matters begin to move. There are all kinds of fights, and capital riding, roping, and shooting displays by Mix, with the best thrill of all at the end. The cast, which includes May Hopkins, Bert Sprotte, Lon Poff, Sid Jordan, and Harry Lonsdale, is a fine one.

Very thrilling, very melodramatic, very illogical, but very well worth seeing is *A Tale of Two Worlds* (Goldwyn, Sept. 18), which has an all-star cast headed by Leatrice Joy, Wallace Beery, J. Frank Glendon, Jack Abbe, Irene Rich, Edythe Chapman, and Dwight Crittenden. The Boxer rebellion sets the ball of adventure rolling, and some fast-moving incidents occur before the heroine, whose white parents are killed, is taken to America by a faithful Chinese and brought up as an Oriental. Wallace Beery is a horrible specimen of a villain, and the crushing-machine torture he inflicts upon his victims so gruesome that it is a relief when a poetic justice is meted out to him. Gouverneur Morris wrote the story especially for Leatrice Joy, who is now a Paramount star.

Betty Compson is the sole attraction of *Prisoners of Love* (Goldwyn, Sept. 25), for the story is sordid social drama, though it has a big idea. It is Betty's first star production, and is well produced, acted and photographed, but there is an underlying suggestion of nastiness that will jar sensitive onlookers. Emory Johnson (Ella Hall's husband) plays opposite Betty, and Roy Stewart, Ralph Lewis and Claire MacDowell support. Except for ardent Compson "fans," there are too many "close-ups" of the star; and surely, even in the movies, husbands don't censor their wives' letters like that Betty has just finished an elaborate costume production of *To Have and To Hold*, with popular Bert Lytell opposite her.

After her startling success as "Rose" in *The Miracle Man*, Betty Compson headed her own star company, but, contrary to expectations, was very very glad to become

a featured player again. "Having one's own company is a terrible responsibility," she told an interviewer recently. "I had to supervise all the sets, sign the cheques, choose the story, select the casts, until acting became a sort of spare-time hobby with me." Now that she's a Paramount player, Betty rather wants to appear in a Cecil De Mille feature.

Gertrude McCoy has only one real opportunity in *The Golden Dawn*, and doesn't fail to make the most of it. This occurs in the last reel; the rest of the time the thin story gives neither her, nor excellent character artistes like Mary Brough and Sidney Fairbrother, very little chance to show what they can do. The plot concerns an actress who falls in love with a blind man. Her husband, supposedly dead, reappears, is shot by a burglar, and the heroine is accused of the deed. Warwick Ward is fairly good in a difficult rôle, but there is hardly any real "punch" in the story, and which has been told in a most ordinary way.

A serial boiled down to feature length, with thrills and sensations treading fast upon one another's heels, *Cold Steel* (Jury, Sept. 18) is remarkable, chiefly for the excellence of J. P. McGowan's acting as the "strong, silent" hero. The plot is ably worked out, the incidents exciting; and there are fine lighting and effects in the storm scenes. Four villains try their utmost to dispose of "Steele Weir," but he eludes and outwits them time and again. The cast includes Elinor Fair, Kathleen Clifford, Milt Brown, and Nigel de Brulier.

Did you see any of the old Triangle Kaybee melos of Indians, border towns, dance hall girls, etc..

"Pimple," who is returning to the screen, is seen below on location. Grock, the famous musical clown, stands on the comedian's left.



etc? If you did you'll be irresistibly reminded of them by *The U. P. Trail*, (Wardou, Sept. 11). Even the cast is principally composed of Kaybee favourites; we have Kathryn Williams as a good-bad woman, Joseph Dowling as the professional gambler, and Robert McKim as a terrifically wicked villain. The book, by Zane Grey, is doubtless familiar to all, and the film bristles with adventure and action, with plenty of shooting and killing, and pretty Marguerite de la Motte having a terrible time for many reels. We've seen Roy Stewart to better advantage than as "Warren Neale" in this film, which is crude at times, but undoubtedly thrilling.

Not as good as most of the Swedish productions is *Let No Man Put Asunder* (General, Sept. 23). Its theme is unattractive, though finely conceived, dealing as it does with religious controversy, but the emotions aroused are morbid. The idea of the priestly mind preying upon the superstitious ignorance of his parishioners is powerfully brought out, but the continuity is poor, and makes this semi-historical tale hard to follow in parts. Jessie Wessel, as "The Woman," strikes a dramatic note, and Edith Erastof is sympathetic, but Ivor Nilsson as the priest is altogether too theatrical. Some beautiful countryside views, beautifully photographed, and excellent interior settings will partly, but not wholly, compensate. The story on which the film was founded is by Strindberg.

The story of *Dangerous Lies* (Paramount, Sept. 11) is anemic in the extreme, and it is certainly nothing like the usual E. Phillips Oppenheim yarns. It concerns the two daughters of a rector, one of whom marries a swindler, but leaves

(Continued on page 52)

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him. Later first employed by, then wedded to, a certain Sir Henry Bond, she keeps secret her first marriage, and from one lie is led to tell a hundred more before she makes a clean breast of it all and finds happiness. The cast, which includes David Powell, Mary Glynn, Minna Grey, Lieut-Col. English, and Warburton Gamble are all extremely good, so is the direction and photography, and a few London exteriors are well chosen and well away from the conventional "spots" usually selected by movie makers.

They had practically a whole house erected for *Dangerous Lies* at Famous Lasky's Islington Studio. Library, bedroom, hall, with staircase, and even an attic, were all standing next door to one another on the two big floors there. On the day the "elopement" scenes were shot, Paul Powell needed a tabby cat for a scene or two, and the black specimen that still haunts the studio seemed to resent the presence of the intruder very much. To prevent a fight, Paul Powell held her whilst the other was on the set, but professional jealousy (or temperament, if pussies suffer from temperament), caused by two retakes of the tabby, resulted in a vicious attack on the part of the black beauty. Whilst trying to calm her Paul Powell had his face rather badly scratched. With the proverbial patience of the producer, he took it as part of the day's work, and didn't even call the offender anything more lurid than a "naughty pet."

An excellent husband and wife story is *The Money Master* (Paramount, Sept. 18), which stars James Kirkwood as a French-Canadian philosopher who, after successfully dominating his own little parish,

Exciting scenes were witnessed during the filming of J. Stuart Blackton's picture at Beaulieu. This photo shows Mary Clare in a moment of peril.



is surprised and disappointed to find the rest of the world knowing little about him and caring less. How this "Barbille" neglects his wife, narrowly escapes becoming a murderer, and loses his fortune before he finds peace, take five reels in unfolding. The story is a moving one, and follows the well-known novel, by Sir Gilbert Parker, closely. Ann Forrest, Alice Hollister, Charles Ogle, Mabel Van Buren, and Alan Hale head a capable supporting cast; splendid scenic effects and good photography add to the effect of one of the best films of the month.

Matt Moore plays a very attractive burglar in *Straight is The Way* (Paramount, Sept. 21), which has an excellent opening, and tells of a bad, bold cracksmen who masquerades as a detective, and afterwards forswears stealing. It is a kinematization of a novel by Ethel Watts Mumford Grant, and makes a thoroughly interesting film. The two forlorn women in whose house the burglars hide, and who are later befriended by them, are well acted by Gladys Leslie and Mabel Burt; and George Parson is quite good as "Loot" Follett, the burglar hero's New York chum. Production, sub-titling and photography, especially in some good night scenes, are well up to standard.

Life in South America is anything but dull if *The Fire Cat* (F.B.O., Sept. 25) is a fair sample of it. The scenery is wonderful, there's a thrill every day, and an extra one when Mt. Cotopaxi erupts and destroys a Peruvian mining town and its wicked citizens. Also, hate, revenge, and cowardice stalk abroad at all times and seasons side by side with

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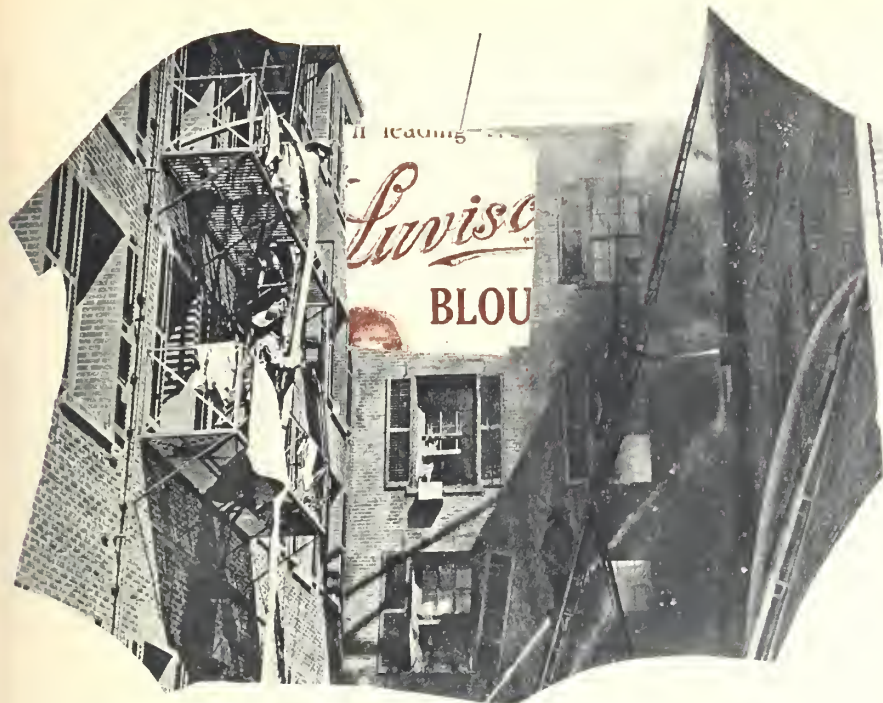


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Douglas Fairbanks performs some exciting stunts in his current release, "One of the Blood."

fiery Spanish dancers, half-castes, a wicked renegade, and a derelict engineer who proves to be the hero of the piece. Edith Roberts is excellent in the title-rôle, and Wallace McDonald, Walter Long, William Eagle Eye, Beatriz Dominguez, and Olga D'Mo-jean support. The photography is very fine, with good silhouette effects, and the play contains many thrills, though not much humour.

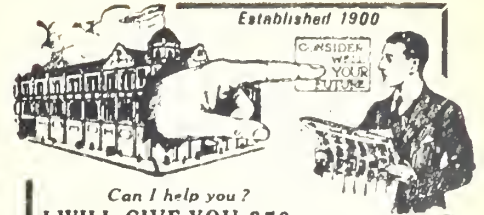
Victor Seastrom produced *God's Way* (General, Sept. 20), and also contributes a fine character study of a hard, proud old man. The film is notably artistic and well acted, and, like almost all Swedish productions, realistic without being sordid. Though compelling and interesting, all the while the story is simple, and sensation-lovers may find it slow. The discriminating picture-goer, however, will delight in the charming interiors and exteriors, the human charm and interest of the plot, despite its intentional drabness, and the fine acting of Seastrom himself, Tora Teya, Tom Weyde, Nils Lundell, and Bertie Malmstradt, solemnness of solemn small boys. The picturesque costumes and customs of these studies of Swedish life make them a welcome change to the everlasting Society and Western dramas America send us in such quantities.

Unless you're an out-and-out sentimentalist you'll be bored with *Lavender and Old Lace*, even if you enjoyed the book. The Myrtle Reed story depends too much upon fine character drawing, lace pinafore, white-haired old ladies, and bundles of scented love letters to make a good screen vehicle. But there are two

romances, an adequate cast, and some comic relief, and the languid life in New England many years ago is presented with a great deal of charm. Marguerite Snow plays the old lady, whom the scenario compels to be "a long time a-dyin'," and James Corrigan, Seena Owen, Victor Potel, and Louis Bennison play other characters familiar to admirers of the popular work of fiction. This Wardour release is due on Sept. 28.

The first of the long list of Scotch stories is with us this month in *Christie Johnstone* (Walturdaw, Sept. 18). In 1923 there will be dozens of them, for every other British producer and a couple of American ditto has gone North for a change. *Christie Johnstone* is "adapted from Charles Reade's well-known story," which means that although the characters are all there, they behave in slightly different fashion on the screen. The story has become a pleasantly simple romance, and the early Victorian atmosphere is there in all its (to us) faded glory. Gertrude McCoy is sympathetic and charming as the fisher-lass heroine, and Stewart Rome, who co-stars, will please his admirers, although his rôle of a Victorian Viscount gives him none too much scope for dramatic work. Clive Brook, Mercy Hatton, and Adeline Hayden-Coffin appear in supporting rôles. Several opportunities for dramatic situations seem to have escaped the eye of the producer: the photography is good, but unequal.

Other releases of the month are *Uncharted Seas* (Jury, Sept. 11), with Alice Lake and Rudolf Valentino; *The Silver Cat*, an Earle Williams



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super (Vitagraph, Sept. 25), *Made In Heaven*, with Tom Moore and Helen Chadwick (Goldwyn, Sept. 11); *Colorado*, a Frank Mayo feature (F.B.O., Sept. 18); *The Devil's Garden*, starring Lionel Barrymore (Moss Empires, Sept. 15); *General John Regan*, with Milton Rosmer (Stoll, Sept. 18); and *True Heart Susie*, a Griffith production, with Lillian Gish and Bobby Harron (Walker, Sept. 4). Also *Beatrice*, with Marie Doro (L.I.F.T., Sept. 4).

There is a problem in *The Breaking Point*. There is also that which will cause the tears of sentimental film fans to flow like rivers, especially when the persecuted, suffering wife of the rich waster threatens to shoot her baby daughter to keep her from association with her wicked father's friends. It is a sad story with the agony piled on and drawn out, but the social atmosphere is well caught, and there are many tense moments. Bessie Barriscale plays the unhappy lady they all delight in persecuting; she is excellent, as usual, particularly in the highly emotional moments. Wonder when Bessie will break away from studies in suffering spouses! The all-star cast includes Walter McGrail, Joseph Dowling, Pat O'Malley, Wilfred Lucas, and Ethel Grey Terry, and the film is released on Sept. 4 by Wardour.

A well-told and forceful plot, skilfully presented, with the Tombs, the Bridge of Sighs, and the famous Sing-Sing Prison itself for background, make *The City of Silent Men* (Paramount, Sept. 4) a film that should not be missed by Thomas Meighan fans. Tom is fond of playing the crook (on the screen), and always contrives to be likeable. In this case the scenario helps him greatly. He is hunted from pillar to post until the final reel, when his pal (Paul Everton) obtains a pardon for him. The detective and chief huntsman is played by George McQuarrie in exaggerated fashion, Lois Wilson is the inevitable "girl in the case," and Kate Bruce shines in a mother part. Needless to add, Tom didn't commit the crime they sent him to Sing-Sing to expiate.

The brothers De Mille are totally unlike each other in their methods of treating a domestic problem; but, then, the problems they tackle are widely diverse. *The Lost Romance* (Paramount, Sept. 25) is an original screen story by Edward Knoblock, a sentimental romance, artistically screened by William De Mille, and based on an age-old domestic problem. The chief characters are not really sympathetic—the wife is foolish, the husband peevish, and the other man too sentimental for words.

The technical side of the production is good, the sets fine, and the acting excellent wherever possible. Sub-titles abound, and preachy ones at that, but the all-star cast, headed by Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Conrad Nagel, and Fontaine La Rue, do their best with their material.

Featuring David Egremont, *The Man Who Sold His Soul* (London, Sept. 11) is a cut-back to early days when stories with Faustian bargains were swallowed in all



"Meditation and Mirth" is the title of this remarkable camera study of Eille Norwood. You will see the reason for the title if you cover up one side of the portrait at a time with a piece of paper.

ness by an unsophisticated public. But if you don't smile when the Evil One (clad in correct evening attire) signs a business-like document and affixes a seal to it, you may be able to enjoy the clever incidents and effects that follow. The banker, the other party to the contract who sells his soul for wealth, which he undertakes to dissipate at the rate of a million francs a day, certainly has a run for his money, and, aided by a workgirl who loves him, manages to finally defeat the gentleman from the nether regions. The film was made in France.

Of Bert Lytell's two current releases *The Man Who* (Jury, Sept. 25) will probably please his admirers the most. A refreshingly original plot, of the comedy-drama kind, it concerns a returned soldier, who, urged by the girl he loved to "do something," parades the streets barefoot as a protest against the price of shoe-leather—thus commencing a campaign,

and he becomes a national hero. Bert has the support of Lucy Cotton, Virginia Valli, Mary Louise Beaton and William Roselle. One must congratulate the producer upon the excellence of the street scenes.

The story is as well acted as he is in *The Man Who*, Bert Lytell is distinctly excellent in *A Message From Buren* (Jury, Sept. 15). He over-acts support his might, and perfect as the and action is on the technical side, effect (its double-exposure scenes, month long fire and rescues, it leaves one with a feeling of disapproval.

Most of us know the popular play, and a few remember the first screening, a British production, with Charles Hawtrey in his original rôle of Horace Parker. His rendering and Bert Lytell's are as the poles apart. In the current version, whilst the London exteriors are carefully staged, we have the usual "atmosphere" so dear to the heart of the American producer in the shape of an ubiquitous hansom cab and two lamp-posts. Seldom yet has an ambitious production showing scenes of London streets been made in American studios without these inevitable "props." We had them in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but will not have them in Barrymore's *Sherlock Holmes*, because Jack came over specially for the street scenes, which were made on the spot.

The hero of *The Sentimental Bloke* figures also in *Ginger Mick* (Gaumont, Sept. 11), which is a life-like picture of a certain phase of Australian life and character. The character of "Ginger" matters more than the story; he is excellently played by Gilbert Warren-Emery, and whether at racecourse or restaurant, or later in Gallipoli, he is unaffected, human, and real. Once again, weird Australian slang enlivens the sub-titling, and Lottie Lyall and Arthur Tauchert are seen as "The Bloke" and "His Wife." It is a sentimental film, but unexaggerated and amusing and tear-compelling by turns.

William Russell has a good Wild West drama in *Singing River* (Fox, Sept. 8). Alone he fights against a hard, hard world full of hard, hard knocks, both for him and for his adversaries. It is all done for the love of a lady, played by Vola-Vale, and well done in bright, breezy and adventurous fashion. Very fine mountain and prairie scenes are shown, and the fights are thoroughly realistic. Jack McDonald is an interesting figure as "The Drifter," a tramp who figures largely in the story, and other parts are filled by Clark Comstock and Arthur Morrison.



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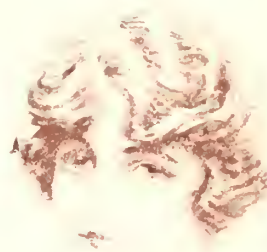
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Wallace Reid is lovely,
Creighton Hale is, too.
I hurry to the pictures
To see dear Monte Blue.

But there is one still better
With whom I'm never bored,
His name (I guess you know it)
Is good old Harrison Ford.
D. W. (Pendleton).

MY HERO.

J is for John, who is my choice,
O is for Others who like Alice Joyce,
H is for Handsome, which truly he is,
N is for Never his films would I miss.

S is his Smile which shines forth from
the screen,
T is the most Topping actor I've
seen,
U is for Us who simply adore him,
A is for Aberystwyth where we really
saw him,
R is for Ripping, this favourite of
mine,
T 's for *The* brightest of all stars that
shine.
ALINE (Cheshire).

AN OPEN LETTER.

Dear Miss Doro,—Boldly taking
Up once more his patient pen,
An admirer, ne'er-forsaking,
Dares to write to you again,
And hopes that you will not refuse
Your kind indulgence to his Muse.

Other stars who bring us pleasure
Grace our screens— but none with
more
Than a very little measure
Of the beauties making your
Dear art (above reproach or strictures)
The poetry of motion pictures.

Why we love you, need I tell you?
Or could I your charms describe?
For a smile our hearts we sell you,
With a glance our eyes you bribe
Till (as powerless in your sight)
Cares dissolve in pure delight.

Wood-nymph from some Grecian fable,
Would not Earth be Heaven's reflex
If some magic could enable
All the members of your sex
To grow the Marie Doro way?
Younger and prettier every day!
E. J. F. (Bayswater).

LOUISE FAZENDA.

O, Louise Fazenda,
Not sweet and not tender,
Why is it we
Write a poem to thee?

We're tired of the faces
And delicate laces
Of butterflies
With goo-goo eyes.

And oh! how we tire
Of the stately Vampire,
Whose only charms
Are legs and arms.

While the ingénue
Serves to send us away
From the pay-box
To darn our socks.

But Louise Fazenda,
Not fair and not slender,
When we see thee
We chuckle with glee.

Our laughs you engender
O, Louise Fazenda,
That is why we
Write a poem to thee.
H. C. K.-F. (N.W.3).

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 post-cards, 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," PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W. C. 2.

A Secret of the Frozen North.

When "Roger," in *The North Wind's Malice*, left the claim, he buried his pick and shovel in a hole. On his arrival at the township, however, he drops his pack, etc., from his shoulders, and the pick and shovel are seen on the ground beside it. Did the North Wind blow them after him?—E. M. (Hendon.)

Small Change.

In *To Please One Woman*, one person talks about "cents," whilst another, "Cecilia," asks for "six-pence" to buy some cigarettes. Someone hath blundered!—L. W. (Leamington).

No Wonder a Deputy Was Required.

A sub-title in *Corinthian Jack* declares that Lady Barbara Dane was a reigning toast at Wells in Waterlooc year (1815), thus giving the period of the story. But the hero is shown deputising for (of all people!) Jerry Belcher in a fight with Bill Richmond. Apart from other criticism, it is worth noting that Belcher had been in his grave four years at the date in question he having been born in 1771, and died July 30, 1811.—M. P. H. (London).

A "Burning" Kiss.

Fred Groves, in *Judge Not*, is seen struggling with a girl and making vain attempts to give her a kiss. But he had a cigarette in his mouth the whole time, so that she would have had a hot time had he succeeded.—G. S. W. (Dunfermline).

A Laundry in the Swamp?

In *The Great Gamble*, the hero Charles Hutchison, is pursued into the swamp by the villain. Naturally Charlie's breeks get muddy. But view of him farther in the swamp shows him wearing clean and freshly creased trousers. How did Hutchison manage this?—H. H. (Wellingborough).

The Restless Raincoat.

In *The Restless Sex* Marion Davis is wearing a motor coat when she leaves the ruined car, but when she arrives at the nearest town, which is three miles away, she is seen wearing a raincoat with a belt. Did she call at a tailor's on the way?—C. (Hackney).



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Let George Do It!



JAPAN
(London).

—Try sending about one shilling with your request next time. Your post office will tell you how to send it. Sessue Hayakawa usually sends photos to his "fans." (1) The film you name was an

Italian production. Cast not available now. (2) Haven't heard from Fritz Lieber for many months; he's on the stage again, I believe.

FLO AND WILLIE (Leith).—(1) William Russell, born April 12, 1887, in New York City. (2) Not at present. (3) Tom Mix is somewhere in the thirties. For *Big Stakes* is his newest Westerner. (4) No.

M. R. (Stockport).—Elaine Hammerstein and Edward Langford in *The Shadow of Rosalie Byrne*; Edna Murphy and Ed. Roseman in *Fantomias*; and in *The Spite Bride*, the late Olive Thomas, Robert Ellis, Jack Mulhall, and Irene Rich.

BETTY T. (Blackburn).—(1) Casson Ferguson is on the road to stardom. Yes, he's a nice chap. His latest photoplays are *A Virginia Courtship* (Realart), and *At the End of the World* (Paramount); earlier ones are *Mervely Mary Ann*, *Mutiny of the Elsinore*, *The Prince Chap*, *Secret Service*, *Johnny Get Your Gun*, *Madame X*, and *How Could You, Jean?* (2) Charles Meredith was the man you admired in *The Thirteenth Commandment*. (3) That film needs a special presentation, and they haven't been able to find a theatre yet. (4) Either call, or send specimens of your work to any of the British studios; you'll find a list of them in "The Motion-Picture Studio," price 5d. post free, from Odham's Press, Long Acre, London, W.C. (5) You might find those films at some little out-of-the-way kinema: they're not likely to be re-issued generally. (6) Milton Sills played in *The Claw*, *The Mysterious Client*, *The Stronger Vow*, *The Fear Woman*, *Eyes of Youth*, *Dangerous to Men*, *The Faith Healer*, *Little Lady of the Big House*, *Miss Lulu Bett*, and *Turn to the Right*.

C. M. (Suffolk).—No postcards of that player now. She's at school, I believe.

WU FANG'S ADMIRER (London).—Warner Oland is Swedish; he's not yet married. (2) Eille Norwood's a

Britisher, married to Ruth Mackay. (3) Can't supply No. 1 of "Pictures," but other back numbers are obtainable from Publishing Department. Your taste evidently runs to villains, as you consider Warner Oland the finest film star extant.

G. A. S. (Kingston-on-Thames).—(1) Eugene O'Brien in *The Safety Curtain*; Vernon Steele in *Silks and Satins*; Chester Barnett in *Girl of the Sea*. (2) Rex Cherryman was in *Scattergood* and *Camille*, which you can see this month. I believe he's still with Metro. (3) Ralph Graves in *Dream Street* and Ora Carewe and Milton Sills in *The Little Lady of the Big House*. (4) "My Merry Rockhurst" has not been filmed yet.

O. J. W. (Charlton).—You're quite right. The pieces shall be put together again forthwith.

THE UNCURLY KID (London).—(1) Cullen Landis is a Goldwyn player. You'll see him later in *The City Teller*, *The Man with Two Mothers*, and *The Night Rose*. (2) Can't do that for you, as it's against the rules. You can write Cullen Landis, c.o. us.

POT AND TAKE (London).—Go to the bottom of the class. We had an interview with Carol Dempster in the June 4, 1921 PICTURES; you must have missed it. (1) Carol is a Californian; her birthday was January 6, 1902. Early career as a dancer with Ruth St. Denis; on the screen she appears in the Griffith productions, *Romance of Happy Valley*, *The Girl Who Stayed at Home*, *Scarlet Days*, *The Love Flower*, and *Dream Street*. Now working at Mamaronck in *At The Grange*. She also played in *Black Beach* for First National. Carol is dark-haired and dark-eyed. (2) *Made in Heaven* is Tom Moore's next release (September 11). I thought both the films you named good of their kind. Conrad Nagel was born at Des Moines, Iowa, on March 16, 1896. He was on the stage this side with the Little Women American company. Did you see him? *The Lost Romance* is a September release. *Midsummer Madness*, July 3. You were certainly lucky to receive photos from the stars.

D. S. K. (Wilts).—I can't recommend any Kinema College, for I've no faith in them. The one you name

is genuine, but some of them are simply traps to catch your money. (1) Louise Lovely's height is 5 ft. 2 in., weight, 128 lbs. Fair hair and blue-grey eyes. She's an Australian, born in Sydney, 1896; educated in Switzerland and her home town. Stage and vaudeville career in Australia; screen work with Universal, Vitagraph, and Fox and Goldwyn. *Poverty of Riches* and *Heart of the North* are her two latest films. (2) Gaumont filmed the Kid Lewis v. Frankie Burns Contest.

F. D. (Chislet).—Write to Tom Mix and ask him. I daresay he'll oblige you.

M. S. (Lancs.).—That was *A Daughter of the Hills*, with Laura Sawyer as "Flora." William Farnum did play "Marcus" in *Sign of the Cross*.

B. B. (Brixton).—Didn't you read "A Day with Monroe Salisbury" in the July, 1921 PICTUREGOER? His last film is *The Great Alone*.

KIT (Perth).—(1) That player has starred in many comedies, but he is not likely to appear in any more films now. (2) Harold Lloyd isn't married. (3) Yes, they usually do. (4) Stewart Rome's eyes are blue-grey. (5) Yes; Bryant Washburn's married to Mabel Forrester, and Petrova is Polish, not Russian.

E. A. H. (St. Leonards-on-Sea).—(1) Appendicitis. (2) No. (3) You can try, anyhow. Sessue Hayakawa usually replies, but he's in Japan at the moment, so you may have a long wait. (4) Art-plate of him in the August PICTURES. Welcome to the fold. You can write whenever you feel like it.

M. C. (Sunderland).—Cast of that film not available. It is very old, and was never sent to England. Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kington played the leads. Mary Miles Minter will be seen in all her Realart films the end of this year and the beginning of next. *Anne of Green Gables* is one of the best; but you won't see it yet awhile.

C. C. H. (Liverpool).—Several versions of *Lorna Doone* have been filmed. The latest is Tourneur's production for Ince, with Madge Bellamy, John Bowers and Frank Keenan the chief players. No photographs obtainable at present.

CLUDEN (Manchester).—Very many thanks for suggestions. It's always fatal when I try to be funny. Once I made a joke in these columns, and I've never been allowed to forget it. If you can see the same film seven times over, then you're a real Fan.

MOSSICAN (Surrey).—(1) Tony Moreno's 34. Pauline Curley a little over 20. They are not husband and wife. (2) It costs about 8d. per foot. Are you good at sums? (3) Yes on the cover of the July 17, 1921 issue; and the centre of August 20, 1921. (4) Two thousand feet, approximately. (5) Depends on the style of film. (6) Is a warning to the Farnum Fans that Mossican's a Mix-it and a Jujitsu expert. Brickbats to Nazimova and bouquet to Rut Roland duly noted.

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LET GEORGE DO IT.

(Continued from Page 58.)

PATIENCE (Hull).—That's my middle name. (1) Both in their early twenties. W. A. Freshman is an Australian. (2) Nothing available. (3) Mahlon Hamilton has *The Truant Husband*, *The Lane That Has No Turning*, and *The Green Temptation* still to be released. Not until next year, though. Letters safely forwarded.

H. L. (Australia).—(1) Milton Sills in *The Savage Woman*; Conway Tearle in *The Reason Why* and *The Common Law*. (2) Jack Dougherty opposite Alice Lake in *The Greater Claim*; Carol Holloway in *Two Moons*; and Ruth Golden in *Blue Streak McCoy*.

BAILE-ATA-CLIAI (Dublin).—Wants to know whether it is absolutely necessary for a chap to have a dark complexion and a strong chin to make good in the films. The answer's Ben Turpin. It isn't a matter of chin or skin; personality and ability come first, good looks and good luck count, too; but there's very little room in the kinema world just now. (1) Born 1901. Work it out. (2) Doesn't state. (3) In *The Tell-Tale Step*. (4) Shirley Mason's films are *The Winning Girl*,

Awakening of Ruth, *Treasure Island*, *Her Elephant Man*, *Molly and I*, *Merely Mary Ann*, *The Little Wanderer*, *Love-time*, and *The Lamplighter*. (5) *Love's Harvest* was released August, 1921. Shirley Mason works at Fox Western Studios, 1401, North-western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. (6) Write the Studios, enclosing about 1s. (more if you want a very large picture). "Motion-Picture Studio," price 5d. post free, from Odham's Press, Long Acre, London, W.C., contains all you want.

H. C. B. (Wood Green).—You'll find all that in the interview with her in the September PICTUREGOER. (2) Yes, the family name of the Gishes is *de Guiche*. (3) The late Clarine Seymour was born in 1901, in New York; commenced film work in 1917 in *The Double Cross*, a Mollie King serial. Played also in Rolin comedies, and in *The Girl Who Stayed at Home*, *True Heart Susie*, *Scarlet Days*, and *The Idol Dancer*. She was working in *'Way Down East*; but died suddenly after an operation on Sunday, April 25, 1920. Mary Hay played her part in the completed film. Clarine was dark-eyed and dark-haired. (1) 1916; (2) 1914; (3) 1918; (4) 1920; (5) 1920;

(6) 1920. Nothing doing this time, so your hope is realised.

E. W. S. (Stamford Brook).—It is lovely weather; but only for amphibians. (2) Jack Kerrigan has been known to whistle on occasions. Don't know if he "touches wood," though. (3) Gloria Hope is a Pittsburg girl, born in 1901; blue eyes and auburn hair. Her films are *Naughty, Naughty*, *Heart of Rachael*, *The Day She Paid*, *Gay Lord Quex*, *Too Much Johnson*, *Dangerous Hero*, *The Untamed*, and *The Texan*. She's in a Sol Lesser production, titled *Trouble*, at present. (4) Consists of brickbats, which I have stacked up behind my chair for disposal later. (5) Juanita Hansen is on a vaudeville tour. More another time.

TARZANITE (W.I).—Your plea has been granted. Watch the Who's Where column for news of your favourite players.

NOVELLO-ITE (Ireland).—(1) I'm sure he would; he always does. (2) E. K. Lincoln in *Desert Gold*. (3) C.o. this journal will find him. Don't forget the plain stamped envelope. (4) Can't risk another one yet.

RESULT OF MOVIE LETTERS COMPETITION No. 2.

THE result of the second Movie Letters Competition, announced in the July issue of "Pictures," resulted in a tie between three competitors, each of whom made four mistakes. The first prize has therefore been increased to £2 5s., and divided equally amongst the following:

Miss Violet E. Knight, 4, St. George's Place, Brighton; Miss C. H. Rae, 18, Devonshire Road, Aberdeen; Miss N. M. Thomson, Windsor Cottage, Braemar Road, Scotland.

Consolation prizes have also been awarded to the following competitors who had five and six mistakes each: Miss Greenyer, Edzell, New Church Road, Hove, Sussex; Miss B. Hughesden, 45, Creedon Road, Bermondsey, S.E.16; Miss Maisie Linton, 15, Queen's Hill, Newport, Mon.; Miss M. Mangan, 45, Hilberry Avenue, Tue Brook, Liverpool; Miss Catherine Sexton, 34, Elthrua Road, Hither Green, Lewisham, S.E.13; Miss Margery Sexton, 34, Elthrua Road, Lewisham, S.E.13.

The correct solutions are as follows:

(1)

Dear Sadie Love,
Have you heard of *The Amazing*

(2)

Dear Captain Dieppe,
I should love to have *The Diamond*

Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss? He has been *In Pursuit of Pamela*, and *An Amazing Courtship* followed. However, she is now *His Official Fiancée*, so she cannot be called *A Woman of No Importance* any longer, because she is *The Woman He Chose*. I expect it was *The Call of Youth*, don't you? We call them *The Persistent Lovers*. Of course she is *The Woman of His Dreams* and he the *Wonder Man*—anyway, she will excel as *A Sportsman's Wife*, even if she turns out to be *A Temperamental Wife*. Still, I really think he is *The Best Man* for her.

What is your *Husband Doing* now? Perhaps he could come along with us to the *Carnival*.

I received *Mrs. Temple's Telegram* this morning, so it's all fixed up that *Eliza Comes to Stay*. I very much want her to see *The Little Café* while she is with us. We take *Possession of The Old Nest* next week, but don't come and visit us until we have *The Sign on the Door!*

Always your friend,
Kipps.

Necklace, so you may *Go and Get It*, or would you prefer to *Leave It to Me* to do so?

I met *Lord and Lady Algy* the other day. They are still *Happy Though Married*. As for *The Gay Lord Quex*, I suppose he can never combine *Dollars and Sense*, although I am always reminding him of the old proverb about *A Fool and His Money*—! He answers that being *Guilty of Love* is all *The Sin that Was His*. Evidently he has been studying *The A B C of Love*, or else attending *The Charm School*. Of course you would call him *The Sentimental Bloke*, or *The Mischief Man*. In spite of what he says, I am afraid if he ever does marry it will be for *His Wife's Money*, and nothing else. Which reminds me that *The Tattlers* are still discussing *The Loudwater Mystery*, but I suppose that will always remain *Lady Audley's Secret*. Personally, I think he is still feeling sore about *The Prince and Betty*.

Well, my *Knight Errant*, and have you had any more opportunities for rescuing *A Damsel in Distress?*

Yours, with good wishes,
Pollyanna.

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"I DO not know if people on your side are aware that courses in photoplay composition and motion picture production are offered now in some of the

A Letter from American Universities.

I have been attending the courses in photoplay composition at Columbia University here, and we have had some interesting and unusual experiences. Besides our usual classes, special lectures, visits to studios, etc., are arranged for the students, and some of these have been both instructive and amusing. We have had lectures from Mr. Rupert Hughes; Mr. Julian Johnson, Production Manager for Famous-Players-Lasky; Mr. Dunning, Vice-President of Prizma Films; Mr. Berne, Scenario Editor for Goldwyn, etc. Mr. Brennan, one of the Fox Film Company's directors, lectured to us one evening, and was accompanied rather unexpectedly by Mr. William Farnum. All these big people in the motion picture world proved to be very approachable, and when the lecture proper was over the class gathered round and had a friendly talk. Mr. Brennan kindly invited the students to the Fox Film studios while *A Stage Romance*, with Mr. Farnum, was being filmed, and those members of the class who could spare the time were dressed and went on the set as extras.

The students were the guests of Mr. Thomas Ince at the Gotham Theatre one evening to see his picture, *Hail the Woman*. Mr. Ince made a personal appearance that evening, and the members of the class were presented to him. Mr. D. W. Griffith also invited the class to see *Orphans of the Storm*.

The students are not high-brow or ultra-literary in any way. They

are an interesting company of people of mixed nationalities who are eager to find a place in the motion picture business. There isn't a grouch among them, and they cherish their varied and ever-growing collections of polite rejection slips with cheerful humour and, I might almost say, friendly rivalry."—A. C. W. (*New York*.)

I AM always pleased to receive suggestions for the improvement of THE PICTUREGOER, and a letter just to hand from

"Three Film Enthusiasts" de-
"Picturegoer." serves special men-
tion. My corre-

spondents plead for the insertion of the "Picturegoers' Guide" as a separate feature, and, starting with the October issue, their request will be granted. They also suggest that a page of pictures from current releases should be included in each issue, and ask for a *pot-pourri* page showing artistes at work and play. What do you think?

"I SHOULD like to say that I entirely disagree with 'Picturegoer, Battersea,' in regard to costume films. I think that they are quite

as effective on the
More Costume screen as modern
Films Wanted. dramas. The dif-

ferent dresses and manners are such a change from the ordinary films which we are always seeing. I think that quite a large number of good costume films have been produced, not only 'a few exceptions.' Many of them are excellent British productions. For instance: *The Call of the Road*, *The Elusive Pimpernel*, *The Amateur Gentleman*, *The Tavern Knight*, *A Gentleman of France*, and others

which I could mention. The Americans have also produced some good ones, such as *The Three Musketeers*; but I think in this respect we can do better than America, as we have the proper old-world surroundings in this country. I say, let us have more costume films."—*Picture-Lover* (*Surbiton*.)

"I WOULD like to present a bouquet to 'Film Fan, York,' and to heave a brickbat at 'F. S., Folkestone,' I agree wholeheartedly with 'Film Fan'

The Patrician regarding Elsie
of the Screen. Ferguson, and the
title 'Patrician'

of the Screen' suits her beautifully. She always seems so aristocratic, yet never starchy. In my opinion, Pauline-Frederick, Katherine Macdonald, and the other statuesque beauties never can compare with the fair Elsie. Her beauty is hardly of the dazzling type, but she possesses a calm sweetness and a queenly dignity that all other actresses seem to lack. She is a splendid actress, too, for she never exaggerates, but always seems so natural."—*J. C.* (*London, S.W.*)

WITH reference to your voting contest as to who is the most beautiful screen actress, and who the most handsome screen actor, my opinion is that

We'll Leave it there is no 'most
at That. beautiful' woman

and no 'most handsome' man! There are too many different types, all beautiful in different ways, to make it possible to draw a definite distinction. What pleases one does not always please another. I thought Elsie Ferguson the most beautiful screen actress when I first saw her; but then I saw Norma Talmadge, Ethel Clayton, Irene Castle, Anita Stewart, Pauline Frederick, Claire Windsor, Ivy Duke, Anna Q. Nilsson, and a host of others; and now I don't know whom I consider to be the most beautiful. It was the same with the men. First it was Tom Meighan, then Bill Russell, Conway Tearle, H. B. Warner, Jack Holt, Wally Reid, Clive Brook, and so on *ad infinitum*, so long as new 'stars' arise! — *P. T.* (*Hampstead*.)



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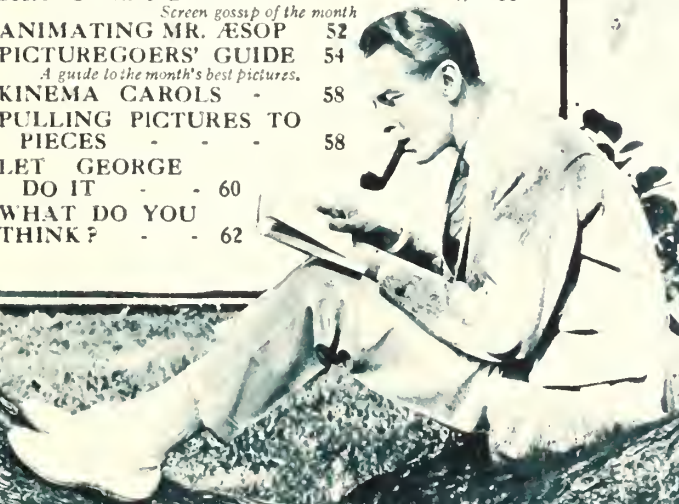
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Thermont



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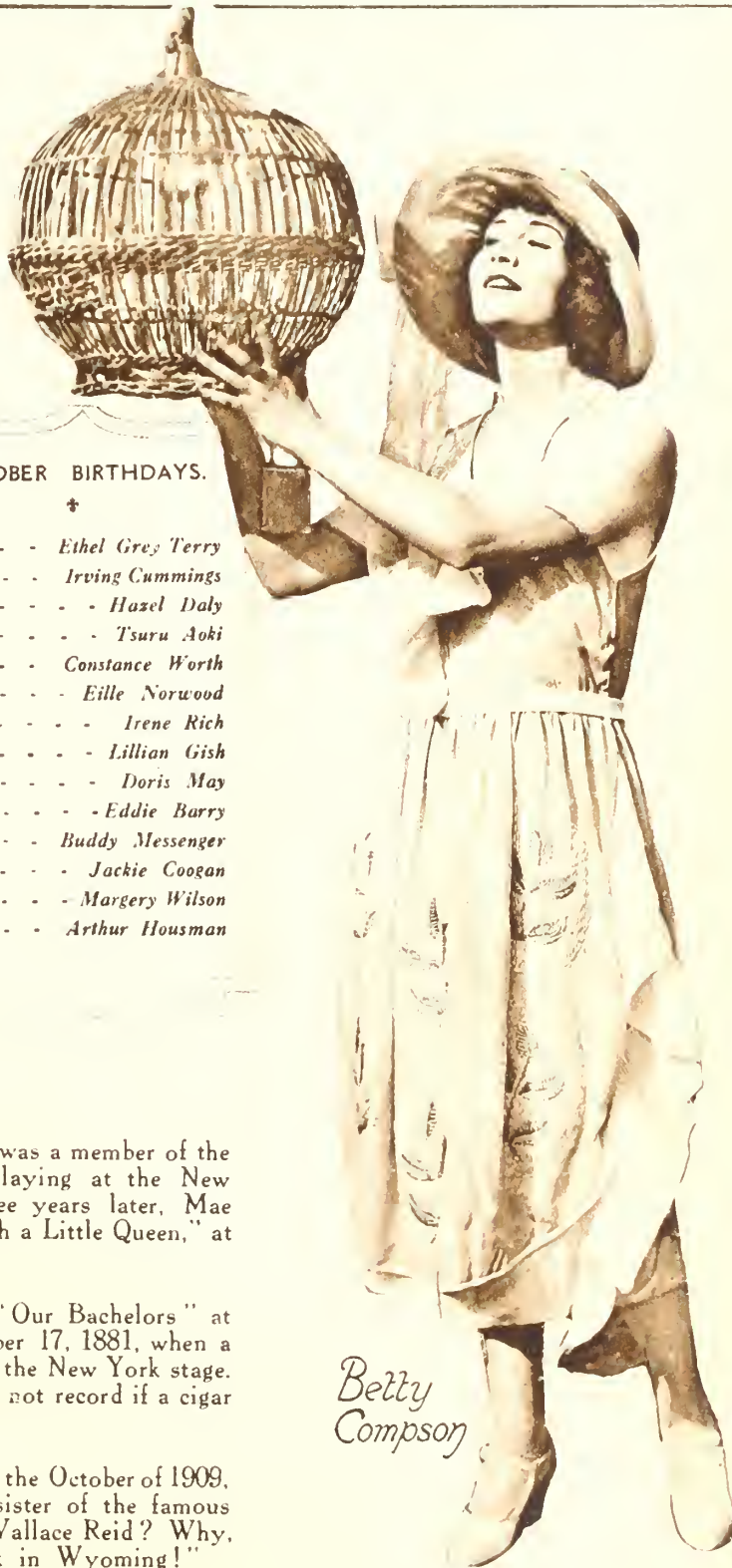
PICTURES AND
THE PICTUREGOER
 THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

VOL. 4. NO. 22. OCTOBER 1922

Editorial Offices:
 93, Long Acre, London.

Registered for Transmission
 by Canadian Magazine post.

An October Diary



OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS.

- 2 - - - Ethel Grey Terry
- 4 - - - Irving Cummings
- 8 - - - - Hazel Daly
- 9 - - - - Tsuru Aoki
- 10 - - - Constance Worth
- 11 - - - Eille Norwood
- 13 - - - - Irene Rich
- 14 - - - - Lillian Gish
- 15 - - - - Doris May
- 25 - - - - Eddie Barry
- 26 - - - Buddy Messenger
- 26 - - - Jackie Coogan
- 31 - - - Margery Wilson
- 31 - - - Arthur Housman

ON Saturday, the first of October, 1900, that popular musical comedy, "The Belle of New York," was playing at the Grand Opera House, Augusta, in Georgia. The cast was a good one, and critics said that the chorus was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Well they might, for amongst those present in the chorus was a star-to-be named Elsie Ferguson.

ANOTHER Grand Opera House (that at Nashville, Tennessee) became associated with movie history a year later. The juvenile leading man at the theatre in October 1901 was a handsome youngster named Thomas Meighan, and the stage director was J. Gordon Edwards, the famous producer of "The Queen of Sheba" and other screen successes.

ON the thirteenth of October, 1910, Eileen Percy was a member of the children's cast of "The Blue Bird," then playing at the New Theatre, New York. On that day in October, three years later, Mae Murray scored a hit as "Eleanor Winton" in "Such a Little Queen," at the New York Liberty Theatre.

THERE was an important addition to the cast of "Our Bachelors" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday, October 17, 1881, when a promising young man made his first appearance on the New York stage. His name was Theodore Roberts, but history does not record if a cigar was included in his make-up.

IF you had chanced to visit Cody, Wyoming, in the October of 1909, and had stayed at a certain hotel, owned by a sister of the famous Colonel Cody, you would be able to say to-day: "Wallace Reid? Why, I knew him when he was just a simple hotel clerk in Wyoming!"

Betty
 Compson

Memories of Lillian Gish

All the world knows Lillian Gish the artiste, but of Lillian Gish the woman, it knows little. In this interview, Mary Pickford tells of her friend Lillian, as no one else could.



Lillian Gish in
"Broken Blossoms."

"Lillian's main qualities are her sincerity and loyalty."

Mary Pickford, sitting there in the golden afternoon beside placid Lake Chatsworth, was opening the book of the past, that I might read the pages of one of the most beautiful friendships on record. Years ago Mary and Lillian Gish met, when Mary was six and Lillian a year or two younger, children who laboured before their time, knowing poverty, knowing failure. To-day they stand, both successful, both women who have won the love and respect of the world. And they are still friends. They have never had a quarrel. "Yes, I know Lillian is very fond of me, and I treasure her affection.

"When we were small, Dorothy, Lottie, and I used to play together with Lillian acting as a sort of Little Lady Mother to us scatter-brained youngsters. She was always correct, always just so. We used to stand and watch her, fearful any moment that she would fly to heaven—for mother had said she was too angelic to live!

"Dorothy and I were pals then, but now Lillian and I have more in common. Though, to be sure, Dorothy is much more serious and has a keener

brain than she is given credit for—this frivolity of hers I think is a surface coating that hides the real Dorothy.

"Our first meeting was a casual one, in Detroit, when I was playing in 'The Little Red Schoolhouse,' a play written by Hal Reid, Wallace Reid's father. Mother had insisted that I couldn't go with the show alone, so they had given parts to her and to Lottie. Jack, of course, was a baby. Later, at Toronto, Lillian took my place, playing the rôle I had created. But it was when we were all in New York that we really became friends. I had been called there to replace Lillian in 'The Child Wife,' as she had been offered a better part in another play. My mother had received a lucrative offer to go on the road, one that she couldn't afford to refuse, so Mrs. Gish offered to take care of us children. Imagine having the three of us to look after, in addition to her own two! She was very patient and lovely to us, making our clothes and washing our ears! One of my happiest memories is of those few months at Mrs. Gish's house in New York. It was my first experience in the big city, and I envied Lillian her aplomb—with Mrs. Gish at one end and Lillian at the other, we would cross the crowded streets, all six of us holding hands, for fear one would get

lost! Yes, Lillian is very remote. Even I who have known her since childhood admit I am baffled at times. She is very elusive. Often I have an intangible feeling that I haven't quite grasped her. She is remarkably subtle and fine in sensitiveness of thought."

"She is so frail to have endured those years of hardships," I suggested, alternating with Mary in petting Zorro, her time-clock dog who howls regularly at quitting time, twelve-thirty and four-thirty every day. "So—ethereal. That is the impression she gives everyone."

"And it isn't so!" Mary exclaimed, a gleam in her hazel eyes. "Lillian is very slim, but she has an amazing endurance. Mr. Griffith works his people very hard, exacts every particle of self that they have to give to their work. Had Lillian been as frail as she seems, she could never have lived through these nine years of constant nerve-racking work. In making the ice-scenes for *Way Down East*, she had to remain on that cake of ice near the rapids until actually numb."

For a moment Mary was silent except for the tremulous quivering of her chin—a little way she has when very excited. Always tranquil, having schooled herself through the years to

absolute control, you can always gauge Mary's emotions now by that little, almost invisible quiver of her chin.

"Frail looking, yes. Her skin is milk-white, almost translucent, that finely veined kind, delicate as a petal. But beneath her seeming fragility is a steel-like quality. Something vibrant, something"—a frown puckered over the hazel eyes as Mary groped for the right word—"almost brittle. Something that forces her to do things that she shrinks from. The closet scene in *Broken Blossoms*, for instance. She told me the last time I saw her in New York that she suffered real agony during that scene. She never acts; her art is in her complete

forgetfulness of self. Having once schooled herself to portray a character, she becomes that character. It is another evidence of that remote, subtle quality she has of living somehow in a sphere of her own.

"We both learned early in life its greatest lesson: that the face with the smile wins. In the agencies, looking for work, you know. Despondency would get us nothing. Shrewdly we learned the value of putting our best foot forward. Dressed in stiff, starched white, our hair carefully brushed, we would march with dignity into an office and inform the startled theatrical agent that we might possibly decide to act for him! And we

managed to get our entertainment free. I remember once we presented our cards at the box office of a theatre, as members of the profession demanding seats. 'All right,' said the man, 'but you'll have to give ten cents each to the Actors' Fund.' We didn't have the money, but gave our word that we would give it to him later, and he let us in. Every week thereafter Lillian, who worried over it terribly, would march us in with the pennies we had managed to save, until the debt was paid."

Once more that vibrant silence, which I broke with a hesitant question.

"Will Lillian ever marry?" Mary repeated. "Honestly, I don't know. It would have to be a very great love

to take her away from her mother and her work. Lillian's love for her mother is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. It is much more than the ordinary sentiment one finds in children—it is fairly a worship. In the early days she used to say to me: 'Oh, Mary, if I only could make good in a big way, so that I could make mother proud of me!' Just now her work and her mother hold her complete allegiance. It would have to be a very great love, not an incidental thing, but her entire universe.

"Lillian would have succeeded in any profession because she has will-power, a dogged quality of sticking to a thing. And she has tenderness and understanding of human nature."

The sun was slanting beyond the hill. Zorro howled. Time to go. "When you read this tinsel they write of Lillian, of how she makes one think of violin notes and moonlight and lilies, try to read deeper and see the real girl, will you? All that is surface. Beneath it is a brilliant mind, an almost old-ladyish reserve, and, above all, sympathy. Not mawkish sentimentality. Rather, a practical understanding of humanity and its frailness. That's Lillian as I know her."

And who could give her better tribute than this, from her lifelong friend, Mary Pickford?

MYRTLE GEBHART.

A camera-portrait of Lillian Gish that reveals the soul of the artiste.



"Nanook of the North"

The film story of "Nanook," chief of the Itivimutis tribe, has been hailed by the critics as one of the most enthralling moving pictures ever made. For stark realism, this Eskimo life-story is stranger far than any fiction.



*Nyla, the wife
of Nanook,
with one of
their children.*

The sunny South and the picturesque West have been favoured with the attentions of the film cameras to an extent which has literally left the North and South out in the cold. For the Arctic and Antarctic wastes are not ideal locations for modern picture-plays, apart from such materialistic considerations as the avoidance of fostering unbecoming blue noses amongst artistes playing in a temperature a good many degrees below zero.

Nanook of the North, the new screen picture that reflects an enthralling story of life and love in the actual Arctic, is, therefore, something of an inspiration. Its producer, Robert J. Flaherty, has struck just the right note which enables the frozen North very effectively to deserve the distinction of being raised to the dignity of presenting an impressive background for a photoplay.

The producer adopted the ingenious expedient of trekking across the Arctic snows and casting his characters as he discovered them around the walrus-fishing grounds or in ice "igloo" shelters eight hundred miles north of civilisation's most northerly outposts.

Each of the characters starring in *Nanook of the North* is an Eskimo, recruited from the small tribe of this quaint people who inhabit the Ungava Peninsula, one of the regions least accessible to white men on the North American continent.

In order to play before the "wonder boxes" of the white men, as the Eskimos regarded the film cameras, Nanook, the "star" in the picture, temporarily forsook his hunting grounds; whilst his wife, who acted as his leading lady, attired her offspring in their best fur clothes, and drove them to and from the snow-bound "exteriors" in primitive dog sledges.

Nanook, the hero of the story who is chief of the famous "Itivimutis" tribe, and renowned as a hunter throughout Ungava—his wife and his three plump, fur-



protected children, constitute the entire cast; whilst the picturesque snows of the North provided natural settings which proved as inexpensive as the primitive "wardrobe" of the "stars."

Nanook of the North provides a novel deviation from the more conventional rut of picture-play productions. It imbues the mysterious North, that has taken a toll of the lives of brave men who have sought to solve its secrets, with a human touch that makes one forget a little of its cruelties.

The story reflects the primitive life of the Eskimo, and it creates a certain admiration for this uncivilised race. For these nomadic people, who live on the roof of the world, teach the white man many lessons in patience, kindness, and good temper. In spite of the hardships of the Eskimo's life, and its single purpose, the struggle for

food, the cameras show them smiling cheerfully through the stinging snows, and contentedly huddling under the fur robes that constitute their beds.

Although Nanook, the picturesque Eskimo enveloped in furs, has stepped direct into "stardom," he is an unconventional screen hero. He fights for "Nyla the Smiling One," not against the more customary persecutions of film villains, but with nature in its cruellest moods.

Nanook may never star in another film. But if he is not destined to become a Fairbanks, he will always have the consolation of knowing that his primitive personality and struggle for existence in the Northern wastes contained sufficient of the elements of sentiment and drama to create a screen play, without enlisting the customary subterfuges of the studios.



Scenes from "Nanook of the North," the wonderful Arctic drama that reflects the life of the Eskimo in all its thrilling details. The film was made in an average temperature of 35 degrees below zero.

Catherine Comes To Town



Catherine Calvert and Tom Terriss, producer of "The Heart of Maryland."



A London interview with Catherine Calvert, star of *Dead Men Tell No Tales*, *The Heart of Maryland*, and other screen successes, who is now playing in "Lawful Larceny," at the Savoy Theatre.

It is very rarely that you will meet a beautiful woman who, consciously or unconsciously, is not striving to create an "impression" on the person who meets her. Catherine Calvert's own particular type of beauty being what her fellow-countrymen would aptly describe as "stunning." I prepared myself, when I set out to interview her before one of her matinées at the Savoy Theatre, to be "stunned" into a proper state of speechlessness.

I found her in her dressing-room with her hair tied back in a towel, covering her face with the greasy foundation of a stage make-up.

Now, I would defy even Cleopatra to look seductive in such a head-dress, her perfect features luminous with cold cream. But Miss Calvert didn't seem to mind. On the contrary, she said she was very pleased to meet me, and would I take that comfy chair and make myself at home?

Incidentally, I might add that she is very beautiful, only I'm reserving the usual Word-Picture of a Famous Star till the end of my story, where it rightly belongs. I mention the towel and the cold cream just by way of intimation that "up-staginess" and "pose" are two words with which Miss Calvert had not even a dictionary acquaintance.

She had only recently arrived in

England, so, in deference to time-honoured convention, I started off with the usual question, "And how do you like our city?"

"Now, that is nice of you!" she declared. "So many of them begin right away with, 'Please tell me something about yourself,' which makes things so difficult, you know, when you've been feeling a bit scared of the ordeal before you, and would much rather talk about the weather. Well, of course, I'm just crazy about this wonderful old city of yours. We Americans, for all our progress, only realise how much we have missed when we come over here. I've been kept so busy at the theatre that I haven't had much time to really look round as yet. But I mean to stay here as long as I possibly can (I hope to make it a year), for I want to get thoroughly acclimatised—in short, to absorb the London atmosphere. Oh, yes; I'm quite serious and determined about it; in fact, I don't intend to go on staying in hotels any longer than I can help, but shall move out directly I have managed to find a house to live in. I want to get that settled feeling of having a home. You're always a bird of passage as long as you're in an hotel."

All the same, she confessed that she was charmed with her temporary quarters on the fifth floor at Claridge's. For one thing, she



because I could see that she was genuinely touched by the spirit in which it was offered.

We talked a good deal about her stage work—she comes to us fresh from a very great personal triumph in her own country, having achieved a phenomenal success as "Donna Sol" in Otis Skinner's New York production of *Blood and Sand*.

The rôle of the siren, I gathered, was comparatively new to her, as before "Blood and Sand" she had



explained, you had such a wonderful view over an endless sea of London roofs, and there was something intriguing and mysterious about roofs which had always appealed very strongly to her imagination.

"Not to mention," she added laughingly, "that it's quite an exciting experience to see so many roofs, when you've lived most of your life in a city of skyscrapers!"

She was very warm in her appreciation of the English people.

"I had always heard," she said, "that an English audience was so cold and undemonstrative, but the warmth of our reception on the first night of the play quite took my breath away. And everybody I have met has struck me as being not only courteous, but really kind and sincere."

And she went on to tell me in this connection that every night when she arrived for the performance, there was a red rose on her dressing-table—from the stage-doorkeeper! Now stage-doorkeepers, as a class, are disillusioned men who have little use for poetical sentiment, and who are certainly not in the habit of giving away red roses. I liked Miss Calvert all the more, not only because she had inspired such a pretty act of homage, but

Above and right: Two studies of Catherine Calvert.

Below: On location with Tom Terriss and Percy Marmont for "Dead Men Tell No Tales."



mostly appeared in parts of the ingénue variety.

The sensation she had caused in the new rôle perplexed as much as it delighted her.

"Nobody seemed to be wildly interested in my work," she said, with an amused little smile, "as long as I played sweet young things. 'Donna Sol' helped to open my eyes to the deplorable

[Continued on page 56.]

Some studies of Nazimova
as "Nora Helmer" in
"A Doll's House."



Ibsen on the Screen

When Ibsen's "A Doll's House" was first shown in this country, British playgoers liked it not. In those days the traditional "happy ending," was the *sine qua non* of theatrical success, and a public that had been fed for years on artificial drama viewed "A Doll's House" with suspicion. They regarded it as an unnatural and an unfinished production. Fancy a play that ended on a note of interrogation! It seemed absurd.

The "happy ending" tradition still clings to stage and screen, but audiences of to-day are more sophisticated, and "A Doll's House" does not startle them as it startled their fathers and mothers. Therefore, picturegoers will find Alla Nazimova's film version of Ibsen's great play a welcome change from the sugar, sentiment and sensation that go to the making of the average picture-theatre programme.

"A Doll's House" has been filmed three times in the past. There was a Triangle production in 1916; a Universal picture in 1917, featuring Dorothy Phillips; and a Famous-Players Elsie Ferguson version, produced in 1918. The current release of *A Doll's House*, produced by Charles Bryant, is far and away the best of them all. Nazimova as "Nora Helmer," takes up the rôle that won her fame on the speaking stage; and her performance ranks with her very finest screen work.

The film version follows the stage-play very closely—a welcome relief from the ordinary run of screen

adaptations where the original is butchered by the scenario-writer to make a movie-holiday. Had Charles Bryant's production been on conventional movie lines, we should have had a "reconciliation" between husband and wife in the last reel; or maybe the husband would have died to make way for an understanding and sympathetic lover. But all this we are spared, and Nazimova's *Doll's House* ends on the right note.

The producer has, it is true, taken certain liberties with Ibsen, but these make for the improvement of the film version. The story of *A Doll's House*, as told on the screen is the story of a young wife who, after making a great sacrifice to save her husband's life, finds him unworthy of her love, and decides to leave him.

Nazimova's portrayal of "Nora Helmer" contains some delicious touches, and is free from the acting faults that mar some of her work. Many of the emotional scenes are magnificent, and the picture is lightened by bits of comedy that come as a welcome relief to the general sadness of the story.

The supporting cast is worthy of the star. Alan Hale, who played once upon a time in slapstick comedy, but who has since proved himself a great dramatic artiste, is seen in the unsympathetic rôle of "Torvald Helmer"; Nigel De Brulier plays "Doctor Rank"; Elinor Oliver is "Anna," the nurse; Wedgwood Nowell portrays "Nils Krogstad"; and others in the cast are Clara Lee, Florence Fisher, Philippe De Lacy and Barbara Maier.



All the world's a screen, and all the men and women merely players," is a twentieth-century adaptation of Shakespeare's philosophy that possesses more than an element of truth. The men behind the topical film cameras have made the interesting discovery that there are many public celebrities whom Nature has endowed with the attributes that are likely to make for success in film acting.

A surprising number of popular personages possess the film face, that elusive gift of the gods that is given in the form of facial contours and light and shadow on the features to those to whom the camera proves exceeding kind. Should thrones totter or Governments fall, there are many august representatives of the monarchy and political power who might have an excellent chance of retrieving their fallen fortunes through the medium of the film producer's casting-book.

The Prince of Wales, who continually has to face a barrage of topical film cameras, possesses a charming screen personality. His very friendly smile and unaffected manner give him a naturalness on the screen that fits him for an ideal film hero.

His well-cut features, slim figure and perfectly tailored clothes combine to make him an attractive addition to the screen. And it should be remembered that those who pay the penalty of fame, and during every public appearance are surrounded by clicking film cameras, are screened under the most crude conditions as compared with studio organisation. There are no brilliant arc-lamps to produce flattering effects, no "make-up" to tone down imperfections or blemishes in the features, or spectacular costumes to frame the personality of their wearers.

Yet, despite this fact, you will seldom see the Prince of Wales on the screen without admiring his good looks, and feeling the influence of his attractive personality which seems to radiate from the silver sheet. He may be filmed on board a battle-ship in gloomy grey Atlantic weather, in the half-light of railway stations, or attired in State uniform, the spectacular and ornate nature of which would be likely to dwarf lesser personalities, but he is always the Prince Charming of the screen. In some moods in which the cameras reflect him he is not dissimilar to Creighton Hale, and his poise and naturalness have something of the art of this clever actor.

There is little doubt that, although public men do not intentionally pose before the film cameras, they learn by experience how to do justice to the



[Photo by Photopress.]

Featuring the Famous

by P. RUSSELL MALLINSON

Keen students of topical films realise that many public celebrities might have been potential screen stars had Fate directed their steps to the movie studios. This article on film personality discusses the screen attributes of many people famous in other spheres of life.

reflective art of the lens. In the early days of topical film work, well-known people, unused to the novelty of being screened, glanced nervously into the lens, fidgeted and looked self-conscious, thereby breaking a number of the cast-iron traditions of the film studios. After a long apprenticeship before the ubiquitous eyes of the camera, those who are consistently filmed in public seldom appear awkward on the screen. They smile past the camera in the correct manner, and, in appearing to ignore it, reveal a naturalness that tells the picture-theatre audiences much concerning the real personalities of public men who, through the intimate glimpses provided by the films, are no longer mere figure-heads.

To see Lloyd George on the screen, with his attractive smile and the twinkle lurking in his eyes, is instinctively to imagine what a kindly film father he would make. There is little to suggest the politician about the screen personality of the Premier. One can picture him giving parental

blessings to happy married couples, and posing as the fairy godfather who brings joyful surprises into the lives of those less fortunate in their possession of worldly goods.

Theodore Roberts, the most famous of film fathers, has a rival in Downing Street, where the genial, good-natured screen manner is concerned.

Like many other politicians, Lloyd George places every facility in the way of film camera-men. For the days have passed when the crude topical picture existed, and threw on to the screen indistinct and unflattering portraits of public men. To-day the cameras represent a valuable form of publicity which those in high places cannot ignore. An amusing incident occurred not long ago, when the Pathé Gazette camera-men were filming the historic meeting of the Peace representatives at The Chequers. The operators were about to pack up their cameras, when the Prime Minister, with his winning smile, interrupted, and suggested that they should accompany him and Marshal Foch on a short walk to secure some pictures of old Roman

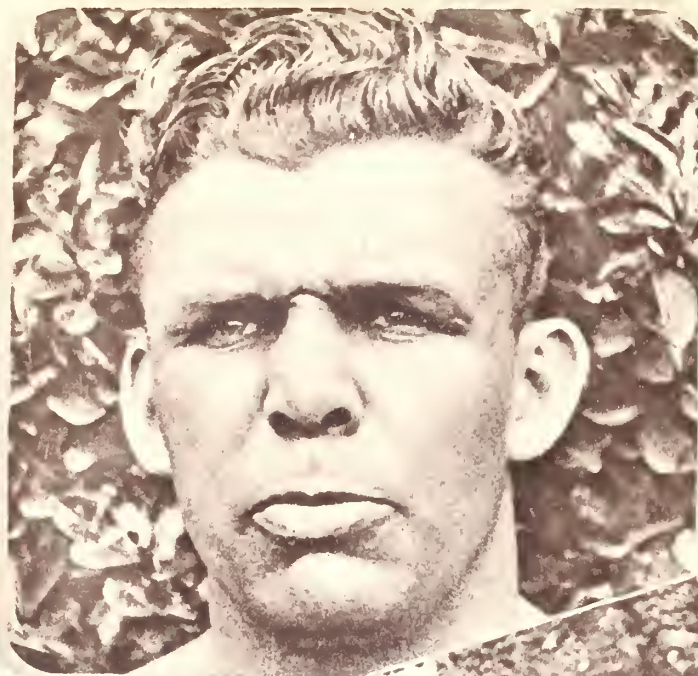
ruins. The camera-men dragged their heavy tripods and cameras across fields, over stiles, up hills and down valleys

until they were exhausted. They then decided to give up the chase. Thereupon Lloyd George, continuing, on his way, turned with a broad smile, and waved his hand. Until then the camera-men did not realise that they had been the victims of the Prime Minister's well-developed love of practical joking.

Earl Grey is the politician who, on the screen, suggests the mysteries of political power and the intrigues behind affairs of State. His thin, somewhat cadaverous countenance, which gazes at the camera with an inscrutable expression, admirably fits him for the rôle of the strong, silent man beloved in film drama.

Surrounded by appropriate lighting effects of the eerie order, and screened amidst scenery that held an atmosphere of mystery, he would dovetail into dramatic situations with realistic effect.

Earl Balfour presents a scholarly, learned appearance on the pictures that would influence many producers to cast him for the part of the kind-hearted professor of the type that the late H. B. Irving depicted in "The Professor's Love Story." Admiral Beatty, with his typically British face, of the strong-man variety, and the inimitable angle at which he wears his gold-braided hat, would bring



Joe Beckett might have been another Bull Montana.

atmosphere to any stirring screen sea story; whilst Sir Douglas Harg, as the typical country gentleman, could bring dignity to Society scenes in shadow stories of modern life.

Although Carpentier has figured as a romantic, handsome hero, in a recent film production, there are not many of the fistic persuasion who could exploit their features in such directions. Joe Beckett, when the cameras reflect him away from the ring, glares at the lens with an air of grimness that would provide an excellent close-up of a screen-serial villain, reflecting on fresh persecutions for the next episode in the life of a harassed heroine.

Jack Dempsey was successfully starred in a serial.



The Duke of York photographs splendidly.



Carpentier in "A Gipsy Cavalier" proves himself an excellent leading man.

Frank Moran, the American heavy-weight boxer, is one of the few fighting-men who appear to regard the lens of the camera with a kindly eye. He smiles good-naturedly at the camera-men, and recently, when he was filmed at a fancy-dress ball, he carried out a droll mock boxing match with Sir Augustus John, the artist. He is like a happy schoolboy, and his combination of huge physique and cheerfulness qualifies him for the rôle of the likeable strong man of the screen who has Maciste's possibilities in the direction of knocking down villains like ninepins in the interests of a fair heroine.

It was J. Stuart Blackton who recently advanced the interesting theory that people who are descended from aristocratic stock, such as Lady Diana Duff Cooper, whom he introduced to the screen, are born film artistes. Whilst developing their personalities and talents in the social world, he is of the opinion that they are fostering the

very attributes that are necessary in film acting.

Celebrities of the fair sex, however, are not reflected by the film cameras so effectively as their menfolk. This is probably due to the very human reason that women become uneasy when they hear the click of the camera, and commence to make speedy adjustments of their toilet. Hence they appear awkward and unnatural on the screen. "Make-up," necessary exaggerations in dress and special posing and mannerisms are essential to the fair exponent of acting art on the screen. Such artifices are, of course entirely absent when Society beauties or leading ladies of the land are filmed by the men behind the topical cameras.

Megan Lloyd George has an attractive film face but this is to some extent due to the fact that she has adopted her father's habit of smiling at the cameras. It is an interesting fact that when the lens is turned onto features that are devoid of the

customary studio make-up, this disadvantage is far less noticeable if the person relaxes and smiles instead of keeping the facial muscles rigid.

There is a kindliness in the screen expression of Queen Mary; and in company with the youthful Queen of the Belgians, she is probably one of the best camera "subjects" amongst the European Royal Houses.

Strangely enough, the topical film cameras have proved that British good looks are the best for screening. When foreign visitors of note are filmed in company with English celebrities this is very noticeable, for the Britishers invariably present a more attractive screen appearance and effortless air of confidence than those from abroad.

Indirectly the topical camera-man proves the assertion that the personality of a shadow-artiste radiates from the screen. This is a trick of the lens which, in some subtle fashion, catches the spirit of the real-life character of a player, and conveys it to an audience.

Smiling "Bombardier" Wells, when he is caught by the cameras, suggests all that likable personality of his that has endeared him to the followers of boxing. On the screen he looks the clean type of sportsman to whom Britishers will always extend their plaudits. It is more than a cast of features that creates this very true appreciation of a man's likability when he flashes on to a kinema screen. There is something that vibrates a human response in the hearts of the spectators.

Invariably Queen Alexandra receives an ovation from kinema audiences when she is shown on the screen. Here, again, her kindly personality seems apparent, although she is only reflected as a shadow embalmed in celluloid, and generally she is heavily veiled.

Jack Dempsey who, in company with

would ornament any cast in the rôle of a big-hearted, muscular brother, who protected his sisters or weaker members of the community against bullying blackguards. Big Jack not long ago figured very successfully in a Pathé film serial, *Daredevil Jack*, in which he



Smiling Billy Wells has an intriguing screen personality.



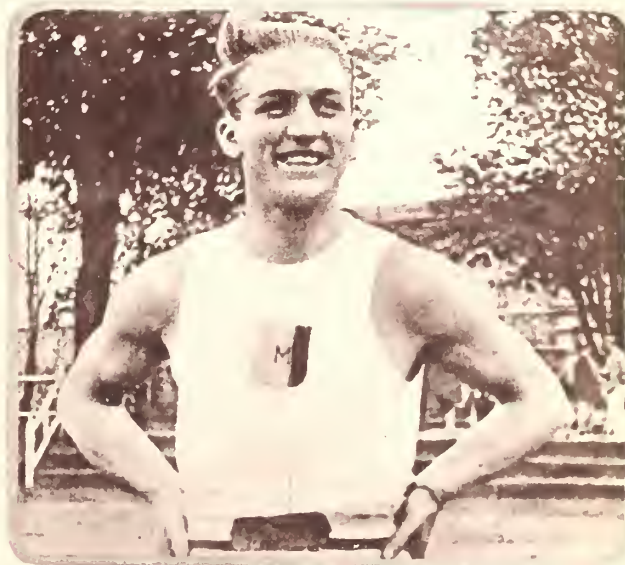
Earl Haig (above), and the Premier (right), both radiate personality in their pictures.



did much to display on the world's screen the elusive, kindly smile of Sir James Barrie. Always a recluse, the creator of "Peter Pan" was something of a mystery to the vast public who admired his works, until an enterprising camera-man proved that he has the typical benevolent smile of the screen father who precedes the sub-title, "Bless you, my children," when happy endings glide through the projector.



Left: The Prince of Wales; right: Carpentier.



Carpentier, has probably faced more kinema cameras than any other representatives of the pugilistic world, conveys the impression that he is a cheerful, irresponsible tomboy. He

utilised his fighting prowess as a college boy-hero, who thwarted the undesirable attentions of a gang of crooks to a pretty heiress.

It was the film cameras that

All of which suggests that there is some undivined quality possessed by the Anglo-Saxon type of features that goes to make the most effective film face.



"Wally"

By MRS Wallace Reid

When I first met Wallace Reid, the first thing I did was to get mad!

If anyone had even so much as suggested that some day we would be married, I would have deemed him utterly foolish.

Why did I get mad? Well, I thought he was terrible as an actor. As I have often told him since, to his annoyance, at that time he impressed me as being all hands and feet—just a big, overgrown youngster—and I felt somewhat offended that they should give me such a youngster, who didn't know the first thing about acting, to play with me as a leading man. That first day I went home mad.

I first came to California in the summer of 1911 with Tom Ricketts, who was then directing for the old Nestor Company. Harold Lockwood was my leading man and Victoria Forde (Mrs. Tom Mix) was playing ingénues. Mother and I were getting jointly the

sum of ten pounds a week. We left New York just a short time before Wally and his father took charge of the Reliance Studio there.

I had been in Hollywood a year when Wallace arrived. He came out with Otis Turner as general utility man, writing stories, turning the camera, and doing whatever was necessary. One day my company was short of a leading man, and as the Turner Company wasn't yet well organized and ready to start, they loaned Wallace to us to play the lead in a few pictures. Those were the days when only a day or two were required to make

No man is a hero to his own valet—but what of his wife? Dorothy Davenport, who is Mrs. Wallace Reid in private life, answers this intriguing question, in so far as it relates to the "flappers' idol," in the following biographical study. Needless to say, Wally comes through the ordeal with flying colours.

a picture, when the first two hundred feet of film were taken up with the old-style individual introductions of the characters, who would bow and smile to the audience from the screen, and when the spoken titles were on a placard in the set.

My aversion to Wally as a leading man didn't last long, however. I soon learned that, even though he was only twenty-one, he had the staying qualities of a man of older years. At that time I was at that very glorious age of woman—seventeen—and had been playing for some time with men of more mature years, such as H. B. Walthall, James Kirkwood, and others; and for them to give me a leading man who was only twenty-one, I considered the height of audacity. I didn't consider a man grown up until he was bordering on thirty.

Wally got a flat with Eugene Palette at a house on Vine Street, in Hollywood, which was later converted into an orphans' home, and some time afterward burned down. The boys were lonesome, however, and persuaded my mother to take a house and keep house for them for several months. I had three horses, and the boys built stables for them. We practically lived on those horses. We would ride out to Universal City to work every morning, then would ride all day making Western pictures, then ride home to Hollywood in the evening. Then, when Sunday would roll round, Wally and I would go out horseback-riding for diversion.

It was on one of those Sunday equestrian excursions that he first proposed to me. We had ridden out to Griffith Park, and had brought our horses to a walk along the mountain road, when he broached the question of matrimony. As Wally tells it, I informed him we were much too young to do anything of that kind, and then proceeded to spur my horse away on a dear run, leaving him flat.

Soon afterward Wally went to Santa Barbara, to the old American studio, where he directed, acted, then did both simultaneously. In the meantime I joined Ince Kay Bee, where Reginald Barker was then an assistant-director, and Charles Ray one of the young juveniles. Wally came back after about a year, accompanied by Allen Dwan, and went to Universal, where he was given his own company to



Wally at home—two snapshots of the screen idol.

direct in August, 1913. I went over with him as leading woman, and then, later, we co-starred. A little while afterward we were married.

There never was another proposal. It just sort of worked out naturally, and seemed the matter-of-course thing to do. I think he and mother arranged it. The only thing I had to say about it was the date. I insisted upon being married on the thirteenth. That was the thirteenth of October, 1913. My birthday also falls on the thirteenth.

Our wedding wasn't a very sumptuous affair. On our honeymoon trip, which we didn't get until three months after the wedding, we made five two-reel pictures in the ten days off. Immediately after the marriage we stayed right on at the studio, working.

At that time D. W. Griffith was beginning to attract world-wide attention as a producer, and Wally was, of course, very anxious to work with him. About a year after our marriage the opportunity presented itself, and he gave up the strenuous work of writing two stories a week, and then directing and starring in them, and went over to the old Fine Arts Studio for less salary. Griffith began to make plans for *The Birth of a Nation*, and, Walthall being ill, Wally was to have the part of the little Colonel. His enthusiasm was unbounded! Costumes were made up to fit him, and about five hundred feet of film were made of Wally in a few scenes of the part. Then came the big shock. Walthall recovered quickly, and was able to take the part, and Griffith began all over again and put him in. They just about killed us, of course. Griffith then assigned Wally to the rôle of the blacksmith, who had the fight with the gang of rum-crazed negroes. He made another picture or so with Griffith, one of which was *Old Heidelberg*, with Dorothy Gish; and then came the opportunity to play under the direction of C. B. De Mille.

I don't remember just how this came about; but, at any rate, Wally was signed to play with Geraldine Farrar in *Carmen*, and later, *Maria Rosa*. He continued playing with Miss Farrar under De Mille's direction in *The Woman God Forgot*, *The Devil Stone*, *Joan the Woman*, etc., and also played in several other De Mille productions. Then he co-starred with Gleo Ridgely in *The Golden Chance* (which was reproduced a while ago by Mr. De Mille, and called *Forbidden Fruit*), *The Silver Spur*, and several others.

So much has been crowded into the short nine years of our married life that it seems that I have been married much longer. We have been through years and years of experiences, it seems. I have been in a position to see the marvellous development which has taken place in Wally's work from the time



Wally and his wife in their garden.



A favourite gun—Wally in his den.

when he played that first leading rôle with me, until now. Not only has he shown a remarkable artistic sense and ability in many branches of art, but has also demonstrated a profound interest in things mechanical.

This fondness for comprehensive knowledge and experience makes him very attentive to the education and training of our five-year-old son, William Wallace, Junior. He is very patient and very explicit in answering his childish questions and explaining things to him.

Wally's greatest ambition is to direct. He often remarks that he is waiting in delightful anticipation of the day when his hair gets thin, and he can't act any more, and can take up the work of directing and producing again.

With William Wallace, Junior.



There are actors with whom we seem never to get acquainted. Perhaps their work is faultless; they are called accomplished performers, but somehow, they fail to fascinate. They are too smooth, too cold, too much like a machine grinding out entertainment solely for our admittance money. In the days when the play and play technique were everything, and the player nothing more than a puppet, actors sought to suppress themselves, tried not to repeat the same pet gesture or expression twice in the same play, for fear of criticism.

Things have changed. Motion-picture patrons go to see their favourite; they hope the play will be a good one; but that is a secondary consideration. And the favourite usually is a player of individuality, a human being. It is good art as well as good business to cultivate a movement that wins the crowd; for what is acting if it fails to win its audience? Henry B. Walthall has a way of running his fingers between his collar and neck, as though to facilitate respiration. At times, it is the most eloquently expressive minor movement he could make, and one peculiarly consonant with tragedian rôles. I thought he repeated it too often in *The Misleading Lady*; but I would rather see him a bit too human than stiff with the starch of technique.

It is individuality that we love so well in William S. Hart—that and his sincerity. A characteristic movement with the premier Westerner—one that I have never seen duplicated as a habit in another actor—is the grasping of his right forearm (the hand of which usually grips a revolver) with his left hand. You can note it in *Draw Egan*, *The Devil's Double*, *Truthful Tulliver*—nearly all his plays; and it always introduces a season of bad luck for the opposing individual or faction.

Perhaps the "wrinkle" most closely identified with "Big Bill" is his striking of a match with his thumb-nail. Other actors do it—and I believe I have seen Gretchen Hartman do it—but Hart seems to hold the original "patent right."

William Farnum might be known by his frown, were the lower half of his face hidden. No actor, to my knowledge, can express so much in this way. His frown of rage, when he "sees red," is characteristically Farnum; even the terrible right-hand wallop is not more entirely Farnumesque. Also, he frowns in perplexity—distinctly a different frown; but when he wants to be agreeable no one can



On the screen "every little movement has a meaning of its own," and experienced picturegoers can always recognise the characteristic gestures of their favourite stars. This fascinating article deals with the "trade-marks" of popular players.

excel this same Farnum in depicting the open countenance of good-nature and ingenuousness.

Another screen hero, sometimes a "bad man," who nearly always opens up the scene of violence with a certain little movement, is Harry Carey. He is bound to hitch his trousers once or twice before "going after" his enemy, as though mistrustful of his belt. The action is well timed and perfectly natural—like the rest of this splendid actor's work.

Tom Santschi is not at his best on the screen without a cigar, and no one else can manipulate the weed with quite the same effect. Watch him in *The Spoilers*. How subtly he makes the cigar tell us that its handler is at all times a real he-man and as cool as a cucumber! And where would Theodore Roberts be without his weed?

The Fairbanks smile is too well known to require special mention. Though Doug. is decidedly original all through, his smile is particularly so. Spontaneity, good-nature, happiness, radiate from Fairbanks continuously, on or off the screen; and that broad, frank smile is cheering countless thousands every day. To see the "smile doctor" in a play like *The Americano* is to be safe from the blues for a week.

Charlie Chaplin does so many original things that it would be difficult to say which one is most closely identified with

him. The hat, the cane, the dinky little moustache, are all Charlie's very own. Perhaps his walk, especially that stiff one-legged balance and hop, which has so many imitations, but no equals, is the most individualistic of his antics.

Actresses, too, acquire habits in expression, and cultivate those that are well received. The fiendish laugh of the vampire at the spectacle of human wreckage wrought by her wiles belongs to Theda Bara. No other screen siren or apostle of vengeance has equalled Miss Bara in portrayal of diabolic pleasure over crime; and this is the more remarkable when we recall that this actress is as sweet and gentle in private life as any



Theda Bara (top) was a wild-cat vampire who carried all before her with the ferocity of her passion. Virginia Pearson (right) lured by means of her panther-like grace.

woman. Theda's gesture of throwing up both hands as though to tear down her hair is equally characteristic, and may be observed in nearly all her plays.

Olga Petrova uses many minor gestures. She has a very expressive way of opening and turning up her hands—from a clasped position in front of her body, or from her lap, if sitting. Mme. Petrova uses her shoulders very frequently I shall always remember the eloquence of her shrug when, in *The Secret of Eve*, she loses her chance to eat by spilling the bottle of milk. It said, just as plainly as words: "Well, it can't be helped." And, again, in *The Black Butterfly*, when she is feigning a careless attitude towards her lover, those shoulders ask him, defiantly: "What are you going to do about it?"

Kathlyn Williams uses her hand to reinforce a promise or strengthen a plea. Miss Williams has a way all her own with men; when she lays her hand on a masculine arm, there is something magnetic in the contact—no coquetry or hypocrisy, but a pledge of comradeship, something altogether big and wholesome. Kathlyn is a man's woman, in the best sense of that expression; when she gives that strong, able hand, men know instinctively that here is a pal worth having.

"We have kissed the enemy and he is ours." No wonder they all surrender, à la "the Stranger," in *The Flame of the Yukon*, when Dorothy Dalton puts an arm around their neck! Any time she gets within kissing range, as a vampire, the struggle is over. Miss Dalton has an expressive double hand gesture, as seen in *The Dark Road*. In *The Ten of Diamonds*, when she stops the wedding and drives the guests from the room, we see the same simultaneous use of the hands, and it may be observed in most of the Dalton plays.

Virginia Pearson makes capital use of her height. It gives her beautiful curves and willowy grace, and in her siren rôles, she uses them with telling effect. One of Virginia's most characteristic movements is a momentary pose with her forearm curled over her head. She has a maddening way of stealing into a man's arms—then out again. How this Kentucky beauty can sneer when she elects to be peevish! In *Dave Devil Kate*, her contempt of



The William Farnum frown and the Dorothy Dalton ogle.



Lillian Walker's dimples are famous all the world over.

Bentley cuts like cold steel. I think the sneer hurts the poor devil more than the threatening weapon could.

Lillian Walker is the female Fairbanks. To see her smile is a tonic, and to watch those dimples is a show in itself. And these dimples, wonderful as they are, are no more remarkable than the method of their use; for it is truly unusual to find a possessor of this enviable mark of beauty who can refrain from "showing off." Lillian smiles, and that smile is worth the price of admission, plus any war tax; but it is never an empty, causeless smile. In the use of her dimples, Lillian has an act assuredly all her own, and she doesn't need to worry about imitators. Her dimples are quite unique.

Another Lillian, the elder of the talented Gish sisters, has a characteristic attitude when registering terror. Every picturegoer knows her "hand-to-mouth" gesture.

The list might be continued indefinitely. Motion-picture devotees will find it highly interesting to watch for the particular pet movements or strong expressions of their favourites.

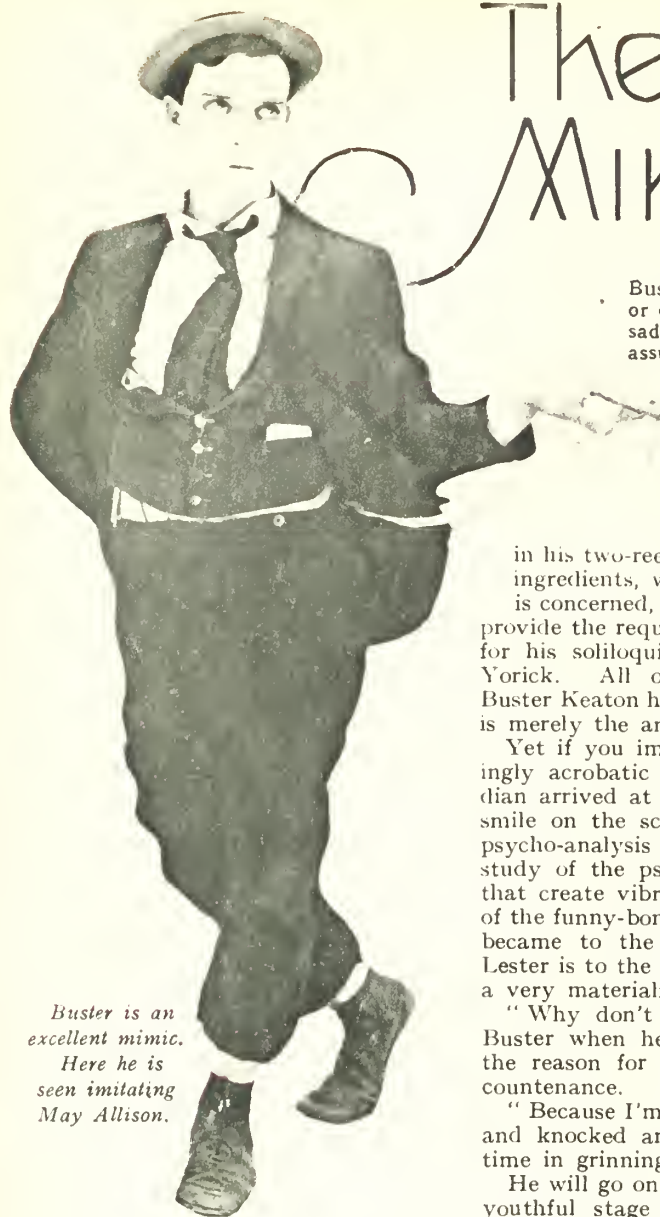
There is eloquence in every shrug of Olga Petrova's shoulders.



The Harry Carey "hitch."



The Mournful Mirthmaker



Buster is an excellent mimic. Here he is seen imitating May Allison.

Buster Keaton is best described as "the man who never smiles." On or off the screen, he presents to the camera a face that reflects infinite sadness. But as Natalie Talmadge is Mrs. Buster Keaton, it may be assumed that Buster's smiles work overtime when films are not being shot or publicity stills being made.

his expression. The mournfulness that he exploits with such laughter-raising effect in his two-reelers contains the very ingredients, where facial expression is concerned, that would admirably provide the requisite touch of tragedy for his soliloquies over the skull of Yorick. All of which shows that Buster Keaton has learned that a grin is merely the antithesis of a smile.

Yet if you imagine that the amazingly acrobatic First National comedian arrived at the decision never to smile on the screen by a process of psycho-analysis or similar highbrow study of the psychological influences that create vibrations in the vicinity of the funny-bone, you are wrong. He became to the movies what Alfred Lester is to the English stage through a very materialistic reason.

"Why don't I smile?" re-echoes Buster when he is asked to explain the reason for his lugubrious screen countenance.

"Because I'm too busy being tossed and knocked around to spend much time in grinning."

He will go on to explain how in his youthful stage days, when he was touring the music-halls in an acrobatic act with his father, he was punished with the hand of parental authority if he grinned over the footlights.

"Father regarded a performer who laughed and smiled at his own antics as committing professional suicide," Buster will tell you. "So I was never allowed to smile during the act. Not that I wanted to very much, for I used to have a trunk handle sewn to the back of my coat, which enabled father to throw me about the stage. He hurled me at the scenery, and often threw me as far as thirty feet. If I smiled I was thrown into the 'wings,' and I knew that meant I had to quit being cheerful.

"Eventually my dejected expression created trouble. For people wrote to the police authorities and said that my father's act was a cruel one, and theatre managers were deluged with letters from sympathetic women protesting at the way in which 'that poor child' was treated."

It was during those days, when the

youthful Buster and his parent were continually arrested after their performances for breaking the law where cruelty to children is concerned, that he learned his extraordinary gift of tumbling without damage to his anatomy.

"I learned how to tumble naturally without even so much as a bruise," Buster explains.

It was this gift that did much to influence his immediate success on the screen when he forsook vaudeville and made his debut in film slapstick in *The Butcher Boy*. He stepped into stardom from that moment, and his subsequent pictures — *His Wedding Night*, *The Bell Boy*, and *The Round Up*—started the film world talking about the diminutive indiarubber-like youth who pursued a smileless career through hundreds of feet of amazing comedy acrobatics.

Undoubtedly his destiny had at last been fulfilled. For it did not require a consultation with the book of fate to realise that Buster Keaton was destined to become an acrobat. Before he was six months old he had tumbled down a flight of stairs, a bundle of pink humanity, pursued by distracted parents who were too relieved that he had escaped damage to realise that young Buster was merely putting in preliminary practice for his future career.

As valuable as his elastic limbs, however, is Buster Keaton's natural sad, reproachful expression. His escapades on the silver sheet continually present him as the surprised and innocent victim of the slings and arrows of the strenuous slapstick life as the film comedy reflects it. You laugh at him with a suggestion of pathos in your merriment. For Buster has much of the power of Charlie Chaplin to evoke that sympathetic laughter that is spontaneous because it vibrates chords of pity intermingled with appreciative chuckles.

Sarah Bernhardt, who met Buster when he was on the stage, once told him that he would make a great player of tragedy. Yet in his twenty-fourth year he has reached the high places in film comedy, and he is famous all round the world for his screen funniness. He has little time for studying drama, for in his spare moments

Because laughter is very akin to tears and tragedy treads hard on the heels of comedy, there is a human desire in the heart of every comedian to blend foolery with pathos. From the Court jesters to the circus clowns, this wistful yearning for sympathy has constituted a part of the contradictory mental made-up of funny men down the ages. And the screen comedian is not exempt from this characteristic of his fore-runners who donned the fool's motley.

Buster Keaton, whose screen humours have extended a grin throughout Europe, craves to desert the atmosphere of custard-pies and ludicrous matrimonial misunderstandings, to play the character-part of "Hamlet." Strangely enough, if the long lank wig affected by those who represent the melancholy Dane were to frame the lugubrious features of Buster, he would not need to change

he is lurking around suburban gardens studying the washerwomen, local policemen, and similar types which he can burlesque on the screen. He admits that his humour is not spontaneous. Those delightful pieces of comedy that he introduces into his pictures, and which occupy but a few hundred feet of celluloid, invariably represent long and prolonged study. Buster has a characteristic of bringing an almost lawyer-like seriousness to the working-out of the most ridiculous "gags" for his comedies. One of the most extraordinary sights seen in a film studio was the recent spectacle of the vivacious Nazimova assisting Buster to complete the ludicrous details of a comedy scene with an antiquated mangle, during a studio rehearsal. And, still in his battered straw hat, baggy trousers, and bulging comedy shirt-front, Buster at the conclusion of the performance drew her away to a quiet corner for a discussion on Russian music.

When Keaton becomes reminiscent he will tell you that one of the greatest days in his life was when Ma and Pa Keaton came to see him being filmed for the first time. He was appearing in *Convict Thirteen*, and his comedy clothes and make up provided a shock for his alarmed parents.

"Good heavens, how you've changed!" said Ma Keaton, gazing at his grotesque features with an anxious expression.

Buster had to explain that the property man was responsible for his strange appearance, and eventually he persuaded his parents to play before the camera as extras in *Convict Thirteen*. Thus the old association of the Three Keatons, who had toured the theatres of Europe in Buster's early days, was resumed on the screen.

Recently Buster was responsible for robbing the screen of Natalie Talmadge. For since her marriage to the First National comedy star she has forsaken the silver sheet for domesticity.

Buster met Natalie at the Talmadge Studio in New York, and with his customary impulsiveness he proposed to her after an acquaintance of a few weeks. But Natalie refused to contemplate matrimony. She had always said that she would never marry before Constance. When Buster heard that Constance was married he wired without delay, and Natalie cabled back "Yes."

Then, through an irony of Fate, the indiarubber man who had survived the most strenuous acrobatics for years, broke his leg during an escalator stunt in one of his comedies. So several months elapsed before the patched-up comedian was married at Norma's mansion at Long Island, and spent his honeymoon motoring back to Los Angeles.

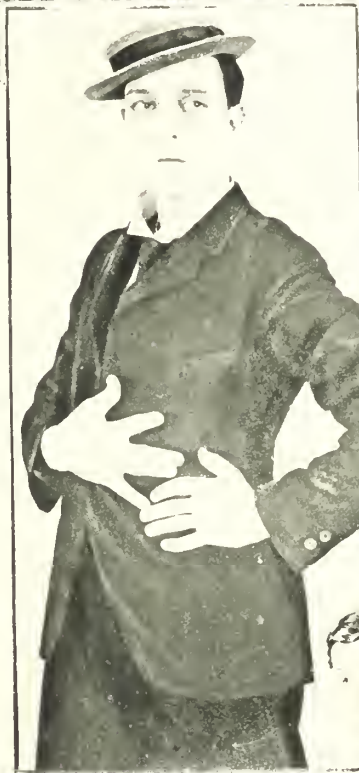
Still in early life, Buster Keaton has still far to travel along the path of kinema fame. He does not intend to forsake film comedy, despite the advice of Sarah Bernhardt, Lily Langtry, and other famous artistes, who have tried to persuade him to forsake slapstick for sterner stuff. His comedies—*Neighbours*, *One Week*, *The Scarecrow*, *The Goat*, and *The Playhouse*—have still further enhanced the mirth-raising reputation of this serious-faced young man with the wistful, reflective eyes and sympathetic mouth that never smiles, before the cameras.

There is one secret sorrow which Buster nurses, and that is that now he has obtained success which places him amongst the highest-paid artistes of the screen, he cannot be true to tradition and purchase the old homestead where he first saw the light of day. The First National comedian was born in Pickway, Kansas, and forty-eight hours after a cyclone swept over the town, and razed it to the ground. Fortunately for the gaily of nations, Buster and his family escaped being involved in the ruin of their house.

This early misfortune, and the alarming incident when, owing to a hitch in a hanging apparatus, Buster was almost hanged on a scaffold erected for comedy work in *Convict Thirteen*, constitute the only real adversities in the comedian's life, despite



Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton at home

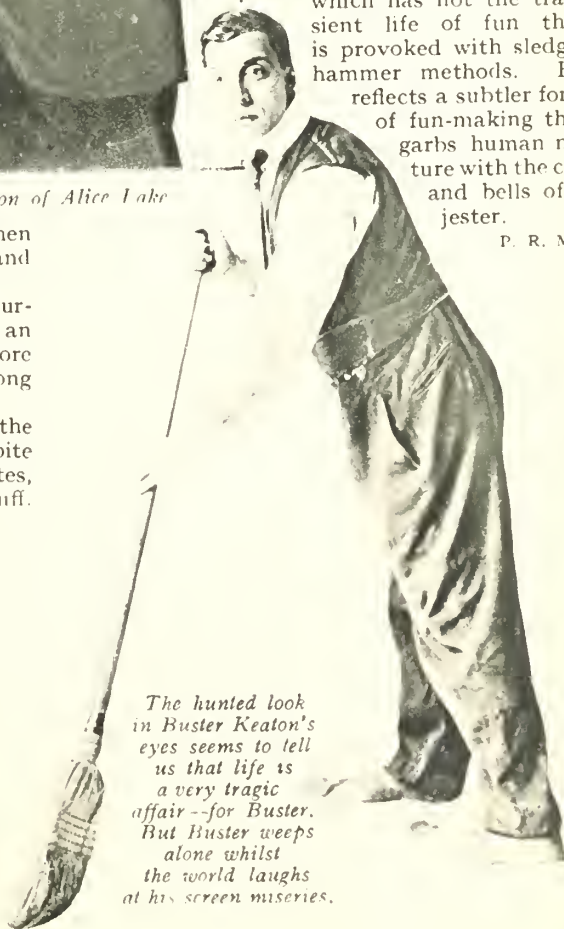


An imitation of Alice Lake

his lugubrious expression. In private life he has plenty of opportunities of smiling, however, for he lives with his devoted wife, Natalie, in a picturesque bungalow in the Californian hills. Natalie, who gave up twenty thousand a year when she chose the career of housewife to Buster, is retaining her interest in the screen by helping her husband's work in the studios.

Buster Keaton has brought a new phase of humour to the screen which has not the transient life of fun that is provoked with sledgehammer methods. He reflects a subtler form of fun-making that garbs human nature with the cap and bells of a jester.

P. R. M



The hunted look in Buster Keaton's eyes seems to tell us that life is a very tragic affair—for Buster. But Buster weeps alone whilst the world laughs at his screen miseries.

**VIOLET HOPSON**

Has starred in a score of British screen successes. "The Case of Lady Camber," "The Romance of a Movie Star," "A Turf Conspiracy," and "Kissing Cup's Race" are amongst her best-known pictures.



MABEL BALLIN

Has had an extensive stage and screen career. Her films include "The White Heather," "Lord and Lady Algy," "The Illustrious Prince," and "East Lynne." She is married to Hugo Ballin, the well-known director.



HOPE HAMPTON

Was born at Dallas, Texas, and commenced her screen career as a star. Some of her pictures are "A Modern Salome," "The Bait," "Love's Penalty," and "Star Dust." She has auburn hair and dark-blue eyes.

A la Movie Mode

Posed by Priscilla Dean, Universal Star.



Tea gown of purple brocade.



Morning frock of canary linen.



Evening gown of white sequins.



A sports suit of homespun.



Evening wraps of Russian fitch and summer ermine.



Paisley frock with squirrel wrap.



A sports costume of black and white knitted silk.



Ruth Roland's glorious contralto voice would have won her fame and fortune on the concert stage, had there been no movies.



Dealing in real estate is her own home is in every way is seen with her aunt, who The pictures left and right

FILM STARS AT HOME

Ruth Roland

Some domestic snapshots of the Serial Queen.



Ruth has a weird and wonderful collection of dolls.



So you may be sure her picture above Ruth since she was a baby. studio and music-room.

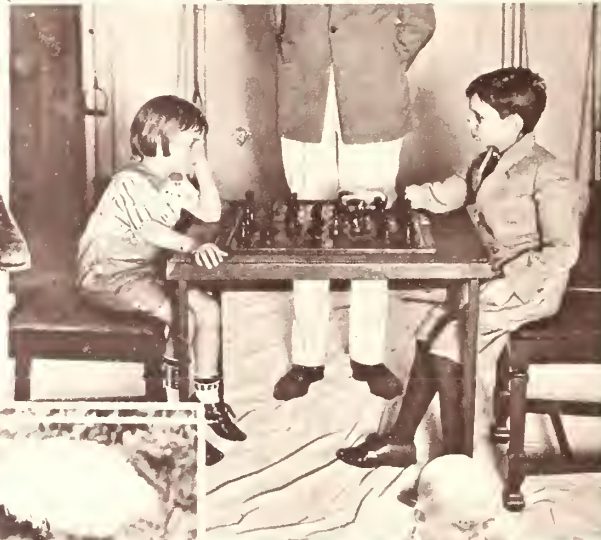
L'Enfant Prodige



Jackie Coogan—"a Broth of a Boy."



When he isn't working, Jackie Coogan plays ordinary boy-games with all the zest of the ordinary boy. He presses into service all members of the studio staff, and leads them a busy life. In the picture above they are playing an American variation of "egg-cap."



A miniature Capablanca teaches Jackie the gentle art of chess.



Jackie gives Doug, a hint as regards the rôle of Robin Hood.



Jackie Coogan's new car.





Man-Woman-Marriage

by JOAN FLEMING

In the beginning. Rocks and a silent sunset. The two men and the Woman. The fight. . . . And the victory, when he of the straight arm wins the Woman from his enemy. . . . She goes with him—she must go—the man's word is law; the Woman is the slave of his will. . . . He casts the blood-stained club away to where his fallen enemy lies, and grips her arm and takes her to the black cave. She must go. Woman is the slave of man's will. . . .

Such was the vision. Victoria turned from the window with a sigh and faced her father.

"Yes?" she said.

"I said," replied her father, "that Schuyler is below. You know that the business is bad, and that Schuyler's interest can save it. I have been a good father to you—"

She went from the room and downstairs, her father following. Schuyler was in the library, a tall, handsome man, but with eyes that looked uncertainly, and at nothing long. He greeted her now with his best smile, and his voice was low.

"Victoria—may I call you Victoria? Your—your father has given me a little hope—I want you to marry me, Victoria. I have built up a big fortune and a big business—it is probable that your father and I will soon be going into partnership. If you would marry me—"

She held up her hand, cutting short

the strange proposal. "I will marry you," she said.

There was no enthusiasm in her voice, but the enthusiasm of Schuyler sufficed for both. In his surprise he did not notice the ice of her tones. The sudden surrender was token of love, in his eyes. He took her hand and kissed her.

"Victoria! What shall I say? I cannot find words to express my joy!

of life, awakened afresh, brought to her cheeks the bloom that had not yet come at the bidding of love of man. To her, love of man was yet unborn. But the year was young, and the birds sang high, and the brooks laughed, and all found an echo in Victoria. Even Schuyler momentarily brightened, believing that he was making progress.

"Great day!" he commented.

His voice was like a cloud to her, dulling a golden vision. Always a cloud seemed to creep across her visions. A girl of many visions was she, a dreamer of golden dreams; but every vision fell and every dream commonly ended. Now it was a voice. His voice. . . .

She rode on in silence. The year seemed suddenly older, the birds and the brooks less mirthful. When a cry for help rang out across the glades, it seemed a fitting cry.

"Listen!" she said.

The cry came again, and when they turned their horses and plunged through the green, they came upon a man deep in a trap that had been set for some wild creature of the woods. A danger sign was near, but the man in his walk had not seen it.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

"It has gripped my ankle and I cannot move," he replied. "Perhaps if the keeper could be found—"

She glanced at Schuyler. "I'll go find the men," said Schuyler. "We'll have you out in no time at all."

CHARACTERS:

Victoria	-	DOROTHY PHILLIPS
David Courtney	-	JAMES KIRKWOOD
Schuyler	-	ROBERT CAIN
The Father	-	RALPH LEWIS
The Mother	-	MARGARET MANN

Narrated by permission from the Associated First National film of the same title.

My own Victoria! I will always, always—"

He broke off, and made another kiss serve in the place of a vague promise.

Then they both looked round and into the smiling face of Victoria's father.

The engagement was formally announced. The ring cost a small fortune. The world continued to go round.

It was on the first day of summer that Victoria and Schuyler rode together in the Long Woods. Love



David's wife was unduly brilliant and smiled with extra sweetness at certain of the male guests.

He rode away, and then Victoria dipped her handkerchief into the running brook and bound it about the temples of the captive. He thanked her, and looked deep into her eyes. She blushed and looked away. There was something . . . something. . . . His arm was straight and strong, and his glance was fearless. . . .

When Schuyler returned with the keepers she had learned that his name was David Courtney, that he was a struggling solicitor and engaged in an uphill humanitarian fight, almost unaided. Schuyler gave the pair a sharp glance, but said nothing.

Until he came upon them talking together in the city a few weeks later. Then, at his first opportunity, as they walked in the garden of her father's house—

"A man, of course," he said, "requires to be assured that the woman of his choice comes to him in the first bloom of her womanhood, fresh . . ."

"And does not a woman require that assurance of the man?" she flashed.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"A man is a man," he said.

She took off her ring and cast it at his feet. Then, without a word, she turned on her heel and fled to the house.

When Schuyler overtook her she was

in the hall, facing her father, whose brows were low and whose lips were set.

"The man has insulted me. I refuse to marry him!" she was saying.

"I did not mean to!" vowed Schuyler.

Victoria's father gripped the girl's wrist and dragged her from the door.

"Hurry for a clergyman and a special licence," he said to Schuyler; and to the girl: "Go upstairs and get ready. You shall marry him now."

Schuyler hurried away, well pleased at the turn events had taken; and Victoria slowly mounted the stairs, her head bowed and her heart heavy. The old man mounted guard at the door, so that there should be no escape.

"What is wrong, child?" asked the girl's mother, softly opening the door of her room.

"I am going, mother," she replied. "It is Schuyler . . . he . . . oh, I cannot marry him! I do not love him! He insults me. I . . ."

Softly her mother kissed her and whispered words of advice and left her to her thoughts.

Her thoughts! Her visions! Of Woman the chattel . . . given . . . taken. . . .

But there were other visions too. She seemed to see, as if from the highest peak of a last reincarnation, a memory of a distant dream. . . .

The Middle Ages. The unrelenting baron and his fair daughter, and the wealthy suitor who brought to the match everything but love and youth. Bald and toothless, but rich, very rich. . . . The bridesmaids assembled in the great hall. The servants festive. Even the priest could smile as he opened the book and waited for the ceremony's commencement. Everybody but the girl. And then—a run to the open case— a signal shown—a handsome figure in shining armour dashing into the hall—a wave of the sword, wielded so surely in his strong, straight arm—and she was away by his side in the saddle—away to where the year was young and the birds and the brooks sang and laughed. A chattel still—but a chattel of Love. The slave of man's will. But the right man! The good knight! Her knight! . . .

A vision, but surely a vision of hope? Victoria crept softly to the telephone, and in a moment was speaking with David

"Yes, Victoria speaking. . . .

Yes. . . . David! If—if you love me as—as you said—come and take me now. I am yours—waiting. . . ."

She dressed slowly for a journey, and when her father called, obediently she went downstairs. Schuyler was back, and

with him the clergyman. The clergyman smiled as he opened the book and waited for the ceremony's commencement. . . .

She heard somebody speaking, as if distantly, dimly. She was not listening. Her ears were for the sound of the throbbing motor that raced up the street and stopped. . . . The door opened, and David stood there. . . . She ran to him.

"Take me away," she sobbed—"before it is too late!"

He lifted her in his arms and turned and ran down the garden path with her; and before Schuyler and the others were half the way, the motor was off down the street and round the corner and away.

Their home was small, and it was poor, for David himself was poor as yet, but it was a tiny paradise to Victoria.

"It is just heaven," she smiled. "And from it we will help to bring heaven into the lives of others. Your work—not your practice, but your humanitarian work, your uphill fight unaided—David, I shall share this with you. Your work shall be my work. You shall climb the hill alone no more. I shall be by your side. Little things at first—I will keep your accounts, I will solicit subscriptions for your funds, and leave you to the bigger work—but I will help, I will do what I can. I will be more than a wife to you. I will be a comrade."

He smiled and kissed her, and told her that she was the most wonderful woman in the world.

His wife! His comrade! To help him in his life-work! This was all she asked. And that night, long after the great city slept, she lay awake, and thought she saw, at last, the truth. Not a chattel, not a slave—a fighter! A warrior for right! Had it not been so before? In other ages had she and David with their strong arms driven the wrongdoer from the fold, and set up right on the throne.

In the great rock-city of the Amazonian Empire. On the topmost rock the Keeper of the Giant Drum sounds out the warning. The infidels are coming to the city. To arms! And side by side with the soldiers are the maidens of the stronghold. Warriors all. Not weeping and waiting, but serving, too. Comrades in arms! Men and women. Nature's crown, this! Not a slave, but a helper. And when the last of the enemy is driven from the field, and the triumphant hosts return, it is as an equal that the queen shares the throne by the side of the strong-armed king. Woman the Equal! the Fighter! Such was the eternal truth.

Or so it seemed to Victoria.

Time passed. The little one came to crown their joy, and then, mate for him, a second, a girl. David and Victoria they called them, and for their future great things were planned.

"They shall carry on our work," said the woman.

"They shall start better than we started—better equipped," said the man.

And he told her of his own plans, of how his business was gradually building, of how soon he might go into politics and make a fortune, and a great name to pass on to his heir.

"I am meeting Henshaw, the boss of the Right party, to-night," he said. "Henshaw is pulling ropes for me, and no one can say to what heights we shall get."

"And then," she said, "our humanitarian work shall be sounder than ever. Where now we save one slum child from hell, then we shall save a hundred. There shall be no limit to our work. We shall be able to do anything?"

"We shall be able to do anything," he agreed.

She was smiling. But when she looked at him she saw that he was not smiling. She wondered. . . And a vision began to crumble. Were all her visions always to crumble? . . . Henshaw came

"I've been watching your career," he said. "Outside the camp you can be a dangerous man to us—which is why we invite you to come in. A man of your talents should be making thousands a year. Join us, and your election at the next poll is certain. But—remember this: once elected, forget your ideals, forget your dreams, obey your orders. It will make you a wealthy man. Stay away from us and you will remain poor. What do you say?"

He hesitated. From behind a curtain came a little sob, unheard by Henshaw. David hesitated. And then he saw, stretching ahead, all the empty years of poverty as they stretched now behind. Poor! Always poor! Always poor! No! He hesitated no longer, but rose and clasped a hand in Henshaw's.

"I am with you!" he said.

And as Henshaw took his departure, with another sob Victoria came forward.

"David!" she cried. "You have—sold yourself to the enemy!"

"My dear girl," said David, testily; "we cannot remain forever in this rut. We must get on and get up. We must rise."

"Are you sure you are not sinking?" she asked.

"One must go into politics to succeed," he retorted. "And I intend to succeed. I am going into politics."

She said nothing now. But the silence was broken by another sob.

David went into politics, and the Courtney family moved into a fine home, and soon into one still finer. And in a little while came the writing on the wall.

"The accounts for the children's holiday fund are long and very involved," said Victoria one night. "I must get them clear before I sleep. Go to bed, David. You look tired and worn. I can manage along without help."

"Leave it!" he said; and at his sharp tones she glanced up. "I don't believe in women meddling in business," he continued. "A woman's place is in the home—not in an office. I am engaging a secretary to do the work you have been doing. You must look after the home more. We shall be doing a greater amount of entertaining this season. . . ."

"David!"

"Yes; well, all right—don't make a speech, my dear. We have our position to keep up. You can't do everything. You must stay at home."

Victoria hated the insolent familiarity her pose brought upon her, but she was determined that David should suffer.



And so she stayed at home, and the secretary took her place in the work on behalf of suffering humanity.

And into her life came Bobo the fascinating, who was yet more brilliant, and whose smile was wider. A hundred conquests had Bobo to her credit. With David Courtney she scored her hundred-and-first.

Victoria saw the attachment. At first she said nothing, did nothing. And then she saw, as a bright light shining, her course. Yes; Woman was a warrior, a slayer of the common enemy—but the common enemy was Woman!

In a little while Gossip found increased scope for her arts. Little whispers began to get around, and they came to the ears of David. His wife (it was said) was unduly brilliant, and smiled with extra sweetness at certain of his male guests. Victoria hated the insolent familiarity her pose brought upon her, but she was determined that David should suffer. David saw that she was more popular than familiarity had let him believe. He spoke to her afterwards about it.

At once the mask was lowered. "Oh, David, David!" she sobbed. "Don't you see? I am doing it to win you back—back to the life that

was. Don't you see? Let us go back, now."

But he turned away without a word.

It was afternoon, and she sat in the garden, crushed, beaten, broken-hearted. This was the end. Could bitterness hold keener sorrow? Could hell show a chamber yet unopened? . . . And even as she thought, the cry of a newsboy reached her ears, and a familiar name was shrieked by the unheeding. She hurried to the gate and took a paper from grimy hands, and returned to her quiet corner and read:

Famous solicitor arrested for embezzlement. Children's Fund gone. Amazing exposure.

The paper dropped from her hands; the last unopened chamber was laid bare.

The trial was over, the sentence passed, and David was in his dark cell, alone, friendless. Victoria had not been in court, she had not been to see him since his arrest, no word had come from her.

Wearily that night he lay upon his hard bed and tried to sleep. But his eyes were wide, dully wide, staring without seeing a distant star that shone afar through the grating of his cell. . . . Victoria had deserted. . . .

But Victoria, too, had seen the star, and it had shone bright to her. At last she had seen Woman as she was. Again from the high peak of her last re-incarnation she had looked down. Again she had seen herself by the side of the strong-armed man, but differently, eternally, now; in a new rôle, the only one.

Rome! Woman the Slave at the knee of the master. It was

the great feast of the year, and the soldiers home from victory were to choose themselves wives from the slaves of the market. Every man who had killed one of the enemy should choose as he wished from the waiting lines of women; and the others who had not killed their man must have one chosen for them. In a corner, weeping, was a slave with arms upraised. It was said that she was praying to the New God. She was one of the converts to Christianity. The other slaves laughed. . . . And when she was chosen and given to a warrior, she fell upon her knees and prayed afresh to her New God to save her; and so loud was the laughter and the uproar that it reached to the ears of Constantine the Emperor, whom in silence she had loved. And Constantine came down from his throne and approached her. "Strong must be the faith that will cause a slave to defy fate," he said. "Why do you pray thus? Why do you resist?"—and then, touched by her manner, he asked: "Is there one in the city whom you love more than this warrior?" And she bowed her head and told him the truth. "It will mean the lions for her," said the other slaves. But Constantine took her hand, and led her to his throne. "Stronger than any other faith is yours," he said. "You must teach me to understand. You are a slave no longer. You shall be my teacher."

And at last Victoria knew. At last she saw the truth.

With the break of dawn she was at the prison gates—long before the hour at which visitors were admitted. And then she was taken to the bars behind which was her husband.

"Victoria!" he cried, reaching a hand through the bars and clasping hers. "I thought you had left me for ever."

"I can never leave you," she said gently. "I shall wait for you, and I shall plan for you, and I shall teach my children to pray for their father; and, some day, when these bars open, we shall all have a little nest waiting for you, somewhere where the year is young, and the leaves and the brooks are laughing—and there we shall all start afresh together, and I will help you to build again the work that we shared together."

"Victoria!" he cried again. "My wife!"

"Your Woman," she said, proudly. "Your guide! Your hope!"

He drew her hand through the bars and kissed it.



A hundred conquests had Bobo to her credit. With David Courtney she scored her hundred-and-first.

Picturegoer Parodies

Theda Bara



A Vamp there was and she made her bow
 Back in the days gone by;
 And though we're hardened to vampires now,
 Her flashing eyes and her frowning brow
 Were considered frightful, you must allow,
 Back in the days gone by.

Oh, the homes she wrecked, and the graves she decked
 With roses of red disgrace,
 And the tears we shed for "the loves that were"—
 The toys of the woman who did not care—
 The slaves of her deathly face.

A Vamp there was, and she worked her ill
 Back in the days gone by,
 With burning zest and uncanny skill,
 On all who ventured to trust her will;
 Her only aim was to wreck or kill
 Back in the days gone by.

Oh, the wiles of the Vamp and the smiles of the Vamp,
 Symbols of love betrayed!
 Poet and peasant, king and tramp,
 Victims all of her deadiy ramp,
 Danced to the tune she played.

A Vamp there was, and folks watched her art
 (Even as you and I!),
 Saying, "Her acting is mighty smart;
 She fairly lives in each vamping part:
 Behold a woman who has no heart!"
 (Nothing like you and I.)

We watched her act, but we missed the fact
 (For we never understood)
 That, although she came in a vampish rôle,
 She hated vamping with all her soul,
 And she wanted to be good.

Oh, the kisses *she* gave, and the hisses *we* gave,
 For we never understood,
 That the way she treated each loving slave
 Was not at all how she wished to behave,
 For she wanted to be good.

A Vamp she was when she made her bow
 Back in the days gone by,
 But she's grown repentant and sworn a vow
 No more to fright us with frowning brow,
 For Theda's turning a good girl now,
 Even as you and I!

British Studio Gossip

Ivy Close will be seen in one of her famous flapper rôles in "The Pruning Knife," now being produced by Walter West.



Austrian Adventures.

Gerald Ames is home again after a busy time filming *Within the Maze* in Vienna. "The scenery round about is delightful," he told me; "and the people quite charming. Their ideas of us, though, are sometimes unique. 'Tipperary' they appear to regard as our National Anthem, and used to ask the orchestras (there are hundreds there) on the quiet to play it for my special benefit." Many exteriors were made in the beautiful Thiergarten, which was the old Emperor's private hunting forest. "It is full of wild boar, stag, and mountain goat," concluded Gerald, "which came and stared us out of countenance."

Extravagance!

We agreed that Austria certainly had its good points, for Gerald expatiated upon the excellence of his hotel there, with various details of cuisine and attendance. After outlining one day's programme, he made me give a guess as to the charges. Of course, I was all out; for, though in Austrian currency it sounds a frightful lot, in English money Gerald had been living at the hectic rate of two shillings per day!

Sport On the Screen.

After the purely technical tennis film which Suzanne Lenglen made at Stolls, we are to have a series of films dealing with other sports, but with the added interest of a story. Some are two-reelers, and they deal with boxing, rowing, cycling, cricket, and football. Arthur McLaglen (one of Victor's numerous brothers) and Jack Bloomfield spar and star in the boxing film, *Quitter Grant*; and James Knight is hero of the cricketing story, *Playing the Game*, and also the Boat-Race film, *Rowing To Win*.

Wheels and Reels.

In the cycling two-reeler, Rex Davies stars, with Peggy Carlisle opposite. Rex seemed perturbed because there was



Tea-time at the B.P. Studios, where George A. Cooper (bottom, left) is producing his series of one-reel Quality films. Ivy Dawson (bottom, right) is seen telling the story of his life.

no villain for him to use as a punching ball; but assured me that cycling was one of his favourite sports, and that he had enjoyed himself immensely. Can anyone really name any form of sport that *isn't* one of Rex Davies' favourites?

More Animated History.

For his "King Charles II." in *The Flight of The King*, one of the "Romance of History" series, the producer, George Ridgewell, chose Denis Neilson-Terry, who has not been seen in filmland for a long while. Denis is also to appear in *A Story of Nell Gwynne*, as the Merry Monarch, and we shall be able to compare his characterisation with that of his famous father, Fred Terry, whose Charles II. is well known to all lovers of costume romance on the stage. The first film is mainly fights and flights; but the second deals with Nell Gwynne (played by Sylvia Caine) and the erection of the Chelsea Hospital.

Surrey On the Screen.

The Boy Scouts at Carshalton had the time of their lives when some scenes for *Treasure Trove*, a twelve-episode comedy-serial, were taken there. Big Roy Byford and Frank Stanmore, as "Downe" and "Owte," were to be seen every day in full war-paint; for they play respectively the "Optimist" and the "Pessimist," who are the chief characters. When some village scenes were made, the Boy Scouts were reinforced by some ex-Service men, and the whole town came out to watch them.

Ann Forrest making-up by the roadside during the filming of "If Winter Comes."



Our Absentees.

A number of stars spent September, or part of it, out of England. Matheson Lang was in Sweden, where he took kindly to the country and the customs. He had a great reception there, too, and especially in the little northern fishing village where many exteriors were "shot," and is loud in praise of his producer, Victor Seastrom. Then there were Stewart Rome and Henry Victor, who were literally "snowed under" in Iceland; Victor McLaglen, and Hugh E. Wright gipsying in Scotland; and Lois Sturt, the "Nell Gwynne" of *The Glorious Adventure*, was in Venice.

Henry Victor in "The Prodigal Son."



The Return of the One-Reeler.

Many people, remembering the days when films were one hundred per cent. entertainment, have sighed for the return of the one-reeler. Short dramas have always been popular with the majority of picturegoers, and more varied programmes will be the order of the day at most kinemas in the near future. George A. Cooper, a young British producer, is specialising in the making of one-reel dramas and comedies for Quality Films, Ltd., and his first subjects caused a sensation when trade-shown. Cooper believes that "the story's the thing," and his films, based on the cream of current fiction selected from "PAN" and "The 20-Story Magazine," are the best one-reelers that have reached the screen since D. W. Griffith's Biograph days. When you see the kind of story that Cooper can compress into a thousand feet of film, you will realise how much unnecessary padding the long features of to-day contain.



Florence Turner, who is starring in "The Pruning Knife."

Wireless Wonders.

Captain Calvert, producer of *A Prince of Lovers*, has started work on a new picture, which will be entitled *The Scientist*. The story deals with a future possibility of wireless—the transmission of vision, and a specially-constructed instrument, "The Vidascope," will be used in the production. It is believed that "radio-sight" may one day play an important part in the direction of crime; and Captain Calvert intends to probe all the possibilities in his new film. David Hawthorne has been cast for the hero's rôle, and Marjorie Hume will be his leading lady. Frank Dane is the villain of the piece; and others in the cast are F. R. Hignett and Cecil du Gue. The exterior scenes are being filmed around London and Bournemouth.



Mr. & Mrs. Picturegoer at The Regent, Chelmsford

There is a symbolism marking a moving-picture milestone in the impressive marble-flanked proscenium and spacious balcony and boxes that form part of the artistic architecture of the Regent Kinema, Chelmsford. For the attractive design of the interior of

this popular Essex picture-house holds a distinct suggestion of an amphitheatre of the ambitious type only formerly associated with real-life players. It is significant that a kinema theatre devoted to the screen reflection of shadow artistes should assume much of the architectural importance of the older type of entertainment houses. It is an indication that the movies have now gained a permanent place in the interests of the public, which has commenced to seriously rival the popularity of vaudeville houses and theatres.

Chelmsford is naturally proud of its ornate picture-hall, which has seating accommodation for over one thousand people. The stage is sufficiently large, too, to enable a full play or a series of varieties to be accommodated on it if necessary. But the patrons of the Regent are quite content to have the proscenium filled with the silver sheet that reflects the pick of the current releases. If they desire to see actors or actresses in the flesh, they want to view in person the artistes whose shadow forms they have become familiar with on the screen.

The domed roof of the Regent re-echoed with applause recently, when Mr. Eille Norwood, the creator of the screen "Sherlock Holmes," was recognised sitting in one of the boxes. This was Eille Norwood's first public appearance at any kinema, and he was obviously pleased at the reception accorded him by the Chelmsford picturegoers. For he was a little nervous of the venture.

"I feel that an actor ought not to run the risk of destroying whatever illusion he may have been fortunate enough to create on the film by intruding himself on the public in his private capacity," said the Stoll "star" in his speech. But the Regent patrons thought otherwise, and applauded the artistry of the man who, despite his dissimilarity to Conan Doyle's famous character in private life, by ingenious make-up and clever

facial expressions so effectively radiated from the screen the fascinating personality of fiction's most famous detective.

The programmes favoured by the Regent picturegoers further demonstrate the leanings of suburban and country town audiences towards films that screen stories of popular books. For the comparative quietude of localities situated away from the heart of the Metropolis naturally fosters reading. Hence this interest in modern fiction finds a further outlet in the screen presentation of characters whom print has made familiar.

The Regent is fortunate in the possession of a manager, in Mr. H. B. Harris, who, owing to a long association with the entertainment world, is able very effectively to keep his finger on the pulse of public demand where amusement is concerned. Mr. Harris followed the stage as a career in his early days, and he was a prominent member of the famous Palladium Minstrels, who were a twentieth-century reflection of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels of our fathers' days. He

afterwards played in the comedies "The Private Secretary" and "The Headmaster."

The management of the Regent have carried on the Griffith tradition of recognising the tremendous value of musical settings in the direction of providing atmosphere for a film. Mr. S. Gosling, the musical director, studies each picture before it is presented, and adapts musical scores from his extensive library to blend with the sentiment reflected from the screen. The Regent represents an outstanding example of the artistic development of moving-picture presentation which makes the crudities of the kinema of twenty years ago almost unbelievable.

P. R. M.

A scene from the film, "Vice Versa," in which H. B. Harris, manager of the Regent, appeared in the rôle of "Chawner."

Mr. Harris is nearest the camera on the right.



Meet Sentimental Tommy



Gareth Hughes.

Gareth Hughes, who is featured this month in *Sentimental Tommy*, was born at Llanelly, Wales, in 1897. In spite of his youth, he has had an extensive stage and screen career. He appeared with Clara Kimball Young in *Eyes of Youth*, with Marguerite Clark in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, and with Viola Dana in *A Chorus Girl's Romance*. Other of his pictures are *The Woman Under Oath*, *The Lure of Youth*, and *The Woman In His House*.

First gazed on Gareth Hughes over a littered kitchen table, and although his laughing brown eyes did not at that moment suggest his quixotic temperament, it was his surroundings that betrayed his fanciful appreciation of life. He had imbued even domesticity with an unconventional suggestion of artistry. Blue walls and orange curtains, white enamelled stoves and an eighteenth-century bow-legged table, supporting a twentieth-century rolling-pin, certainly have a touch of fantasy in a kitchen. That was Gareth's atonement to the arts for straying into the mundane affairs of cookery. Cookery is one of his favourite hobbies, but he insists on cooking cabbagees or cakes amidst an atmosphere of futuristic effects.

He wiped his long, tapering fingers free from baking-powder and replaced a glinting amethyst ring on his right hand as a preliminary to shaking hands. Baking-powder and barbaric jewellery, this boy with the credulous, eager expression of youth was a continual contradiction.

"I had that made for *Sentimental Tommy*," he explained noticing my scrutiny of the huge jewel.

He eyed it himself with the proud expression of a boy displaying a particularly coveted specimen of glass marble.

Then the swift, transient suggestion of irresponsible youth passed. He became the grave, thoughtful philosopher.

"I often think that there is such a thing as reincarnation, and that I in some former life was a priest," he said, with a shy smile. "I love jewels that suggest resplendent altarcloths and stained-glass windows. One day I shall fit up one of my rooms as a cloister."

It was easy to realise why Cecil B. De Mille called Gareth Hughes the "young idealist." Yet there is nothing solid or tangible in this description of the puzzling Metro "star." For Gareth's mind flits from one mood to another like a butterfly. He is a swift series of character studies, each one, despite its transience, being very convincing whilst it pleases him to adopt each individual pose.

"What would you like me to talk about?" he asked suddenly, as we left the blue-and-orange kitchen and passed along the corridor that led to his den, with its tiger-skin rugs and silk-covered divans.

The question struck me as being humorous.

It would have been as sensible to have asked Don Quixote to have postponed his tilting at windmills until he had assimilated the riding-school technique of a lancers' sergeant-major, as to endeavour to bind Gareth Hughes down to any detailed line of thought.

"Your past experiences on the films and your future ambitions," I suggested, with the realisation that whatever I said could not stem his swift, ever-changing flow of conversation and direct it into any special channels.

He had forgotten his question almost as soon as he had spoken.

Crossing to a gleaming piano of polished mahogany, he commenced to play softly.

He chattered as he played, for this versatile young man has no need to concentrate on a musical score. He never

learned music, but played naturally from his earliest boyhood.

"Do you recognise this old Welsh air?" he said. "I learned it when I was a boy living in the Welsh hills where I was born. That was twenty-three years ago."

As his fingers strayed over the keys he became reminiscent, and told me that acting first claimed him when he was fourteen, and he appeared on the stage in Wales. Then, with the Welsh Players, he went to London, and later to New York. In those days his prominent stage successes were "Little Miss Llewellyn," "The Joneses," "Dark Rosaleen," and "The Change."

He was serious when he spoke with pride of having created the rôle of the young son in J. M. Barrie's "The New World." A moment later his thoughts flashed off at a tangent.

"Have you seen J. M. Barrie?" he asked suddenly, his customary shy smile breaking into a happy grin.

I confessed that I had not met the famous creator of Peter Pan, the immortal character whose lovable spirit of boyhood is so largely reflected in Gareth Hughes.

"Then you must meet him now," said my mercurial host, emitting a shrill whistle.

A shaggy-coated Airedale lumbered into the room and thrust a friendly damp nose into my hand.

Gareth explained that he called this intelligent canine "Barrie" because, despite the fact that he played in many film pictures before he starred in *Sentimental Tommy*, he always regards the latter picture as his first big chance on the silver sheet.

When "Barrie" had comfortably curled himself up on Gareth's immaculate knees, my host told me of his early days before fame came to him in the early twenties, and a fortune sufficient to build his picturesque house in the wooded Laurel Canyon of the Californian hills and to house two splendid cars in the garage adjacent to his home.

Gareth has the power to forcibly convey to his listeners his mood of the moment, just as he radiates emotions from the screen.

The wistfulness in his searching brown eyes inspired my sympathy as he related how he had known poverty in his early days in New York.

"I have known what it is to starve in a garret," he confessed.

I looked at his carefully polished pink finger-nails, his modish, immaculate clothes that revealed the sybarite, and realised that beneath his effervescent nature there was strength of purpose that had lifted him to success, despite the despair that privations must have brought to one so intolerant of poverty.

"At first I played small parts in the film studios, but I was always confident that fame would one day come my way. My first real screen part was in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, with Marguerite Clark; and *Eyes of*

Youth, in which I played with that incomparable artiste, Clara Kimball Young, was another early milestone in my career."

"Your favourite screen artiste?" I queried, his enthusiasm in the direction of "Clara Kimball" inspiring my trend of thought.

"Ben Turpin," said Gareth unhesitatingly.

I gasped and studied his serious face for the flicker of humour that I felt sure would be there. He was joking, I imagined.

His next sentence swept aside my doubts.



Gareth Hughes as "Sentimental Tommy."

"I think he's great," enthused Gareth, bending forward in his chair, with disastrous results to the somnolent "Barrie," who fell a disgruntled heap on to the onyx and silver carpet.

"I went to see *A Small Town Idle* seven times because he was so funny in it. Yet I am not in love with pictures generally. *Sentimental Tommy* is the only one in which I appear that I have seen from beginning to end."

I settled back on the orange cushions of Gareth's comfortable divan, and let the probing art of the interviewer look after itself. This irrepressible host of mine was far more entertaining and surprising when he was left alone to go his own way.

"Lasky's sent for me to come to New York to star in *Sentimental Tommy*," he told me. "At that time I was Viola Dana's leading man, and I played in *A Chorus Girl's Romance*, *Life's Darn Funny*, and *The Lure of Youth*.

Garments of Truth and *The Hunch* followed after that, and shortly I am starting work on *Kick In* with May McAvoy, Betty Compson, and Bert Lytell.

"May McAvoy and I are great friends. We both had our big chance together in *Sentimental Tommy*, and that has inspired a happy comradeship between us."

"They say," I interrupted, "that you are a woman hater."

Gareth raised his slim hands in laughing protest.

"Never. In fact," he added in a stage whisper, "I am searching for a wife. I am sufficiently an idealist to know that marriage is a great influence for success in a man's life if he finds the real happiness that the right woman can bring."

I appreciated the desire for secrecy that his lowered tones suggested. Were the world to know that handsome, lovable Gareth Hughes was looking for a wife, he would be swamped by letters from hopeful applicants for the coveted position.

"If I have any difference with the opposite sex," admitted Gareth, offering me a gold-tipped cigarette on the side of which were his initials fantastically engraved in gold, "it is my belief that the rôle of Peter Pan should never be played by a woman. The portrayal of appealing, lovable youth should essentially be the task of a man. And I am going to run the risk of appearing to be biased by saying that I am very anxious to play that part myself either on the stage or screen."

"The stage," I re-echoed. "You think that you are likely to return to the theatre?"

Gareth lapsed into yet another of his changing moods, and momentarily the mask of eager boyishness fell from his face and he became the inscrutable, serious, professional man of the world with blaséness reflected in his big brown eyes.

"Soon I expect to go back," he admitted. "Arnold Daly has asked me to play Hamlet, and I am anxious to play David Copperfield, Dorian Gray, and Pendennis."

That he is a child of intellect is even more accentuated when Gareth Hughes's finely chiselled features are at rest in his fleeting serious moments. He has the arresting, reflective eyes of the thinker. His high, broad forehead, with its perfect curve from his nose to where his thick brown hair sweeps across his brow, suggests the fertile, creative brain that lies beneath.

His lithe and graceful figure has that broadness of shoulders and slender waist that, in addition to suggesting youth, enables him to wear the most Bohemian dress with distinction. Even in the rags of a tramp in his clever characterisation in *The Hunter* he had a certain grace of movement and gesture.

Yet Gareth confessed that he seldom indulges in athletics to keep himself fit.

"Keeping fit for me means being able to work unceasingly for sixteen hours at a stretch. I can't do it if I wear myself out completely at sports. I find the mental stimulation of great literature more necessary," he soliloquised.

Before I left Gareth took me around his quaint garden, and showed me the enclosed porch with its silent pool of floating water-lilies where he sits and evolves his new screen characterisations.

It is here that he has read William Shakespeare until he has a surprising knowledge of the works of the famous bard.

To one so highly strung and receptive where the influence of individuals and surroundings is concerned, it is not surprising that Gareth Hughes admits that he is very affected by the "atmosphere" of a scene when he is playing before the cameras.

"The quaint picturesque village of 'Thrums,' which was especially built for the filming of *Sentimental Tommy*, was a great inspiration to me," Gareth told me. "Somehow, it seemed to have caught the spirit of the story, and to reflect the simple, unaffected outlook of the human Scottish characters figuring in Barrie's book. I felt myself living in the part that I was playing, with the quaint tiled cottages and narrow, twisted streets of Thrums as a background.

"It may sound like idealism," added Gareth, with sudden seriousness in his fine eyes; "but I believe that the great improvement of recent years in the artistic creation of studio sets has helped to uplift the acting of the artistes. It is possible to throw yourself enthusiastically into a part, and enact characters that are not part of one's real personality, if you are acting amidst realistic scenic effects on the production of which any amount of time and labour has been expended.

"I am a devout admirer of those pioneers of the pictures who enthusiastically mimed before crude painted canvas on wooden platforms with only the sun to illuminate the scene. Such conditions must have been very trying, and they demanded the best in an artiste, who had not the inspiration of lavish scenery and flattering arc-lamps."

Then Gareth betrayed a secret which may to some extent help to explain his puzzling temperament.

"Do you think that I am affected?" he asked, with embarrassing directness, studying my face as he spoke.

I protested politely against any such suggestion.

"I am afraid that I lay myself open to such criticism," went on Gareth, slowly; "for I admit that I go on acting after I have left the studios. It is a theory of mine that an actor should continue to perfect his art by continually pretending to be someone other than his real self.

"For example," he said suddenly, with a characteristic smile playing round his mobile mouth, "at the present moment I confess that I am really worried and a little frightened at being interviewed. I am just trying to act the part of a motion-picture star who is a little bored at having to grant an interview, but is submitting to it only for the benefit of the picturegoers who wish to hear something about him.

"Since you arrived, I have kept saying to myself: 'Gareth, you're an important personage, and people will be hanging on your words.'

"You see," added my youthful host with naïve frankness, "I have been convincing myself that it is true for the time being, so that I can talk to you and forget my usual shrinking, timid self.

"I play at being an actor all the time. I am sure that has given me a deeper sympathy with the characters that I have portrayed on the screen. I feel that way over 'Sentimental Tommy' and 'Lester Croke' in *Garments of Truth*—both character-studies of youngsters who, through force of circumstances, were obliged to act parts outside of themselves."

Gareth Hughes is a remarkably serious young man when he commences to delve beneath the surface of things. Psychology, I discovered, was his favourite study, and it provided considerable recreation for him during the frequent occasions when he went into quiet retirement with his beloved books.

Gareth Hughes spends much of his spare time in quiet retirement amongst his books.

"Books will not teach you a great deal about human nature," Gareth told me; "you have to study the real thing if you want to reflect on the screen human nature as it really is.

"I spent days and the best part of several nights down in the 'Bowery' quarter of New York not long ago studying the underworld and its human derelicts.

"I was assimilating knowledge for my screen portrayal of the part of the tramp in my film play, *The Hunter*. Of course, I was not dressed like this," he laughed, indicating his immaculately cut morning suit. "An old-clothes shop provided me with the requisite shabby costume and two weeks' growth of beard completed my disguise.

"I wore the actual clothes in which I masqueraded in *The Hunter*. That was probably the most economical suit that I have ever appeared in before the cameras."

Gareth Hughes has a peculiar gift for one possessed of an imaginative, creative mind. He has the power to assimilate detail and store it in his brain, despite his vivid mentality which flits from widely diverse subjects with such lack of effort. He suggests the unusual combination of a shrewd business man and an imaginative dreamer.

He talked of his visit to Mexico, to



which country he journeyed for the filming of *Stay Home*, and his vivid descriptions of the South American landscape and wonderful sunsets and clear warm nights were those of an artist, word-painting on a mental canvas. Yet he retained remarkably insignificant details in his mind concerning that visit. He told me how he stole into a Mission Church where Mass was in progress. He described minutely the picturesque costumes of the women worshippers with handkerchiefs on their heads, and he dwelt on the bizarre appearance of the altar boy devoid of vestments, and who was barefooted and attired in a pair of ragged breeches and a torn shirt.

He had found time to study human beings, as is his custom wherever he goes, although in Mexico he was filming hard all day, and studying the script of a later picture, *Don't Write Letters*, when away from the studios.

With wistfulness in his brown eyes, Gareth talked of Wales, his native country, as we sipped tea brought to us by a kindly faced housekeeper who "mothers" her irrepressible master, although it was confided to me that she had only been in his service for a few weeks. For Gareth has the refreshing appeal of youth in his likable personality, and those who have felt the influence of his whimsical, lovable character, which he so effectively radiates from

the screen, will understand the feelings of that motherly housekeeper.

Gareth was born in Llanelly, and he has all the typical love of the Welshman for his own country. He is inordinately proud of the fact that Lloyd George came from Wales.

Soon he is going to re-visit the land of his fathers, when his long-delayed vacation becomes a reality.

The practical jokers of the Metro studios revel in circulating rumours that Gareth is getting married. And because, with the wealth that he has amassed from the stage and screen, and his extremely attractive looks, there are always many of the fair sex ready to take an interest in any intriguing matrimonial rumours that are associated with one of the most eligible bachelors in the moving-picture colony.

"It was actually reported that I was honeymooning at the Samarkand Hotel, the hostelry for newly-weds at Santa Barbara, California," Gareth related to me, with a chuckle.

"I happened to be staying there for a few days, and some humourist took the opportunity of pulling off a practical joke.

"My director swallowed it, and wired me for confirmation of the report. I wired back: "Not honeymooning. Have a fine moon, but no honey.'"

It may be that Gareth has some hidden romance which he has not revealed to the curious world. When

he talks of the happiness of an ideal marriage, and confesses that often he is very lonely in his bachelor walk of life, one wonders if somewhere away in the Welsh hills there is a memory which he carries in his heart.

"I would like to be married in Wales if I ever did contemplate matrimony," he confessed, and there was a far-away, reflective expression in his big brown eyes as he spoke.

When Gareth insisted that I should come with him and inspect the stables adjacent to his picturesque house, where he keeps his mounts, including his first favourite, "Dynamite," who has appeared with him on the screen, I saw another phase of the youthful star's character. He is devoted to horses, and spends much of his spare time in the saddle. But it is the extraordinary understanding that he has of his animals, and the almost affectionate manner in which they press their noses against his delicate hands, that leaves a greater impression than his obvious enthusiasm where horseflesh is concerned.

I left him gazing thoughtfully at the shadowed pool, softly singing the lilting words of a new Broadway fox-trot. Shakespeare and Jazz, cooking and cloisters—I reflected as I made my way back down Gareth's wooded drive. Would anyone ever understand this lovable, human will-o'-the-wisp from the Welsh hills?

A view of "Thrums" during the filming of "Sentimental Tommy." John S. Robertson, the producer, is seen chatting with May McAvoy and Gareth Hughes.





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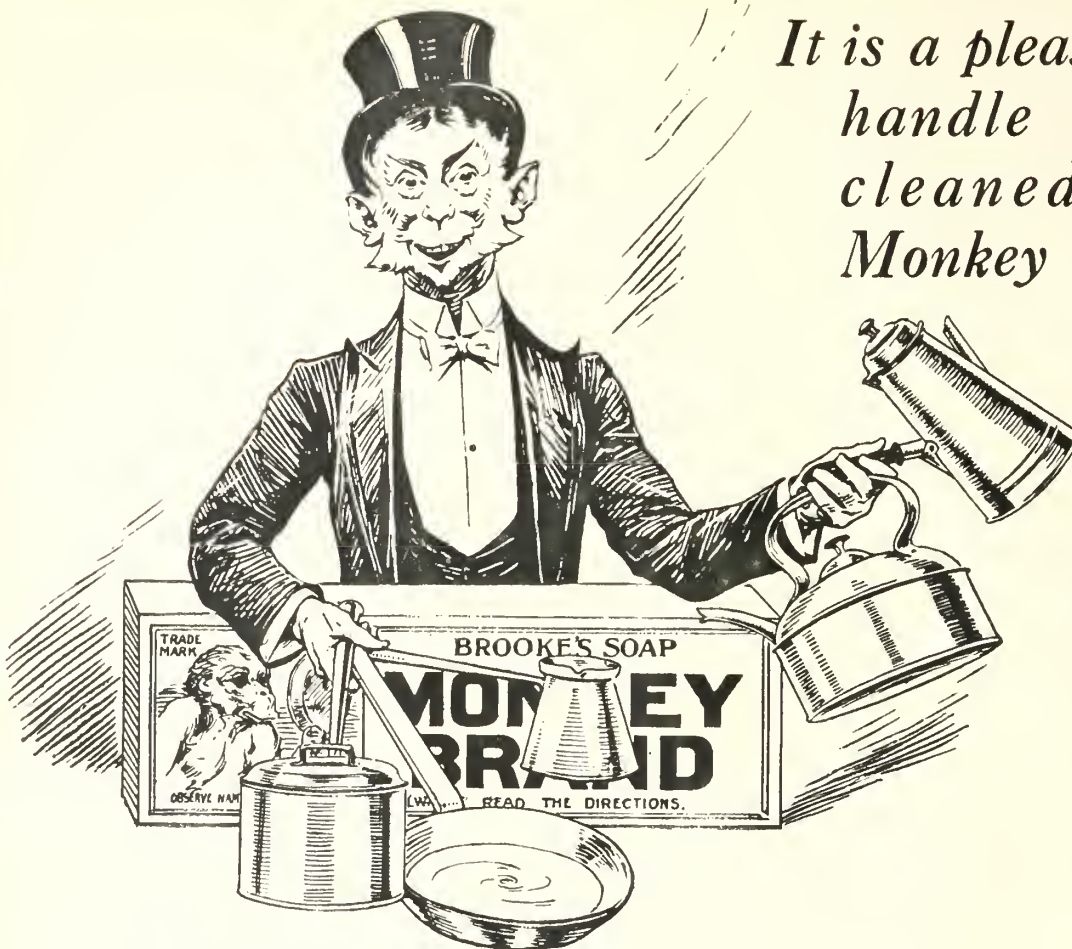
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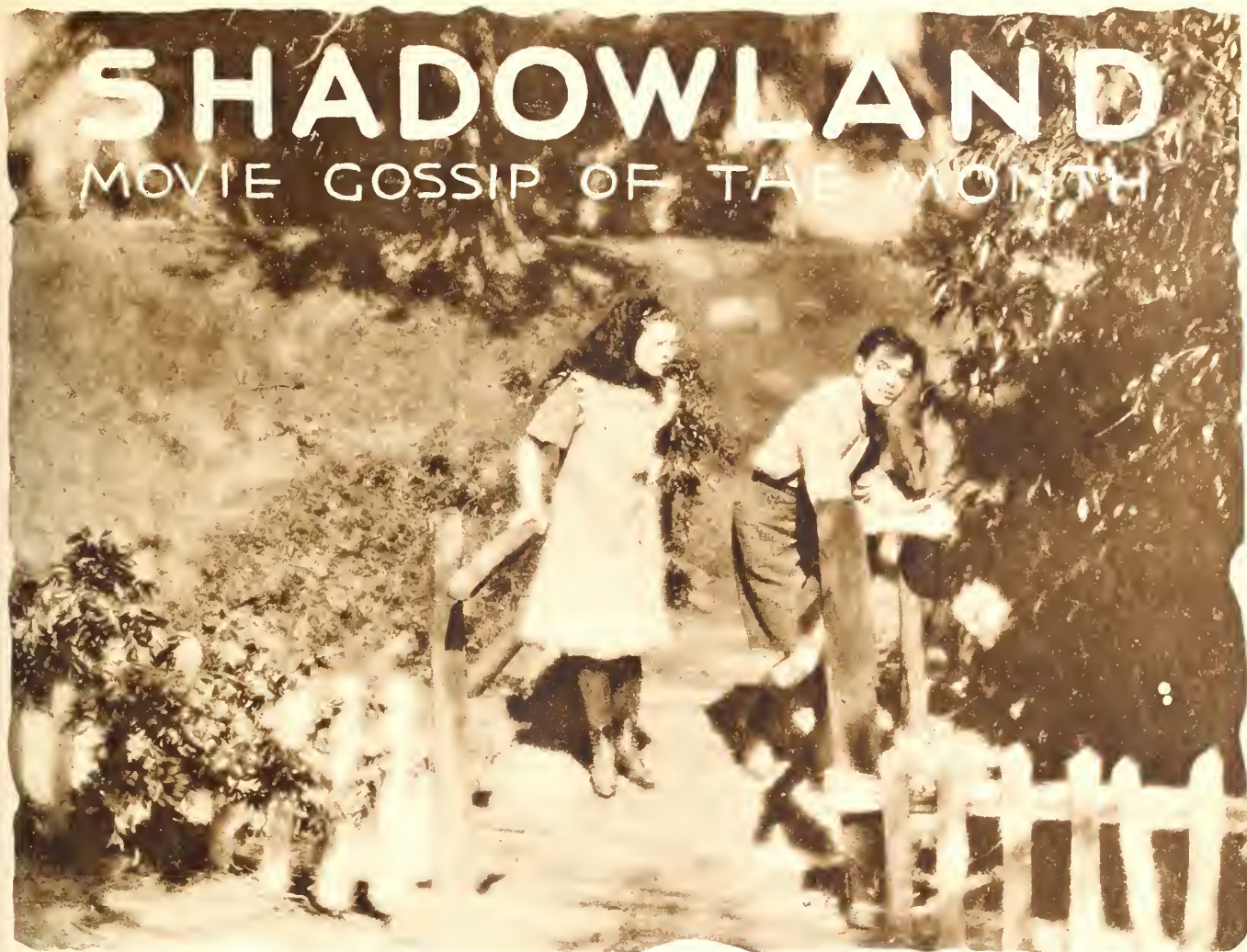
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MOVIE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH



There is a well-substantiated rumour that Mary Pickford has secured the film rights of the story, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which has had a chequered career lately in the market where thousands of dollars are bartered for picture rights. Originally Lady Diana Duff Cooper was to have played in a screen version of the story directed by Stuart Blackton, but this project has since been abandoned. The price paid by Mary is said to be the highest sum offered for a film story this year. There is an English flavour in the story of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. Lady "Di" claims that Dorothy Vernon was an ancestress of hers, who married Sir John Manners after a romantic elopement, and this episode founded the house of Manners. Mary would seem to be favouring screen presentations of English characters, for, if rumour is correct, she has decided to appear as "Lady Vernon" close on her film reflection of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

A PICTUREGOER romance revolves around the recent marriage of Mercy Hatton, the popular British film star, and P. Russell,

Mallinson. A little more than a year ago, Russell Mallinson, whose name is well known in connection with articles and stories in the "Picturegoer," interviewed Miss Hatton in order to write her screen experiences for this paper. This chance acquaintance ripened into friendship, and a few months later an engagement followed, which was terminated when the happy pair were married recently at Christ Church, Mayfair. Miss Hatton, who is a pretty blonde, has played leading parts in *Beau Brocade*, *The Laughing Cavalier*, *Her Son*, *A Sportsman's Wife*, *Master of Craft*, *Christie Johnstone*, and other British screen productions. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Mallinson spent a river honeymoon at Datchet, where they had the unique experience of receiving wireless wedding congratulations at the Manor Hotel, radioed by the editorial staff of the popular wireless monthly, *The Broadcaster*.

An increasing number of famous American screen stars are temporarily deserting their first love, the film colony at Los Angeles, and travelling across the Atlantic to figure in productions abroad. Wyndham Standing, of *Earthbound* fame—who is now appearing in a current release,

Smilin' Through, with Norma Talmadge—has arrived in Holland in company with Margaret Marsh, who has co-starred with Dustin Farnum, Herbert Rawlinson, and with Lionel Barrymore in *Boomerang Bill*. These two screen favourites from across the "Herring Pond" are starting work immediately in Holland, in *The Lion's Mouse*, a story adapted from the well-known novel. All of which is another indication that the time has passed when America represented the main field for picture production, which is rapidly becoming more international in character.

A barrage of cameras recently penetrated into the sombre precincts of the "Cercle Français" in New York, an institution which has a wonderful collection of French prints and etchings. This invasion was carried out for the purpose of photographing valuable drawings and paintings which would provide for the Fox super-film, *Monte Cristo*, details of the costumes and customs in vogue during the Dumas and Napoleonic periods of French history. This is a new phase of the extensive and painstaking work which now lies behind the presentation of historical pictures, which in these days of critical audiences



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have to follow closely the records of legend and custom. From the ancient prints, models of houses and streets were built in the studios, from which the full sized spectacular sets were later constructed. The wardrobe mistress had to design most of the costumes for the half-million-dollar production, *Monte Cristo*, from the apparel figuring in faded prints.

Elaborate arrangements, which included a tour through England on a rose-garlanded special train, were made to welcome Constance and Norma Talmadge when it was announced that they were to visit this country. At the moment, however, they have sacrificed their good time amongst their British admirers in order to remain at the bedside of a dying school friend in Paris. Had the preliminary plans not miscarried, Norma Talmadge would have made a personal appearance before the screen in the kinemas showing her latest picture, *Smilin' Through*. This is the film wherein Norma appears in a wedding gown of the 'sixties; and in order to go back to the small-waisted figure so dear to our grandmothers, she had to reduce her weight twelve pounds, so that she could squeeze her waist into the tight-fitting, pointed bodice of that period.

Slowly, but surely, the kinemas in London and the big provincial cities have been challenging the theatres where popularity is concerned. Now leading picture theatres in the West End of London are making the interesting experiment of abolishing the customary programmes, and substituting big feature films, which are shown once or twice nightly. The success of this innovation suggests that it has struck the right note in public taste. *The Birth of a Nation*, *The Storm*, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, Norma Talmadge's latest picture, *Smilin' Through*, *Nanook* (the screen story of life and love in the Arctic), are some of the attractions which are filling the London kinemas. A great advantage of the one-feature programme is that it obliterates the annoyance of dropping into a kinema in the middle of the principal picture of the evening—a frequent occurrence, which is like starting a novel in the middle, reading



An interesting group taken at the wedding of Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller. The bride is seated between Douglas Fairbanks and Charles Chaplin.

it to the end, and then going back to the beginning.

Gloria Swanson's new picture, *Her Gilded Cage*, which Paramount recently released in America, is reminiscent of the exotic screen vehicles of Mae Murray. Gorgeous Gloria characterises the rôle of a French singer and dancer who appears on the stage in a blaze of splendour, beautiful gowns, and settings of marble and fine gold. Her rise from a poor unknown cabaret dancer to the dizzy heights of histrionic success provides her with an opportunity of contrasting her former back-attic poverty with the champagne suppers, rose-garlanded boudoirs, and silks and satins of her attire, all of which come her way as a pampered pet of the public. Gloria has long complained that her magnificent screen dresses have tended to create the impression that she is an animated screen fashion-plate rather than an actress. Perhaps this is the reason why, in the concluding reels of *Her Gilded Cage*, the Paramount star is given an opportunity of displaying her undoubted talent as an emotional actress when she becomes an idealistic woman, and lives a life of self-sacrifice for the sake of an invalid sister.

The extraordinary imaginative story, "The Young Diana," in which Marie Corelli traces the rejuvenation of a middle-aged woman into a girl of entrancing beauty by means of a chemical process discovered by an unscrupulous professor, has just been filmed. Produced by Paramount, with Marion Davies in the title-rôle, the picture has an unusual combination of the uncanny, and the artistic effect of gorgeous gowns and resplendent

surroundings. Apart from the human-interest story which vibrates the chord of desire in every woman to know eternal youth and beauty, *The Young Diana* is an interesting demonstration of camera-craft and the art of make-up. For Marion Davies, through clever artifice, suggests the plain, middle-aged woman in the early stages of the film; and as the "magic potion" enters into her blood, she develops into a girl of dazzling beauty.

Maurice Tourneur recently came to this country to film exterior scenes for *The Christian*, on the actual spots mentioned in Sir Hall Caine's book; but he has not kept his promise to screen *Lorna Doone* amidst the actual Devonshire scenery figuring in the story. The film version of "Lorna Doone" which Tourneur has completed in America is shortly to be shown on the other side of the Atlantic; but the red cliffs and verdant slopes of Drake's country will not be in evidence. It can be safely prophesied that Tourneur has secured the atmosphere he requires without visiting Devonshire, for he is a master of screen illusion, and he possesses amazing patience. When he was filming *Deep Waters*, he once waited eight weeks to secure under-water scenes which took only a few hours to film, and lasted for four minutes on the screen.

It was Elinor Glynn who recently declared that it was impossible for a husband to direct his wife successfully on the screen. The famous authoress is of the opinion that it is not human nature for a man to force his wife into the arms of an Adonis day after day without getting jealous. This theory was shaken to its foundations, however, in the First National studios recently, when R. A. Walsh was directing his wife, Miriam Cooper, in *Kindred of the Dust*. The director was raging on the set because his wife was not kissing the handsome leading man with sufficient realism. And when he did secure the right effect, he shouted enthusiastically, "Great!—hold that now. Kiss her again. Close your eyes. Make it dreamy!" Like many other husbands and wives of filmdom who work together beneath the studio arc-lamps, Miriam Cooper and her husband are too happily married to let jealousy interfere with the mechanical task of engendering flicker love into romantic scenes before the cameras.

Bull Montana has been visiting his home town in

Voghera, Italy, where seventeen years ago he relinquished his job as a labourer in a stone quarry, and set out in search of picture fame, which he found in Hollywood. Bull, with characteristic light-heartedness, "painted the town red" by liberally patronising every store and distributing largesse in the streets to the poor inhabitants. Montana, before he set off on his long trek back to America, bought his father—a hale old man of seventy—a motor-car. But Montana senior refused to ride in it, so Bull presented it to one of his old school-fellows. The Metro star left his old people happily installed in a comfortable new house lavishly furnished in the style with which he has become familiar in the Californian bungalows.

If you would like to learn all about the British film stars and the latest news concerning English screen productions, you will find the bright weekly, *The Motion Picture Studio*, an especially interesting publication. It reflects the activities of the British film world, in fascinating articles, intimate gossip and exclusive photographs. You can learn all there is to know about the big studios in this country and gain a peep behind the screen which will tell you how movies are created. Famous "stars" contribute to *The Motion Picture Studio*, and all the news of new British films in course of production or nearing their release dates is included in this informative and interesting journal for the cost of twopence. If you wish to write to your favourite British stars, you will find their addresses in *The Motion Picture Studio*, with details of their latest films. British pictures are gaining a higher position in the film world. If you order a copy of *The Motion Picture Studio* from your newsagent you will keep in touch with the developments of film producing in your own country.

Russell Mallinson, of "The Picturegoer," honeymooning with his bride, Mercy Hatton, at Datchet.





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A spirited scene from "The Mice at War."

Animating Mr Aesop

When, over two thousand years ago, the patriarchal Aesop spake his immortal fables in the Courts of Croesus, he

little dreamed that twentieth-century film-craft would animate the creations of his whimsical brain. Yet the screen now reflects, in cartoon-comedy form, the sayings of the ancient scribe. Aesop's Fables have remained famous through the generations, and they have been translated into every human tongue, ranging from Hebrew to Hindustani. But the universal language of the screen has expressed their truths and humours more effectively than the parchment scrolls of the Egyptians or the vellums of Asia Minor.

Paul Terry, the well-known cartoonist, has enabled the human characters of Aesop to flicker into life. One sees the traditional failings and humours of the droll people around whom Aesop evolved his clever stories of human error. The scribe is not likely to revolve in his ancient grave on account of the liberties that have been taken where the introduction of irresistible humour into the screen version of his stories is concerned. Legendary history describes Aesop as a Slave of Phrygia, physically deformed, but possessing a super-intelligence and wit. He was the earliest of Court Jesters, and were he alive to-day, he would undoubtedly have produced some witty sub-titles for his film fables, and have thoroughly enjoyed writing them.

Aesop has reached the movie screen in a new series of animated cartoons released by Granger's. They are indeed "Fables Without Tears"—at least, the only tears connected with them are tears of laughter.

fifty feet of film.

This intricate work is justified by the fact that the artist who produces ludicrous screen figures can sweep them into all manner of humorous situations with the strokes of his pencil. No human being could ever hope to compete with the droll expressions and amazing mannerisms which the artist engenders into his shadow creations.

And he produces weird animals, the like of which have never been seen in a "Zoo," neither did they figure in Noah's mobilisation in the Ark. The film-cartoonist has brought to the screen a grotesque new race of people and animals, which compete with the best efforts of screen comedians in extending a grin throughout the world.

Aesop's Fables, as Granger's are producing them on the screen, are aptly described as "sugar-coated pills of wisdom." Their wisdom is very cleverly reflected by a process of modernising each fable. After each story has flickered across the silver sheet, humorously reflected by characters associated with Aesop's philosophies, a twentieth-century version of the fable follows.

It is here that one realises the fundamental truths which lie behind the sayings of the hunchback of Phrygia.

Reflecting the wisdom of Aesop on the screen represented a colossal amount of work. Thousands of separate pictures had to be drawn by the artist and laboriously photographed. Every movement, however slight, represented an alteration in the drawing. The lifting of an eye-brow, or the shuffle of a foot, each had to have a series of pictures to demonstrate the movement for the cameras.

For clever cartoons of this description have, of necessity, to be slowly constructed by hand. The pen of the artist adds lines and obliterates others with confusing frequency, and all the time the cameras with the celluloid retarded in the velvet-lined slots, have to photograph the drawings one by one. It is very laborious foolery. To photograph a scene that remains for less than ten

"The Hare and the Frogs."



For, present his stories with characters attired in the flowing garments of the ancients, or through the medium of modern folk as we know them to-day, the weaknesses of humanity are just as cleverly laid bare. The screen is proving that Æsop's Fables are immortal, for they are founded on that never-changing quality—human nature.

The screen versions of Æsop have, strangely enough, solved a problem which confronts most producers. That is the presentation of screen entertainment which appeals to both old and young. The child chuckles at the droll antics of the cartooned characters and animals; whilst grown-ups, in addition to enjoying the humour, appreciate the significance underlying the antics of the grotesque forms on the screen.

The series of Æsop's Fables to be released by Granger's include *The Mice at War*, *The Hare and the Frogs*, *The Conceited Donkey*, *The Lion and the Mouse*, and *The Wolf and the Kid*. They are released at the rate of one a week.

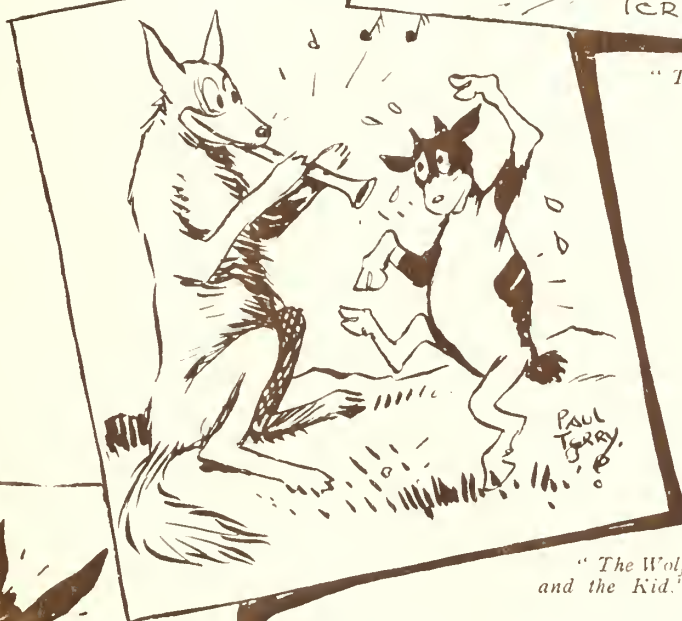
There is much in Æsop's Fables, when they are animated or the films, which suggests something of the clever wit and irony that figure in many successful modern plays.

For Æsop, with all his sly humour, was no fool. Cræsus, the King of Lydia, sent him his ambassador to India, where the patriarch so offended the people with his clever but sharp tongue that they threw him into the sea. When Æsop's screened fables reach India's coral strand, the people of that clime will, no doubt, forget their traditional grievances, and acclaim the patriarch as one of the greatest humourists that the screen has discovered.

Paul Terry, the clever cartoonist whose creative work has had much to do with the success of the animated version



"The Lion and the Mouse."



"The Wolf and the Kid."

of Mr. Æsop, is especially skilled in extracting humour from the droll animals that he has brought to the screen. He discovered the humorous possibilities of animals in a curious way.

Some time ago, whilst watching an interest film, a series of camera studies of inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens flashed on the screen. The occupants of the cages were being filmed in order to demonstrate

the effects of music on animals.

The droll grimaces and queer mannerisms of the various species caused roars of laughter, and the cartoonist realised that there were many animals who had a natural screen personality where the making of humour is concerned.

It was a simple matter for him to exaggerate the drolleries of the real life members of the zoological kingdom when he got to work with his facile pencil. The results of his observations and studies figure in the screen reflection of Æsop's Fables.

Paul Terry has created a new form of humour in the droll animal which possesses a human sense of the ridiculous. To see the precocious mouse, armed with a comic saw, severing the bonds of an aggrieved and angry lion, or the leering wolf making a distressed goat dance to the tune of its pipes, presents an irresistibly funny combination of the natural slyness of animals and the queer side of human nature. These little wonder films are filling the picture houses with laughter all over the country, and they will continue to do so for months to come. There are fifty-two subjects in all, and every one is as good as every other. You should certainly ask the manager of your local cinema when he is going to show Æsop's Fables.

D.R.M.



A scene from "The Conceited Donkey."

Picturegoer's Guide



William Duncan and Edith Johnson in "Where Men are Men."

love passages with charming Marjorie Hume as the heroine. Lewis Willoughby plays opposite her.

Ashamed of Parents (*Pearl*; Oct. 16).

Just the sort of film that one would expect with this title. The sentimentality is relieved, however, with some effective quiet humour, and the acting is good. The cast is composed of Silas Wadsworth, Arthur Wadsworth, Marian Hancock, Albert Grimes, and Peter Trotwood.

Beautifully Trimmed (*F.B.O.*; Oct. 16).

An excellently produced film with wretched story material—the sort of story in which nothing ever happens. The settings are wonderful, the lighting effective, the production skilful, and the acting good—that is all. Carmel Myers stars, and is supported by Pell Trenton, Irving Cummings, Alfred Fisher, Victory Bateman, George B. Williams, Lee Kohlmar, Herbert Bethew, and Myrtle Reeves.

A Broadway Cowboy (*General*; Oct. 16)

Pretty poor stuff. Cowboys, sheriffs, revolvers, buck-jumping, bronchos, and the usual Wild and Woolly West material are called into service to relieve a feeble story and to hide the absence of real characterisation. William Desmond does his best with such poor material, and the outdoor effects are very good. In the cast are Thomas Delmar, J. P. Lockney, Clarke Comstock, Paddy McGuire, and Betty Francisco.

Bluff (*Gaumont*; Oct. 30).

Here is one of the best British productions offered this year. It has been produced by Geoffrey Malins, who has just been engaged on the World Flight with Major Blake, and who became famous for his hypnotic methods in film-producing. There are some gripping dramatic moments, and delightful

Charge It (*Gaumont*; Oct. 2).

A well-produced, well-acted photoplay, with Clara Kimball Young as the central figure. It is a social drama with a rather melodramatic flavour, and an intriguing love story with a wonderful display of gowns. Betty Blythe, Herbert Rawlinson, Nigel Barrie, and Hall Wilson are also in the cast.

The Critical Age (*L.I.F.T.*; Oct. 30).

A very well produced Italian picture with a story that has been well handled and which presents a very interesting problem. The acting is not as exaggerated as Italian actors usually submit, and the dramatic suspense is excellent. Pina Menichelli gives a perfect performance as an irresponsible young girl, and the rest of the cast is good.

A Doll's House (*Allied Artists*; Oct. 9).

The incomparable Nazimova plays a wonderful part in this film version of the Ibsen play. Fortunately, a happy ending has not been forced on to this story, which is of enthralling interest. The film has been cleverly produced, and Nazimova has a well selected supporting cast, including Alan Hale, Nigel de Brulier, and Elinor Oliver.

Down Home (*Wardour*; Oct. 5).

A mediocre film. Crude comedy rubs shoulders with melodrama and romance, and the whole is bound with religious sentimentality laid on thick. This drawn-out story becomes wearisome, and has very little dramatic value. The acting is good, with James O. Barrows, Edward Hearn, Aggie Herring, Leatrice Joy, Edward Noland, William Robert Daly, Sidney Franklin,

Bert Hadley, Frank Braidwood, Robert Chandler, and Nelson McDowell in the cast.

The Freeze Out (*F.B.O.*; Oct. 2).

This has a distinctly propagandist flavour; but that is not its only defect. Its action is slow (despite "shootings up" by revolvers), and the characters are quite uninteresting. The heroine is made to mouth Prohibitionist propaganda every time she speaks, while the attempts at humour are puerile. Harry Carey, as the star, acts convincingly; and the rest of the cast—Helen Ferguson, Joe Harris, Charles Le Moyne, J. Farrell McDonald, and Lydia Yeamans Titus are good.

The House of Whispers. (*Wardour*; Oct. 28).

That popular screen hero, J. Warren Kerrigan, stars in this excellent photoplay, which is founded on a very ingenious plot. The suspense is well maintained, but the secret is revealed too early—or else the picture is too long in ending. The star is supported by Joseph J. Dowling, Fritzi Brunette, Marjorie Wilson, Myrtle Rischel, Herbert Prior, Myles McCarthy, Claire Dubrey, and Fred C. Jones.

The Jack-Knife Man. (*Moss*; Oct. 2).

This is a very pleasing entertainment based on a very quaint old man and a little boy, and their affection for each other. The human interest is very strong, and the humour of the homely type. Fred Turner as the old man and Bobby Kelso as the boy are supported by Harry Todd, Willis Marks, Lillian Leighton, James Corrigan, Claire McDowell, Charles Arling, and Florence Vidor.

Life. (*Famous Lasky*; Oct. 20).

This is a wonderfully produced film of thrills, romance, and mystery. There are innumerable thrilling situations in the development of the story, all of which have been admirably brought out by Travers Vale, the director. Jack Mower is leading man, and Arline Pretty leading woman. Other capable players in the cast include Rod La Rocque, Leeward Meeker, Nita Naldi, and Evingham Pinto.

The Marriage Lines (*Butchers*; Oct. 16).

A British story which is well above the British average. The production is good, and the scenes typically English. The acting is all good in quality, with Sam Livesy, Arthur Walcott, C. Tilson-Chowne, and Barbara Hoffe in the leading rôles.

Man and His Woman (*General*; Oct. 30).

J. Stuart Blackton, who produced "The Glorious Adventure," has made of a fine story an excellent film. The heart appeal is very strong, and the story grips right through to the end. The four leading characters—Herbert Rawlinson as the doctor, Eulalie

Jensen as the fiancée, May McAvoy as the nurse, and Warren Chandler as the libertine—live their parts. There is not a false note. All the other characters are well cast.

Man — Woman — Marriage (*First National*; Oct. 2).

This is a magnificently produced film which purports to teach the vital lesson of the sanctity of Woman. It does this by showing women in various spheres of life since the world began. At times it is crude; at others very noble in its idealism. Dorothy Phillips is both beautiful and clever, and is supported by James Kirkwood, and Ralph Lewis, Margaret Mann, Robert Cain, J. Barney Sherry, Shannon Day, Frances Parks, and Emily Chichester.

Moral Fibre (*Vitagraph*; Oct. 23).

Corinne Griffith and Catherine Calvert in a very strong love story. This is exceptionally well acted and produced, and the intermingling of humour and pathos is very clever. Corinne Griffith wears some exquisite gowns in the course of the story, which is never sordid and always interesting.

Mother Love (*L.I.F.T.*; Oct. 16).

Here is another of the "fashionable" mother-love films—it is American sentimentality presented with the usual exaggerated theatricality of the Italians. In no department of the production is there anything above mediocrity—usually not even that. Soava Gallone is the star player.

The Mystery Road (*Famous-Lasky*; Oct. 23).

A very mediocre production, made in England, with David Powell as the star. Its theme is the old one of love of woman and a struggle with men. In the cast are Nadja Ostorvaska, Pardoe Woodman, Mary Glypne, Ruby Miller, Percy Standing, Lewis Gilbert, Irene Tripod, Lionel D'Aragon, Arthur Cullin, R. Judd Green, and Ralph Forster. Sex attraction is the basis of the story, which is only a grotesque caricature of E. Phillips Oppenheim's original novel.

Partners of the Tide (*Wardour*; Oct. 16).

Excellent under-water scenes help to make this good film even more interesting. Its breezy character and full-blooded theme will come as a welcome relief to the usual social drama and sob-stuff. The cast comprises Jack Perrin, Marion Faducha, Gordon Mullen, Daisy Robinson, Gertrude Norman, J. P. Lockney, Joe Miller, Bert Hadley, Fred Kohler, Florence Midgley, and Ashley Cooper.

Phroso (*Gaumont*; Oct. 16).

Anthony Hope's novel is made to live again in this film version. Malvina Longfellow is "Phroso" come to life, and she sets the standard for the acting of the rest of the cast. The story is full of interest and

adventure, together with a delightful romantic flavour. The settings are absolutely unique, and the whole production reaches the highest artistic level possible. Patrons will relish this fine entertainment.

Proxies (*Famous-Lasky*; Oct. 19).

Here we have a romantic bundle of melodramatic thrills with a charming love interest. An interesting picture, although it follows the conventional rut. In the cast are Norman Kerry, Zena Virginia Keefe, Raye Dean, Jack Crosby, Paul Everton Darley, Wm. H. Tooker, Mrs. Schaffer, and Robert Broderick. These assist to make this "crook" film excellent entertainment, with no pretensions as a "high-brow" or artistic film.

Rich Girl, Poor Girl (*F.B.O.*; Oct. 19).

Gladys Walton is here seen in a well-balanced photo-play which reveals rich pathos and crisp melodrama in pleasing proportions. The romance is well sustained, and the interest maintained throughout. The star is assisted by Gordon McGregor, Harold Austin, Antrim Short, Joe Neary, Wadsworth Harris, and C. W. Herzinger.

Roads of Destiny (*Goldwyn*; Oct. 2).

This is based on an O. Henry story, to which a happy ending has been forced. This, however, has not damaged it too much, with the result that it is quite good entertainment. Melodramatic in style, it has been well produced and well acted. Pauline Frederick acts well. The others are all good—Jack Bowers and Richard Tucker particularly so. The latter shines in the Alaska episode. Very good character studies are provided by Willard Louis; in each episode he is a convincing devil's advocate. Jane Novak is pretty and natural.

Theodore Roberts and Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed."



(Continued overleaf.)

Sentimental Tommy (*Famous-Lasky*; Oct. 9).

Sir James M. Barrie's famous success has been produced by John S. Robertson, with a cast that embraces several of the best players of the stage and screen. This picture possesses much heart interest, but is scarcely Barrie. The chief player is Gareth Hughes, and he succeeds in dispelling what Barrie atmosphere the production may have had. May McAvoy is very good indeed.

Snowblind (*Goldwyn*; Oct. 16).

This is one of the best films of the year—strong in story, with acting that reaches a high level; an artistic production with first-rate entertainment value. The drama is in the interplay of characters and the criss-cross of emotion. The acting honours are carried by a quartet of equality—Russell Simpson, Mary Alden, Cullen Landis, and Pauline Starke.

Too Much Speed (*Famous-Lasky*; Oct. 2).

This is a story of love and racing cars, and a dare-devil driver who proved a fast worker in both. Wallace Reid is the star, and is supported by Agnes Ayres, Theodore Roberts, Jack Richardson, Guy Oliver, Henry Johnson, and Jack Herbert. A fine picture, with plenty of dash and humour.

Vi. of Smith's Alley (*Walturdaw*; Oct. 16).

A true-to-life story of British working-class life, with Violet Hopson in the guise of a factory girl. Some of the scenes have been taken in Keiller's marmalade factory in Scotland, and the English scenes are very realistic. Cameron Carr is the villain of the piece, and a wonderful performance is given by Amy Verity. Others in the cast are George Foley, Sydney Folker, Sydney Frayne, and Peter Upcher.

PICTUREGOER'S GUIDE

*(Continued from previous page.)***Where Men are Men** (*Vitagraph*; Oct. 16).

That popular serial pair, William Duncan and Edith Johnson, feature in this, and manage to get a serial flavour into a Western drama. The story is strong, and some of the situations very intense. The others in the cast are George Stanley, Tom Wilson, Gertrude Wilson, Harry Lonsdale, George Kunkel, William McCall, and Charles Dudley. At times the plot becomes involved, and at others the action drags, but, in the main, this is good entertainment.

A Wife's Wakening (*Jury*; Oct. 9).

Here is Fritzi Brunette in the rôle of a sweet and devoted wife allied to a base and unscrupulous husband. A convincing story of strong dramatic action. It is well produced, and has a very interesting story showing the best and worst of human motives in a present-day drama. Sam de Grasse, William P. Carleton, Beverly Travers, and Edythe Chapman complete the cast.

Woman Against Woman (*L.I.F.T.*; Oct. 9).

This is heavy and unrelieved Italian melodrama, with an unpleasant theme, which the beautiful settings fail to relieve. The dresses are superb, but Pina Menichelli, the star, is too theatrical, and gives an exaggerated performance.

Wealth (*Famous-Lasky*; Oct. 16).

Ethel Clayton stars in this drama of the high life of American suburbia. The story comes from the pen of Cosmo Hamilton, and the star is seen in a remarkable array of gowns. Herbert Rawlinson heads a strong supporting cast, which includes J. M. Dumont, Clair McDowell, Jean Acker, Lawrence W. Steers, George Periolat, and Richard Wayne.

CATHERINE COMES TO TOWN

(Continued from Page 15.)

fact that the public is far more interested in ladies—well, of a very different type."

She portrays another siren in "Lawful Larceny," but she frankly acknowledged that she had welcomed the opportunity offered by the engagement at a London theatre, as it seemed to her the only means of escaping from the inevitable "groove."

"The one drawback of being a great success in one particular branch of your work in America," she explained, "is that the public will always expect to see you in future just in that type of part and no other. In England, I hear, it's different. Versatility is encouraged—in fact, it is expected of your artists."

I asked her what kind of part appealed to her most of all. She answered with a shrug that she had no pet predilections—that was too dangerous an approach to a more personal form of the "groove" habit. She felt she could enjoy the zest of creating any kind of part even that of a woman no longer young and beautiful as long as it possessed dramatic possibilities.

Yes, she also hoped to make a picture or two in England: had already had several offers. She had liked her experience of film work, but owned that she preferred the stage. Self-expression is everything on the stage, which therefore affords an actress freer scope in the achievement of a distinct individuality. In the screen-world, she is always more or less a medium of expression for another's personality—that of the director.

Miss Calvert is the widow of Paul Armstrong, a well-known American dramatist. Their married life was very happy, and since her husband's death, she has centred all her love and ambitions in the future of her little son. Paul junior's photograph,

which occupies the place of honour on her dressing table, shows a chubby little boy with fair hair and his mother's big dark eyes. And, difficult though that mother may appear, when the professional interviewer invites her to "talk about herself," she will expand amazingly if once you broach the topic of her small son.

I loved the pride with which she told me how wonderfully observant he was for so young a child; how, for instance, the other day she had taken him to a matinée performance of "The Broken Wing," and how, on his return home, he had drawn the most complicated of all the stage settings entirely from memory, "and so that you could recognise it immediately, too," she added, proudly.

I will add, by way of conclusion, that, in the course of our chat, Miss Calvert had undergone an amazing process of metamorphosis, having triumphantly emerged from the chrysalis stage in which I had first discovered her, gradually materialising as a vision of exceeding beauty and splendour.

Her make-up completed, the offensive towel was discarded, and her slender fingers coaxed her beautiful wavy hair into a bewitching framework of little curls around the lovely oval of her face.

I noticed that she dispensed with the services of her maid in the arrangement of her coiffure, and that this important detail, together with the actual process of "making up" had occupied an incredibly short space of time.

"I don't believe in an elaborate make-up for the stage," she told me. "Everybody warned me that this one was going to be much too pale, and that the British public would never stand for it. And yet since our first night, I have actually been complimented quite a number of times for my departure from a time-honoured tradition."

I agreed with her. Her maid was helping her into the first gown she wears in the production. It was the sort of thing that seems specially created for an ivory skin, raven hair, and large dark eyes—a gorgeous confection of flame-coloured satin, with a low corsage of silver lace and bright contrasting ribbon; a loose mantle ending in a long train of orange gossamer and silver lace.

She was a radiant vision of alluring feminine loveliness, but I think the true spirit of that loveliness had already been manifested to me when our first greetings were exchanged, and I realised that true charm and beauty are not skin-deep, since they can not only afford to ignore extraneous adornments, but are able to triumph over such circumstantial handicaps as—well, let us say, Turkish towelling and cold cream. ... EST. CO.



Shirley Mason and George O'Hara in "Queenie."

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TO MARIE DORO.

I go for them gravely, I tackle them bravely,

And, presto! my stanzas begin!
Hurrah! Two lines finished, and hope undiminished;

But, oh! will they ever get in?
How I shall curse if I find I can't versify

Up to the task that I've set!—
Heedless of strictures, to praise all your pictures,
For you are the loveliest yet.

Here's for a move on, I've got to improve upon

This rate of workmanship if I'm ever to show it; meseems I'm a poet.

Although it's a slow job and stiff.
(Yes; I'm confessing it). But it's progressing; it

Yet may be done before lunch—
And ready to carry my love to you,
Marie,

For you are the pick of the bunch.
E. B. O. (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 post-cards, 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," PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Bearding Father Time.

In *The Greater Claim* when Alice Lake is shown looking at her marriage lines the date thereon is clearly seen as 1921. Later, her husband is shown, counting the days to his twenty-first birthday, and the calendar seen is for the year 1917. This is turning back the clock with a vengeance.—M.N. (Bradford).

The Unobliging Blind.

In *Camille Nazimova* is shown on her death-bed, and a maid enters the room and draws up the blind. Afterwards the maid leaves to answer the door, and when she returns to the sick-room the blind is down again. Who lowered it?—M. P. (London, S.W.).

"TO THE PEARL OF ALL PEARLS."

Of the many fair film stars who give us delight, The fairest of all, to my mind, is Pearl White.

This brave little lady, you all must agree, Owns courage and grit of the highest degree.

This Pearl of great price, I'm delighted to say, Has come back to the serial kingdom to-day; But whate'er she may do, and where'er she may be, She'll still be the same precious jewel to me.

"LOVER OF PEARL" (Sussex)

MARY ODETTE.

Some movie stars are brighter far Than many of their neighbours are, And one is, in particular—
That's Mary.

A modest little maid is she,
Her greatest charm, simplicity.
No other star appeals to me

But Mary.

"With all her heart" a rôle she plays,
And well deserves the words of praise,
That come from "fans" who sit and gaze

At Mary.

Alas! in grim reality,
'Tis but her shadow that I see.
And yet, she's all the world to me,
Sweet Mary.
P. R. J. (Sussex).



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NORMA HANSEN. (Hants. — (1) Juanita Hansen has never visited England except in celluloid. We had a nice interview with her in the January 1922 issue. (2) George Cheseboro commenced his screen career in Texas Guinan two-reelers. His best-known serials are *Hands Up*, *The Lost City*, and *The Diamond Queen*. *Wanted at Headquarters* and *Blind Circumstance* are new films of his. Page plate of George in January 1922 issue. (3) Jack Mulhall, Ruth Stonehouse, Frank Elliott, and Marguerite de la Motte in *The Hope*. (4) In *Ashes of Love*—“Arthur Woodridge,” James Hackett; “Ethel, his wife,” Ethel de Remer; “Howard Rosedale,” Hugh Thomson; “Helen, his wife,” Mabel Julienne Scott; “Louise Mondyke,” Effie Shannon; “Morton Saville,” William Davidson; and “Catherine Long,” Paula Shay. (5) Malvina Longfellow starred in *Calvary*.

M. G. (London).—(1) Letters forwarded as requested. All about Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman in the April 1922 PICTUREGOER. (2) Richard Barthelmess born May 9, 1895, in New York City. Educated at Hartford, Connecticut. First film, *War Brides*, with Nazimova. Others are the “Babs” series—*Seven Swans*, *Rich Man Poor Man*, *Nearly Married*, *The Hope Chest*, *Boots*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Scarlet Days*, *The Idol Dancer*, *The Love Flower*, *Way Down East*,

Experience, *Tol'able David*, *The Seventh Day*, and *Sonny*. Now heads his own company. Dick is 5 ft. 7 in. tall, with dark hair and eyes; he's married to Mary Hay. (3) Corinne Griffith was a dancer before she became a screen player for Vitagraph. She's 5 ft. 4 in. tall. Light brown hair and blue eyes. Her husband is Webster Campbell, who appears opposite her sometimes, and also directs. *Deadline at Eleven*, *The Garter Girl*, *Babs' Candidale*, *The*

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 Encyclopædia for film facts and figures. Send along your queries to “George,” c.o. “Picturegoer,” 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Broadway Bubble, *Island Wives*, and *Divorce Coupons* are some of her films. (4) Doris Keane is American. She has made only one film, *Romance*. Married to Basil Sydney, who played opposite her on the screen and stage.

H. T. (St. Paul's School).—That was Harry Woodward playing “John Warren” in *The Bail*. No postcards of him as yet. I liked your nice brief epistle; but no need for pluralities—there's only one of me.

F. J. P. (Willesden).—(1) *After Many Days*, *All Men are Liars*, *A Little Child Shall Lead Them*, *Toys*, *First Men in the Moon*, and *Forbidden*

Valley are Bruce Gordon's films. He's a South African; educated in London, where he made his first film appearance. Bruce studied for a medical career originally. (2) Not May McAvoy but May Allison married a director.

THE FORBES-ITES (Worcester). I know all about Worcester Sauce now I've read your letter. (1) Charles Meredith in *The Ladder of Lies*. (2) Reginald Denny in *Paying the Piper* and *The Iron Trail*. He was born at Richmond, England, and has been on the stage since he was six. A fine swimmer and boxer; was champion in the 2nd Artists' Rifles in 1917. His other films are *Bringing Up Betty*, *The Oakdale Affair*, *39 East*, *A Dark Lantern*, *Foollights*, *Disraeli*, *The Leather Pushers*, and *Jaws of Steel*. (3) Can't waft abroad unaddressed brickbats Suppose they hit the wrong star. (4) Read my first remark again. “Yes” to the last query. Congratulation upon your chocolate-coloured ink. (5) In *The Iron Trail*—“Murray O'Neil,” Wyndham Standing; “Curtis Gordon,” Thurston Hall; “Dan Appleton,” Reginald Denny; “Eliza Appleton,” Alma Tell; “Tom Slater,” Harlan Knight; “Natalie,” Betty Carpenter; “Dr. Cyrus Gray,” Le Beggs; “Mrs. Gordon,” Eulalie Jensen.

INKY (Streatham).—Wally Reid has just finished *The Dictator*. His next release is *The Gold Dredgers* (Nov. 6) then no more until March 1923, when *Rent Free* is due on the 10th. Stop flattering—you're making me blush.

AMO PAULINE (Worcester).—“Find Pauline Frederick far and away above all the other stars, both as regard acting and looks.” (1) *Roads of Destiny* is released this month. (2) *Salvage* released on Aug. 14. (3) Pauline has left filmland for a while and has been on the stage; but there are good many of her films still to be released. Your wishes are reciprocated.

ONE OF NORMA'S FANS (Waltherston).—Art plates of all your favourites have already appeared. (3) Norm Talmadge's next will be *The Voice from the Minaret*, from the Robert Hicher novel; (4) Can't give you all Shirley Mason's films, but here are a few of them—*The Little Chevalier*, *The Awakening of Ruth*, *Cy Whittaker's War*, *The Apple Tree Girl*, *Come On In Goodbye, Billy*, *The Rescuing Angel*, *Treasure Island*, *Her Elephant Man*, *Merely Mary Ann*, *Flame of Youth*, *Ming Toy*, *The Lamplighter*, *Jacki* and *The Ragged Heiress*. (5) I like a the stars.

(A large number of replies unavoidably held over)

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YOUR VIEWS AND OURS



I HAVE received a large number of letters telling me that the "Picturegoers' Guide" was the most popular feature in the old "Pictures," and begging me to include it in THE PICTUREGOER.

You will find the Guide in this issue, and it will be a permanent feature of the paper from now on. Whilst on the subject of popular features, I am going to put the question to you: "What do you like best in THE PICTUREGOER, and why?" Are there any regular features of the paper that you would like to see omitted? Can you suggest any new features the inclusion of which would be of service to picturegoers? Please let me have your views.

I WONDER how many other readers will, like myself, have rejoiced at the news contained in the September number that Eugene O'Brien is to appear opposite Norma Talmadge once again? In my opinion, these two stars make an ideal pair—they play up to one another, and the excellent acting of both ensures a really first-class film. Old pictures as they are, *Poppy*, *The Safety Curtain*, and others in which

these two appeared together, remain in my memory as some of the most enjoyable I have seen. I anticipated great things when 'Gene rose to stardom; but after seeing all his releases up to date, I am sorry to say I consider his work has not once reached the standard of his old 'supporting' days. If I had my way the following should star together as often as possible—Norma and 'Gene, Nazimova and Charles Bryant, Katherine MacDonald and Roy Stewart, Charles Ray and Clara Horton. There are others who, I firmly believe, would make ideal pairs, though I doubt if I shall ever see my desires fulfilled. Among them I couple Buck Jones and Marjorie Daw, John Bowers and Constance Talmadge, Corinne Griffith and Thomas Meighan. What views have other readers on the subject?"—*C. O. (Barnes)*.

IN answer to F. S. (Folkestone), I beg to say that most certainly I saw William Farnum as 'Carton,' 'Villon' and 'Lassiter.' (I did not mention 'Jean Valjean.') I also read the novels with which these characters are associated, which is my reason for objecting to Farnum's imper-

sonation of these rôles. F. S. describes this actor as splendid and manly (I did not say he wasn't); but if F. S. reads the books he will find that 'Villon' and 'Sydney Carton' were anything but that. The first was a little imp of a fellow forever in mischief, and the second was a lazy, drunken good-for-nothing until his last great sacrifice for Lucy Manette. As for 'Lassiter,' he is described as gaunt and grim—surely a part for W. S. Hart rather than Farnum."—*B. D. (Shepherd's Bush)*.

I SHOULD like to see a fancy-dress ball with the leading kinema stars in the following rôles: Eugene O'Brien as an ancient Greek, Wallace Reid as a Viking, Thomas Meighan as a Mexican, J. Warren Kerrigan as a Highwayman, Jack Mulhall as a Gladiator, Mahlor Hamilton as First Lord of the Admiralty, Wyndham Standing as a Red Indian, Milton Sills as a Judge, Gareth Hughes as a Toreador, Mary Pickford as 'Diana,' Clara Kimball Young as 'Portia,' Norma Talmadge as a Gipsy, Violet Hopson as a lady Jockey, Katherine MacDonald as 'Cleopatra,' Mary Miles Minter as a Dresden Shepherdess, Ruth Roland as a Russian, and Alla Nazimova as 'Bacchante.'"—*E. G. W. (Calcutta)*.

I WISH to protest against the way that provincial picturegoers are treated in the matter of super-pictures. Nowadays it seems to be the fashion for all important productions to be given a special presentation in London, after which the films are put into storage for months, so that provincial picturegoers have to wait as patiently as they can until the powers-that-be take it into their heads to 'release' the films. Why should London be favoured in this fashion?

What has Edinburgh done, what has Manchester done, what has London done, that they should be kept months behind the times? I demand a universal release date for all pictures. If the provincial cities have to wait, let London wait, too."—*R. T. (Edinburgh)*.



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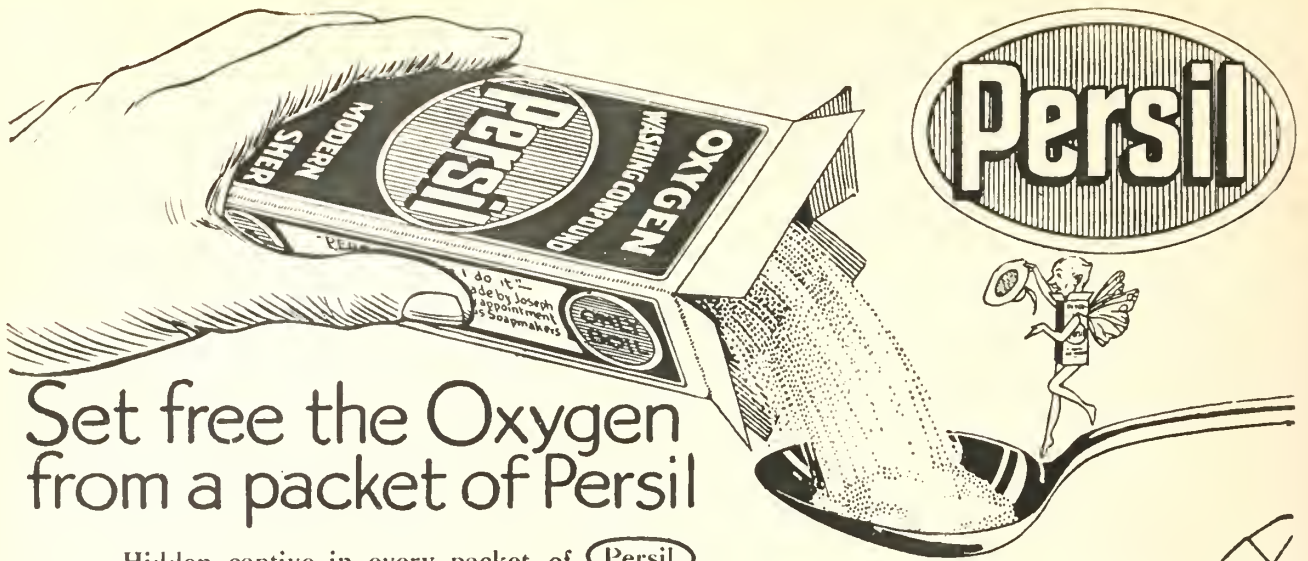
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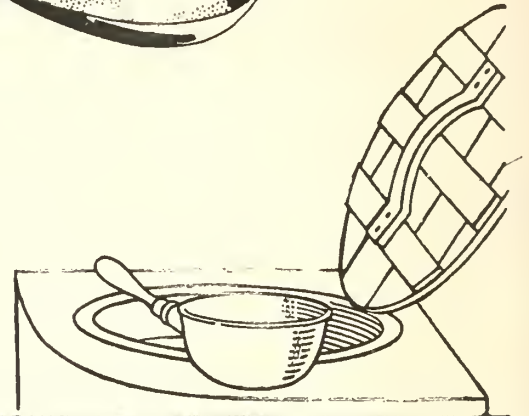
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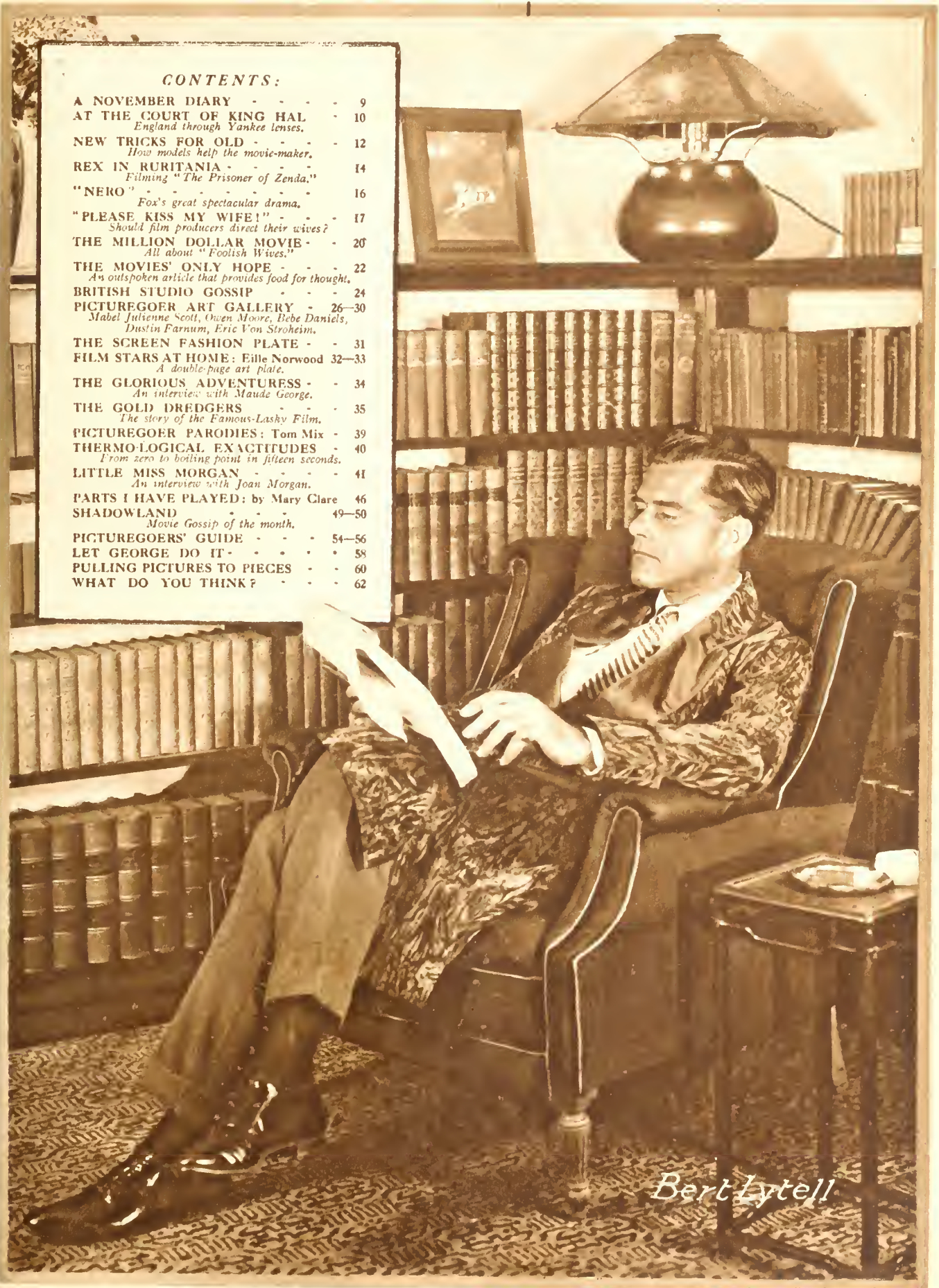
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Bert Lytell

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By Canadian Magazine Co. L.

A November Diary

AMONGST other red-letter days in its history Vitagraph counts Wednesday, November 2, 1912, when, amid great enthusiasm, the first train wreck specially staged for the Movies was successfully screened in "813."

ONE week later, in the year 1910, a small black-eyed, black-haired personage side stepped into Essanay studios. What he lacked in words he made up in smiles, and all those present voted Max Linder (newly arrived from France to make comedies in U.S.A.) a jolly good fellow. And so say all of us.

ACCORDING to the newspapers, "The Bachelor Belles," at the Globe Theatre, New York, wasn't filling the house on Saturday, November 11, 1910. This certainly wasn't the fault of the graceful, golden-haired "Susan Jane" of the production, whom we know now as Mae Murray. Nine years later on the same day, the young lady in question announced her engagement to Big Bob Leonard, then directing her in motion pictures.

ON Saturday, November 12, 1921, a small boy named Smith tried out upon father one of the tricks he'd seen Jackie Coogan get away with on the screen. Whereupon father wrote to nine Dailies denouncing motion pictures as the sole cause of juvenile crime, and the small boy felt very sore about it for weeks.

WHEN "From Rags To Riches" was at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, November 16, 1904, Sidney Olcott was a convincing and realistic "Mike Dooley." But searching through the cast of the movie version, dated November 1922 we find they've cut out poor old Mike entirely, and made "Marmaduke Clarke" (Wes Barry) the star.

WELL in the picture as "Percy" in "C. O. D." at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, was one Antonio Moreno, on Tuesday, November 22, 1912. But his English wasn't as good as his intentions, and when the stage manager took him to task over a mispronunciation Tony replied in temperamental Spanish and was well out of the cast next night.

BEHIND the scenes in a theatre in Rochester, New York, a plump kiddie of seven was sobbing her heart out on the shoulder of David Belasco, the famous producer, on Friday, November 25, 1910. The S.P.C.T.C. of that city had decided that she was too young to appear on the stage. It's a good thing that other towns weren't so unkind, else there would be no Lila Lee decorating the silver sheet to-day.

November Birthdays.

2	-	Mabel Julianna Scott
3	-	Alice Brady
4	-	Togo Yamamoto
4	-	Will Rogers
7	-	Leatrice Joy
9	-	Mae Marsh
15	-	James Morrison
15	-	Lewis S. Stone
15	-	Noomi Childers
16	-	Thomas H. Ince
18	-	Johnny Jones
19	-	Joyce Dearsley
24	-	John Sainpolis
25	-	Helene Chadwick



A Yankee at the Court of King Hal



Marion Davies as "Mary Tudor."

Lobster à l'Américaine is a food for the gods: cocktails, ditto, ditto, ditto, have the nectar of Jove, looking like elderberry wine; but English history à l'Américaine is no sort of a diet for British stomachs. Something will have to be done about it, or we shall have our indignant picturegoers lynching an American producer as a warning to the others.

These bitter lines flow from the pen of one who has witnessed *When Knighthood Was In Flower*, an American "super" that is the funniest thing that ever happened, or the saddest sight in London, according to your point of view. If you believe in the Divine Right of Films, in the Educational Value of Motion Pictures, and in the Art of the Kinema, *When Knighthood Was In Flower* will break your heart. If, on the other hand, you cherish no illusions about the movies, there's a good laugh coming to you when this "super" reels into your ken.

Says the "Motion-Picture News" of America, in a special article:



"Stand back, or you draw your swords on Mary Tudor, the King's sister!"

"Cosmopolitan's stupendous picture, 'When Knighthood Was In Flower,' has made screen history. It is one of the greatest achievements of the silver sheet. It seems as if the sponsors said to themselves: 'We'll keep faith with that colourful chapter of English history.'

"Let us look into this production. What do we see?"

We hate to answer that question, but it must be done. We see "Mary Tudor" jazzing with her lover at the King's ball; we see Mary (in bed) entertaining a motley assembly that includes the King, Cardinal Wolsey, and a crowd of courtiers and understrappers; we see Bluff King Hal, mounted on his horse, leading a midnight chase after Mary Tudor, for all the world like a Western sheriff pursuing a cattle thief; we see Mary Tudor, attired as a man, fighting a duel with a tavern brawler, and crying when she gets the worst of it: "Stand back! Beware lest you draw your swords on the King's sister!"

"'When Knighthood Was In Flower' is a credit to the entire motion-picture industry," says the New York "Morning Telegraph." "One of the frequent criticisms against American directors has been the apparent lack of knowledge of the period with which they are dealing. 'When Knighthood Was In Flower' is a contradiction of the belief that no American director has the knowledge necessary to make a historical drama and retain its atmospheric flavour and its authentic costuming and settings of the time in which it is laid."

Forrest Stanley
and Marion
Davies.





"Cover up that arm, hussy!" was "Henry VIII's" comment on the above tableau.

From the above extracts you will gather that American critics have taken *When Knighthood Was In Flower* quite seriously, and that they can see nothing incongruous about the production. In fact, they are distinctly proud of the picture as a faithful representation of a period of British history. But English critics have been merciless in their exposure of the picture's weaknesses.

It is "a confused mixture of tomfoolery and synopated history, with occasional unconvincing glimpses of old Tudor England," says the *Daily Mail*. E. A. Baughan declares that the film is "hopelessly American" in story, acting, and characterisation. The critic of *The Referee* states that he "seethed with indignation" until he came to the conclusion that the film was the greatest joke ever screened, after which he "chuckled with delight at the antics of a very modern American girl of musical-comedy type masquerading as a Tudor maiden—and a Princess Royal to boot—poking a portly, fancy-costumed figure in the ribs, duelling in a pot-house, chucking (this is the correct word for the movement) rolls of velvet at the head of her Queen sister-in-law, gnawing the leg of a chicken, well dipped in gravy, sticking a shapely leg from out of her bed-clothes, thereby shocking her Sovereign brother and Cardinal Wolsey almost to the verge of apoplexy; in short, behaving as all the bad girls of all the families rolled into one."

The *Sunday Pictorial* describes the film as "a vulgarised chapter from a comic history of England," and the *Daily Express* says: "If you can imagine your meditations in some ancient cathedral being constantly interrupted by a blare of saxophone jazz, you have an

idea of the general impression given by *When Knighthood Was In Flower*. Nearly every American film producer 'drops a brick' when he enters the corridors of history; but the man who produced *When Knighthood Was In Flower* dropped a bomb."

When Knighthood Was In Flower must have cost a fortune to produce, for the settings are on a magnificent scale. The photography is flawless, for in the matter of technique America still leads the movie world.

As for the rest, an old music-hall gag can be adapted to meet the situation: "My landlady is a good soul, but she has one very bad fault. She *will* cook, and she can't."

America *will* produce historical pictures. America can't.

Charles Brandon in a perilous situation



This is the unkindest thing that has happened to Wolsey since they put him on the underwear advertisements.





Top: The harem scene in "A Sailor-Made Man." Circle: The explosion in "Dead Men Tell No Tales."

The villain was making his escape. Beneath the span of bridge in the foreground his motor boat could be seen in the distance. It was heading straight for the lighthouse. I knew that in a moment the hero, in another craft, would be speeding after him in hot pursuit. I recognised the lighthouse toward which they were making as one that is located at Los Angeles harbour. It stands at the end of a long break water, part of which was visible on the screen. But—

I was puzzled. Anyone would have been. The bridge! It was apparently a huge and magnificent steel structure. Was there—? No, certainly not. There was nothing like it in that vicinity of the harbour. Why, there couldn't be! For this bore a peculiar, a—one might say—distinct resemblance to Brooklyn Bridge.

New Tricks for Old by EDWIN SCHALLERT

How miniatures are used to enhance actual settings, and, in many cases, are substituted for the real thing.

"That's out," called a voice at my elbow. Through the darkness of the projection-room, I recognised it as that of the director of the serial at which we were looking. "Here's the right shot," he said, addressing himself to me. And as he spoke I noted that there had flashed on the screen the same motor boat, and the same bridge, but instead of the lighthouse a distant shore line on whose slopes buildings clustered confusedly.

"That first shot was a test," he said. "We've been experimenting in some new photographic tricks. The bridge isn't real. It's just painted."

A moment later, there was a lively scrap on between the hero and the villain of the story. One boat rammed the other, and the heroine was dragged dripping from the briny. I became so engrossed that I neglected to ask more about the painted bridge.

The next day they were to have some retakes of the chase. I went down to the seaside to see them. I anticipated an exciting afternoon, because you never can tell nowadays how far realism will go when the hero and the villain become energised

over their mutual antipathies.

The camera was trained on a still stretch of water, where the villain's launch tugged eagerly at its anchor. Beyond and away was a shore line which I vaguely sensed was the same which I had seen the previous day on the screen. These things held my attention only a moment, however.

What caught my eye was not the villain nor his motor boat, nor the charm of sunlit sea. It was a sheet of plate glass immediately in front of the camera.

I shouldn't have noticed it at all, except for one thing. Because, except for that one thing it was no more interesting than the glass in a shop window. But it so happened that while for the most part, as I observed, the glass was plain, there was, just above the centre, a small design, neatly drawn, in steel-grey colours, and this design resembled in an uncanny way the span of bridge which I had glimpsed on the screen the previous day. It was no bigger than a sketch of a child's toy.

But it was clearly placed so that it would form part of the picture that was about to be photographed. By being so much closer to the camera than the scene with which it was to be photographed, it would, I could see, take its place as a life-sized bridge in the finished picture.

I knew something about the technique of miniatures—that is, the constructed kind, which, I recalled, looked very much like playthings. I wondered if this was a new variety. Certainly it was nothing like the ordinary type. I had seen many of these, used frequently in small pictures, and occasionally in large ones, and comprehended how they could be employed to produce the effect of railroad wrecks, eruptions of volcanoes, fires, and even floods. But I could not conceive that the plate-glass contrivance was suitable for any of these effects.

Upon inquiry I learned that it was a somewhat recent innovation. It was being used in the serial that I was watching merely to obtain an added touch of realism, which otherwise would have necessitated a trip to New York, or a complete faking of the scene. It had this peculiarity.

that it could be made to seem *part of a real setting*. Similarly, I found out, the idea was utilised in many other pictures, frequently for economic reasons, but, on occasion, I learned, because it actually enhanced their artistic quality.

I could cite instances of its use, but I hesitate about spoiling the illusion for the picture fan. Still, I might mention that in Harold Lloyd's *Sailor-Made Man*, in the scenes showing the Oriental town, the upper vista of minarets and domes was cleverly sketched on plate glass, and photographed so that it "hitched on" to the lower portion of a palace, which was actually constructed. And in the scenes in the interior of the harem in the same picture, a very ornate miniature dome was supplied for the abode of the Sultan's wives. It was patterned so like the rest of the interior that you would not be able to discover the difference on the screen.

When you see *The Masquerader* there is a portion of the Parliament building, visualised through a miniature, which you will not be able to distinguish as separate from the actual settings. It so happens that this miniature was not painted at all, but actually built. It had tiny pillars, cornices, and carvings that "matched in" perfectly with the rest of the structure. It was suspended right near the camera in such a position that it photographed as the upper portion of the construction. It gave to this an imposing height that could not otherwise have been satisfactorily achieved. For this particular setting was erected right on a covered stage, and would have had to go

A movie village, built by William Fox, and destroyed in "The Town That Forgot God." Note the wind machine in background.



An elaborate set at the Goldwyn studios. The buildings shown have no backs.

through the roof if it had been built up to give the desired height, the illusion of which was produced exactly as well by the miniature.

Even so magnificent a production as *Robin Hood* could not realise its full legendary grandeur and beauty, its fairy-tale charm, were it not for the judicious use of the more scientific illusion and camera magic. Everybody who has visited the scene of the Fairbanks production knows that the settings are sufficiently gigantic to stir the fancy, but by the employment of subtle art work, these same settings can be given a glorious imaginative quality. The chief thing in a picture

is having the action human and real. Whatever is added in effects, be they real or tricks, but increases the splendour, the glamour of the spectacle.

Everyone can realise that it is much less expensive to cause a train wreck by running two toy locomotives into each other than to perform the same stunt with life-sized ones. Both methods have been used, and sometimes it is impossible to discern the difference in the result on the screen. There are no doubt many persons who saw *The Old Nest* to whom it never occurred that the railroad wreck near the end of that picture was made by miniature trains on a miniature trestle. Volcanoes also are usually manufactured. The natural ones are too obstreperous to be monkeyed with when they are in action. Consequently it is safer for the studio to obtain some fireworks and make its own Vesuvius.

Every once in a while in my travels about the studios I bump into some extinct volcano about as big as a sand pile. There is one that I saw recently which stands in an improvised bay somewhat like a goldfish pond. On the shore adjacent to the dwarf crater are some toy houses. A youngster's sail-boat is in the water near by looking derelict and forlorn.

Very important is the obtaining of the illusion of distance. Real distance, as you know, is recognised, in nature or in a picture of any sort, by atmospheric haze. To get this in a miniature they sometimes hang veils of gauze between the camera and the toy replica of the volcano, or whatever it may be. These veils give the effect of haze where it is needed, and, if cleverly managed, offer the enhancement of atmospheric perspective. With such careful handling even the simplest and most mechanical type of miniature will assume the charm of reality.

Rex in Ruritania



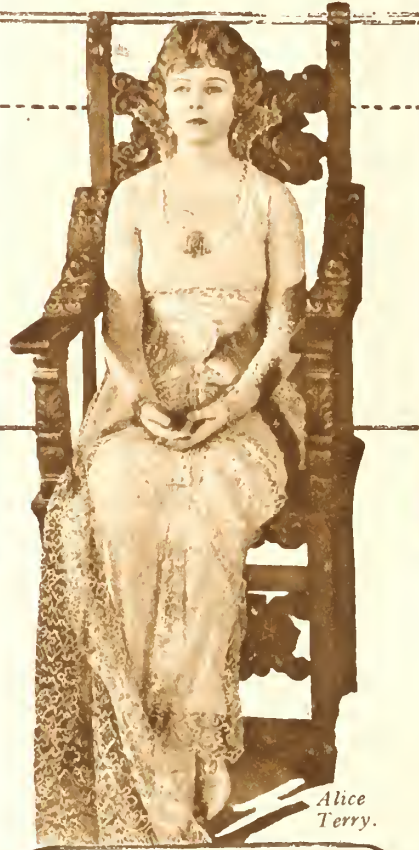
Ramon Novarro as "Rupert of Hentzau."

It may seem a far cry from the fur-clad cave-man of the Stone Age to the picturesque scarlet-and-blue uniformed gallants who in *The Prisoner of Zenda* breathe the spirit of romance from the screen. Yet our prehistoric ancestors were not without their influence in deciding Rex Ingram to reflect on the film his million-dollar version of a famous romantic story, which has already been screened on several occasions in the past.

"Woman," Ingram claims, "is tired of the very modern young hero who conducts his battles over a roll-top desk with a pen and a cheque book. She wants, instead, the duel—the rapier—and equal finesse in love-making. She sighs for the romantic lover, gaily costumed, and one who is something of a scintillant sinner."

So Rex Ingram decided to cater for this revival of the cave-man instinct, by devoting his genius to a spectacular reproduction of a romantic play which, during recent years, has made stage history.

The brilliant young producer of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* gathered around him the most handsome men and women of rare beauty to portray the story of the weak and self-indulgent King Rudolf of Ruritania, his scheming courtiers, and the daring impersonation of the dissolute monarch by an English aristocrat, whose adventure intrigues him into a



Alice Terry.



Lewis Stone and Alice Terry.

romantic love affair with the beautiful Princess Flavia.

Ingram has utilised his imagination to reflect the most spectacular side of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and the costly sets, amidst which the famous romance is played, excel anything that has been associated with it on the stage or screen. The coronation scene is a colossal spectacle—hundreds of court ladies, members of the diplomatic corps, and royal attendants creating a wonderful kaleidoscopic effect of colour.

With characteristic thoroughness, Ingram devoted much study not only to the design of the uniforms of the courtiers, but also assisted in the creation of the elaborate costumes of the beauties of Ruritania. Alice Terry, who plays the poignant part of the Princess Flavia, whose sad love story provides that rare event, the unhappy ending on the screen, wears one gown valued at five hundred pounds. Her husband, Rex Ingram, designed it entirely of costly old Venetian lace, adorned with pearls.

Added romance is lent to beautiful Alice Terry's artistic performance by the fact that it was during the production of the film that she married Rex Ingram.

"Black Michael" (Stuart Holmes) and "Antoinette" (Barbara La Marr.)



Lewis Stone, an English actor, plays the dual parts of Rudolph Rassendyll and the King of Ruritania; and, although only recently he forsook his characteristic virile fighting rôles in the frozen wastes of the great North West, he justifies Rex Ingram's belief that he was capable of subtler screen characterisations. The Metro director was impressed by Lewis Stone's extraordinary adaptability when he stepped from rugged parts, such as he played in *The River's End* and *The Northern Trail*, and, throwing aside the rough mannerisms of a fur-clad trapper, he figured in the film play, *The Concert*, as an artistic, refined virtuoso, with long hair and slim fingers that caressed the keys of grand pianos.

In *The Prisoner of Zenda*, Lewis Stone's artistry is put to a severe screen test. For, where double exposure is involved, during which process the Metro star appears on the screen, through camera trickery, side by side with his shadow self in two different rôles, a premium is placed on his art. For the subtleties of "make-up," facial expression and mannerism are drastically subjected to a process of comparison.

Barbara La Marr, the new screen beauty, who comparatively recently loomed large on the horizon of film stardom, plays the part of the beautiful "Antoinette de Mauban." She demonstrated in *The Three Musketeers* her ability to wear luxurious costumes with distinction; and in *The Prisoner of Zenda* she is equally effective in the ornate costumes of the Court of Ruritania.

A handsome brunette with big expressive brown eyes, Barbara La Marr brings a new beauty and romance to the famous character of the court favourite who, with a smile on her shapely lips, assists the intrigues of State.

But it is Ramon Novarro whom Rex Ingram regards as his great discovery. He has cast him in the rôle of Rupert of Hentzau, the dashing, duelling court conspirator who, Ingram believes, reflects the exotic personality that will appeal to the fair sex, who are tired of the modern silk-hatted and frock-coated lover.

Ramon in real life is a handsome, black-haired youth, who hails from Mexico, and who is a comparative newcomer to the film firmament.

In *The Prisoner of Zenda*, he has followed the example of Arthur Bourchier, who grew a beard for his stage part of King Henry VIII., for Ramon, as "Rupert of Hentzau," has sprouted

a trim black beard and moustache, which set off his flashing dark eyes, that are characteristic of those hailing from the banks of the Rio Grande.

He has something of the fascinating smile of Eric Von Stroheim, and he wears a monocle with similar nonchalance.

Rex Ingram has brought an impressive realism to the spectacular court scenes of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, for he has lived up to his reputation of being one of the most prodigal of modern producers, where lavish display is concerned.

For Ingram has set out to eclipse any previous stage or screen version of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and in this direction he has certainly succeeded, although he has had to dip deeply into the studio coffers to cater for his ambitious artistry.



Barbara La Marr as "Antoinette de Mauban."



"Black Michael" and "Princess Flavia."



Above: Rudolph Rassendyll fights with Rupert of Hentzau and Black Michael.



Right: Rupert and Antoinette de Mauban.

Nero



Jacques Gretillat as "Nero."



Alexander Salvini as "Horatius."

When Nero's many thousand-pound film city was destroyed by a giant conflagration, which provided the concluding thrill for the huge spectacular Fox film of Roman history, the gauntlet was undoubtedly thrown down to Vesuvius, in the shadow of which the picture was produced. For, even with super-pictures, the public are more critical in these days, and greater realism has to be obtained with a prodigal disregard for expense.

Rome was "re-built" for the picture on a hill on the right bank of the Tiber, the streets, the houses, palaces and monuments being designed after lengthy study of Roman historians. The arena, where the Christians were thrown to the lions, was constructed, with all the colossal pillars and marble terraces which are associated with this grim arena. In an immense square in front of the palace was placed the great statue known to history as the Colossus of Nero, and so huge was its dimensions that the cameras had to be moved to a spot fifty yards away in order to include its colossal proportions in the lenses.



Two scenes from Fox's great spectacular drama.

Not content with transporting a cast of several hundred people to Italy, J. Gordon Edwards, the Fox director, engaged sixty-five thousand supers for Nero on his arrival in the land of sunny skies.

Specially prepared film was used, of the panchromatic type, which enabled the celluloid to register with greater accuracy and picturesque effect the Italian sky and cloud

tryside dropping pamphlets. These communications offered jobs before the cameras for anyone who picked up a leaflet, and this novel scheme was successful in producing the required players.

During the colossal fire scene, Director Edwards kept in touch with the thousands of players moving within dangerous proximity to the flames by means of wireless. This enabled him to judge from the reports of his assistants speaking to him by radio from the heart of the inferno of the actual condition of affairs, and to give order for the desertion of the flaming city when it became too dangerous for the artistes



Paulette Duval as "Poppæa."



“Please Kiss My Wife!”

by P. RUSSELL MALLINSON

Those who see a beautiful woman on the screen being made passionate love to by a film Adonis little realise the ironic truth that not only is the fair lady's husband probably a spectator of the scene, but he is shouting encouragement to the lover to inspire him to become more fervent in his kisses. For the topsyturvydom that inevitably happens when husbands and wives are both associated with the creation of moving pictures on occasion produces a strange *mésalliance*. Yet, despite the fact that Elinor Glyn recently stated that “it isn't human nature for a producer to force his wife into the arms of an Adonis day after day without getting jealous,” friction seldom occurs. “Pistols for two and coffee for one” are not the result of a realistic love scene enacted before a husband's eyes. Congratulations on the realism with which the screen lover has embraced the wife of the man who is behind the director's megaphone is generally the less romantic sequel.

Bob Leonard spends hours on the studio floor directing his wife, Mae

Murray, during her spectacular love scenes, which in the case of this vivacious, blue-eyed blonde lack little in passionate realism. With business-like seriousness he instructs her in the finer shades of flirtation, to the effervescent love-making episodes which most effectively radiate from the screen the personality of this film butterfly of fashion and folly.

Imagine a movie director giving voice to the injunction that forms the title of this article. Elinor Glyn says it can't be done, successfully; but if you read the article, you will find that many movie stars are directed by their husbands, with conspicuous success.

In *Peacock Alley*, when Monte Blue had to make passionate love to Mae Murray, he did not display sufficient enthusiasm to please big Bob Leonard.

“Take her in your arms; kiss her again as though you meant it!” he bellowed. “Close your eyes and make it dreamy.”

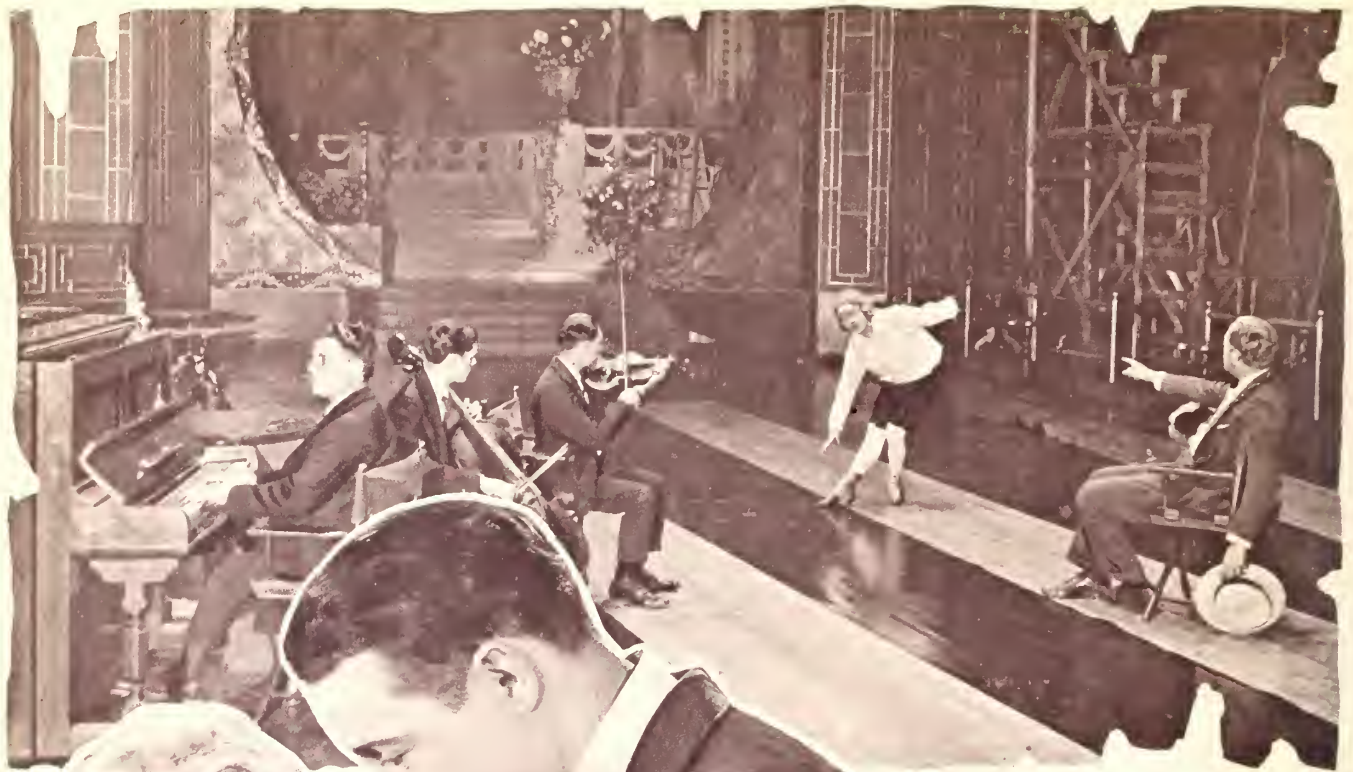
For Mae Murray and her husband are much too happily married to let jealous misunderstandings interfere

with their work in the studios. No temperamental artist could put the best into her work if she had to enact love scenes before a scowling husband whose imagination created suspicions that had no foundation in fact. The sinister green-eyed imp of jealousy has no place in the associations of a director and his wife manufacturing machine-made romance beneath the arc-lamps.

“Allan is too much of an artist to be influenced by any silly sentimental imaginings when he is directing me in my love scenes,” confesses Dorothy Phillips, whose famous husband, Allan Holubar, produces all her pictures.

In *Man — Woman — Marriage*, Dorothy Phillips's latest screen contribution, Holubar not only had to force another man to make violent love to her on the studio floor, but he had to shout through the megaphone encouragement to the various players who brutally ill-treated her, including a muscular Roman centurion who flogged her bare shoulders with a cat-o'-nine-tails.

“Directing one's wife in a love scene is in no way an ordeal compared with having to produce a scene in which



Above: Bob Leonard directing his wife, Mae Murray, who is seen (left) in a love scene with Monte Blue, that was directed by her husband.

she has to risk her life," admits Allan Holubar. "My emotions when Dorothy rode at the head of two thousand Amazonian women in a recent screen battle scene were far more distressing than watching a good-looking young actor embrace her for the purposes of screen art."

Nazimova throws herself into an abandon of love-making under the cold, critical eye of her director-husband, Charles Bryant, who produces her pictures. But the "star of a thousand moods," describes the most romantic scenario as "a cold bash of many people's ideas, served

without garnishing in the direction of love-making, romance, moonshine, or heroism."

"If my husband was inclined to be jealous, which he most certainly is not," laughs Nazimova, "I should have expected him to betray such foolish symptoms when I was on the stage. For a sentimental scene in a film studio is played but once, and it is forgotten, whereas a performance behind stage footlights is repeated night after night, and perhaps in time it may prove trying to an impressionable husband who has to sit and watch his wife continually

made love to by the same man." "When you come to analyse it," says King Vidor, the film director, who produces pictures for dainty Florence Vidor, his wife, "the man who has to inspire his wife's film love scenes is in a far better position than the director dealing with a comparatively strange artiste. For a husband knows how to get the best out of his wife, and he understands the most effective methods of playing on her emotions. I know that my wife is happiest and able to produce her best work when she is surrounded by artistic room decorations. So her dressing apartment at my studio has been furnished with old mahogany, and picturesque chintz and vases add to the colour-scheme. That is but one example of how a director-husband can practise those intimate attentions which foster good work in the studios."

Not only did the youthful Rex Ingram, the famous Metro producer, coolly direct the passionate love scenes of the beautiful Alice Terry, in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, although he was head over heels in love with her at the time, but he married her a short time after.

Which provides convincing evidence of the fact that screen love is only a flicker, for Rex Ingram was in some directions put to a greater test, forcing Alice Terry into the arms of her film lover during the roseate days of his courtship, than at a later

period when the intimate understanding of husband and wife brought greater trust.

Rex Ingram is contemplating the production of *Ivanhoe* on the screen, with his wife in the leading feminine rôle. In this historic romance he will have to utilise his megaphone to good purpose in encouraging gallant knights to seek the hand of the fair Alice.

Marshall Neilan is another producer who recently fell in love with the very girl that he was directing in hectic love scenes in the studio. Pretty Blanche Sweet, whose Dresden china daintiness has brought a breath of romance to numerous screen love stories, was associated with Micky Neilan for some time before she became his wife. Probably Neilan discovered, however, the emptiness of make-believe love beneath the arc-lamps when he played before the cameras with Blanche Sweet in *Classmates*.

Sessue Hayakawa to a large extent influences the direction of the pictures in which he appears, but when his wife appears on the set he invariably forsakes the producer's end of the megaphone in order to act with her before the cameras.

"The greatest joy of my life is to make love to my own wife,"

admits the talented Oriental. In *The Street of the Flying Dragon* Sessue put a great deal of understandable realism into his love scenes with his wife, Tsuru Aoki.

After their romance, which commenced during the filming of *The Birth of a Nation*, in which they were both playing, Miriam Cooper and Raoul Walsh have been associated with many successful photoplays as director husband and leading lady wife. It was Raoul Walsh who recently introduced his wife to the screen in the new rôle of a vampire in *Evangeline*, and his work behind the megaphone converted the innocent-eyed Miriam into a wrecker of homes and a stealer of hearts.

There is a very human reason for love in a studio being unlikely to arouse any deeper sentiments than those of the surface variety necessary for the art of miming, for the most beautiful woman, when she is made up for the cameras, does not look particularly attractive at close quarters, with her face painted an unbecoming yellow and her eyes smeared with black grease-paint.

All of which goes to prove that the eye of the director-husband watching the passionate love scenes of his wife is as cold and business-like as the eye of the film-camera itself.



Right: Florence Vidor with her director-husband, King Vidor, and their baby girl. Below: Nazimova in a love scene from "Salome," directed by her husband, Charles Bryant.



The Million Dollar Movie



Eric Von Stroheim as "Count Sergius." Mae Busch as "Princess Vera."

How *Foolish Wives* was filmed.



Nineteen months of strenuous, nerve-racking work, the most elaborate sets ever constructed in California since Griffith made *Intolerance*, and more than a quarter of a million feet of film, plus the indisputable, though perverse genius of Eric Von Stroheim, went to the making of *Foolish Wives*, surely the most discussed movie of the season. There was also a matter of £300,000 in solid cash. Foolish expenditure, according to some; but resulting in a picture magnificently spectacular, with acting and photography and direction of the finest. The story, it is best to disregard as much as possible; certainly Eric has well earned the title of "The Worst Man in the Movies" for his clever, but repulsive and sinister villain-in-chief, "Count Sergius Karamzin."

The scenes are not entirely spectacular: there are some in a witch's hovel on the edge of a lonely marsh, which gave the producer and his players all they wanted in colds and coughs. They worked knee-deep in water for several days at a stretch.

The leading man, Rudolf Christians, caught pneumonia, and died suddenly, when the film was more than half completed; and it was thought that the whole thing would have to be re-taken. Eventually, though, Robert Edeson "doubled" for him so successfully that no one would realise they were watching a substitute, had the fact not been made public. For the "close-ups," however, this would not do: for though in build and general movement Christians and Edeson are identical, their features are different; and for awhile even Von Stroheim was nonplussed.

One of his assistants bethought him of several reels of a feature, made and since discarded, in which Rudolph Christians figured, and suggested running it through in the hope of finding there a foot or two of suitable material.

It seemed a forlorn hope, but Von Stroheim, recalling that the plot of this earlier work was slightly similar to *Foolish Wives*, and that there undoubtedly had been a lot of close-ups, thought it a possible loophole, and eagerly snatched at the idea. So he and his co-workers, an excited little group, began a systematic search, for nobody knew exactly what had happened to the reels of film. From the developing rooms to the theatre they were traced; thence they had been stored away for a time; but turned out to make room for something else.

Somebody felt sure they had been destroyed; but someone else was equally certain they had not.

Eventually, dusty but jubilant, the search-party found what they were seeking amongst a collection of odd material marked down to be taken away; and there, sure enough, were many scenes in which the late actor figured. By careful selection and interpolation, it was now possible to complete the film, using "close-ups," of the real Christians when absolutely necessary.

Of the dozen or so principal sets, the duplicate Monte Carlo Casino is the most perfect as well as the most expensive. The front, with its three buildings, went up at Universal City, where it was the centre of interest for many months. Especially at night, when many of the best scenes were taken; for the roof of the "Café de Paris" building, as can be seen in the film, is studded with electric lights exactly like the original.

The circular Park, too, with its gorgeous palms, flowers, and magnolias, was a thing of great beauty. Titled "The Roadway of Chance," a complete paved thoroughfare connected the three buildings, with an electric car service exactly like the one which runs to Nice and other towns near Monte Carlo itself. At night, this was illuminated by seventy-five specially designed street lights, assisted by fifty "arcs."

The castle, which figures prominently in the story, was erected at Laguna beach; and other Monte Carlo exteriors, for which a sea view was essential, went up at Catalina Island. But, dissatisfied with the location, Von Stroheim, which was ideal, from his point of view. Not so from that of the workmen, for the high winds blew scaffolding, paint-pots, and paraphernalia of all sorts into the sea, and it took weeks before everything was ready. The crowds of extras were reinforced by many prominent Society folk, who enjoyed acting as "atmosphere," as a new form of recreation.

The mammoth production held its full share of accidents for the director. Quite early in the year, Von Stroheim and a couple of assistants went in a launch round the rocky coast of Monterey, looking for some special scenery. A submerged rock caught the keel of the boat and overturned it. Luckily, a fishing party saw and rescued them.

Later on, during the filming of the rescue of the ambassador's wife by the Count, a severe storm all but blinded the actors. Margaret Armstrong (or Miss Du Pont, as she prefers to call herself) looked askance at the weather, so Eric volunteered to rehearse, carrying a man across the bridge and down the bank to the waiting boat. So, carrying a smiling "extra," the Count commenced his scene again. Unfortunately, he slipped over a stone, and both lost their balance and rolled down the bank. The deputy heroine was quite safe, but Von Stroheim wrenched his back

badly and was out of action for a week. Kleig-eyes, burns, and the usual quota of bumps and bruises are part of a director's daily risks, and Eric had plenty of each.

After wrestling with his completed work for six months, Von Stroheim folded his arms and sat back in his chair for awhile. But the final editing and cutting was done by another, and the author-director declares that episodes he would have discarded have been retained, and *vice versa*. Apart from its appeal to excitement-eaters, its originality of direction, vivid backgrounds, and skilfully depicted though unpleasant characterisation are undeniable. And Von Stroheim is the central figure always, in a character-study similar to the one he gave in *Blind Husbands*—only far more so. He and his confederates, Maude George and Mae Busch, indulge in various kinds of crookery, but meet the ends they deserve; so that the moral is all right, though the manner of pointing it be extraordinary.

Stroheim, Maude George, and Mae Busch.



"Count Sergius," the greatest scoundrel ever depicted on a screen.

The Movies' Only Hope

by THE MAN IN THE FRONT SEAT



Charles Chaplin.

"Who but Chaplin has held the world in the hollow of his hand? Irving at his greatest was a pigmy, an unknown, by comparison. The triumph of the motion picture has been such that it could have obliterated every publisher on earth, and every theatrical magnate. It has not nearly done this. It is even said by many that the motion picture has reached, even passed, the limit of its appeal. If this is so, can anything be done about it?"

But are the Movies a great art? And, if they are not, why are they not? And can they be? And how?

It has become a kind of fashion to speak of motion pictures as if they were a great art that, by filling in the spare corners of literature and the drama, had succeeded in supplanting both. Stories are made to move, and the cramped action of the stage is enabled to be stretched to the ends of the earth. Literature at its best (it is hinted) has been but a compromise—life told of and not seen; the drama has been a strange thing of canvas castles and wooden grass and sunshine that came at once from the north, south, east, and west. They had developed just as far as they could develop, and they had stopped. Something better was needed to carry their mission further, and (say the enthusiasts) in the kinema that something better has come to be. No longer do we hear stories: we see them. Real castles and real grass and sane sunshine no longer baffle the stage-carpenter of old; they obliterate him. The motion picture was a long time happening, but now it has happened it is the greatest thing that ever happened.

But is it?

It has achieved many marvels. If sheer "look-at-able" beauty were all-triumphant, the stage must long ago have perished. Some of the backgrounds of motion-picture plays have plucked the topmost star. The screen may develop to extents unthought of now; it will never surpass (because it would be an impossibility to surpass) some of its past scenic triumphs. Colour may become a common thing; stereoscopic effects may become no longer a matter for wonder; but for sheer pictorial beauty, the massing of lights and shadows, lines and perspectives, tinyness and vastness, the motion picture of to-day has reached the limit. The last word has been spoken. It may be that this word will some day be spoken with a finer accent, but it is certain that no other word will be substituted. In other words, if there is development at all, it will be only technical development.

And there are motion-picture actors as great as any on the stage. It has

its great personalities. What theatre actor has known the triumphs of Fairbanks and Mary Pickford? Who but Chaplin has held the world in the hollow of his hand? Irving at his greatest was a pigmy—an unknown—by comparison. The triumph of the motion picture has been such that it could have done more than obliterate the stage-carpenter of old; it could have obliterated every publisher on earth, and every theatrical magnate. Or very nearly so. It has not done this. It has not nearly done this. The theatre is indulging in a fresh flourish. We are told that the publishing business is becoming brighter day by day. But there is little sign of a new spurt in kinema building. It is even said by many that the motion picture has reached—even passed—the limit of its appeal. Is this so? And, if it is so, can anything be done about it?

First of all, it would be wise to inquire into this matter of the Movies' greatness as an art. And it is on this very matter that I disagree with every knowing one of my acquaintance. I am told that the Movies are a great art. I say No. They are not a great art. They have never been within a mile of being a great art. On the other hand, I hear that they can never be a great art; and here I disagree again. Most emphatically they can. They are not. But they can.

Art is creation, *arranged* creation, as distinct from the chaotic creation of nature. I do not say that the orderly creation that men call art is a finer thing than nature's chaos; I am not going to say that it can, cannot, should, or should not in any way influence that chaos. I am not going to say that it is important, nor enter into any controversial details about it. I am merely going to say that it is a form of orderly and perhaps small creation. This is indisputable. Now it is perfectly plain that, within its obvious limits, art is capable of greatness. The first drama was a fool's play, no doubt; but it came about that Shakespeare wrote "The Tempest." The first story may have been the very crudest thing under the sun; yet after the centuries Thomas Hardy wrote "Tess." I am not saying that Shakespeare was greater than the universe: I am merely saying that "The Tempest" is as great as a play of its kind can be. I do not

say that it is the greatest play of all. I do not believe in such a thing any more than I believe in the greatest motion picture. But, of its kind, indisputably it was great.

And there is a test of this greatness, a rule to lay across every drama and every piece of fiction, to measure its greatness or lack of it.

Man may be a great thing or a small thing, but, whatever he is, obviously he can create no greater thing than a man. And it is by his created men that the artist is judged. These may be ideal, they may be merely comic; but unless there be a recognisable spark of greatness in them, the artist can lay no claim to greatness in himself—indeed, is not an artist. Strip Dickens of his Micawbers and his Swivellers and his Mantalins, and he sinks to the level of the lowest hack who ever wrote halfpenny shockers. Take away Portia and Shylock and Falstaff and the rest of them and Shakespeare becomes worthy to black the boots of the Brothers Melville. They were only men. They could create nothing greater than men. But—they created great men. They were sublime artists of their class.

There are a million great created men of the stage and the page. *There is not one of the screen.*

Even everyday journalism has its Old Bills, its Mr. Dooleys, its Mutts and its Jeffs. *The motion picture has nothing.*

I have said that the screen has no great created man, no wonderful character akin to Falstaff and Micawber and—if you will—Sherlock Holmes. I am wrong: there is one. There is the inscrutable thing that shuffles through life with a little cane and a little hat and a moustache that baffles the powers of description—the figure that Chaplin has made immortal. He—or it—has no name. I do not know what to call it. But I do know that its name is not Chaplin. The immortal tramp is no more Chaplin than—let us say—Shylock was Henry Irving. He is not Chaplin, as, for example, Jubilo was Will Rogers, or Zorro was Fairbanks. In short, Chaplin is what few people of his generation will give him the credit of being—he is a creative artist. I shall not say that his creation is the greatest thing of all time. It may be only the greatest thing of the smallest things. But it is great, and it is created, and therefore it is art. *And the motion picture's tragedy is that Chaplin's immortal creation is the screen's ONLY immortal creation.*

What the motion picture wants, then, is creative artists. It has the millions—both of money and of

people—it has the facilities. But it has not—and there is no sign that it very soon will have—its creative artists. Why does it not get them?

There are a number of reasons; but there is one great one. The mighty characters of the stage and the book have some degree of *permanence*. They *live on*. They do not flash for a brief moment and then die. They do not appear "for three days only" and then vanish into the unknown. Therefore, their creators prefer to give them to some art where they will not be smothered in their cradle, so to speak. Arnold Bennett could create a "Card" especially for the screen. But he doesn't! Hall Caine could create a character just as good as Pete for the motion picture instead of the

killing him. He has *done the same thing again and again*. If the first Chaplin film had been the last, the immortal tramp would have perished, faded from memory, not been immortal. But the first Chaplin film was only the first, and dozens have followed. We have not forgotten the immortal tramp because *we have not been allowed to forget him*.

But Chaplin's art is a primitive thing—crude, if you will. We cannot conceive of Shakespeare permitting Falstaff to wander haphazard into a story that is no story at all, and to reappear later in another that is even less of a story than ever. Chaplin's method is suited to Chaplin's creation; but it would not be suited to the creations of a Dumas, or a Dickens.

Some sort of "tightness," of shape, of *continuity* is necessary. And in this word "continuity" we have the key to the solution. It is my decided opinion that *the future of the motion picture lies entirely in that despised thing, the Serial.*

When Mr. Micawber comes to the silver sheet he must not come to flash cheerfully for seventy-five minutes in some inadequate "feature film," and then vanish for ever. He must come to stay long enough to be our friend for the rest of our life. *He must live long enough to live for ever*. And five reels are not sufficient. Forty are not sufficient. A hundred may be. Twenty weeks, at five reels a week! Then it would not be: "I don't know whether to go to the movies to-night or not." It would be "I'm going to see old Micawber to-night (or Muzzlewick, or whatever he will be called)—I wouldn't miss him for worlds!"

Stars are very fine men, and they have served a purpose, but what is wanted is the super-man—the wonderful creation—the man that never lived, but should have done.

Look to the Serial, I say. Not the inane monstrosity that we know as such to-day, but a *great picture* that is too great to be glossed over in an hour and fifteen minutes—or two hours, or three. The "feature film" that we have now is doomed—or the motion picture itself is. Which is it to be?

For twenty weeks the public took *Pickwick* serially. For twenty weeks they would crowd the picture palaces to see something as great. They would love the great characters that they have never been given the opportunity of seeing. They would ask for more and more, and yet more. The same great people in the same great story, unfolding with genius's touch week by week—that is the hope of the motion picture.

But is the motion picture listening?



"The future of the motion picture lies entirely in that despised thing, the Serial."

publisher. But he doesn't. The kinema has all its millions to coax all the greatest creative artists to give all their great created characters to the screen—and it cannot coax one of them! *Because the characters are too good to die young, and the motion picture has no means of keeping them alive.*

The re-issue is hopeless. It could become what taking down an old favourite from the book-shelf for *half-an-hour* now and again never does become—tiresome. A classic may not be re-issued when we are able to see it. On the other hand, a film cannot remain upon the screen for years, as a book can remain upon the shelf, so that we may feed whenever we feel hungry.

But there is a way, and Chaplin has shown it in its crudest form. *He has kept his tramp alive by the dazzlingly simple process of not*



Doris Eaton in "Tell Your Children."

An Announcement from Alma.

Alma Taylor's next appearance on our screens will be in the New Year. "The film," she told me, when I begged for details, "is from an original story, *The Pipes of Pan*. I play lead, and T. H. Mulcaster, John MacAndrews, and a delightful kiddie who will charm everybody play with me." Alma, who looked trim and ready for anything in one of her favourite tweed costumes, declared she was motoring back to Walton that afternoon, and refused to divulge much about the plot of *The Pipes of Pan*. It is, of course, a Cecil Hepworth production.

For Sequel-Lovers.

Henry Edwards went to Venice, you remember, with his company when *The City of Beautiful Nonsense* was filmed. His latest production, *The World of Wonderful Reality*, is a sequel to the first-named popular story, and contains many beautiful "shots" obtained in the same romantic city. The sun was kind to the little party, and Henry Edwards has been lost to mortal view for the past week or so, cutting and assembling in its final shape the completed film.

A New Stoll Film.

Exceedingly like the dashing actor so long first favourite with matinée



George Turner, Madge Stuart, Julian Royce, and Bromley Davenport in "Running Water."

British Studio Gossip

girls is E. Lewis Waller, as you'll agree when you see him in *Running Water*. The picture is based upon A. E. W. Mason's novel, and impressive and realistic Alpine scenes are a distinct feature of it. Madge Stuart is quite used to the chilly atmosphere of the mountains, for she has been there on location for quite a few films.

A Roving Star.

Miles Mander has been across to Milan and back. He told me, just before he left, some interesting details of his future plans. With Adrian Brunel and Hugo Rumbold, the well-known authority upon costume and production, he has formed the Atlas-Biocraft Company, and active production has already commenced. "The first thing we did," Miles remarked, "was to sign up my friend Ivor Novello for six pictures, the first of which we're making in Venice and Milan. It's an original story by Monckton Hoffe, partly eighteenth century, part modern, and I don't play in it."

It Happened in Venice.

That is the working title of the initial Atlas-Biocraft picture, the leading lady of which had not, at the time of writing, been definitely chosen. Miles Mander seemed to think a Russian girl with one of those uncomfortable-to-pronounce surnames would be Ivor Novello's leading lady. The second production will be made in North Africa, with Miles Mander as producer and "heavy," Ivor Novello as leading man, and a very famous and beautiful stage star as heroine. It is

a fact that Novello received a cable from D. W. Griffith just after he had definitely decided to work for the British concern. They will, however, release him for one film at least, later on.

The Compleat Cockney.

Hugh E. Wright, who specially delights (on the screen) in Cockney and tramp character rôles, has many other strings to his bow. He writes scenarios and stories, excellent verse and lyrics, and can render comic songs with a rueful expression and a lugubrious voice to match in a fashion that is all his own. He has been on the stage, too, in revue, and, with a company of artists sponsored by the late H. G. Pelissier, presented a delightful little show for most of which he wrote the lyrics. Hugh's last completed film is *The Romany*, and as "Gipsy Jim" spent much time under canvas in the North of Scotland. Some of the most picturesque scenes were taken in Glentilt and high up on the mountainside above, and, though they had some fine days, they found it cold there. The ground was white with frost on the last morning or two of their stay, and the atmosphere frigid.

The Gathering of the Stars.

The principals in *Rob Roy* came from all corners of the British Isles where they were "locating" to see themselves on the screen. After the Trade show I noticed Gladys Jennings up from Shoreham and clasping the very Scotch terrier presented to her by some admirers when *Rob Roy* was in make up North. The doggie

was resplendent with a large bow of Macgregor tartan. The Macgregor himself (David Hawthorne), much more human without his hirsute film adornments, had also returned from location for this occasion, and was receiving congratulations on his fine work from all sides. Sir Simeon Stuart and Wallace Bosco, the two villains, had evidently forgiven Gladys Jennings for her rough-and-ready treatment of them on the screen. As "Helen," who is fearless as well as fair, Gladys sets about the wicked ones in fine style in the course of her four fights. This stirring romance is beautifully photographed and acted. Don't miss it when it's released.

Film Mother and Son.

From the picture on this page, Margaret Bannerman and Peter Dear might be taken for mother and son. But they are not related in any way really. Pretty Margaret Bannerman, who plays in *The Grass Orphan*, is Canadian; and little Peter Dear, who plays the title-rôle in the same film, is a London kiddie, whose intelligent work, not to speak of his delightful appearance, has endeared him to many picturegoers. Peter loves making pictures, and is one of the most promising British stars in embryo.



Hugh E. Wright.

About "The Green Caravan."

Gregory Scott returns to the five-reeler after a full year's absence in *The Green Caravan*, which is adapted from a novel. "Greg" has been away too long for British "fans." He has two charming "opposites," Catherine Calvert and Mlle. Valia. The latter, looking very lovely beneath a vivid scarlet hat, gave me an amusing account of her rôle. "I play a really heartless, vampish creature," she said; "and am well punished by being compelled to change my name to Mrs. Hiram J. Mutt. No; the J, doesn't stand for Jeff. At present I am under a curse laid upon me by a (film) gypsy." She was bearing up very well under it, anyway. I felt relieved to hear that "Lilias" becomes quite human towards the end. Mlle. Valia had been working at Oxshott for several days, and the company were about to commence work in the studios, about which I shall have more to say next month.

Sussex Settings for a New Film.

Walter West and Andrew Soutar had quite a search before they found their ideal village for *Hornet's Nest*, the new film, which promises to be highly interesting. Andrew Soutar, the author, located it in Sussex, in the

novel, but the camera did not approve of the actual place, so another had to be used. Most of the characters are villagers, and Violet Hopson plays a blacksmith's daughter, with James Knight opposite as the Squire's son. Florence Turner, too, has a character part, and some of the most interesting scenes will be those depicting the village fair.

Another All-Colour Production.

J. Stuart Blackton will turn Time's wheel a

Joan Morgan in "Fires of Innocence."

little farther back for his second all-colour feature film than he did for *The Glorious Adventure*. In the spacious days of Good Queen Bess, the scenes are set, and Lady Diana Manners will play the title rôle—that of the Virgin Queen. A long all-star cast has been engaged, with Carlyle Blackwell heading the list on the male side.

"Batting Barrows" At It Again.

Taking advantage of the tail-end of summer, a company has been busy on exteriors in the South of England. Devon and Cornwall figure in so many screen plays, sometimes under their own names, others as various other countries and counties. This time, scenes were made for *God's Prodigal*, a new film which gives Donald Crisp another exceedingly unpleasant character to play. "Gentleman Jeff," as he is called, is an ugly customer, and pretty Pauline Johnson, who plays in the same film, declares she had dire visions of Donald's bad behaviour in *Broken Blossoms* when she first saw him in full make-up. But, though they have quite a number of scenes together, there is nothing as harrowing as *Broken Blossoms* in "Gentleman Jeff's" attitude towards the heroine.



Margaret Bannerman and Peter Dear in "The Grass Orphan."



MABEL JULIENNE SCOTT

Started her screen career in "The Barrier," by Rex Beach, and has since starred in many screen successes, including "The Sea Wolf," "The Translation of a Savage," and "Don't Neglect Your Wife."

**OWEN MOORE**

The Irish-American film star, whose brothers Tom, Matt, and Joe are all well known on the silver-sheet, has been a popular screen player since the early Biograph days, when he played opposite Mary Pickford.

**BEBE DANIELS**

Started as a child actress with Selig, and then became Harold Lloyd's leading lady for two years; after which clever work opposite Thomas Meighan and Wallace Reid won her stellar recognition.

**DUSTIN FARNUM**

Has had a distinguished stage and screen career. Some of his best-known pictures are "The Virginian," "The Squaw Man," "David Garrick," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," and "The Corsican Brothers."

**ERICH VON STROHEIM**

Startled the film world with his first production, "Blind Husbands," and has since produced "The Devil's Pass-Key" and "Foolish Wives." As artiste or director he ranks with the master-minds of the screen.



Bebe Daniels.



May McAvoy.



Virginia Valli.

The Screen Fashion Plate



Bebe Daniels displays a distinctive dress of black crêpe-de-Chine, with novel slashed sleeves.

The beautiful cape worn by May McAvoy is of Hudson seal, with collar of German fitch.

Virginia Valli wears a sumptuous cloak of tailless ermine and a complete dress of monkey fur.

Gloria Swanson is seen in an attractive accordion-pleated gown of sealing-wax-red chiffon, finished with cinnamon brown shadow lace.



Gloria Swanson.

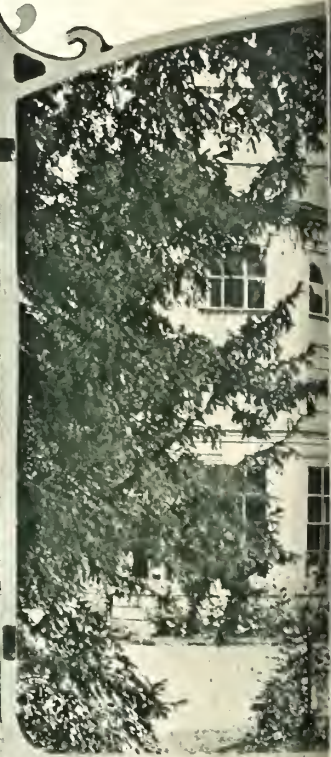
Virginia Valli.



cedar and the remains of another defunct giant. Left: "Garrick's Buckles"—Eille exhibits some treasures from his theatrical museum.

Some glimpses of "Little Boston," Ealing, the delightful residence of Eille Norwood. Above: A corner of the grounds, showing a wonderful old

FILM STORIES
Eille Norwood



Few picturegoers know that Eille Norwood is a talented musician and composer. Many of his compositions have been played in the Kinemas.

Mr. and Mrs. Norwood



AT HOME:
NORWOOD

Above: A game of croquet with Mrs. Norwood. One can hardly imagine Sherlock Holmes indulging in this game, but the picture on the right has a genuine "My dear Watson" touch about it. Bowls is or are one of Eille Norwood's favourite recreations.



...me. The tree on the left
of.

Studying a new part. Eille Norwood loves to discuss his characters with his wife and friends. A master of make-up, he is always devising new disguises.

Devonshire House ! How old-worldly in sentiment ! How quaint ! How instantly characteristic of placid conventionality ! How unlike anything like intrigue or adventure !

And yet the name, *Devonshire House*, embossed in shining brass letters, greets one as he opens the gate which leads into a wide, cypress-studded front yard of a quaint white mansion on Morgan Place in Hollywood, California. Surely I must have been misinformed, methought, as to the whereabouts of the particular kinema siren I was sleuthing for interviewal purposes. Surely a place so redolent with the atmosphere of peace and quietude would never be the haven of a film adventuress.

It is, however; and, on further acquaintance, it developed that its mistress, Maude George, is quite as quaint a character as Devonshire House itself; quite as complex in personality; quite as European in aspect.

The house itself has a personality. It is different from any other house in Hollywood. Its designer, Arthur Forde—Miss George's husband, if I must let out this secret—is a cultured Englishman whose mind is filled with old-world traditions; and Miss George herself is one of the most Continental Americans I have ever known.

It was precisely because of this distinct Continental appeal that Eric Von Stroheim came upon Miss George for his two latter productions, *The Devil's Passkey* and *Foolish Wives*. Von Stroheim's individuality as a producer is manifest in his so-called "Frenchy" way of treating his film stories; and hence Miss George, with

The Glorious Adventuress

An impression of Maude George, the vampire in "Foolish Wives."

her jet-black hair, her olive complexion, her sparkling, fiery eyes, is an ideal adventuress for him. To see her on the screen as "Mme. Malot" in *The Devil's Passkey* or as the "Princess Olga" in *Foolish Wives*, one would believe her capable of anything in villainy,

And so, when I had wandered up the cypress-grown path which leads from

the street to Devonshire House, when I had inhaled the fragrance of myriad flowers, when I had met Miss George herself, and perhaps registered my surprise at seeing her in a gingham house dress, then was I initiated into the secret of her home life.

"It's just another case of shock," agreed Maude George when I gave utterance to the thought in my mind. "No one seems to think film adventuresses can possibly be anything else than villainous in private life! Not that we necessarily enjoy being wicked on the screen. We sometimes find ourselves cast in such rôles because our type happens to have fitted the part. In real life we are none of us as scarlet as the pictures paint us."

It is totally impossible to believe in her as a villainess—even a play adventuress—because she has such a scintillating, vibrant sense of humour.

"I guess I'm a peculiar sort of adventuress, if that's what you insist on calling me," said Maude George, "because I don't care for more than two cocktails in succession, and I can't smoke cigarettes at all. All through *Foolish Wives* I had to smoke long, intriguing ambassadors because the 'Princess Olga,' the character I was playing, thought nothing of the bad effects of tobacco usage. This made it somewhat unpleasant for me."

Personally, however, Miss George declares she finds villainy in acting much more interesting than characteristic "straight" rôles.

"Mr. Von Stroheim," she added, "declares that I have the wickedest smile he's ever seen."

While she only recently came into prominence as being one of the truly great actresses of the kinema, Miss George is not new to it. She has been on the legitimate stage with such actors as the late Nat C. Goodwin and with James K. Hackett. Her picture début was made with the Universal Company under Lois Weber's direction five years ago. She played with William S. Hart in *Blue Blazes Rawden*, and with Frank Keenan in *The Midnight Stage*, with Enid Bennett and with William Desmond. And finally, when Von Stroheim was combing the film colony for a woman who looked and could act like a Parisian woman-of-the-world, a lady of the Riviera, he selected Miss George.

She is temperamentally a glorious admixture of the adventuress and the Quaker. She has all the verve and brilliance of a Maupassant heroine; and yet, within the confines of her Devonshire House—where she wears her gingham house-gowns and tends her old-fashioned garden—she is as quaintly conventional, as sweetly sympathetic, as the fragrant, lovely flowers she has planted and reared.

TRUMAN B. HANDY.



Centre: Maude George as "Princess Olga" in "Foolish Wives."

Right: With her husband, Arthur Forde.



The Gold Dredgers

By

JOHN FLEMING

Teddy Darman took a look round at the results of his labours, and he felt very satisfied—with his labours, with himself, and with the world in general. If things went on at this rate—what might not happen? Promotion after promotion—marriage—Dora Wade? Yes, very satisfied Teddy was. Things were happening out as he had foreseen. Nothing could be better.

He took another look.

For miles and miles, and more miles—as far as eye could see—where once had been only peaceful rural settlements, contented farmsteads and sleepy orchards, was now the war-looking waste that betokened the path of the gold-dredgers—the monster machines that cut up the land and threw out the nuggets—the marvels of the brain of Teddy himself. Teddy smiled a broad smile as he stared at the greatest, in action half a mile away. Big! Mighty! Like a great, ironclad ship with legs, striding o'er the land—almost a vision from a future-dream of Mr. Wells. There was nothing like them anywhere else in all the world, and Teddy knew it. Very satisfied indeed with things was Teddy. He had done this! He alone! His brain the one that had created these monsters, his the vision that had wiped out the futile orchards and made a gold nugget grow where only an apple had grown before. Great man!

"There's nothing can stop me," he

reflected, poking yesterday's ashes out of his pipe, and taking another peep at his handiwork. "Nothing! We'll have the whole of Cherry Valley dug up by next summer, and then—"

He strode over a gate and dropped into a road, and then he stopped at the sight of a motor-car chug-chugging along the road towards him.

"Dora, or nobody, I'll bet," he smiled. And he waited until the car drew nearer. Yes, it was Dora. He

in the valley here, and that in a year's time our homes, and all Cherry Valley will look like the morning after a German advance. Look at it! A year ago it was the most beautiful orchard land in all the country. Now it is a rocky waste. Dad vowed he would never sell out to you, vowed he would save his land, and so save the valley. Now you get this Bill through, and he will be *compelled* to sell—compelled to take money and leave the land that bred him—so that you, and the devil-diggers like you, can find gold! Is your gold worth what will happen to these old men when they are turned out of their homes?"

"They will be well paid," Teddy murmured.

"They don't want paying at all," she retorted. "They want to be left in peace in the country where they have always lived. They don't want to see the orchards and the lanes that they have always known turned into a desert like this. Look at it! You give them money, but where are their homes?"

"You can't blame me," Teddy protested. "I'm only a paid servant of the company. If I didn't do it, somebody else would. You know that."

"You invented the dredgers. You are chief construction engineer."

"Well?"

"Well, why don't you invent a dredger that will not leave the land a wilderness? Why don't you invent a dredger that will relift the soil after you have passed, instead of the rocks, and leave the land fit for cultivation, like it was when you found it? Then you would not find the farmers such bitter enemies."

"Yes, but——" said Teddy. "You couldn't get the company to listen to that. They don't care about the cultivation of the land. All they want is gold, and so long as they get it——"

CHARACTERS:

Teddy Darman - WALLACE REID
John Wade - ALEXANDER BROWN
Dora Wade - - LOIS WILSON
Calthorpe Masters - FRANK LEIGH
Silas Hoskins - LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD
Silverby Rennie - CLARENCE GELDART

Narrated by permission, from the Paramount film of the same title.

took off his hat as the car stopped, and stepped forward with a smile. But though Dora had stopped to speak to him, she did not return his smile, and he saw a little pucker on her brow, and noticed a hesitancy in her manner.

"Is anything wrong?" he asked.

She held out a folded newspaper.

"The Bill is through committee, and will be law by spring," she replied. "This means that your company have beaten Dad and the farmers

"Yes. All they want is gold. And that is why everybody here calls them the devil-diggers, and would sooner part with their life than their land to the city fiends who come to make a wilderness where the people have built a home."

"Well," said Teddy, "if I could do anything—"

And they left it at that.

Two nights afterwards, there was a knock on the door of the little cottage home of the Wades, and old farmer Wade, answering the knock, was surprised to find that the man on the doorstep was none other than Teddy Darman, and that in Teddy's hand was the long blue roll that betokened a plan of another of the Continental Company's infernal machines.

"I guess I'm never at home when the company sends a man round," the old man snapped, preparing to close the door.

"Don't make a mistake," said Teddy. "I'm not from the company this time. I've called on my own behalf—and yours."

"What's that?" said the old man.

"I am sure Teddy is not trying to trick you," said Dora. "Hear what he has to say, daddy."

"All right," the old man grumbled. "Better come in."

Teddy entered and laid his roll of plans on the table.

"Well?" said the farmer.

"Look at these," said Teddy. "I've got a scheme that will save your lands, and prevent a fight. But it must not be known that it came from me. You understand that?"

"Go on."

"Well," Teddy proceeded, "the company has succeeded in rushing the Bill through, but it does not become operative for a year. This means that unless you are willing to sell the land in the meantime, they cannot force you to do so until a year has elapsed. This will mean a year's waiting for the company, salaries, expenses, etc. They can do nothing. They can only wait. Very well. Here is a plan of a new dredger that will turn up the gold and resoil the land at the same time.

"You see? Take this plan to Calthorpe Masters, the director, tell him you have proof that a resoiling dredger is a practicable thing, and that if he will adopt it you will sell the land right away. And you've got him."

"You mean," said the old man, "that this dredger leaves the land as fertile as it finds it, and we can begin producing our crops again right away—it does not leave a rock-covered desert behind like the dredgers now?"

"That's the idea."



"If you want any more playful little taps at any time—you've got my address."

The farmer considered the scheme a moment, then held out his hand.

"Darman," he said, "I'm on to this scheme. The company have tried to crush us. They have failed. And they have failed through you. Call here any time you like. We're friends. Good-night!"

Teddy glanced across to where Dora was standing. A smile crept over his features.

"Good-night?" he said. "Not yet!" And he took the seat that Dora offered.

Calthorpe Masters was a dark, unpleasant man, with tricky eyes and a smile that was worse than another man's frown. He was even more unpopular in Cherry Valley than his devil-digging machines. Nobody was known to admit a liking for him. But he was director of the Continental Company, a power, and therefore one who was allowed to come and go pretty well as he wished. Cherry Valley might wish to attend his funeral; but it took off its hat when he passed.

"I see," said he, when old Wade laid the re-soiling scheme before him. "But we have no interest in re-soiling. All we want is the gold. So long as you are paid your price for the land it is no concern of ours whether the land is fertile or not afterwards."

"In that case," said the old man, "we have no wish to sell."

"By law you are forced to sell!"

"But not until a year has passed.

In the meantime your enterprise is idle. Adopt this scheme, and we will sell. Otherwise, not a farmer in Cherry Valley will sell. It was arranged at a meeting this afternoon."

"And if the company should refuse?"

Old Wade produced his trump card.

"In that event the farmers will raise the money and dredge their own land and cut you out of the business!"

Masters considered this a moment, his quick wits working at their quickest. Then he smiled and looked sharply at the old farmer.

"Very well," he said, "The company refuses to agree."

"You mean that?"

"Certainly we mean it! You—cannot raise the money."

"Ah!" cried Wade, waving a scornful forefinger. "And that is where you make your greatest mistake, Mr. Masters. We are poorish

farmers, but we will mortgage every inch of our property to get this money. And the moment the dredger is complete you may as well pack up and leave this part of the country. You'll be finished!"

"Really?" sneered Masters. "Then listen Wade—call to-morrow at two o'clock, and I'll give you a final answer."

"Good enough," said Wade. "And I think it will pay you best not to fight the farmers, if you come to think it over in the meantime. Good-day."

At a quarter to two the next afternoon, Calthorpe Masters sent a message to the effect that he wished to see Teddy Darman in his office at once. Teddy hurried to the office and found Masters with one of his most baffling smiles in full play.

"Sit down, Darman," said Masters. And when the engineer was seated, he proceeded to outline the scheme for the resoiling dredger as put forward by Wade.

"You see," he concluded. "They'll mortgage their farms and put every bean they have into this dredger. All right. Who'll they get to build it? There's only one man they can get. You! Listen. When Wade calls round on me this afternoon, we'll be quarrelling, and as he comes in the office door there, I'll dismiss you from the company's service—see? And then you give me a playful little tap on the chin here, to make it seem real—nothing to hurt, you know; just a playful little tap to make it seem real—and then, of course, Wade engages you, and you make the dredger for the farmers. See?"

"Where's the point?" Teddy asked.

"Here's the point," Masters grinned.

"You make the dredger—but you make it so's it won't go! And then, with all their money gone, they'll be glad enough to sell out those farms at once, instead of waiting the year out! Smart, you know!"

Teddy thought it over, and at last he nodded assent.

"All right," he said, "I'm on!"

"Just a playful little tap, you know," said Masters. "Nothing to hurt. Just a playful little tap to make it seem real."

"Righto!" said Teddy.

At two o'clock Wade came for the company's final answer. And, to his surprise, he found the company's director and the company's constructing engineer in a duel of high words.

"You're fired," Masters was thundering. "Get that?—fired! Right out! From this minute onwards!"

"Why?" Teddy was demanding.

"Never mind why. You know why. You're fired! Get out!"

"Oh, all right."

Teddy balanced himself on one toe, and raised his fist.

"But first," he said, "before I go, permit me to present you with a playful little tap."

His fist shot out, and Masters was flung across the room. He crashed against a desk, and the desk splintered to firewood and collapsed about him. Meekly he lifted his head to see what had happened to his little life, and he saw the grinning face of Teddy far, far above him, surrounded by the most beautiful but the most painful stars he had ever seen.

"Wha'?" he gasped.

"That's what happens every time I meet a crook," said Teddy. "And now I'm going to build this dredger for the farmers—and we are going to lick you right out of the business. Understand? And if you want any more playful little taps at any time, you've got my address—and I've got yours! Good-bye."

A few months later, with bands playing, and all the farmers of Cherry Valley and their wives and sons and daughters in holiday dress, singing and laughing, Dora Wade cracked a bottle of wine across the just-completed resoiling dredger and gave it its name of Valley's Hope. All day the celebrations continued; there were dances and speeches, and then more speeches to follow; and the sun had been down an hour and the moon was already peeping when the last of the merrymakers departed. Only Teddy Darman and the "crew" of the monster machine remained behind.

"We must not leave her," said Teddy. "I don't know what can happen now, but something might. We must keep sharp eyes open."

The moon climbed higher. The countryside fell silent. At a little before midnight, sleep being an impossibility in the excitement of the event, Teddy proposed that they start work. A lever was pressed, the giant scoops began to gather in their prey of soil and rock, the great wheels began to stride along the fields, the Valley's Hope commenced its career.

On and on under the moon, with nobody watching.

When suddenly, gathering a grey, round thing that was no rock, the great dredger was shaken to its outermost crank and shaft, and an explosion cracked forth that shook the land for miles around and wakened every sleeping farmer in Cherry Valley.

"What is it?" somebody cried.

"Stop her! Stop her!" Teddy commanded. But there was no need for the command. The Valley's Hope was stopped for ever.

Lanterns were brought, and a swift search was made. It was found that the vital parts of the dredger were blown out beyond hope of repair, and that although, fortunately, no lives were lost, the farmers' last hope was gone, and only bankruptcy and ruin were for them to look forward to.

"It will cost twenty thousand to repair her," said Teddy. "And our last cent is gone. The mortgagees will be down on us for the land before the week is out. This is the end."

"Who's done it?" someone asked.

Teddy leapt down to the field and began a sudden search of the bushes and the lane near which the explosion had occurred. And as he came out into the lane he saw, far off in the moonlight, a little two-seater car vanishing round a bend.

"I don't know who's done it," he said to the followers. "But I know whose car that is, and that's near enough for me."

"Whose is it?"

"Calthorpe Masters'!"

He raised a hand and beckoned the others forward.

"Boys," he cried, "follow me. We've got to find Masters, and find him quick. We don't sleep till we do. Do we?"

"I can tell you where Masters is hiding—in Number Three dredger."



"Not likely!" the answer was roared, fifty voices blending as one. "Not likely!"

In the offices of the Continental Company was a small and unnoticeable man with spectacles, much modesty, and a self-effacing manner. His business it was to keep the books and an account of the moneys paid out and received; and as he always did this without any fuss, and as there were never any mistakes in his department, he was always paid his money regularly and mechanically every Friday night, and immediately forgotten. He was not considered either very safe or very dangerous. He was just not considered, at all. The Continental Company was not aware of him. His name was Silas Hoskins, and he had been a great friend of Teddy Darman's in the days when Teddy was with the "enemy."

On the evening following the explosion, as Silas was putting away the day's mail, his eyes caught a letter that had previously escaped his notice, and he gave an audible gasp when he saw it. Slipping it carefully into his pocket, he was about to dash out of the office, when the sound of voices caught his ear. He crept to the door of the room of Silverby Rennie, the managing director of the firm, and listened. And what he heard caused his little eyes to open very wide, and his bristly hair to bristle more than ever.

John Wade was selling out his land to the company!

Little Silas reached for his hat and crept silently away, his very soul palpitating at the import of the two messages he carried.

In the villages he made enquiries and learnt that Teddy and the "boys" were still in hot pursuit of the missing Masters, and that although they had not found him yet, they were searching every corner of the country and leaving no stone unturned. Soon Silas found Teddy himself.

"I can tell you where Masters is hiding," he said. "In Number Three dredger. He's 'phoned for the sheriff's men to come along and shoot you off. He's in a blue funk. But there's a more important thing. These mortgagees. Farmer Simpson took them up, but—he was merely in the pay of the company. Look, this letter! They hold every mortgage! They've bought 'em out! Even if you could raise the money to mend the machine you'd not have time. The sheriff's men will hold the land for the company the minute they arrive. You're finished."

Teddy groaned. "Good Lord! You're a good boy, Silas, but you're too late. Yes, we're finished. There's only one thing we can do—mess up Masters' face before the sheriff's men arrive."

Silas's voice sank to a whisper, and he drew Teddy aside.

"There's another thing. Wade's selling out!"

Teddy sprang back as if he had been shot.

"Wade? Selling out? Silas, are you sure?"

"Sure as I'm here. It's the last straw, Teddy."

Teddy's mouth set, and a hard glint sparkled in his eyes. His fists clenched and his shoulders were set back.

"Oh," was all he said.

"I say, Teddy," Silas faltered. "If you've got a gun you could lend me. . . . I've got an idea. I know where there's a stranger hiding—been in the town since yesterday morning—and if I could get him, we might find the fellow who blew up the ship. It's just an idea, but—"

Teddy handed the little man a revolver without speaking, and then beckoned the boys to follow to the reckoning with Masters. Silas smiled and crept silently away.

Teddy and the boys, and Silverby Rennie and Wade and his daughter, and the sheriff's men reached Number Three dredger about the same time, but not quite close enough to prevent trouble. When the sheriff's men came aboard they were in time to arrest Teddy Darman for the wilful spoiling of the good features of Calthorpe Masters. Masters had just enough breath left to utter the charge. Then he collapsed on the floor, propped up ridiculously against the legs of one of his men.

One of the sheriff's men laid a hand on Teddy's shoulder.

"You'd better be coming," he said.

"I don't mind," Teddy smiled.

"I'm pleased to deserve it!"

They were about to lead him away when there was another diversion. Into the engine-house where they were standing a woe-begone man climbed, a stranger to most of them. He climbed on his hands and knees, apologetically, rather like a man who had been hit by a blow that had never happened. None there could understand his attitude. He did not speak. He crawled forward, stood up mysteriously, and seemed on the verge of tears. But the next moment he was followed by Silas Hoskins, and in Silas's hand was the gun.

"Here's the merry little fellow who blew up the ship," said Silas; and to the man himself: "Tell 'em who paid you!"

The stranger pointed a shaking finger at Masters.

"I'm," he said.

And the sheriff's men

had Masters before he had run a yard.

When Masters and his accomplice had been led away, Teddy turned to old John Wade.

"Things are bad enough, farmer," he said; "but if you hadn't turned traitor they would not be quite so bad as they are."

"Traitor?" the old man thundered.

"Selling out to the company!"

A wistful smile crossed the old man's face as he shook his head.

"Not selling out in that way," he said. "But the men put their money into this scheme because I asked them, and they're all ruined, and there was no other way of paying them back—" He broke off. Suddenly Teddy held out his hand.

"Wade," he said, "you're a winner. I'm sorry I thought what I did. I wish—" But now old Silverby Rennie stepped between them.

"I'm a hard fighter," he said, "but I hope I'm not an unfair fighter. Masters has kept a lot of this matter from me. I didn't know. But I know now. And I make you this offer. If you farmers will come in with me, I'll adopt the resoiling dredger and work with you all. You're too good fighters to deserve to lose. And, Darman, the company can't go on without you. You'll have to come back. In Masters' place. Will you?"

Teddy made a little dash and caught Dora's hand as she was leaving the room. He whispered something to her quickly, and she blushed and looked away. "Eh?" said Silverby Rennie, waiting for his answer.

"It depends,"

Teddy cried over his shoulder, "on Dora."

"It depends," whispered Dora,

the blush deepening, "on Dad."

Wade gave vent to a low whistle and then a well-pleased smile. He gripped the young man's free hand.

"Guess Cherry Valley can do with a director who's human. And Dora will see he stays human," he said. "Go to it, my lad."

"After the honeymoon, then," said Teddy, winking to the others, who raised a cheer as the little group left the engine-house.

And Cherry Valley breathed more freely next day when the news got round, and called on Old Man Wade to produce his future son-in-law. When he didn't, they stood before Teddy's door and shouted for him. But he didn't respond. Being well out of ear-shot, and exceedingly busy. Teaching Dora how to wear a wedding-ring.

"You're too good a fighter to deserve to lose. And, Darman, the company can't go on without you. You'll have to come back."



Picturegoer Parodies

Tom Mix

Tom Mix, snapped
in moments of
repose and
(below) of
activity.

There's a husky movie guy
Name of Mix,
Pretty wide an' thick an'
high,
This yere Mix;
If there's kudos to be won,
If there's shootin' to be
done,
Who's the first to draw
his gun?
Thomas Mix!

On the wildest hoss alive,
Cowboy Mix,
'Spite of all it can contrive,
Sits and sticks;
For he's so tarnation cool
That the roughest, toughest mule
Never tries to play the fool—
Not with Mix.

When he sets out with a rope,
Mister Mix,
Hands the steers the proper dope.
And his tricks
On a hundred h.p. car
Are the slickest things by far
Done by any movie star.
Good old Mix!

If the lynchees want to lynch,
Sheriff Mix
Doesn't budge a bloomin' inch.
Shooters-six,
In his hands when they are bent
On the folks of ill intent,
Form a pow'rful argument—
Don't they, Mix?

When it comes to making love,
Look at Mix!
Does he talk of "stars above"?
Does he—nix!
No, he ups and grabs his Miss,
Hugs her close and starts to
kiss,
And the rest is wrapped in bliss.
Copy Mix!

You're a pretty decent sort,
Mister Mix!
You're a doggoned all-round
sport,
Aren't yer, Mix?
Though you never oil your
hair,
And you *have* been known
to swear,
You're a man's man,—put
it there,
Thomas Mix!





Henry Victor, who has been movie-making in Iceland.

"And it was so hot we couldn't keep the grease-paint on our faces for five minutes at a time," I heard the deep-dyed villain say. "We absolutely couldn't sleep because it was so cold," commented the tall hero. And then I said—

"Are you romancing, or recounting dreams?"

A short and sharp negative reply came from both of them. I soon discovered that I had come across something good in the way of film experiences—for both these men had been away from England to play in film scenes, and they were comparing notes.

Henry Victor, whose face has become familiar to filmgoers as the hero of several Fay Compton films, paused after he had replied, looked at me, and then said—

"Perhaps if you had spent three days in the freezing cold—lost in the bleak lava fields of Iceland—you would realise it's no dream!"

Then I recollected that Victor is playing the title-rôle in *The Prodigal Son*, the locale of which demanded that certain scenes should be filmed in Iceland.

"Nor would you think it a dream if you had stood out in the broiling sun of an African desert for hours on end," chimed in Richard Atwood. Although practically a newcomer to the screen, Atwood has just completed the leading villain rôle in *Shifting Sands*—a part which demanded that he should disguise himself as a Sheik in the desert.

"The journey out," sighed Victor. "The journey out,"

Thermo-logical Exactitudes

From zero to boiling - point in five seconds sounds a pretty swift transition ; but you'll understand if you read this extraordinary interview.

sighed Atwood. "It was rough all the time," continued he who has seen the midnight sun, "and nearly everyone was seasick. On arrival we made for the town which was to be our headquarters, and lo! it was but a mass of corrugated iron huts."

"Our trip to Tripoli was ideal," said he of the Sheik's wily ways. "Moonlight nights, smooth seas, and a view of Messina into the bargain. We put up at the best hotel, and thought we were going to have a wonderful time. I love the sunshine—but one can have too much of it."

"We would have paid quids for sunshine and warmth at the end of our second day on the trek," compared Victor. "Nothing but bleak wastes, miles and miles of bare country, with not a tree to be seen. Then, to make us still more happy, a blizzard came on—and, although we were nearly freezing to death, Mr. Coleby, our producer, suggested we should take some scenes."

"We were walking about with as many clothes discarded as possible," laughed Atwood. "It was too hot to work at all some days, and we used to sit under the shelter of a palm-tree and long for a drink of cold water,

which we couldn't get, because the water wasn't good."

"Well, as I was saying," interrupted Victor, "we filmed in that storm, and after that it was decided we would push on to the glacier. And what a fight we had with the elements! All of us were drenched to the skin, and as hungry as hunters. We lived on sardines and tea and damp bread."

"Talking of food," Atwood said quickly, "reminds me that we had the worst food during our stay in Tripoli that I have ever tasted. Bread as hard as bullets, meat as salt as— as salt; no fresh milk and no butter."

"We had to wait for a sand-storm," said Atwood, "and then when it arrived I had to escape from my enemies on horseback. Can you imagine what that was like? I didn't get the sand out of my clothes for days, and it irritated my skin so much that I thought I should go mad."

"Filming isn't always a bed of roses," sighed he of the Northern Lights. "Nor is it beer and skittles," echoed he who had wandered over the face of the desert—by which time my feet were like ice and my face growing warmer every moment, so I left them to carry on their discussion. B. B.

Peggy Hyland and the Granville Company on location in Tripoli.



Little Miss Morgan

When little Joan Morgan greeted me in the artistic black-and-gold drawing-room of her riverside flat at Twickenham, the thought that I ought to have arrived with a beribboned box of chocolates disquieted my mind. For Joan, with the youthful contours of her expressive features, and her slight girlish figure, gives the impression that she is a child who, like most pretty members of the kingdom of extreme youth, delights in being thoroughly spoiled.

But this is only a passing fancy, which fades into a more serious appreciation of this happy, golden-haired English girl, when her blue-grey eyes smile at you. For they are the eyes of a woman, with a woman's sympathetic understanding of life. It is then that you know that this is no ordinary girl. Joan Morgan has the appealing traits of a pretty child, but behind them is the mind of a girl who has mentally grown into womanhood despite the deceptiveness of fair, fluffy curls and pink-tinted cheeks, which have the attractive smoothness of youth.

Joan smiled at me with her frank, contemplative eyes, and because she has the power to suggest that she can read your innermost thoughts, I told her about those chocolates.

She clapped her dainty hands.

"Oh, why didn't you bring them!" she pouted.

Then she smilingly apologised for her impulsiveness.

"You must think me very rude," she said demurely.

"I think," I confessed, "that although you have grown up on the screen"—for in *The Road to London* she was married—"you are still a child."

"Bryant Washburn thought that too," said Joan, sitting down very sedately on the corner of a be-cushioned divan.

"It was a little embarrassing.



Joan Morgan—a camera study by Bertram Park.

When he came to London he saw me on the screen during the trade show of *Little Dorrit*, in which I played the name-part. That was the first time that I played a grown-up part on the films, so, naturally, Mr. Washburn, who had never seen me in real life, gathered a rather confusing impression as regards my age."

"When he sent for me," laughed Joan, "after the show, I arrived dressed in short skirts and socks, and with my hair down my back. 'Is this Joan Morgan?' he said, with a bewildered look in his eye.

"'I can grow up if you like,' I explained, seeing what I thought was disappointment on his face.

"He took me at my word, and a day or so later he had me filmed in Richmond Park, in a Paris model gown, high-heeled shoes, and my hair fashionably coiffured.

"And that is how I became Bryant Washburn's leading lady in *The Road to London*."

"Yet I suspect that you kept a box of chocolates in your dressing-room, although you were 'Lady Emney' before the cameras," I smiled.

"Big girls eat chocolates, as well as children," retorted Joan, "and so do boys. I had plenty presented to me in the studios when I played 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' I was only eight years old then, and that was one of my first appearances before the cameras. It was a great disappointment when, through some hitch in the organisation, the picture was never released."

Joan had given me the opportunity of diverting the conversation into channels concerning her screen experiences when she had not been long out of the nursery.



With Stuart Rome in "Dicky Monteith."



With Bryant Washburn in "The Road to London." Windsor Castle in the background.

"One of my first films was *The Queen of the Circus*," she told me. "That was a memorable experience, for I have never played since in such a strenuous picture. You can imagine my surprise when, after believing that film acting was a quiet, sedate undertaking, I had to ride round a circus ring on a bare-backed horse! I was thrown off a bridge into a river, and I had to swim from a sinking boat—all within a week.

"In those days, locations were not so costly and ambitious as they are to-day. The lake at the Crystal Palace was the scene of the boat-sinking episode, and I swam across it with dank weeds entwining my feet."

Joan Morgan creates the impression that she must have been a very observant child, and that she possessed a mentality considerably beyond her years.

Although she was not ten years old when she played in one of her earliest pictures, *World's Desire*, she told me quite seriously that she had learned much about acting from Lilian Braithwaite, with whom she appeared in the picture.

"For I was never trained for the stage or the screen," she confessed; "neither have I inherited any acting ability, for none of my ancestors has been on the stage. I owe my first big chance to a lucky incident. It was when I was quite a child, and I appeared at a charity matinee at the Ambassadors' Theatre. At that time, May Yohe, the originator of the coon type of song in America, was very popular. I came on the stage and mimicked her, wearing the characteristic short trousers with one side rolled back, and a large 'coon' hat. The public were kind enough to be enthusiastic over my singing and dancing on that occasion, and I attracted attention in quarters that afterwards proved of value to me in my subsequent stage and screen work."

After appearing with George Foley and Eve Balfour in *The Woman Who Did*, Joan, with her short frocks and golden curls, sailed for America, and played in *The Reaper* with John Mayson.

Joan's vivid memories of her experiences in the United States provided me with another glimpse of her extraordinary ability to assimilate impressions, although when she crossed the Atlantic with hostile submarines in the wake of the liner, she was only a child of twelve.

"America is a wonder country for film players," said Joan enthusiastically. "The great studios with their giant sets and network of arc-lamps, and armies of cameras, made me realise the tremendous growth of the kinema during recent years."

"You would like to return to America," I suggested, inwardly hoping that pretty, talented Joan Morgan was not going to join the ranks of those who had deserted their first love, and departed across the Herring Pond to star in American productions.

"I refused a three-years' contract for the United States only last week," confessed my youthful hostess.

"I am very happy over here, and I am ambitious to go on appearing on the British screen, for I have so many happy memories of the English studios."

It was shortly after Joan Morgan's return from America that André Charlot persuaded her to forsake the screen for the stage. She appeared in "The Pierrot's Christmas," at the Apollo, and later in the successful revues "See-Saw" and "Bubbly." In the latter she never missed a single performance—playing four hundred and thirty-six occasions, to be exact, although on one memorable occasion she appeared before a deserted house, of five in the stalls and three in the orchestra, owing to the progress of an air-raid.

Then the screen claimed her again, and the screen version of Zola's "Drink" provided her with the child part of "Gervais" in his youth.

The realistic portrayals of the drink-maddened man, played on the stage with such gripping effect by the late Charles Warner, might have tended to terrify a child with

less mental balance than youthful Joan Morgan. But, without being old-fashioned, she has remarkable common-sense, and confidence in herself, despite her natural modesty.

That she is old in experience, although youth lurks in the corners of her attractive little mouth and peeps out of her big grey-blue eyes, is understandable when she talks of the many films that she has crowded into her brief screen career.

The Scarlet Wooing, Lady Noggs, Ouida's Two Little Wooden Shoes, A Lowland Cinderella, The Lilac Sunbonnet, Fives of Innocence, The Truants, and Dicky Monteith are amongst the pictures to which she has brought the spirit of attractive, lovable youth.

"I love my work," said Joan, as, forgetting the sedateness which she had drolly suggested became a young lady of seventeen summers, now that she had lengthened her skirts and put her hair up, she coiled herself amidst the black-and-gold cushions, like the little Joan of former memories. "I can only remember one disappointment, and that was when I looked at myself in the mirror after I had been costumed for the part of 'Little Dorrit.'"

"I didn't like myself in a poke bonnet, and with my hair dragged back to reflect the old-style coiffure."

She puckered her pretty face into a grimace at the memory.

"I really did want my short skirts and socks back, then: for, in *Little Dorrit* I grew up on the screen for the first time!" she sighed.

Joan Morgan, when she becomes reminiscent, can reflect her past memories just as vividly as she portrays her clever characterisations on the screen. In her serious moods, she speaks as a woman of twenty or more, rather than a petite and dainty girl with youth still at her side.

She told me of her experiences in South Africa,

where she journeyed to be filmed in the screen version of Rider Haggard's story, "Swallow."

Mingled with her admiration of the grandeur of the rolling veldt and the giant waterfalls, were stories of bare-backed rides on sturdy African ponies to reach isolated locations, and the fun she had with the baboons which, with curious grimaces, crowded around the cameras.

"It was awfully exciting, for we never quite knew what was going to happen next," said Joan.

"We had to travel over hundreds of miles of country, and trust to good fortune to find somewhere to sleep at the end of the day. On one occasion we stayed at the house where the late Earl Roberts interviewed President Kruger just before the peace which ended the South African War was signed. But the funniest experience of all was when we went into the kraal of a Zulu chief, and he proudly exhibited the rose-pink wallpaper which he had on his wall, and of which he was inordinately proud. His importance amongst his fellow-men was recognised by the symbol of a battered bowler hat, which he never removed, even to sleep."

Joan has not been without thrilling experiences during her screen career; but she admits that the fight scene in "Swallow," in which two thousand wild-looking Zulus participated, will live in her memory.

"I am quite grown up on the screen now," sighed Joan, as if she regretted the passing of the short skirts and socks of yesterday.

"In *Dicky Monteith* I realised that I should have to devote greater attention to my wardrobe, which naturally was simple in its extent when I was playing child parts.

"In fact," she confessed, with a smile, "I had to consult the studio charlady about the correct costume for my part of the maidservant in *Dicky Monteith*, for I play a dual

rôle of a domestic and a Society lady.

"My great problem was to find an elastic-

Joan Morgan, Mabel Forrest Washburn, and Bryant Washburn.



side pair of boots that looked old and fitted me."

"But I am always glad when any incident concerning shoes occurs in connection with a film, for that is one of my superstitions. Shoes are lucky to me."

She waved her hand towards a little pair of wooden shoes hanging on the cream-coloured wall-paper as she spoke.

"I always carry those mascots about with me when I am playing," she told me, "and I hang them on my dressing-room wall. 'People tell me that I ought to take an interest in the Turf,'" was Joan's next unexpected confession.

"They say that I ought to be lucky, for there are four racehorses with names which revolve around my films or my character-parts. They are 'Busy Joan,' 'Little Dorrit,' 'Lady Noggs,' and 'Princess Joan.'"

"The stage," I asked Joan Morgan, "are you tempted to forsake the screen to go back to it?"

She shook her curly head.

"The stage is monotonous after the films," she answered, rather like an attractive child discussing her favourite toys. "You keep on doing the same things day after day behind the footlights, but the studios are far more exciting. You are a new character on so many occasions, and there are delightful trips out into the country for outdoor locations. You see so much of England and countries abroad, and meet all manner of new and interesting people.

"Recently I went to Nice, and I saw so much there that interested me. All in one morning of the Promenade des Anglais I saw ladies with new pets, which consisted of a monkey, a fox, and a beautiful white goat. The fox looked very happy, but the goat and the monkey a little sad," she told me wistfully.

"You are fond of animals?" I asked.

"I adore them!" said Joan impulsively. "My favourite hobby is riding, although I never had a lesson. I think there is a lot in letting an animal know that you like him, and he will be docile and friendly. You remember that one of my first appearances before the film cameras was in a circus scene, when I rode on a bare-back horse. He was a big black animal who looked as though he could eat me. But I gave him an apple, and we were great friends at once, and although I had never been

on a horse's back before, he gave me no trouble at all.

"And in South Africa I continually rode to and from locations on a horse that once had been famous on racecourses. He could travel like the wind when I let him have his head."

Certainly there is little approaching fear in the fascinating little British star. There is no temperament of the kind that so often follows in the wake of artistry on the screen.



A scene from "The Road to London," released this month.

When she spoke of her experiences in South Africa, she smiled over an incident that, with a less fearless girl, might have left an indelible memory of horror. Whilst out on location on the veldt, she stumbled across one of the most deadly snakes in the world—the sinister green Momba whose poisonous fangs can bring death in three minutes, if they strike a human being.

"You were frightened?" I asked, as she told me the story.

She shook her head.

"I just walked carefully round the reptile," she told me; "and I really felt more curious than nervous."

Joan has been born with that somewhat rare gift where the fair sex are concerned, of an almost fatalistic disregard for danger which might produce hysteria in other girls. She took risks before the cameras almost as soon as she was out of the nursery, and when she was not carrying out stunts, she was going to school during her spare time away from the studios.

It may be that this element of fearlessness that so unexpectedly obtrudes itself in the contradictory personality of this clever child of the screen has some influence on her effortless work on the silver sheet.

She plays each part with a confidence that brings added realism to her film portrayals. And so self-consciousness never reacts on her characterisations. Like many of her sister-artists, it is not so much skilful acting that suggests naturalness of expression and gesture. Joan Morgan takes the shorter path to realism, by reflecting her natural self before the cameras.

A step sounded at the door of the drawing-room, and a youthful, smiling lady greeted me. Joan introduced her to me as her mother.

They are more like two happy sisters than mother and daughter; and it was simple to realise how Mrs. Morgan has made up for Joan's lack of brothers or sisters.

From Mrs. Morgan I learned much, that her talented daughter's modesty had restrained her from telling me. "Joan is always busy, for she is devoted to music and fashion drawing, when she is away from the studios. But her greatest interest in life is the screen, and her one ambition has been to become a British film star," Mrs. Morgan told me.

Joan furtively shook a warning finger at her mother. If there is anyone who attaches slight importance to the fact that she has attained the heights of film stardom at an age when many girls are still at school, it is little Joan Morgan. As she smiled a farewell of childish frankness as I shook her hand and said good-bye, I wished, after all, that I had brought those chocolates.

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Mary Clare in
"A Gypsy Cavalier."



Parts I Have Played

by MARY CLARE

They are a distinctly diversified collection—all the different characters it has been my fate to portray. Sometimes I love to try and visualise them all, one after another, as a succession of portraits in a picture-gallery all my own.

From my first stage part to my last screen rôle there are enough to cover both walls of my imaginary salon. Some are quite tiny things; others, like "Lady Caroline Lamb" in the Byron film, and "Mary Fytton" in the play "Will Shakespeare," are full-length canvases; but I linger as long with the small portraits as the large, for all meant happy hours for me.

Repertory with the late Sir George Alexander was my London début; then smallish parts at the Vaudeville with Norman McKinnel. Largest among these pictures is one of myself in Dickensy attire, for I appeared in Tree's production of *David Copperfield*. A modern girl stands next, "Helen," in *Enterprising Helen*. She was a go-ahead young lady, just as you might imagine, and I'm very fond of her. Two "Chloes" (one a stage portrait and one in the film) come next. I like the film study best, because it was my first screen rôle. "Mistress Fytton," Shakespeare's Dark Lady, is a large oil-painting. I think she's my favourite, for she gave me wonderful chances for dramatic work. Her clothes, too, were so fascinating, from the boy's suit to the rich Court costumes with their becoming, albeit none too comfortable, tight ruffs. Period work does appeal to me tremendously.

Naughty "Lady Caroline Lamb" is another full-length portrait. One way and another, she caused many tongues to wag about her crazy infatuation for Lord Byron. I had a wonderful time making that film, for we all threw ourselves whole-heartedly into what we were doing, and I felt as though I actually were that revengeful, vindictive, but extremely unhappy woman.

"Janet," my rôle in the J. Stuart Blackton film, *A Gypsy Cavalier*, is what is known as a "heavy." The heroine's maid, she shares her varying fortunes, and, incidentally, I may remark that she shared too the unrehearsed episode wherein both were nearly drowned whilst filming the flood scenes. It happened at Lord Montagu's place near Beaulieu, where the old Cistercian monks had their mill. Nowadays, a great metal sluice holds back the rushing water, and this was lifted for the flood scene of the film. But so fierce was the down-coming river that it swept everything and everybody off their feet. I was rescued by my fellow-players quite a long way from "location"; and I never think of "Janet" without a shiver, though I quite liked playing her.

Just now I am rehearsing the leading part in a stage play, *The Bargain*. It is a most interesting study, and by the time these words are in print I shall be well over the first night—always rather an ordeal. And that completes the collection so far, though I hope to add many more as time goes on.



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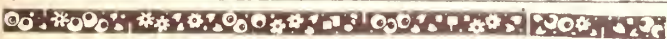
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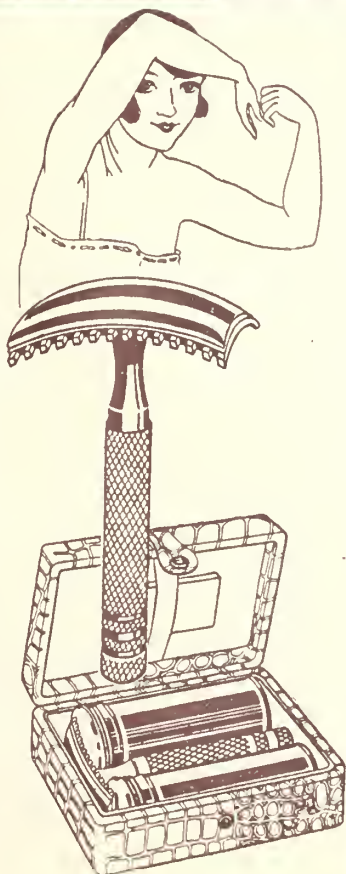
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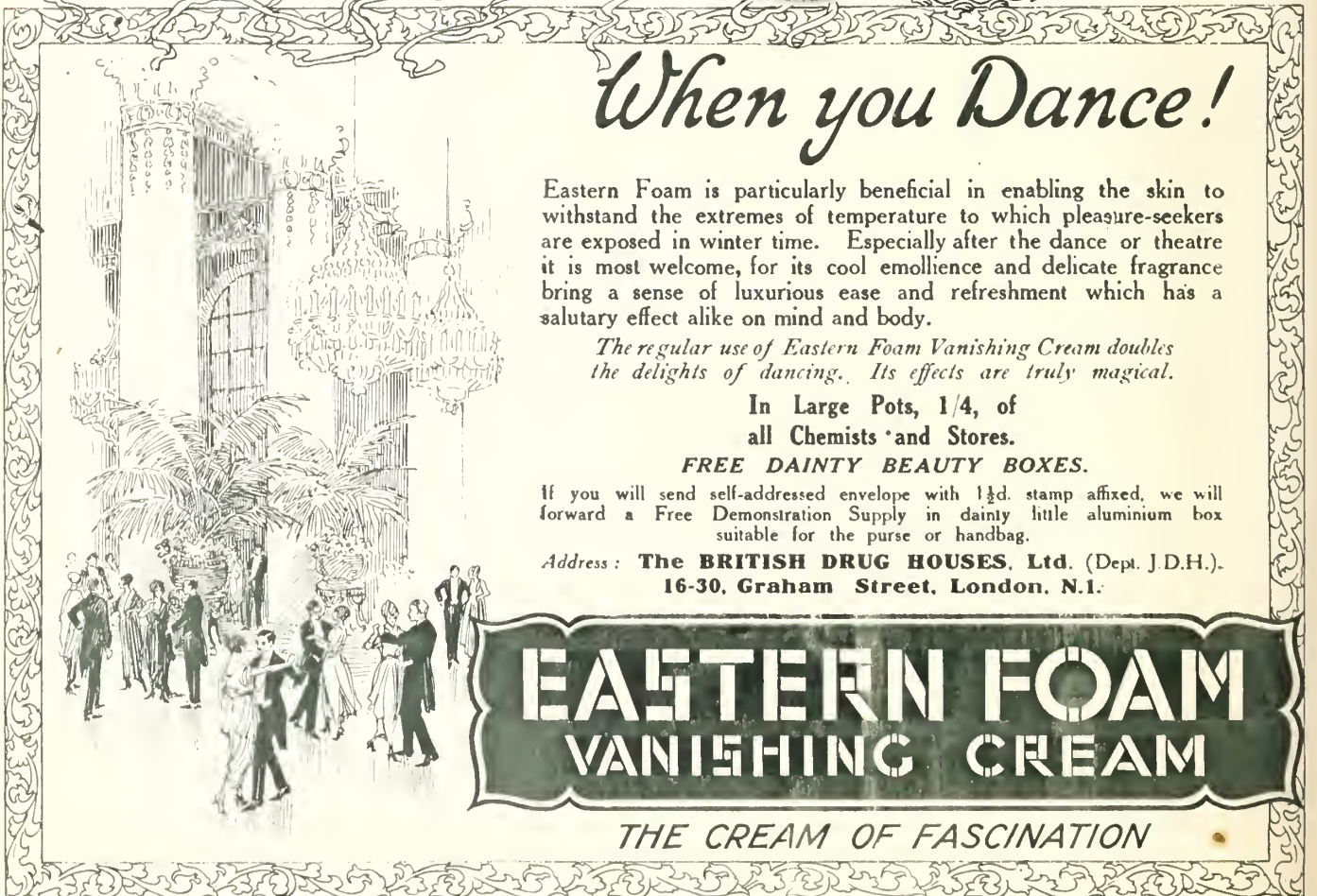
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Films that are in part the life-stories of famous personages are always interesting. Many celebrities have figured on the silver sheet, in both British and American studios, but few musicians and composers have been thus chosen. A film life of Richard Wagner was shown in London a few years ago. Now an American company has been formed to make a whole series of motion pictures founded on the biographies of the best known musical composers, commencing with Beethoven. Musical accompaniments selected from his works will go with the picture, which should thus be doubly interesting. Mozart, Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner are to be the next; their histories are full of romance, and should make excellent scenarios.

Tom Meighan has won another movie contest as the most popular male star. Wally Reid was just nineteen votes behind, and Rudolf Valentino came in third.

Every admirer of Tom Mix knows "Tony," the almost human horse who can perform so many fascinating tricks. "Tony," who has been a picture player for some years now, had his name in electrics when he appeared in *Just Tony*, and has co-starred with Mix in most of Tom's films. Now the horse is about to be insured for five hundred thousand dollars for a year, for he has an important part in some forthcoming pictures. Both Tom and "Tony" know that there is no other who could replace him should any accident occur.

Between pictures Rudolf Valentino paid a visit to Chicago, and proved that it was possible for even such a magnet as he has become to the feminine half of the U.S.A. to walk abroad unmolested and unchallenged. Roly made a bet that he would even enter a theatre without being recognised—and won. But he had thoughtfully provided himself with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and a beautiful beard, and not even the people next to him knew that the gentleman they hailed as a perfect Beaver was the actor so enthusiastically worshipped as "The Sheik."

Who said nobody loved a fat man? It's wrong, anyway, and Walter Hiers has proved it by wooing and winning a pretty nineteen-year-old bride. There were parental objections, of course, but Walter won, and their wedding day is fixed for Dec. 25 next.

Gladys Hulette has been playing "Mayflower" in a big production of Eugène Sue's *Mysteries of Paris*, the latest classic to be filmed. Old Paris was reconstructed at the Bennett Studios, from old prints and line drawings which took nearly a year to collect. The interior of the notorious Rat Hole Café, complete with



its cistern and sewers below, was built up exactly as the novel described it. High life as well as low life figure in the story, and some impressive coronation scenes were staged, in which Gladys Hulette wore gorgeous gowns. Dolores Cassenelli, Lew Cody, and Montague Love head the long cast.

Directly after this film was completed Gladys Hulette was engaged to play in a tale of modern Paris—to wit, Blasco Ibanez's *Enemies to Women*. This time reproductions would not serve, and the whole company, which includes Lionel Barrymore, Alma Rubens, Gareth Hughes, and Pedro de Cordoba, sailed for Europe. Six weeks was the scheduled time to spend in Paris, Nice, and Monte Carlo, where the principal events of the story take place.

If you're hard up for an idea for your next party, borrow one from Rudolf Valentino's film *The Young Rajah*. In this, a "reincarnation" party is held, at which every guest wears fancy dress, and is attired as the character they think they might have been in ages past, according to the re-incarnation theory.

It looks as though Tony Moreno is coming into his own at last. Following on his successful work at Goldwyns in *Captain Blackbird*, Tony has now signed on at Lasky's to play with Gloria Swanson in *My American Wife*. It is quite an ideal rôle for him, and, remembering the phenomenal success of Gloria and Rudolf Valentino as co-stars, it is possible that Moreno may make quite as big a hit. He is the same type, and, despite his past Serial sins, the better actor of the two.

Big Bill Farnum has the deserved reputation of being one of the most versatile of screen stars. Stock Exchange magnates, musicians, costume and character parts—all come easily to him; but open-air, rugged Western rôles are particular favourites with him. Farnum has just completed a feature which gave him the strong character of a miner in the Western goldfields. *Moonshine Valley* tells how the hero, deserted and friendless, degenerates into a bad hat and is hated by everybody round him until the love of a kiddie reforms him. Now Bill is back in society costume once more, working upon *Without Compromise*, for which Lois Wilson was specially engaged to play opposite him. Lois is a newcomer to these studios, but she and Farnum should make an excellent combination.

Lillian Gish has now definitely left D. W. Griffith, under whose direction all her movie work has till now been accomplished. With Dorothy she has joined Inspiration Pictures, the company controlling Dick Barthelmess. Dorothy is playing in two Barthelmess films, after which she will be seen in one picture with Lillian. It is possible that, later on, all three of these favourite stars may be seen together, which will be great for the fans. Lillian's first Inspiration film, *The White Sister*, will be made in Italy.

Ince's new circus picture, *Ten Ton Love*, is completed now, and the company, including Oscar, the big trained elephant, has been disbanded. This was the feature for which Madge Bellamy and the other principals went on location to the Canadian backwoods with a real circus. "Oscar" exhibited a most unpardonable desire

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to explore the inside of the camera every time he saw it, and refused entirely to go on with his part. So they had to hide it behind a screen of leaves whenever the otherwise docile monster was needed. Excepting the photographer, who found the mighty one's attentions embarrassing, "Oscar's" antics made everybody laugh, for his trainer could do nothing with him, either on location or on the lot, until the camera was out of his sight.

Pola Negri, whose films made in German studios have aroused so much enthusiasm in America, is in California now as a Paramount star. La Belle Pola seems to have captivated everybody, and her first screen work that side of the Atlantic is to be *Bella Donna*, in a new version of Robert Hichens' story. Conrad Nagel and Conway Tearle as "The Husband" and "Baroudi," are the high lights on the masculine side. Pauline Frederick was Paramount's first "Bella Donna." Her effort is re-issued spasmodically.

Shirley Mason, whom you can see in *Jackie* this month, sometimes avers that President Taft had a good deal to do with her successful career. "When I was thirteen," relates Shirley, "I knew I wanted to keep on acting, but I couldn't make the others see eye to eye with me. I was playing in 'The Pied Piper,' at Washington, and on the first night, who should be in the house but President Taft. Of course, the big man was pointed out to me, and I gave him my best bow and smile. But judge of my delight when I had an invitation to go and see him at the White House. He was so gentle and encouraging, and told me he had liked my acting very much indeed. Altogether, when I left him, I was the happiest kid in America.

And I always used his name to back up any further arguments as to whether or no I was really fitted for a dramatic career."

Irving Cummings is so busy with the megaphone nowadays that he has no time for acting. He is at Universal Studios, directing all-star productions. His first, *Paid Back*, had a cast which included Gladys Brockwell, Stuart Holmes, Mahlon Hamilton, and Edna Murphy, and his recently completed *Broad Daylight* is a crook story.

James Kirkwood has returned to the stage, though his two years in motion pictures have left us plenty of films to last well into 1923. The play is *The Tool*, and Kirkwood will be seen as a Labour leader.

That favourite Longfellow poem, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, is Charles Ray's next picturisation, with Charles as the famous "John Alden."

Julian Eltinge, renowned on stage and screen for his female impersonations, went all the way from California to Buffalo for an operation because he wanted a lifelong friend, Dr. Thew Wight, to perform it. Julian is just about ready to start work again.

Not exactly a serial, but an episode play, is the way Bessie Love describes her newest screen work. It is called *The Strange Adventures of Prince Courageous*, and Bessie's co-star is Arthur Trimble.

Griffith's newest, *One Exciting Night*, is a murder mystery drama warranted to make your flesh creep. Will there be a series of them in 1923?

A scene from "Cabiria," the great Italian film spectacle.



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Here is another epoch-making screenplay, produced by the firm that made "Nothing Else Matters" and "Squibs." For wholesome, joyous entertainment it has never been surpassed. Watch for its appearance at your favourite kinema, and treat yourself to a tornado of laughter.



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RODIOD Conquers DOUBLE CHINS

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HEADACHES & NEURALGIA

Picturegoer's Guide



Estelle
Taylor
and
Tom
Douglas

The Ace of Hearts (Goldwyn ; Nov. 20).

High-power melodrama, in which a group of fanatics set out to reform the world by violence. Colourful character work by John Bowers, Lon Chaney, Leatrice Joy, Raymond Hatton, Roy Laidlaw, and Haidee Kirkland.

The Black Bag (European ; Nov. 20).

A fairly good detective drama with Herbert Rawlinson starring and Virginia Valli, Bert Roach, Clara Beyers, and Jack O'Brien supporting.

Beating the Game (Goldwyn ; Nov. 13).

Tom Moore as a crook who takes the straight road. Plot, acting, and surprise ending all excellent. Support includes Hazel Daly, De Witt Jennings, Nick Cogley, and Lydia Knott.

Big Game (Jury ; Nov. 20).

A somewhat anaemic and futile story of an aristocratic weakling who is made to stand up and be a man by his energetic wife. May Allison stars, and Forrest Stanley, Edward Cecil, William Elmer, and Zeffie Tilbury support. Fair entertainment.

The Beloved Fool (General ; Nov. 6).

A Swedish Biograph production, marred by an involved but weak story of student life in Scandinavia. Good acting by Renée Björling, Hilda Borgström, Ivan Hedqvist, Carl Brovallius, and Lia Norée.

Bucking the Line (Fox ; Nov. 20).

Maurice (Lefty) Flynn, erstwhile Yale full-back, in his first star rôle, and a lively romance of the railroad. Villains, exciting escapes, and action galore. Also Molly Malone, Norman Selby, Kid McCoy, Edwin B. Tilton, Kathryn McGuire, and George Kerry. Good melodramatic fare.

Brown Sugar (Jury's ; Nov. 27).

An excellent British screen version of the popular chorus-girl comedy, with Owen Nares, Lilian Hall Davis, Eric Lewis, Margaret Halstan, Henrietta Watson, and Gladys Harvey in the chief rôles.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush (Famous-Lasky-British ; Nov. 13).

All about a shepherd's daughter who is beloved by a laird. Picturesque backgrounds and powerful acting, but a very ordinary story. Donald Crisp, Mary Glynne, Dorothy Fane, Langhorne Burton, Joan St. Low, and Roy Rich are the principal players.

Class and No Class (Westminster-Gaumont ; Nov. 20).

A human-interest drama about two kinds of Society, and how a rag-and-bone merchant entered high life. All-British cast includes Judd Green, Pauline Johnson, David Hawthorne, Cyril Smith, and Marie Ault.

Ducks and Drakes (Gaumont ; Nov. 16).

Jack Holt, Bebe Daniels, Edward Martindell, W. E. Lawrence, and Wade Boteler in a clever comedy about a girl in search of excitement and four men who give her all she wants. An excellent light comedy.

East is West (First National ; Nov. 13)

Constance Talmadge as a delightful Chinese American girl in an artistically produced comedy-drama of San Francisco's Chinatown. Warner Oland, Edward Burns, Winter Hall, Nigel Barrie, and E. A. Warren support. Excellent entertainment.

East Lynne (Herdour ; Nov. 6).

The erring wife, the stalwart hero, and the thoroughly villainous villain played by Mabel Ballin, Edward Earle, and Henry G. Sell in an effective version of Mrs. Henry Wood's tear-compeller. Sentimental entertainment.

A Fighting Fool (Fox ; Nov. 6).

Tom Mix, wonderful riding, black-mail, and a murder. A very fine Western thriller, with Ora Carewe, Laura La Plante, William Buckley, Harry Dunkinson, and Gilbert Holmes supporting the star.

"I Love to Dance but—OH!



MY FEET!"

Try this and forget all your aches, pains, strains, corns, callouses or other foot troubles.

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about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts, and is dangerous. Millions of packets of Rendel Bath Saltrates (for the preparation of saltrated water) have been sold, every one containing a signed guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effects it produces. In packets of convenient size and at very low prices, from all chemists. Ask them about it.

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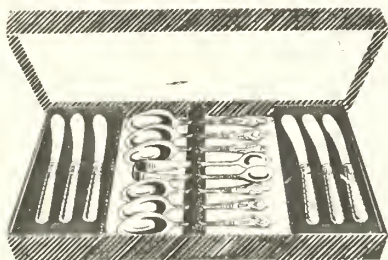
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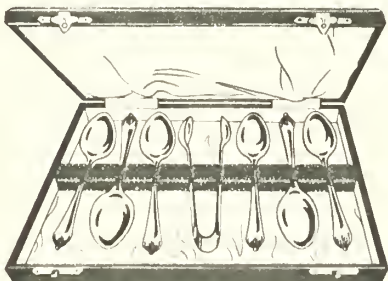
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Footfalls (*Fox*; Nov. 6).

Drama, containing one excellent idea surrounded by careless and, at times, crude production. Tyrone Power, Estelle Taylor, Tom Douglas, and Gladden James act well. Fair entertainment.

For Those We Love (*Goldwyn*; Nov. 27). Betty Compson as a devoted daughter in a small-town drama of sacrifice and faith. Lon Chaney, Frank Campeau, Camille Astor, Harry Duffield, and George Cooper support. Will please admirers of the star.

The Furnace (*Realart Gaumont*; Nov. 6). A spectacular stage and society drama, with a cast headed by Agnes Ayres, Milton Sills, Theodore Roberts, and Betty Francisco. Good entertainment.

The Great Impersonation (*Famous-Lasky*; Nov. 27).

A German spy and an English gentleman impersonate each other, and James Kirkwood impersonates both and lives up to the title. Ann Forrest, Winter Hall, Allan Hale, and Fontaine La Rue support. A war story, but excellent entertainment.

Human Hearts (*European*; Nov. 13).

Good, old-fashioned melodrama, with enough plot for two and a mother-love theme. House Peters stars, and George Hackathorne, Russell Simpson, Gertrude Claire, Mary Philbin, Edith Hallor, Gene Dawson, and Ramsey Wallace head a fine cast. Excellent entertainment.

The Invisible Power (*Goldwyn*; Nov. 6).

House Peters and Irene Rich in a fine crook drama containing plenty of surprises.

The Jolt (*Fox*; Nov. 13).

A post-war story concerning the trials and troubles of an out-of-work ex-soldier. Edna Murphy and Johnny Walker co-star. Fair entertainment.

The Jade Casket (*Gaumont*; Nov. 13).

A Poirier Fine Art production of a Persian fable with unusual and original story, background and characterisation. Mlle. Myrta, M. Roger Karl, and M. Mondaille star. Good entertainment.

Jackie (*Fox*; Nov. 27).

Shirley Mason and William Scott in a slight and meagre tale of a dancer. Fair entertainment.

Keeping Up With Lizzie (*Wardour*; Nov. 27).

Enid Bennett in an amusing comedy-drama showing the effect of a fashionable education on a country belle and her bean. Otis Harlan, Leo White, Lila Leslie, and Edward Hearn also appear.

The Matrimonial Web (*Vitagraph*; Nov. 27).

A girl in search of opium-smugglers follows up a false trail, but captures a husband. Alice Calhoun stars, and Joseph Striker, William Riley Hatch, Elsie Fuller and Armand Cortez support. Light but bright.

The Man of the Forest (*Wardour*; Nov. 16).

Zane Grey's popular story well picturised and excellently acted by Carl Ganttoord, Robert McKim, Claire Adams, Jean Hersholt, Harry Lorraine and Eugenia Gilbert.

Out of the Chorus (*Realart Gaumont*; Nov. 27).

Alice Brady, Vernon Steele, and Charles Gerard in a brave struggle against a time-worn plot, bad lighting, and unequal direction. Poor entertainment.

Peggy Puts it Over (*Vitagraph*; Nov. 13)

Slight but pleasant comedy, well acted by Alice Calhoun, Edward Langford, Helen Lindroth and Charles Mackey. Fair entertainment.

Quality Films (*Walthurdaw*; Nov 6 and 20).

The first of an extraordinarily good British series of one-reelers produced by George A. Cooper. *The White Rat*, adapted from a "Truth" story, is melodrama, acted by James Douglas, Sidney Folker, Edmund Gainforth, and Mrs. Hayden Coffin. *A Question of Principle* (adapted from a "Pan" story), the comedy of a young couple who took too much advice, features Joan Maclean and Sidney Folker. Excellent entertainment.

Reputation (*F.B.O.*; Nov. 27).

Priscilla Dean in her best characterisation to date and a dual-rôle story of stage and underworld life. Niles Welch, May Graci, Spottiswood Aitken, and Harry Van Meter support. An excellent drama.

Simple Simon (*Hepworth Imperial*; Nov. 13).

Henry Edwards, Chrissie White and Mary Dibley in an original and well-told story about a young man from a monastery. Good entertainment.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray (*L.I.F.T.*; Nov. 20).

An Italian version of Pinero's play, with scenes made in England, and starring Pina Menichelli. Well produced and acted, but somewhat depressing as entertainment.

The Son of Wallingford (*Vitagraph*; Nov. 6).

A sequel to the popular "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" stories by the same authoress. Quite a good story, with a mammoth circus and the blowing-up of oil derricks as the chief thrills. All-star cast, with Tom Gallery, Priscilla Bonner, Van Dyke Brooke, Wilfred North, and Andrew Arbuckle at the head.

Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep (*Jury*; Nov. 13).

The further joyous adventures of the Cockney flower-girl "Squibs," and her relations. Betty Balfour plays the title-rôle, and Hugh E. Wright, Fred Groves, Bertram Burleigh, and Annette Benson lend excellent assistance. A first-class British production.



Mlle. Alice Delysia, celebrated actress, putting on her Venida Hair Net in her dressing-room at the New Oxford Theatre, London.

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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," PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

Conjuring Conrad.

Tom Meighan, as "Conrad" in *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*, is seen reading a novel in his office. When the office-boy comes in he quickly stuffs the book into the middle drawer of his desk, but a few minutes later takes it out of the end one.—G. H. R. (North Wales).

Poor Chap.

In *The Price of Possession*, starring Ethel Clayton, the heroine's husband is shot in the back. They carry him to his hut, where he is laid on his back and a hot-water bandage applied to his chest. How very uncomfortable for the unfortunate man!—E. T. (Solihull).

The Elusive Ear-rings.

When the lost "Arline" is returned to her father by "Thaddeus the Gypsy" (Ivor Novello), Ivor wears a very noticeable pair of ear-rings, which I thought rather vain of him. So did he, apparently, for, after consenting to join the banquet in the adjoining room, he made his way thither, and behold, on entering the room the ear-rings had disappeared!—H. L. (Bristol).

Always be Prepared.

Sessue Hayakawa is surely a good Scout. In *The Devil's Claim* he is seen in his house late at night. A heavily veiled lady rushes in, with a parson, and begs Sessue to marry her at once to save her from her enemies. He does, and when the parson is performing the ceremony has a ring ready to slip on her finger at the correct moment. Where did he get the wedding-ring? Unless he always carried it ready for an emergency like this.—K. S. (Barrow-in-Furness).

Someone Hath Blundered.

In *My Lady's Latch-key*, the heroine (Katherine MacDonald) is taken to task by her irate mistress for failing to hear the arrival of the evening

newspaper. Later, in a "close-up" of this evening newspaper, it is plainly seen to be a copy of the *Daily Telegraph*.—M. H. (London, N.W.).

Only the Producer Knows.

"Spike," in *Heliotrope*, is seen holding a mirror through the iron bars outside his bedroom window in order to see what is happening in the next room. Later on in the film, though, he enters his room by that same window. How does he manage to dodge the bars?—E. M. (Glasgow).

What's in a Name?

In *The Gilded Lily* Mae Murray writes a letter to one of her admirers, signing herself "Lilian Drake." Later, she receives a telegram from her lover addressed to "Lilian de Forest." Had her admirer a bad memory for names?—R. L. (Stamford Hill).

A Permanent Periodical.

During the picture *The Shadow of Evil* several newspaper announcements are shown at different times. One relates to the first night of "The Moth and the Flame"; one announces the illness of "Margaret Westenholme"; and a third is shown as a newspaper cutting being read by a detective. But in all three notices the surrounding matter, which reads, "And a policeman who attempted to arrest him was tripped up," is shown on the screen. Was part of that newspaper permanently kept in type?—W. F. D. (St. Leonards-on-Sea).

MOVIE LETTERS COMPETITION.

THE first prize of £2 2s. in connection with the third Movie Letters Competition, which was announced in the August "Pictures," has been awarded to Mr. G. P. Wheeler, "Haslemere," Long Lane, Church End, Finchley, N.3., whose attempt contained one mistake only.

Consolation prizes have been awarded to the following competitors (two and three mistakes): Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield; Miss V. E. Knight, 4, St. George's Place, Brighton; Miss M. Linton, 15, Queen's Hill, Newport, Mon.

(The correct solution will appear in our next issue.)

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What do You Think?

YOUR VIEWS
& OURS

YOU will receive a very pleasant surprise when you purchase the December issue of THE PICTUREGOER, for our Christmas gift to our readers. The Christmas this year is to PICTUREGOER, be in the form of a special Christmas Number containing many innovations and improvements. I am not going to spoil the surprise by letting you into the full secrets of the December PICTUREGOER, but I can promise you an all-round improvement on all our previous issues. For two years the PICTUREGOER has been jogging along the road to Perfection, and you will find our Christmas issue a giant stride in the right direction. If you are wise you will order your copy in advance. The October PICTUREGOER was out of print within five days of publication, and the demand for our December number is certain to break records.

THE answer to the great Pauline Frederick-Alla Nazimova controversy has been supplied by an obliging correspondent, who disposes of the two stars. *Psycho-analysing as follows:—the Stars.* "Though neither of the two is by any means my favourite film actress, their characteristics strike me in this way: Nazimova 'lets herself go,' using her entire *physical* self to tell her story; whereas Pauline Frederick

relies on the rarer and more subtle gift of *restraint*, at the same time leaving nothing to the imagination. There is little doubt in my mind as to which is the real artist of the two." *Psychologist (Bradford).*

"I THINK that *The Devil's Pass Key* did not achieve the success that it deserved. It was the best film we have ever seen in Cairo, and very few films are likely to approach it for real merit. Yet poorer pictures have made a greater noise in the film world, which is very unfair, in my opinion. Judged from all angles, it was an excellent production, and I cannot understand why people should rave about pictures of lesser worth."—*R. J. P. (Cairo).*

"YOU ask us what we think! We think it's a great life! We suppose that we ought to feel duly subdued by the shower of brickbats, but we seem to thrive on them! All the same, we're something of injured innocents—some fans seem to think that we're narrow-minded enough to like only one star. That's your fault—you only quoted our brickbats and missed our bouquets. So it's up to you to tell the world we know there are other stars in the screen firmament. We have a great

admiration for Henry Edwards, and also for that Swedish genius, Victor Scastroni, and ever so many others. We are rather sorry that it has come to a pitched battle between 'Reidites' and 'Farnum Fans.'

'Who shall arbitrate?'

Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive.'

Sorry! We didn't mean to spring Browning on you like that, but it does put the case in a nutshell."—*Twelve Farnum Fans (Newcastle).*

"I WONDER if anyone will agree with me that the music in the majority of kinemas is very poor? D. W. Griffith's special music for *Music Hath Way Down East Charms*, helped to make the film a perfect entertainment; I wish other producers would select special music for their films and make it a rule that it should be played wherever the films are shown. This would do away with inappropriate music."—*Music-Lover (Southsea).*

"I SHOULD like to record my votes for improving THE PICTUREGOER: (1) The feature to which I turn first—Picturegoer's Guide; (2) Present feature to be abolished—Kinema Carols; (3) New features to be included, or revived, etc.: (a) Two or more pages of photos from the current month's releases; (b) British Studio Gossip to be enlarged to four pages; (c) A page containing eight or twelve photos of the lesser lights of the screen and those who support the stars; half the number to be of either sex, and a good allowance of British actors; (d) The Art plates to be reduced to half their present size, and published two on one page. Their size at present is, I think, too much enlarged. To exclude Kinema Carols, and reduce the size of Art plates so that two would go on one page would leave room for some of the other features."—*E. M. (Folkestone).*

What do you think?
—THE THINKER,



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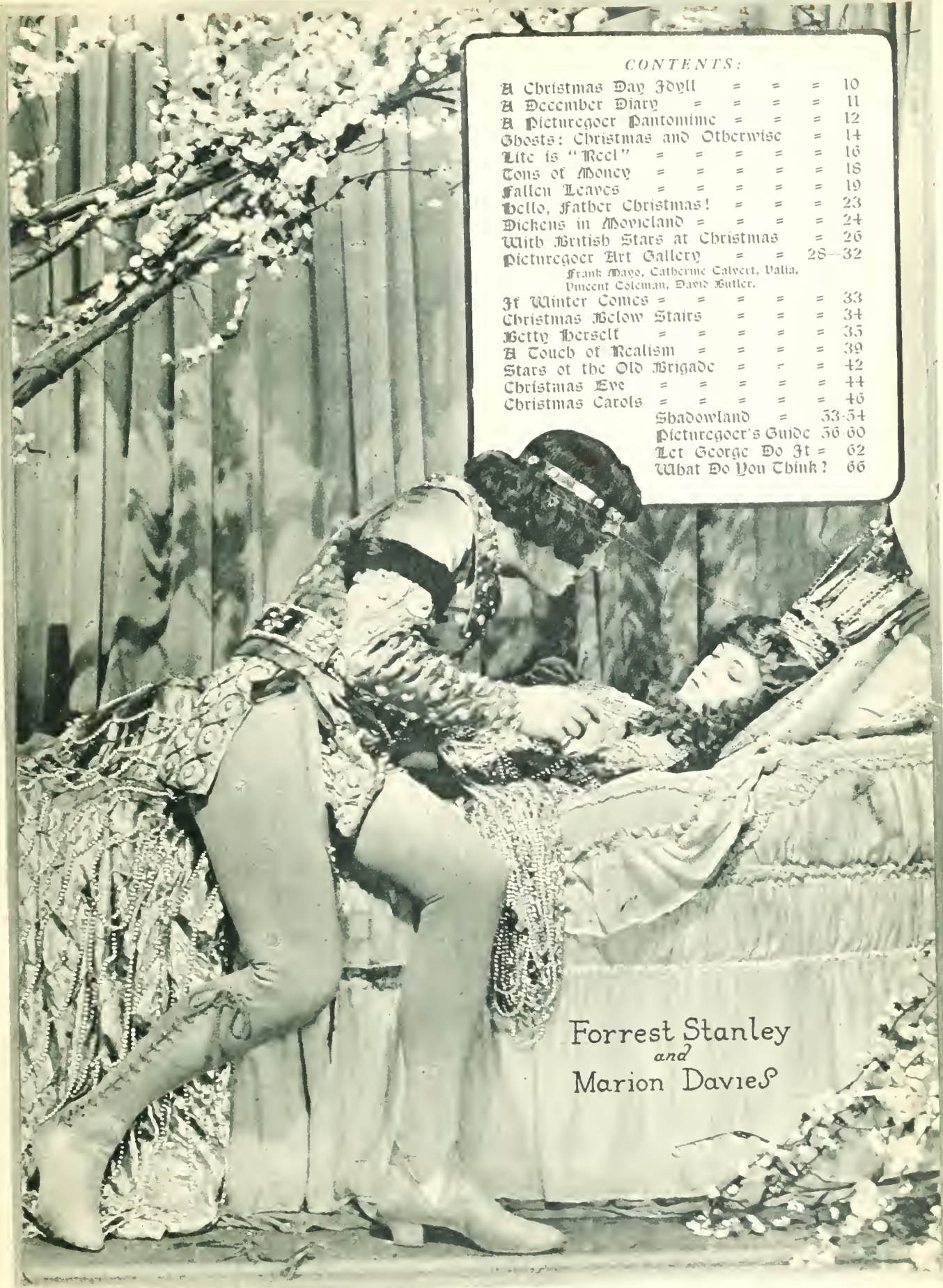
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Forrest Stanley
and
Marion Davies





A CHRISTMAS DAY IDYLL

Reginald Denny, the popular Universal star, discussing the presents of Santa with his wife and little daughter, Barbara.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

VOL. 4. NO. 24. DECEMBER

Editorial Offices:
93, Long Acre, London.Registered for Transmission
by Canadian Magazine post.

A December Diary.

FRIDAY, December 6, 1893, was the occasion of "Napoleon Bonaparte" giving a party. It was his birthday party after the evening show of "Josephine, Empress of the French" at the Des Moines (Iowa) Theatre, and the sad-faced young host was distinctly peeved when someone handed him a cutting which read: "As 'Napoleon,' William S. Hart gave a decidedly diverting performance. We think this young actor should seek rôles better suited to his physique." Big Bill, how could you?

ON Sunday, December 11, 1919, Lillian Gish swore. Yes—really. She had just finished "Remodelling a Husband," in which sister Dorothy and her future partner-for-life co-starred, and she raised her hand to heaven and swore—she would never, never, never direct another film! Can't say we blame her, either.

CHRISTMAS DAY, December 25, 1922, falls upon a Monday, and the Editor and staff of "The Picturegoer" hope their readers and contributors all over the world will have the best and merriest of Christmastides and the Happiest of New Years.

SUNDAY, December 31, will be a Day of Rest indeed for the persevering compiler of this diary. His labours being ended, his sigh of relief will be heard from Siberia to the South Sea Islands.

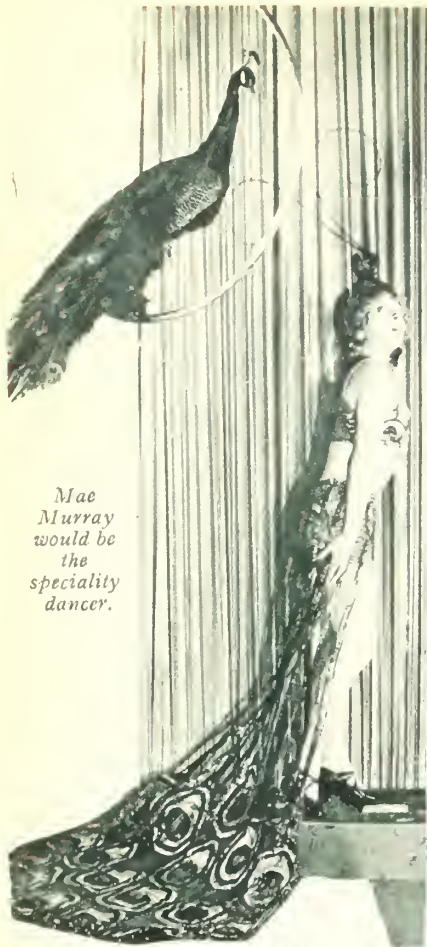
December Birthdays.

*

- 3 - Taylor Holmes
- 6 - - - W. S. Hart
- 15 - - Gregory Scott
- 16 - - Violet Hopson
- 27 - - John Bowers
- 30 - - Edna Flugrath
- 31 - Wm. P. Carleton



Gladys Wallon



Mae Murray would be the speciality dancer.

A Picturegoer Pantomime

Imagine a pantomime in which all the leading parts were filled by prominent movie stars! It would be some show.



Wesley Barry as "Buttons";
Douglas Fairbanks as
"Robin Hood."

of his Page Boy costume, as he held the Princess's train, and sought to disguise the fact that he would feel more at home if he were handling a cowboy's lariat.

Ben Turpin, with his swivel eye, rotating towards the baronial table, which refused to exude an appetising groan beneath its property joints of cleverly tinted linoleum and *papier-maché* Christmas puddings, would strut drolly through the scene in keeping with the best traditions of a Pantomime Baron's foolery.

Mary Brough would need to forsake few of the inimitable characteristics of "Mrs. May" to play the part of the Dame. Her discourses on her matrimonial grievances could effectively include many of the sub-titles which figure in her screen success, *A Sister to Assist 'Er*.

The fantastic, dainty prettiness of Mae Murray would serve her well in the part of the Principal Dancer, and her sartorial splendour would challenge the extravagance of the most profligate pantomime producer.

One could imagine the art of George Arliss converting him into a sinister be-spangled Demon King, who would shoot through trapdoors with a Machiavellian grin.

Marion Davies would make a charming Princess.

It may happen that the stars of filmdom will one day combine their artistry in the production of a pantomime that will bring beauty and brilliance to the familiar characters of the oldest of Christmas entertainments. For such an innovation would be a delicate form of appreciation of the kinema's gratitude to the historic art, which is not unallied to screen plays. For, in a measure, the pantomime of old is a twin art to that of the photoplay.

Originally the pantomime, as the ancient Greeks knew it, was a stage representation in which speech was not permitted, and action was carried out by gesture and movement. And so history paved the way for the silent shadow-play of the twentieth century, and Grimaldi blazed the trail for Charlie Chaplin.

How our ancestors would have delighted to see a pantomime with the youth and beauty screenedom possesses to-day, weaving a familiar story of picturesque romance in company with the film Adonises of the silver-sheet.

The slim, appealing beauty of golden-haired Marion Davies establishes her unrivalled claim to the rôle of the pantomime Princess, whose perplexing path of love justifies the lurid existence of witches, Demon

Kings and stony-hearted parents. How she would sweep majestically down the gilded steps, amidst the blare of the heralds' trumpets in the final transformation scene! Even the most case-hardened, horny-handed studio carpenter would be likely to recall the pantomimes of his long-forgotten youth, and, with mouth agape, cease to hammer discordantly on the neighbouring "set."

Who would the bewitching Princess Marion have beside her in this scene of pageantry and wedding bells?

Undoubtedly Rudolph Valentino: for he would reflect an ideal Prince Charming, with his ability to wear costume with an ease and charm that makes for romance and gallantry.

And dainty Agnes Ayres, with a glittering crown on her luxurious brown tresses, would flicker into the scene in the silver and gossamer of the good Fairy.

Wesley Barry would undoubtedly be there, with his freckled features smiling above the broadcloth and gleaming buttons





"Prince Charming"—Rudolph Valentino.

If the screen stars of to-day produced a pantomime, their choice of a story would be a difficult one. For the characteristics of the high lights of filmdom in many cases qualify them for most of the familiar characters which figure in the favourite legends woven into pantomime.

If "Cinderella" were chosen as the story, Mary Pickford would make the most delightful and appealing little lady of the glass slipper who had ever quickened the heart-beats of a Prince Charming.

Douglas Fairbanks has created a screen Robin Hood whose doublet and hose are in keeping with the pantomime idea of the hero of Sherwood Forest.

Constance Talmadge, with her bobbed tresses and vivacious personality, would bring a new charm to the romantic character of Dick Whittington; and Ruth Roland could create a delightful Aladdin.

Already we have seen Betty Compson and Theodore Kosloff on the screen as Columbine and Harlequin. They reflect all the romance and charm associated with the pantomime impression of these symbolical figures of legendary love.

If one analyses the modern screen play, however, it is possible to realise how pantomime is truly the inspiration that, in a number of subtle ways, lies beneath the miming art. How often the theme of the shadow plays in which Mary Pickford stars present her as a Cinderella! The old-time story is there, but it is in a modern setting. There is always the "Prince Charming" in the form of a twentieth-century Adonis who rescues the "world's sweetheart" from unhappy surroundings. Mary Pickford in so many of her screen characterisations reflects the familiar appeal of a Cinderella.

And the screen vamp is but an up-to-date version of the bad fairy, whose mocking laugh has rung out behind the pantomime footlights for many centuries.

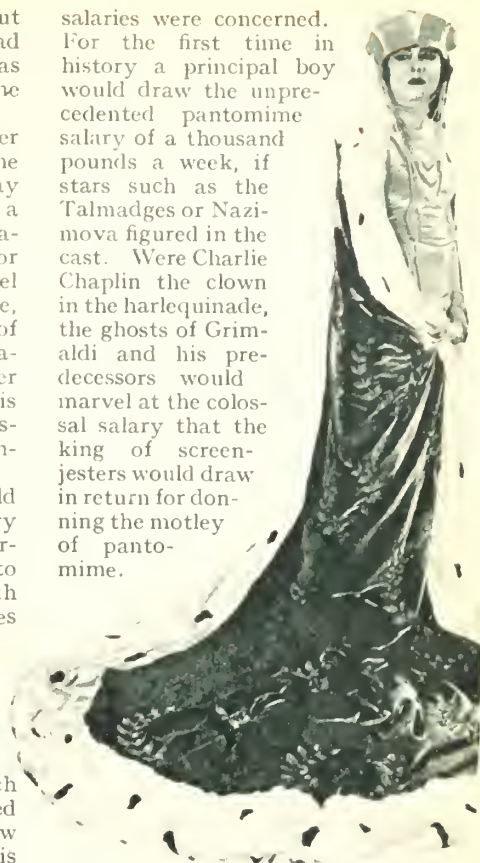
Agnes Ayres often reflects in her film plays the characteristics of the good fairy of pantomime. She may wear the silks and satins of a Society girl, and substitute a diamond head-dress for the familiar tinsel crown of pantomime, but at the root of things the inspiration lying behind her kindly actions is akin to the ministrations of the pantomime fairy.

And so one could compare almost every screen type of character, from villains to kindly fathers, with the familiar figures whose inclusion in pantomime has become an institution.

Mary Brough would be the panto Dame.

Should a really spectacular screen pantomime in which the high lights of filmdom appeared ever come to the silver sheet, a new dignity would be brought to this ancient form of entertainment where

salaries were concerned. For the first time in history a principal boy would draw the unprecedented pantomime salary of a thousand pounds a week, if stars such as the Talmadges or Nazimova figured in the cast. Were Charlie Chaplin the clown in the harlequinade, the ghosts of Grimaldi and his predecessors would marvel at the colossal salary that the king of screen-jesters would draw in return for donning the motley of pantomime.



Ethel Clayton makes a gorgeous Queen.

And even the profits of the most successful stage pantomime on record would fade into comparative insignificance when compared with the money-spinning possibilities of a screen pantomime which presented world-famous stars. For all the world loves a pantomime, and such entertainment reflected from the screen, and produced with all the modern scientific devices now at the command of the up-to-date film director, would bring new life to the most popular of all Christmas diversions.

There are many producers in filmdom who could produce a screen pantomime that would rival the spectacles which we have known on the speaking stage in the past.

David Wark Griffith would undoubtedly present a memorable production if he concentrated his artistry on the reflection of a shadow-show pantomime.

There would be wonderful "close-ups" of fanciful, symbolical bells ringing Dick Whittington back from Highgate Hill, and "mist photography" effects reflecting the tears of Cinderella in her sombre chimney corner.

One thing would be assured, and that is that Griffith would create a new standard of prodigality where the cost of producing pantomime is concerned.

RUSSELL MALLINSON.



Theodore Kosloff and Betty Compson would be Harlequin and Columbine.

Ghosts—Xmas and Otherwise

BY JOSIE P.
LEDERER



Above: Victor Seastrom in "Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness."
Left: Mary Miles Minter in "All Souls' Eve."



indignation meeting.

"We're dead letters," groaned the Headless Horseman.

"And why?"

"The Kinematograph, of course," chorussed everyone at once.

"Movie ghosts in the films," "Movie magazines telling the world how it's done," "Picturegoer Peeps Behind the Screen, curse them!"

"They've put us all in movie plays, and a whole lot of others they invented for their own purposes," chanted the Spirit of the Brocken. "Curse the whole Movie Industry!"

They did. In no uncertain terms.

"Come, come, now!" Old Marley was highly indignant. "Order, order!" and he clanked his cash-boxes vigorously. "I won't allow you to curse the Movies like that—"

"The dickens you wont," snapped the Wesley Ghost. "Because you're a regular Movie fan yourself."

"Certainly. I have always been one. I've seen every 'Ghost' picture there is. I've been in studios and watched them made. I've even acted in one myself. Very cleverly they are done, too. Almost better than we can do ourselves."

"I disagree," said the King of Denmark. "They didn't do me well. The first *Hamlet* made me dancing rag-time movements, and

in the second one they've dared to have a woman play Hamlet." He relapsed into floods of Danish over it.

"I've seen *The Ghost of a Chance*," continued Old Marley. "I've seen comedy ghosts and tragedy ghosts. A whole army of ghosts in *J'Accuse*. A ghost wedding in *Smilin' Thro'*. Ghosts of little children in *Over the Hill*, used with such telling effect that even I dissolved into tears. Films like *Earthbound* and *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness* do good work. They prepare the way for me. After anyone has seen a film like that, the effect of a little curtain lecture from me afterwards is remarkable."

Wyndham Standing in "Earthbound."



"That planet," wailed the White Lady, waving a fleshless hand towards the earth, placidly spinning in the moonlight, "is no longer a fit place for any self-respecting spectre."

"Been re-visiting some of your old haunts?" inquired the Man in the Moon, politely.

"Haunts? Pah!" ejaculated the Lady disgustedly. "Pray, who on earth is there to haunt? Nobody. People refuse to be haunted. They don't worry over us ghosts any more. We're finished. We're back numbers."

"'Tis true, alas! Our Day is Done," agreed a seventeenth-century ghost, in a big white periwig.

"Der Tag," growled a guttural voice. "Ist—"

"Speak English, can't you!" exclaimed a wrathful-looking wraith with a halter round its neck.

"Ssh! Ssh!" Old Marley hurried up with a clank.

"That's her Serene Transparency the Hohenzollern Ghost." In true Teutonic fashion the Lady in question withered him with a baleful glance as she joined Mary of Scots and a few other Royal ghosts who headed the

"Money for nothing. They do half your work for you, especially Christmas-time," sobbed a Shuddering Influence. "And I've had to retire because of the Radio."

"Radio!" The Banshee gave the ghost of a wail. "Ochone! Ochone!" she whimpered. "Me rival! Me hated rival. It's everywhere. It can sing and talk. It can whistle, shriek, moan and groan all at once."

"That's called 'jamming the ether,'" interjected the Man in the Moon.

"It's the sore throat I've been giving meself trying to do the same," wept the Banshee. "They're so used to it, now, that when I come at night and make all me beautiful noises, niver a shiver from any of thim at all, at all."

"Boo-hoo-hoo!" sobbed the Radiant Boy. "She wailed to one man, and I radiated all night, and all he did was to sit up and yell, 'Mercy! I must have forgotten to disconnect those Radio valves, and then nose-dive into his pillow again. And he's put the two of us into a story, and called me 'The Radio Boy.' Boo-hoo-hoo!"

"Just like a journalist," commented Queen Catherine Howard. "The Movies are the real sinners, though. Uttering my famous shriek, I rushed across a gallery, wringing my hands and wearing my best look of utter despair. But no one was impressed. One man counted the whole time I was running. Another said,

Earle Williams in "Bring Him In."



Edward Earle and Agnes Ayres in "The Ghost of a Chance."

It's disgraceful! Heaven may forgive him, but I never will," and she went into hysterics.

"All the world's a Movie" cried Hamlet of Denmark. "Let's seek another sphere this Christmas, where such pests are unknown."

"Yes, yes. Let us go," chorussed everyone. "No, no!" exclaimed Old Marley. "What would Christmas be without you? Come, now, what do you say to a little sea voyage on the 'Flying Dutchman'? Sailors still

believe in ghosts, and there aren't many Movies at sea. Just think of the effect of the lot of you at once on the Middle Watch out in the Pacific. Come on all. I'll pay the fares."

Somewhat reluctantly, the Spooks and Spectres boarded Cornelius Vanderdecken's vessel. "All aboard," shouted the captain to the Man in the Moon. "We'll be back on Christmas Eve. Good-bye." "Good-bye, all," replied the Man in the Moon, as the ghostly vessel glided out to sea. "But where on earth is Old Marley?" Then he winked, for as the great world spun on, he caught a glimpse of Marley and the Spirits of Christmases disappearing inside a Picture Palace.

Dorothy Fane in "Creation."



David Torrance in "The Milton Mystery."

'Double exposure, you know—what?' A third shouted, 'Cut. We'll do a re-take to-morrow, and mind your distances, please.' He was a producer. Spoiling all our simple pleasures." She was interrupted by the apparition of Queen Elizabeth, foaming at the mouth. "Come down to earth!" invited Old Marley.

"I've been, Sir; I've been," she vociferated. "They're putting me into a new film. I wish it altered. I went to see 'George' about it, and I went to the wrong room first. The man in there put his head on one side and murmured 'Bessie' in quite an affectionate voice. I smiled and murmured: 'George!' Then he bellowed at me. 'He's not here. GO AWAY!' So I went next door and stood on George's bedrail. He sat up, grinned, and said he could see through me."

"Naturally," said the Man in the Moon. "Then he looked at the clock and told me to fade out," stormed the Queen. "But I wouldn't, and I ordered him to alter that film. So he threw pillows at me, and commenced to sing. Then I had to vanish.





"Life is Reel"

(Malvina) LONGFELLOW

Longfellow, the Poet, informed us that Life is Real, but Longfellow, the screen star, spells it differently.

"Count me out. I was seven hundred and seven yesterday."

"Really?"

"No. Reel-ly. In *The Last Crusade*. We 'shot' the final scenes yesterday morning, and I played 'Queen Eleanor,' you remember. Now, don't look so disbelieving or I'll quote Longfellow."

"Do your worst," I murmured, re-

Hoppé's "Book of Fair Women." Dark-eyed, with cloudy black hair, worn that day parted severely in the centre and drawn back à la Tanqueray—a fashion that only perfect contours and features can bear. With slender fingers interlaced in the lap of her simple black frock, this animated Romney, who still speaks good American, despite her many travels and long sojourn in England, unburdened herself thus:

"I was born during that great blizzard on March 30, in New York. Even in my schoolgirl days I was crazy over pictures, reading, the theatres—any form of art, in fact. I was in request as an artist's model whilst I was still in short skirts; sat to Harrison Fisher and others, and saw myself in all sorts of poses on the magazine covers afterwards."

"I remember your theatrical work," I interrupted.

"Well, then, you'll remember, too, how many different kinds I had a shot at. Let me see. Light comedy with Seymour Hicks in 'Broadway Jones.' I remember going to see him about a part in something else, and he said, 'Can you sing?' 'My friends say I can't; but I say I can,' I replied, somewhat to his amusement, I think. Anyway, I had the engagement all

Malvina Longfellow as "Lady Hamilton."

Everything in this room," observed Malvina Longfellow, with an expressive gesture around the delightful apartment, "is at least two hundred years old."

I rose to protest. "Excepting yourself," she corrected, hastily.

"And yourself," I amended, accepting her propitiatory cup of tea.

"Lady Hamilton," after Romney's famous picture.

signedly.

Malvina did so. As follows:

"Films re-issued oft remind us Of the things we should avoid. All our faults we leave behind us Registered in celluloid. Life is reel, life is flicker. And the——"

"Have mercy!" I cried. There was a pause, during which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow turned in his grave twice.

"Your ancestor, relative, or whatever he was, will most certainly demand compensation for this," I warned her solemnly.

"He wasn't," said she mischievously. "We're only related by newspaper. And you brought it on yourself, anyway. Longfellow was American, so am I; otherwise we've nothing in common, except the name." (This isn't quite true, for Malvina writes articles and short stories. If she's written any other verses, she keeps it dark.)

"I accept your apology," I assured her. "And I hope Henry Wadsworth will. Suppose you cease teasing, and tell me the story of your life."

"You think you can stand it, then?" Malvina gazed thoughtfully into the fire for a moment or two. She is so lovely that it is not at all surprising to find her portrait at the head of the section devoted to American Beauties in



right. 'Inconstant George' [not related to "Picturegoer" George, I hope] was another. Then in 'The Fortunes of Fate,' a drama, I was the star, and who do you think played quite a small rôle in it? Sybil Thorndike! We met again in filmland not long ago, and Sybil laughingly reminded me of it. She was in *Moth and Rust* with me. I don't think she likes screen-work as much as I do, though. I was in a revue at the Comedy, too: had to dance and sing in that." Malvina is very musical, although it pleases her to pretend she isn't. After that we talked of films and her work in them.

"I commenced with Davidson's," she said. "In *Holy Orders*, Marie Corelli's wonderful story. I was 'Jacynth.'"

"The bad girl of the village," I put in.

"No; I won't have that," said Malvina. "Because she wasn't really what you might call bad. A woman of a certain temperament, she merely followed out her destiny. Besides, I've never played any really bad characters."

"*Thelma* came next. I chose the story, and persuaded the others that it was the story. Then they couldn't find a leading lady. A. E. Coleby, who was in the cast, suggested me. Now 'Thelma' was a Scandinavian, and you know what colouring theirs is. Just for fun, though, I tried on a fair wig, and had some tests. And because I screened equally as well as with my own tar-coloured tresses, I was 'Thelma,' and the rôle is one of my favourites. Later films were *Adam Bede*, *For All Eternity*, *Nelson*, and *The Romance of Lady Hamilton*."

In each of the two last she played "Emma," and this blacksmith's daughter who had such an adventurous career is Malvina's favourite character-study. Very lovely she looked, too, in the picturesque costumes worn by the ill-fated beauty. Malvina has a book full of

"stills," showing herself as "Emma." "These," she said, giving me half-a-dozen small prints, are just poses of different Romney pictures 'Emma' sat for. And in this one with the lilies, I wear an exact replica of 'Emma's' gown. This one with the spinning-wheel is very well known." Malvina literally "thought herself" into the rôle of "Lady Hamilton." I believe that one always associates her first and

foremost with her work as "Emma." "For a year," she mused, "I read every book about her I could buy, borrow, or steal. Her life (and what a life it was!) from the cradle to the grave became as familiar to me as my own. 'Emma' owed a good deal of her beauty, strength, adaptability, and love of the niceties of life to her mother. Love though, was, to

Elvey and Mr. Salmayer were very kind. Somehow, they made me start afresh, and of course, we had a wonderful 'Nelson' (Donald Calthrop)."

Malvina Longfellow designed all her "Lady Hamilton" dresses and hats: she does this for all her period work, as you will see when *Romance of History* is released. "But that's an old story," she concluded. "Although I'll

always love it. During the war I ran a poultry farm 'way out in the country. That was my war-work. Visits to France, Germany, Italy, followed, and a flying visit home. I never stay in New York very long. Then more film work over here. I can claim to be a British artist, for I have done no film work abroad, though I've had many offers. I went to Germany to play 'Lady Hamilton' in their *Nelson* film; but when I saw the scenario, I refused the part, with thanks. When you see the film—if it's ever shown here—you'll see why.

"Working on four or five films at once is rather a strain," Malvina told me. "Owing to overlapping contracts, I was working upon *Unmarried*, *Mary Latimer*, *Nun*, *Calvary*, and *The Rosary* all at the same time. I used to hurry from one studio to another, and I think I earned the long holiday I awarded myself when all was over. *Phroso*, *Moth and Rust*, and *The Romance of History* are my latest films."

Then she showed me the wonderful antiques and art treasures enshrined in that picturesque room of hers. She has a cabinet full of rare old glass in one corner; her furniture is all period stuff. The writing table at which are signed the many portraits she sends away is a treasure in itself; and there are orchids, all kinds, everywhere. Rare and beautiful old lace, too, is another hobby of hers.

"I haven't any superstitions," Malvina said, on parting. "Unless you'd call a belief that one should never

pat oneself on the back over anything a superstition. I don't touch wood, and I'll walk under two ladders at once."

Malvina is busily studying famous women of bygone days for the series of *Love Stories of Famous Women* she is making at B. and C. studios. So that she may tell me she is eight hundred years old next time we meet. So long as she doesn't spring any more of life is reel upon me, I shan't mind. NORMA NELSON.



A camera-study of Malvina Longfellow.

my mind, the outstanding feature of her character, and it brought about both her greatness and her downfall. She was very sympathetic, too, and to the lowliest, as well as the greatest, she gave freely of her pity and understanding.

"The first *Nelson* film was burnt, you remember, and I was heart-broken. I'd given so much of myself to that, I thought I could never do 'Emma' justice again. But Maurice

Douglas
Maclean
gives an
impression of
a screen star
receiving
his salary in
cash.



TONS of MONEY

What Famous Screen Stars Really Earn.

this handsome sum dwindles into comparative insignificance in comparison with the two thousand five hundred pounds a week which Nazimova is said to have received from Metro when she made *Camille*.

When one is discussing those who have in reality discovered the golden lining which exists for a fortunate few behind the shadow screen, it is not possible to determine their salaries according to the amount they secure each week or year.

The popular idea may be that the famous stars of filmdom drive away from the studios on Saturdays in gold-laden limousines. No one who believes this picturesque story has explained how an artiste working in Germany who drew the comparatively modest salary of five hundred pounds a week could stagger away with the seventeen and a-half million marks that would be involved at the present rate of exchange.

The highest-paid artistes of the screen are more often salaried in return for their work in a certain number of pictures, and percentages on profits are often involved, in a manner which considerably swells the preliminary salary figure.

Mary Miles Minter is believed to have received fifty thousand pounds for starring in five pictures; and Geraldine Farrar was paid over ten thousand pounds in return for her work in three screen productions.

Charlie Chaplin's income has inspired many stories of the fanciful order, but in reality, Charlie has not collected so many millions of dollars.

Under his million-dollar contract he received two hundred thousand pounds for eight pictures, which, it is said, it cost him ninety-six thousand pounds to make. When it is remembered that it has taken him five years to fulfil his contract, a simple calculation reveals his approximate income as being in the vicinity of twenty thousand eight hundred pounds a year. A fabulous salary, no doubt, but scarcely one that lives up to the golden stories which liken Charlie to a twentieth-century Cæsus. P. R. M.

To err is human, but for a screen star to divulge the truth about his salary is divine. For it is an amusing phase of human nature, especially in filmland, for screen artistes to draw the long bow when discussing their pay-rolls.

The action which Rudolph Valentino, the hero of the screen version of *Blood and Sand*, has recently taken in the courts against a famous film firm that he alleges has extended unfair treatment to him has directed a reliable amount of limelight on to the salaries of famous stars.

Some intriguing figures have been made public as a result of litigation; and as the statements revolving around the payments made to the high lights of film stardom represent sworn evidence, they can be regarded as reliable sidelights on the exchequers of screen favourites.

Rudolph Valentino alleges that in the film production, *The Sheik*, he received what approximates in English

money to one hundred and twenty-five pounds a week. Whilst he was playing in *Moran of the Lady Letty*, his weekly salary, he states, was one hundred and seventy-five pounds; and in *Beyond the Rocks*, according to his evidence, he was paid two hundred and fifty pounds a week.

The film "fan" who has eagerly devoured the stories of million-dollar contracts in filmdom will no doubt develop disbeliever's dyspepsia when this disappointing revelation is served up. But there is more appetising fare, where the romance of big salaries is concerned, in other statements which have been made public in connection with Rudolph Valentino's disturbance of the money-chests of the movies.

Thomas Meighan, it is said, draws the princely salary of one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds a week, or over sixty thousand a year. Little wonder that his screen smile reflects such contentment.

Alice Brady, it is stated, draws a thousand pounds a week; but even



Fallen Leaves

by
WILL SCOTT

Early from the tree had the Derelict fallen so long before that he had nearly "lost the feel." The wind was his only master now, and only to its whip he danced. His place was the gutter and he kept to it.

Aloof, unwelcome, he rotted along the lane of days, cursing the turn at the end for being so far away. No hand was ever grasped in his; no eyes but the stars, the million eyes of God, looked twice on him. When he sneered, bitter at the kick of mankind, he was like a last spark from the fire that burned when the world was young and men were only nearly men. When he laughed he seemed an evil thing, an ungentle reminder, a herald from the Last Civilisation, when sun cools and earth dies; an invitation to the death dance of man. So men thought; but he did not often sneer, and was not evil now. No kinder-hearted derelict was on the lane. Dogs did not shun him, and cats did not go indoors when he came along. Yet there was not a man to look at him. No man could think, or stop to think, that he was once a man.

The rains of chance had washed him to many strange gutters and washed him as swiftly away again, but this village of Lavender Street

was the strangest at this time, on the Eve of Christmas. Other Christmases he had reposed in towns; in market halls, in empty houses, under a railway bridge. But here he was.

Now he sneered; for somewhere behind the snow, carollers, callous in

along the lane of days, a dust-bin mourned the loss of the shoe and the boot that gave his toes to the snow. He had a battered hat; and a stolen stocking, coarse and holed, served for a collar. But in his pocket were two pennies, hot with a day's grip of his only bank.

"'Appy morn!" he grinned, pulling the stocking tighter about his throat and wiping the gathered snowflakes from his beard. "Christians are awake all right. 'Appy morn!"

He stepped in nearer to a wall's shelter, where an evergreen tree hung over and made a pauper's roof. In five minutes the carollers were unheard, moved off, maybe, to some other place. The Derelict yawned and stretched his frozen arms.

Not a yard behind stood Police-Constable Merridew, erect and official, all white, but with the glint of his official buttons shining through; a symbol of what Santa Claus may become.

"What about it?" he asked.
"Oh, there ain't much about it," said the Derelict. "Seems as if some-one's havin' a lark with us, don't it? Compliments of the season to yer. You 'aven't got a Ritz about 'ere, 'ave yer?"

He shuffled away along the little street and left Policeman Merridew to sort it out.

CHARACTERS:

- The Derelict - - CHRIS WALKER
- The Shopkeeper - - JEFF BARLOW
- The Policeman - - JACK EAST
- Mother Brown - - MAY PRICE

A PAN story; filmed by Quality Plays, and released by the Walford Co., Ltd.

ignorance, plucked a song from his cradle and flung it at the rot of him.

"Christians, awake!

Salute this happy morn,
Whereon . . ."

He had the face of an ivory image dust-hidden on the shelf of a tired shop—a face as ageless. As near as he knew he was fifty; but he had long ceased to count the milestones beside the road. A looped nail held another man's coat around his bones. Behind,

Well named was Lavender Street. The scattered cots of many other villages were here come in to the roadside, and two lines of ancient buildings, stretching for a quarter of a mile, was all Lavender Street could show. Behind were bleak woods and bare fields hidden now by the night and the snow.

Twice in an hour had the Derelict's tracks marred the white of the little street, but he was unwilling to plunge again into the pits of dark to north or south. Fate had thrown him, this Christmas Eve, into this Christmas-card-like corner; and the man who had known no home for uncounted years was too weak at this time, too beaten now, to tear himself from the sight of the happy homes of others. The lights in the little shops were warming; the thumped-out pantomime songs from unseen pianos set his heart dancing. They reminded him. . . . Once he nearly danced himself. "Christmas comes but once a . . . lifetime. . . ."

The carollers returned,

"Rise to adore

The Mystery of Love . . ."

The mystery of love. The mystery of love! Ha!

A woman passed the Derelict, hurrying through the snow—an old woman, with a light in her eyes that the world does not care to see and mostly dims. A thin shawl was about her, held by thin hands. She clutched a cheap purse firmly.

"Rise to adore

The Mystery of Love . . ."

The woman echoed the carollers' song and laughed a shrill laugh. The Derelict saw that the snow and her hair were as one.

"Merry Christmas!" she called back.

"Merry Christmas!" he responded.

And *that* reminded him. . . .

From out an alley slunk two boys. The thin laugh of age was strangled by the guffaw of youth. Four young hands swiftly dipped. Two snowballs cut the frosty air.

The old woman staggered back beneath the blows, then peered through the falling flakes without surprise. She wiped the snow from her cheek slowly.

"You shouldn't do that," she said feebly. "But ye're only young. It's yer fun. Yer'll never be young any more."

The Derelict shuffled across the road. No kinder-hearted derelict was on the lane. Dogs did not shun him. Sometimes boys did.

He was surprised to find so strong a grip left in his shaking wrist. The boy he held squirmed and cried



"If you could spare a little somethin'," he said. "Not money—I'm not that sort."

aloud. The other vanished back into the alley.

"It's only Mother Brown," protested the captive. "Get off my arm. Who are yer? I never touched *you*. She's only Mother Brown. It'll be worse for yer if yer don't let go my arm."

"Let him go," came the thin voice from over the way. "He's only young. Now, let him go."

The Derelict flung the boy, yelling, back into the alley and walked away. Mother Brown hurried along the street to Atkinson's, and here she went in.

Atkinson's had been established for three hundred years. The handwritten notice on the little window—where one of the panes was gone—said so, and for further proof, there was old Atkinson himself behind the counter. The place was a wonderland. There was nothing the heart of man desires—from the cradle on—that could not be found within its magic walls. Cigarettes (all chocolate or all saltpetre; take your choice), last year's almanacks at half-price, liquorice comfits, boot-protectors, kali "suckers," corkscrews, comic papers, fly papers, peg-tops, lemonade powder, mouse-traps—he was a sophisticated fellow who could not love it. Loving old Atkinson was another matter. He was a surly brute.

The two pennies in the Derelict's grip were not merely hot; they were burning a hole in his pocket. But

whether it was to be old Atkinson's, or the cake shop at the other end of the street, or the cottage where oranges were shown for sale in the kitchen window, he could not decide. An orange was twopence now—just for one; and a cake was soon done.

The "Red Lion" was, of course, out of the question.

His breath thawed the window pane. He saw that Mother Brown was buying fairy balls and cheap Christmas candles. Then he noticed that the Wizard Atkinson had cigarettes offered in very nice packets at twopence for ten. He had not bought cigarettes for—oh, for years. And Christmas comes but once. . . .

So the Derelict shuffled in.

Mother Brown was packing her purchases into her bag. She smiled a tired smile at old Atkinson.

"I always mean to save 'em every year," she said, "but somehow they get broke. It comes very expensive when yer don't manage to save 'em, specially when you've got to wait so long. I should think 'e won't be long, now. 'E'll have to 'urry, though. I can't 'old out much longer, and that's a fact."

She fondled a bunch of Christmas candles, and the Derelict saw that her eyes were wet.

"I'm seventy-five," she went on proudly. "Seventy-five. But yer can't keep on fer ever."

She turned and saw the Derelict lurking like a shadow in the doorway.

"Can yer?" she said, addressing herself to him. "Yer can't keep on fer ever. I'm seventy-five. Seventy-five, you know. I bet you wouldn't think it. I don't look it."

"No," said he.

She matched the colours of the little candles one against the other. Then she drew her hand across her mouth and sighed.

"They're for my boy," she explained. "'E went away from me when 'e was nineteen. An' I did love 'im, though 'e never thought so. I put 'is Christmas tree in the old window every Christmas, an' light it, just like when 'e was a nipper, to show 'im the way if 'e comes back 'ome. They do come back 'ome sometimes. I've read in books—an' then there's that 'ymn. . . . But it's a long time. Thirty years. D'yer understand?—thirty years, an' 'e ain't come yet. You think 'e'll come, don't yer?" she said suddenly, peering with failing eyes at the Derelict. "My sight ain't what it was. Ain't you Dilnot's lad?"

"No," said the Derelict, embarrassed.

"Well, don't you think 'e'll come?"

"I should think 'e'll come right enough," he replied.

"Thirty years is a long time," said the old woman. "An' 'e was only nineteen when 'e left me. P'raps 'e won't know the way back after all this time. I know they sometimes do come back, 'cause I've read in books an' stories. . . ."

She dropped the candles into her bag and fumbled with her change, making a pretence of counting.

"I always light the Christmas tree an' put it in the window, the same as when 'e was a nipper, so's it'll show 'im the way if 'e takes it in 'is 'ead to come back 'ome to his old mother. My! but we'll 'ave a do if 'e comes. I've always 'ad an idea 'e might come on Christmas Eve. 'E went on Christmas Eve."

She peered up again at the bulk of the Derelict.

"It's my boy I'm talking about," she said. "'E's left me. Every Christmas Eve I put the tree in the old window. I've got an idea 'e might come back on Christmas Eve. I bet 'e'd 'urry if 'e knew what a do we was going to 'ave when 'e got back. You don't think 'e can have forgotten me? Eh?"

"They don't ever forget," said the Derelict. "They don't ever forget."

"Thank you," she said simply. And then she went out without another word.

"Packet o' them fags at two-pence," said the Derelict huskily. "Spare us a match."

He lighted one of the cigarettes and went to the door. Along the little street the figure of Mother Brown was disappearing in the storm. He looked back across his shoulder.

"What did they call the old woman's nipper?" he asked.

"'Er?" said old Atkinson. "Lord!

You wouldn't believe it. Algernon Rutherford! Can yer credit it? She gave it 'im so's 'e'd get on in life a bit. You know the idea—fine feathers make fine birds. An' they did. They made a fine bird of Algy—Algernon Rutherford Brown."

"What d'yer call this city?" the Derelict asked.

"Eh? City? I don't know any city. This is Lavender Street."

"Lavender Street? Nice name."

Old Atkinson slipped the Christmas-candle box back on to the top shelf.

"Yes, 'e was a fine bird, 'e was, an' no error. He paid 'er before she was rid of him. Bashed her! 'Is own mother! She'd call 'im John next time, I'll bet—if she could 'ave a next time. An' that's the sort o' rubbish she sticks up the Christmas tree for! But what can yer expect—Mother Brown. You know."

Old Atkinson tapped his forehead and made a mouth.

"Loopy!" he said—"but it's good for trade."

The Derelict shuffled back into the shop, his eyes blazing. With one sweep of his arm he cast the wares on the counter to the floor. Swiftly he flung the stool across the room. It caught the kitchen door and shattered the glass.

"'Ere!" protested old Atkinson. "What's the game? If I wasn't an old man—"

"This," bellowed the Derelict, pointing to the wreckage, "this ain't so good fer trade, is it? Another time, think twice and watch out. If you was a young 'un, 'ste'd of a old 'un, I'd bash in your precious face so pretty yer whole rotten family'd 'ave a chance to see if they looked well in black. I'd make it good fer trade at the 'am shop! That's all."

He turned and shuffled out of the shop, laughing.

Later in the evening he stood in

She was on her feet, trying to see with age-dimmed eyes, trying to think with tired wits. "Come," he said, "Mother!"

the storm at the other end of the village, staring at a lighted Christmas tree that showed from the window of a humble cottage. A friendless dog stood hopefully beside him. A homeless cat purred at his feet. Dogs and cats always seemed to know. With none of the art that had come of long practice, he tapped upon the door timidly, as if he were afraid or ashamed. And when the door was opened, he *was* afraid—so afraid that he fell back on his art to gain a little time.

"What is it?" asked Mother Brown.

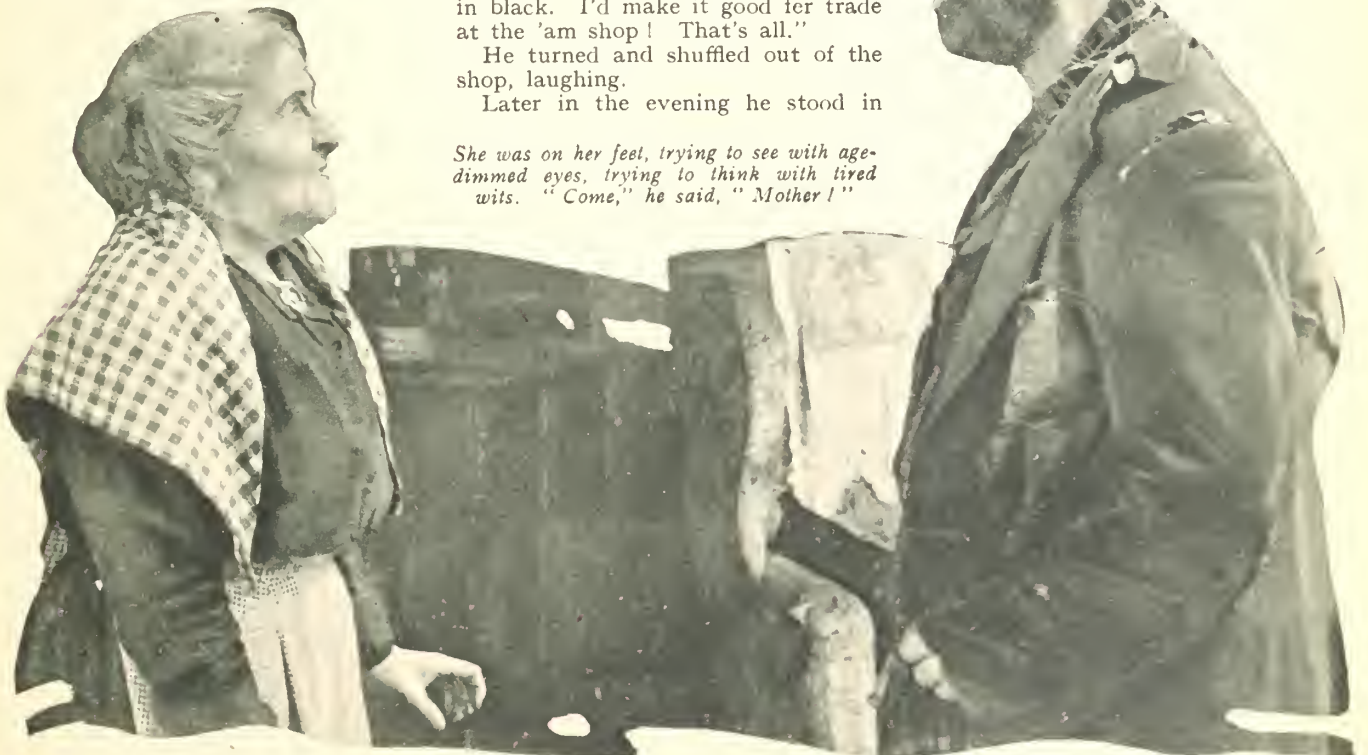
"If yer could spare a little somethin'," he said. "Not money—I'm not the sort—but a bite or a crust. It's Christmas Eve."

Mother Brown nodded and rubbed one wasted hand across the other.

"Well, you mustn't come in," she said. "I'm all by myself, an' you'll 'ave to wait outside. I'm expecting my son in any minute, but I'm all by myself now. If you'll wait I'll get you somethin'."

She went in, half closing the door. He saw inside, upon a battered dresser, a fading picture of a young man of another generation, a good-looking young man, but with a weak face. There was a sprig of holly upon the frame.

Mother Brown returned with a cup of steaming tea and a plate piled high with fresh bread and-butter.





"Look!" said the constable. He flashed his lantern over the wall.

"You can stay on the step if you like," she said, "only you can't come in. I'm alone 'ere. My son may be in any minute, an' then you can come in. We shall be 'avin' a bit of a do. I don't like not to ask you in at Christmas, but you see 'ow it is. You can stay on the step."

He sat upon the step and ate greedily. Through the door he could see her sitting in the rocking chair, gently rocking.

"Must be nice 'ere in summer?" he ventured nervously.

"Oh, it is," she said.

"Now 'ere's a nice bit o' garden," he went on, waving the cracked teacup. "A real nice bit o' garden - fruit-trees an' a dog-kennel. Any dog?"

"Not for many years."

"No? Well, I know a dog that'd just fit it. A garden like this, an' the 'ouse, not working too 'ard, 'ud keep a body just nice an' busy, eh? I mean without gallivantin' about everywhere, up an' down - just staying at 'ome. . . . You don't look after yer garden much. Now, that 'ole in the fence there - a horse could get through that."

He heard her sigh.

"I'm seventy-five," she said. "I've got past all that. It's a man's job, really. My son -"

She broke off and stared with unseeing eyes at the Christmas tree. He sat upon the step and leaned back against the open door, with the snow-flakes falling all about him, looking at her with a look that the dogs knew. He was the kindest-hearted derelict on the lane, but only the dogs knew that.

The old woman rocked and rocked steadily to and fro, sighing and glancing at the picture under the holly sprig.

"It's my boy I'm talking about," she murmured. "Thirty years, you understand - I'd hardly know 'im. I might not know 'im."

The Derelict stood up and stepped into the room and laid the cracked cup on the table. The old woman watched him very closely.

"I said you wasn't to come in," she said feebly. "My boy isn't home yet. I've put the Christmas tree in the window, but . . . you really can't come in."

He came nearer to her and smiled.

"Yes. I seen the Christmas tree."

She stared at him and passed her hand across her mouth.

"I seen it," he went on, "an' - an' - yer boy is 'ome! Algernon Rutherford is 'ome! 'E seen the Christmas tree an' 'e come back. This is the last time ye're goin' ter light it. 'E come back for keeps ter you an' an' the garden an' the old dog an' an' all the lot of it. 'Er keeps." She was on her feet, panting, trembling, trying to see with age-dimmed eyes, trying to think with tired wits. He smiled and threw his nervousness from him and held out open arms.

"Come," he said. "Mother!"

She hunched forward and clutched at his coat. She looked up at him. Then she seemed quickly to wither.

"Alg -"

Suddenly she screamed and fell towards him, and before he could catch her she was limp at his feet. He bent over her, and then stared round the room, with a crushed and beaten look.

"Strike me!" he said, "if I ever seem to do a thing that goes right."

And in truth the Christmas tree was lighted for the last time. Mother Brown was dead.

There was a considerable to do. The chattering neighbours filled the doorway, trying to forget the hard things they had said. The doctor could only say that she had died a natural death. The Derelict could only say that the shock of his return had killed her.

"It was me comin' back 'ome after all these years," he said, glancing round sadly at the "home." "Thirty years is a long time."

"You come off yer perch," said Policeman Merridew. "I want you to come along with me to the station for bashing up old Atkinson's place, an' to answer a question or two."

Policeman Merridew drove away the curious and marched the Derelict away down the street.

At the wall of the little churchyard he halted. Lights were shining through the coloured windows of the church, and voices were heard in song.

"Look here," said Policeman Merridew suddenly. "I seen you wallop them boys for snowballin' the old dame; and as for old Atkinson, I'd 'ave bashed him up myself, sooner or later. I 'ope I'm not too stiff. It's Christmas, after all. You skip, and I'll tell 'em you overpowered me. I can't do more than that. There'll be a row, but it *is* Christmas."

"You're a gent," said the Derelict. "May you be made a judge!"

"Tell me one thing," said the constable; "why did you kid yer was Mother Brown's boy?"

The Derelict saw that the little romance was faded.

"Oh, I dunno," he said. "I was always a mushy-hearted sort of a fool."

The carol floated to them from the little church:

"Rise to adore

The Mystery of Love . . ."

"I reckoned somehow that she'd be going pretty soon," said the Derelict. "An' if she could be kidded 'er long-lost boy 'ad come back to 'er, it might cheer 'er up a bit for the last round. That's the way I looked at it. An' then it was a bit of a 'ome for me. It's thirty years since she seen 'er son. Well, it's a bit mor'n that since I seen the nearest I 'ad to a 'ome."

The carol ended. The Derelict rubbed his numbed hands together and laughed.

"What I should 'ave done if the original Algy 'ad turned up, I don't know."

"I say," said the constable. "Look."

He flashed his lantern over the churchyard wall, full on a plain wooden cross. The Derelict looked and saw the inscription:

To

THE MEMORY OF

ALGERNON RUTHERFORD BROWN,

WHO

DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1889,

AGED

NINETEEN YEARS.

Hello! Father Christmas



*Helene Chudwick, Lois Wilson, Ruth Roland
and Constance Binney in Santa's shoes.*

Dickens in Movie-Land

Scenes from the Latest Dickens Films.

A pretty scene from "The Cricket on the Hearth."



Above: Sabine Landray as "Dot" in "The Cricket on the Hearth."



Left and Right: Frederick Jensen as "Wilkins Micawber" in "David Copperfield."

* * *



Above: Olga Dorre and Harry Korndrup as "Pip" and "Estelle" in "Great Expectations." Right: "The Murdstones" and "Mrs. Copperfield" in Nordiak's "David Copperfield."

Likewise This One.

"Me for a quiet time this year," Rex Davis declared. "I shall not be knocking any villains about before dinner, nor seeing *Crimson Circles* after. Just ourselves, and a fire. No; no house party. Not this year. As to the New Year, well I'm still an Optimist, you know. So we'll leave it at that."

Circumventing the Calendar.

"Whatever shall I do this Christmas," wondered Violet Hopson, "if my work takes me to the South of France, which seems very likely? And whatever will Nicholas and Jessica do? Because I've always spent Christmas at home with my loved ones; and if the Riviera is to be my filming ground, it will be the first year my children and I have been separated. We shall simply defy the calendar, and keep Christmas when I return to England."

The Outdoors and the Inner Man.

"I love Christmas in England, though I've spent so many abroad," was Victor McLaglen's mandate. "I mean to go skating, if only the weather will oblige. I'm fond of tobogganing, too, though when we tumble—which *does* happen sometimes—it isn't always great fun for the fellow I fall upon. But it's great sport. Healthy exercise in the snow gives one a wonderful appetite for Christmas fare—and I like turkey and plum-pudding. The charms of a country Christmas attract Gregory Scott, too. "I shall positively play golf," said he, "and probably go a-hunting. In any case, I shall have a good time. I always do at Christmas."

"The Green Caravan"—ers.

"I," said Valia, the "Vamp." of the *Green Caravan*, "mean to sit and toast my toes before the largest fire I can build. I shall long for the sunshine and the springtime, and thank goodness I'm not in Russia whilst the snow is on the ground." "And I," said Catherine Calvert, "expect to be appearing on the London stage, so I shall not be able to be at home. But home's wherever little Paul is, and we shall have a tree and a turkey in English fashion." Catherine Calvert is Mrs. Paul Armstrong in private life, and her small son Paul is her one and only hobby. He is a bright little fellow, and last time I saw him could talk of little else but his "family," as he styles the stray kitten he has adopted.

"Holmes' Home Hobby."

Eille Norwood, no matter what he may say to the contrary, is certain to spend part of his Christmas in what he calls his "workshop" at home. For he is playing "Sherlock Holmes" in *The Sign of Four*, and as soon as that's finished, he is to

star in another fifteen two-reelers in the Sherlock Holmes series. Entirely surrounded by grease-paint, hair, gum, and what appear to the uninitiated to be mediaeval instruments of torture, Norwood will perfect and plan out the new disguises in which he will be seen on 1923 screens. Most probably he will try them out upon his wife and daughter first.

Tony and Tod.

Undeterred by the painful progress of the character he portrayed in *Gamblers All*, Tony Fraser unblushingly replied, "I'm going to gamble," when I asked him what he intended to do this Christmas-



Henry Vibart and his daughter, Myrtle, who play together in "Weavers of Fortune."



Circle: Catherine Calvert in "The Green Caravan."

tide. "Over at Monte Carlo," he declared. "I shall indulge in my favourite indoor pastime until I've lost the wherewith. Unless I win, which *does* occasionally happen. In that case I shall extend my vacation until I am needed in my next film." Malcolm Tod, who can be seen in *The Thief* (Quality Plays.) this month, told me that he expected to be in the thick of a new production at Esher. "But, in any case," he said, "on Christmas Day I shall eat, drink, dance, lie in bed, slide down anything I can find on a tea-tray in the snow, (I hope there's going to be snow), and finish up by going to town to dine with my mother—a thing I've never missed doing yet, and never mean to." Incidentally, Malcolm is musical, and owns to being able to play almost anything playable. One of his New Year resolutions is to



Bromley Davenport hopes his screen matrimonial experiences won't come true in real life this Christmas.

become the owner of a saxophone, and he has procured an extra large-sized Christmas stocking in the hope that someone will deposit one of these instruments of torture therein.

A Family Affair.

Henry Vibart, the famous "father" in so many Hepworth successes, has had most of the best-known British leads for his "children," in one film or another. Just now, he is working at Davidson's; and, for the first time in his career, his film child is his own daughter, Myrtle Vibart. Myrtle is not so well known to picturegoers as her Dad whose silvery hair and benign cast of features make him an ideal exponent of fatherly rôles. When they were in the Chiltern Hills on location for this film, which is titled *Weavers of Fortune*, the scenario demanded that both should be out in a heavy rainstorm. But, for once, the British climate did not live up to its rainy character, and so pails of cold water were called into requisition. After several drenchings, Myrtle decided that, even film life has its draw-backs. Father should have warned her in advance.

Two Busy Players.

I met Clive Brook and his pretty wife, Mildred Evelyn, deep in discussion of the relative makes and values of fur coats. I leave it to you whose coat it was to be and who won. Clive and his fair partner only meet after working hours these days: for he is playing at Elstree in *Green Sea Island*, and she is "Doreen" in *Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing*, at Islington

**FRANK MAYO**

Spent three years of his career as legitimate actor in this country. Has starred in many screen successes, including "Lasca," "A Little Brother of the Rich," "Tiger True," "Colorado," and "The Brute Breaker."

**CATHERINE CALVERT**

Will be seen on the screen this month in the Granger production, "The Green Caravan," and on the stage next in a new drama. Her best-known films are "Catherine Bush" and "The Heart of Maryland."

**VALIA**

The beautiful Russo-British star, whose work in "The Fruitful Vine" won her a host of admirers amongst British picturegoers. She has since appeared in "A Gamble in Hearts" and "The Green Caravan."



VINCENT COLEMAN

*Popular leading man of the movies; has played opposite
Constance Talmadge.*

**DAVID BUTLER**

Was born at San Francisco in 1895. His screen successes include "Dream Street," "Nugget Nell," "Upstairs and Down," "Don't Ever Marry," "Bonnie, Bonnie Lassie," "The Triflers," and "Smiling All the Way."

If Winter Comes



Jane Novak and her snow-man.



Viora Daniel.



Pearl White.



Above: Ruth Roland, well equipped for wintry weather.

Right: Bebe Daniels.



Xmas Below Stairs



Who'll do the tasting?
"I" said Fatty Kair;
"I can manage my share
I'll do the tasting."



Who'll make the stuffing?
"I" said E. Mason Hoppet;
"With my little chopper,
I'll make the stuffing."

Who'll mix the pudding?
"I" said Claire Windsor;
"Just watch me begin, sir;
I'll mix the pudding."



Who'll do the washing-up?
"I" said Shirley Mason.
"I've washed-up in unpteen films
And never broken a basin;
I'll do the washing-up."

Who'll do the baking?
"I" said Dorothy Phillips Holubar;
"For I know just what movie gas-
stoves are.
I'll do the baking."



Betty Herself

You've met Betty many times on the silver sheet; but the hoydendish tomboy of *Squibs* and *Nothing Else Matters* does not exist in real life. This article introduces you to the real Betty Balfour.

Fog. Dense yet drifting. Yellow, choking masses that floated hither and thither, as though impelled by an angry wind. Turning midday into midnight, which even the London lamps could not dispel. Emptying the streets, and filling every corner of the brightly lit "Picturegoer" Offices, where a cheerful fire and a cosy chair awaited Betty Balfour. It was a cosy chair. Just for a moment I leant back in it, and closed my eyes upon the fog-filled room.

"Some folks tikes life easy—blowed if they don't," commented a sweetly sharp voice. Beside me, full in the light of the lamp, stood a familiar little golden-haired, black-shawled figure, with a huge half-empty flower-basket on one arm. "A fair cop," she chuckled, pointing an accusing finger. "Found fast asleep at the post of duty. But there! Can't say as I blames yer. This fog's enough ter send anyone ter bye-bye."

She put down her heavy burden, straightened her shawl, and gave her shiny straw hat a resounding tap that set it at a provocative angle over her left eye. "Know me?" she asked, with a merry smile.

"Of course," I stammered. "Especially in those clothes. But won't you sit down, Miss Balfour? I really didn't hear you come in."

"Us come in," corrected my visitor, emphatically. "And these are my usual duds. Ain't Miss anything, though. Name o' Hopkins. Commonly called 'Squibs,' 'count o' me angelic temper.

As for Betty Balfour, she's sitting in her car, and her car's sitting in Hyde Park, and likely to stop there till the fog lifts. So she sent us on ahead to talk to you, while you was waiting. See?"

Following her expressive glance, I saw five small fair-haired figures detach themselves, one after another, from the surrounding gloom.

A comical little slavey extended a grimy little paw without raising her eyes from the novelette she was devouring. "'Sally,' from *Nothing Else Matters* introduced 'Squibs.'" "Pleased-termeetchee," murmured Sally. "I must jest see if Looceeshia marries the Hearl, then I'll put some coal on fer yer. If yer like." Without waiting for a reply, she perched herself on the arm of the easy-chair, and was lost to everything but her book.

"I am Mary," said the sweet-faced slip of a girl who came forward next. "Just an ordinary ingénue."

"But a nice bit o' goods, all the same," supplemented Squibs. "'Mary-Find-the-Gold,' You know. I comes next, if you takes us in order of age. Number Three on the list. This is 'Mord Em'ly,'" presenting a funny little damsel in a funny little frock. "From *Mord Em'ly*."

"From Walworth," shrilled the child. "And prahd of it, too." She danced forward so energetically that both stockings slipped well down over her boots. "That's how I dance into the film," she gasped, quite unabashed. "Have to dance when I hears a tune."

"Verra unleddy-like, too. Hae ye



The real Betty and the reel



Above: In "Airs and Graces," at the Palace Theatre.



Right: As "La Petite Radio Rose" in "Monsieur."

no garters?" came in crisp accents from a perfectly delightful little schoolgirl, whose bright curls were tied with a smart tartan bow.

"Lost 'em yestiddy," grinned Mord Em'ly. "Got a pin, Mary Pickford?"

"Diuna ca' me that," Young Caledonia was very stern and wild indeed. "Ye ken well I'm 'Christina' frae Wee McGregor's *Saccharin*. And F. J. Bell made a special point of ma cur-r-rls. It's sair enow to hae everyither film critic mention those cur-rls wi'out any remarks frae you."

"Mord Em'ly" made a gesture more expressive than elegant.

Christina's eyes flashed. She seized an adjacent paste pot, with intent, I believe, to use it as she used the glue upon the saucy boy of Kilmabeg, but a beautifully gowned young lady caught her upraised arm.

"Here, none o' that!" she cried. "Or out you go into the fog. Now kiss and make friends, kids, and run away and play. That's right. You must always do as I say for I am 'Squibs II,' and the character Betty loves the most."

"Sally" looked up from her reading.

"Loi, wot cheek!" she exclaimed. "She likes *me* best, 'cos I was the first."

"No. *Me*," cried Mord Em'ly. "There's drama in *my* film." There was a chorus of emphatic assertions from all those present. A perfect babel of sound ensued, until I thought there was going to be a fight.

Suddenly "Squibs I," pushed her way out of the group and picked up her basket. "Cheese it. Quick," she shouted. "'Tis Betty. But" turning to me "ask'er which she liked best. Don't forget, now, will yer?"

"Ask her. Ask her," chorussed the others, their voices growing fainter and fainter, and in a moment I was alone in the room once more. But, even as I rubbed my eyes in amazement, the door opened and a tiny figure wrapped in furs came half shyly forward.

"The fog delayed me," she announced, her charming face dimpling into smiles. "You *do* look surprised. Did you think I wasn't coming?"

"Not exactly," I assured her. "I was entertaining six of you all at once just now."

Betty laughed merrily when I told her in detail about my visionary visitors and their farewellinjunction. "Not 'Squibs' though I'm very fond of her; but 'Christina' is my favourite to

date," she confided, after a moment's thought.

"She was so real to me, and loved going up to Strone (the Kilmabeg of the story) and making scenes just where they were conceived by the author. All those odd characters you saw on the screen were real people—and the school-house and school-children, and the shop, too. That weighty question settled, I begged for information about Betty herself.

"Long ago," she began demurely, but with a roguish glance, "when I was a tiny, tiny girl, I used to sing, dance, and imitate every artist I saw on the stage. Usually about bedtime, until my Auntie and Uncle used to wonder what they'd done to deserve it."

(In parentheses let me say that Betty still is a tiny, tiny girl—just about the size of that beautiful big doll one always saw in one's dreams about Christmas time. It had shining spun gold hair, great blue eyes, and a real biscuit china complexion. So has Betty, though there's nothing doll like about her personality—either on or off the screen.

The Vicar," she continued, "persuaded them to allow me to take part in a charity pantomime. It was *Ali Baba*, and my rôle 'Suetana, a slave,' was written in specially for me."

"Did you say slave or slavery?" I impertinently queried.

"Whichever you like," laughed Betty. "Anyway, that settled my fate. I overcame all objections, and became first a Society Entertainer, and then, at the age of eleven, a fully-fledged actress. I played a dramatic rôle in a French one-act play, and several in the revue that followed it at the Ambassadors' Theatre. Other revue work came next, until a German bomb laid me low for nine months.

"Afterwards I was with 'The Follies' for awhile, and then in 'Medorah,' at the Alhambra. There Mr. Pearson saw me, and offered me the part of 'Sally,' the maid of not-very much work, in *Nothing Else Matters*. Of course, I loved filming, right from the first. More than the stage, I think. For the screen reflects life's comedy and pathos so faithfully. And you know all about my films after all my characters have told you."

"But about yourself," I insisted. "Moi!" said Betty, who peppers her conversation with a French word or phrase here and there. "Well, I live in London, with the dearest Auntie in the world."

"And spend your days—"

"Very quietly. Working mostly. I'm at the studio about 9, whether I'm due



Betty at the age of eleven, and as she is to-day.





Betty Balfour and Fred Groves, in "Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep."

on the set or no, and stay sometimes till 9 p.m.; sometimes even later. After that, bath, book, and bed for Betty. Yes; I do dance, but not often. I'm a very sedate person, you know. There's nothing of the tomboy about me."

With memories of Mesdames "Mord Em'ly," "Squibs," and "Christina's" acrobatics still fresh in my mind, I could not suppress a disclaimer.

"Seriously," prevaricated Betty. "These pranks, though they seem quite natural to me when I'm acting, aren't part of my usual daily proceedings. I'm not a bit athletic. I think it comes with the clothes. I remember, when I was called for one of the interior scenes for *McGregor's Sweetheart*, I came running into the set and took a 'flyer' over the top of the shop-counter. It was quite unpremeditated, but Mr. Pearson liked it so much that it was retained."

Her choice in books runs to—hold tight, whilst I spring it—volumes upon Psycho-Analysis and similar profound delights. She declares that these help her to individualise her film creations. Write her down an earnest, ambitious worker, with a keenly analytical brain back of those sunny locks, and with the saving graces of a sunny disposition to match her hair and an ever-present sense of humour.

Regarding her future plans. "I don't want to specialise in

Cockneys, or child rôles, or any particular parts," she averred. "Character work always, though, for me. I hope to play an Irish colleen, some time. Did you know that I was offered Doris Keane's rôle in 'Romance,' when that play went on tour?" (Betty's stage experience has included many strongly dramatic rôles.) "And I mean to work very hard in 1923. But," she concluded, quaintly, "the days I work the hardest are the days I do nothing at all."

Decidedly Betty *should* play an Irish rôle.

"I mean," she explained, when our laughter had subsided, "that thinking out the details, putting in the 'ginger'—you know, that's the real work. More so than the acting."

But bringing, surely, like all earnest endeavour when reinforced by genius, its full subsequent reward.

"Filming," as she humorously described it, consists, among other things, of "You mustn't do this on account of the camera. That gesture. Oh! Very nice. But you mustn't do that on account of the lights. And you mustn't do that, either, because of something else. Otherwise, it's a great life." Given with Betty's effective by play (and eye-play), this was far funnier than it looks on paper.

We talked of the new blue-and-gold colour-scheme of her dressing-room, and of the Harlesden



Betty Balfour as "Sally" in "Nothing Else Matters," her first screen success.



A scene from "Mary Find the Gold."

studios, where everyone is Polly-Anna-ish every day in every way, without benefit of Coué.

Betty likes working there far better than filming out of doors. "On the whole, that is," she said meditatively; "for, of course, I loved going up to Scotland for *Wee McGregor's Sweetheart*, and to Paris for *Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep*. But, somehow, although I use very little make-up, it and the sunlight seem at variance with one another, and I am not really quite at ease. In the studio, though, everything is different, and I leave Betty Balfour outside the moment I step on to the 'set,' and become 'Squibs' or 'Mord Em'ly,' or whatever character I'm playing."

France knows Betty Balfour quite well by sight. "Imagine my surprise," she exclaimed, "when, filming in Montmartre one morning, an old, old Frenchwoman came up and spoke to me—in English, too. She was very kind; and wished me all manner of nice things. And then I spoke French to her, and she liked that."

Betty accounts for her perfect French accent by the fact that she had a French governess. She has numerous correspondents in Belgium and France. "And answering these," she laughed, "keeps me from forgetting how to write it."

I hoped we had not seen the last of "Squibs."

"I hope not too," cried Betty. "She was originally a one-act play, you know. Mabel Russell acted in this, and then, when it was made into a film for me, it was amplified a good deal. She is a splendid character, I think—a girl who had to always plan and care for others besides herself, fight her way along in a none too friendly work, too. Yet she did not grow hardened at all, kept sweet and true throughout, despite her sharp tongue and rough-and-ready characteristics. In Paris, we could not do much filming for some days on account of the Fête de l'Ascension. It is a

general holiday, and everywhere the shops were closed. 'Squibs' makes quite a tour of the Paris emporiums. The Piccadilly scenes, too, were a bit of an ordeal. You see, I had to rush across the road by the Tube

there at the busiest time of the day, and then, as you know, fling my arms around a policeman and kiss him. Well nobody told that man on—point what was in store for him, and his look of surprise was one of the most comical things I've ever seen. No. There *wasn't* a rehearsal, and there weren't any re-takes."

Betty told me, also, that her shiny straw hat is one of the last of its kind extant, and was procured especially for her from a manufacturer of this head-gear. She spends much of her scant leisure "at the pictures," and studies the audience as well as the show.

Hearing that I had met Mary Pickford, Betty, who is an ardent Mary Pickford fan, cross-examined me closely as to what Mary was really like. But waxed sceptical when I quite truthfully told her that Mary Pickford was very much like Betty Balfour. Betty denied it, all the way down the passage. "I assure you," were the last words that came in fog-muffled accents, "that, much as I admire Mary, I've never modelled any of my characters upon any of hers, though I've seen all her films."

Granted, hands down. Betty's methods are as entirely original and unique as Chaplin's. She has far too much personality of her own either to need or desire to model herself upon others. Nevertheless, the likeness is there. And it is something deeper than outward characteristics. Like Mary's, Betty's art does not depend upon subtitles, and her screen types are world types of optimism and high spirit. Also, she has youth on her side, and ambition is her middle name. But the real similarity lies in a certain innate winsomeness and wholesomeness, a simplicity of manner, a compelling charm that is difficult to define, but easy to discern. And if you ever meet Betty herself, I think you'll agree with me.

JOSIE P. LEDEKER.

"Squibs"—before, and after winning the Calcutta Sweep. The gentleman with the egg is Hugh E. Wright.





A Touch of Realism

by
LADY TROUBRIDGE

The great barn-like studio, built by the Bluelight Company, to the north of London, was empty of the usual crowd. Only in one of the sets some important work was on hand, and Thomas Merwood, the

great director from the Pacific coast, was talking eagerly, yet quietly and with infinite patience, to Diamond Dare, recently promoted to stellar rank in the Bluelight firmament. For a wonder, they were quite alone, and Merwood had cleared the studio of everyone but the camera-man, an assistant, and some musicians tucked away in a quiet corner where they played softly to help the emotional atmosphere, and the director had announced his intention of keeping the girl there until she produced the tense emotion needed for this vital scene.

It looked likely to be a long business, for the little star was highly sensitive, and declared she could not act with a crowd of hangers-about watching her in idle curiosity. She was, in fact, giving a good deal of trouble, but Merwood had humoured her, and now, although the corridors and dressing-rooms of the great place were full of people, he and she were practically alone; the master musician who knew how to play upon the

A complete story of studio life, telling of a movie star's terrible ordeal.

heart-strings of millions he never saw, and the human instrument on which the gamut of emotion was to be played and registered in that flawless face of hers before the ruthless camera.

Thousands of pounds had already been spent on the film, and it was at his instigation that Diamond had been taken from the great South Company, where she had been a "near-star," and elevated to the stellar rôle in this super-production. This had not been done without some opposition from the directors of the company, who doubted whether the blue-eyed, wistful girl, beautiful as she was, had enough experience to get over the broad human stuff necessary, and they had pointed out that her physique was too delicate, too ethereal for the exacting demands which would be made on it in the bigger parts of the film, though they granted that in the tender domestic bits she might succeed.

Merwood had insisted, and the higher powers—those who put up the

forty thousand pounds which at the lowest the production would cost—could not afford to cross him. He, too, was a star director, a wizard, a magician, and his word was

law.

He had declared Diamond was, or could be, a marvel, and that stored up in her delicate personality were the potentialities of a wonder actress. Almost he had added that he staked his reputation on her success; and yet, after all this, she was not "delivering the goods."

She was, in fact, being a failure in this—the scene of the play, and it was just one of the human touches in which he had felt so sure of her.

It was quite a simple scene. A tense domestic bit of drama—a mother-love thrill, sandwiched between big scenes of historic interest, in which great crowds were employed. Here there was to be nothing but a woman alone with her agony, yet everything depended on its exact presentment.

Diamond herself was conscious of her failure; miserably ill at ease and nervous.

"It's no use, Mr. Merwood," she said. "I just can't feel a thing, and if you can't get it out of me, no one can."

They all felt that with Merwood—that he knew them better than they

knew themselves glimpsed at powers and possibilities in their subconscious selves of which they were ignorant.

That was one of the secrets of his power, and it was then he came and sat beside her in the deserted studio. Diamond knew him well. She had broken into the movies at Los Angeles, and in time had reached some small pinnacle of fame there, greatly owing to Merwood's recognition of her powers. Then she had married, and come home, and now, widowed and with one child, she had met Rupert (as in unofficial moments she called him) again, for he had crossed the Atlantic to wield the megaphone in the service of the Bluelight Company, who had established themselves in a branch office, as it were, in London, from where they explored Europe for atmosphere. His choice of her had meant a good deal to Diamond; but the chief thing it had meant was that she would see him again. That gave her a warmth at the heart, and she felt no fear of him in his harshest mood, because, carefully as he had hidden it, she guessed there was more in his constant goodness to her than managerial policy. There was, in fact, the spark, though, as yet, it had never broken into a blaze.

"See here, Diamond," he said. "You and I are going to figure this out together. Don't get rattled, and don't pull any fool stuff of not being able to do it. You've got to do it, girl. Now, listen to me. Your child—your only one—is shut up in a burning building. You know it, because from the window you have seen the place on fire, and you know she is there because you left her there; but you can't get back to her, because the door is locked. . . . Figure it out to yourself. A locked door between you and that child you've got to save. Now, do you get that?"

He got up and moved away.

"There's the window. Look out of it, catch sight of the fire. You can't mistake the building. It stands up against the skyline. But at first you don't grasp what it means. Then the thought comes. Now, go ahead."

Diamond got up, moved in the restricted space to the window in the little set, and looked out, working herself with the thought of her own kiddie, little Romaine, for whom, since her early widowhood, she had sold her beauty and her leisure to the films, and who was now sleeping peacefully in the big Pavilion Hotel, two miles from the suburb where her mother was working. She often thought of Romaine when she wanted emotion, for her love for her lay close to the roots of her existence, the springs of joy and sorrow.

Yet somehow, to-day, the proximity of Merwood, instead of helping, hindered her. The director was cut out by the man whose presence troubled and excited her, so that she found herself dwelling on the look in his

steady eyes. What did that sternness hide that the caress in his voice revealed?

Her face softened at the thought, and her mouth curved in a sweet, placid sadness, though her eyes did open in simulated terror.

"Holy Moses!" said Merwood. "Are you at a tea fight, and have you found too many currants in the bun you are eating?" Then he controlled himself, called up big reserves of patience it was easy with her and began again.

"See, here, Diamond, this is life or death. This film child of yours is going to be a dead one in a minute or two. It isn't a case of pulling a sad face. You've got to get every man, woman and child in the audience holding their breath. He dropped his voice. "Have you ever thought what death by fire would be? I have, and it scares me to think of the scorching breath of the flames, nearer and nearer, and no help, no escape. *None*. Then think of the victim—a *child*—a creature too young to plan or to act. . . . A little trapped thing. . . . and your own!"

His voice held all manner of vibrations—passion, tenderness, and deep pity. It touched and shook her, not as the voice of one artist calling to another, but as a man speaking to a woman—as Rupert speaking to *her*.

She struggled to rouse herself.

"Oh, Mr. Merwood, isn't it terrible? I feel just like a stone. Why ever did anyone give me the part?"

His eyes looked grave.

"I gave it to you, and you've got to make good, if it's only for my sake."

"I'd do anything to please you, Rupert, but—" she spoke dreamily. He was still getting between her and her part, and perhaps he knew it.

"Sure sure," he said soothingly. "Sit quiet a moment, then we'll take it again."

He left her, but there was no quiet, for a sudden commotion seemed to spring up into voices and clamour at the other end of the studio, beyond the circle of arc lights in which she sat.

A voice called her. "Where's Miss Dare?"

Diamond hardly answered. She felt a deep impatience at the interruption, for *it*, the feeling required, seemed to be coming at last, and she must get



Mae Murray (Metro Star).

She got on to her feet, but, to her absolute horror, could not move. Perhaps she was dumb, too, for her whole being felt paralyzed.

Mac. Viora
Metro Star.



Diamond herself was conscious of her failure miserably ill at ease and nervous.

it, *must* succeed—not only for herself and Romaine, but for Rupert as well—Rupert, who had backed her through thick and thin, and who . . . well, there was no room in her life for love . . . no time . . . otherwise . . .

"Miss Dare," said the insistent voice again, "the Pavilion Hotel is on fire."

"Nonsense!" said Diamond. "What are you talking about?"

"It's true, Miss Dare. It's true. Message just through on the phone. Manager says they are trying to get your little girl. Fire brigade are on the spot now, but the nurse got scared and ran away, and . . ."

Partial realisation came to her like a sheer rending of the heavens above when forked lightning tears the sky.

She got on to her feet, but, to her absolute horror, could not move. Perhaps she was dumb, too, for her being felt paralysed; only a hoarse shriek parted her lips—drawn back over the white teeth, like a terrified animal's—a shriek that rang through the studio.

"Shoot!" cried a voice; but she did not hear it. She heard nothing. She was struggling to move . . . to run . . .

"Romaine . . . Baby . . ."

No one who saw that beautiful convulsed face ever forgot it, and about five million people were destined to see it later on.

Then power to move came back, and she turned this way and that like a rudderless ship in a storm. "Romaine . . . oh, won't somebody help? She's on the fourth floor . . . the fourth floor, I tell you! Rupert! Rupert . . ."

Then, at last, the frantic rush forward and the fall to the ground.

She came round to find Vivien Clive, who was playing a vamp part in the same production, leaning over her, and, as she started up screaming,

Vivien pressed her back on the sofa. "Hush, Diamond, for pity's sake."

"Romaine . . . Romaine . . . Oh, Vivien, let me go . . ."

"The kid's as right as rain. Why, it was all a fake, dear—a trick to get you going. I've seen things done before too often not to know. Didn't you hear Merwood telling the camera man to 'shoot'? My dear, you were simply magnificent . . . Why, what's the matter now?"—as Diamond fell back

"And I loved him," she moaned.

Vivien caught a word or two.

"My dear little Angel Face," she said, "there's no love counts here. They'd walk on broken hearts all the way to the great god Success. I know them, and Merwood's the worst of the lot."

"Go fetch him, Vivien," whispered Diamond. "I've something to tell him."

Directors, even those in love, are not easily fetched, and an hour passed before Merwood, treading softly, came to the dressing-room where the little star lay, with hair unbound, and ashy face.

"Rupert," she said to him at once, "I'm through. I could not have believed it of you. No more of this job for me!"

"Is that so, Diamond?"

He stood with his hands behind him, looking down at her, his face impassive, his eyes aghast.

"Yes, that's so. I've found out two things; and now I know them, I don't care to go on living."

"And what are they?"

She raised herself on her elbow, and her gold hair fell, half-veiling her face.

"One is, that I love you, Rupert."

The light grew to a leaping flame. "I made that same discovery as regards you, myself."

"The other is that you are not worth loving."

"Is that so? Marry me and chance it."

"No, Rupert. I'll marry no one who trades on sacred things."

"I've never done that yet," said Merwood squarely.

"Rupert . . . it was you told the camera man to shoot, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was. I gave the order before I . . . left."

"You photographed my awful misery—when I thought your yarn about the fire was true."

"Certainly I did. Your look was wonderful. It was my duty, when you registered your emotions so magnificently, to take them."

"Then it's all over—before it's even begun. Rupert, I could have died for you, and now it won't even hurt . . . much . . . to say good-bye."

"You mean that. And I'd just begun to see here, Diamond . . ."

She sat up, pushing the meshes of shining hair from about her face and looked straight into his eyes.

"Rupert," she repeated, firmly.

"I'm through through, do you hear me. Through with movie work, and through with you for ever. Once, for a little while, when I came back home again, friendless, penniless, almost, alone—except for little Romaine, and you were so friendly and kind to me I thought, I hoped—"

"I loved you, Diamond. Way back in Los green little extra girl you were, then. I knew you had the goods, too. Though you got rattled so easily. See, here . . ."

"Good-bye, Rupert. There must be other work I can do. We will go away somewhere—Romaine and I, and—"

"Shake hands, Diamond, and at least part friends."

She put out her hand and touched his—which he slowly drew from behind him.

It was bandaged from fingers to elbow. She drew back, staring. "You are . . . hurt?" she stammered.

"Only a bit scorched," he smiled. "One can't save something precious without paying the price."

His eyes held hers told her the truth.

"There—*was* a fire," she said slowly.

"You bet your life on that. Some blaze, too!"

"Romaine?"

"Not a hair of her head touched. My auto got me there in time, and I gave them a lead to the fourth floor. Pretty kid, that of yours, Diamond. She kind of took to me. Didn't know I was the kind of man who traded in sacred things, you see."

"Rupert . . . forgive me!"

As he stooped over her she opened her arms and locked them round his neck.

The kiss that followed was not filmed.

Human bliss is sacred, and even the camera knows when to turn the blind eye.

Picturegoer Parodies

STARS OF THE OLD BRIGADE

Here are the Stars of the Old Brigade,
 A Movie constellation,
 Printed below are the names they've made,
 Beloved by every nation.
 They had great courage and daring, those,
 Who toiled in the early stages.
 Tiny back rooms were their studios,
 Little enough their wages.

Steadily in picture after picture,
 Readily their rôles they played.
 Stars in the past, first, best and last,
 The Stars of the Old Brigade.
 Steadily story by story,
 Steadily grade by grade,
 Films better grew; possibly through
 The Stars of the Old Brigade.

Back in the days of the Long Ago,
 Blanche Sweet and little Mary,
 Norma and Alma and Earle and Flo,
 Chaplin and Rome and Carey,
 Gave of their best ere their names were known;
 Gave to the world their graces.
 Famous and dear to our hearts they've grown;
 Well they have earned their places.

Though they'll be very much older
 In December 'fifty-three,
 On all the screens, still "full of beans,"
 The same little bunch you'll see.
 Getting rather bowed about the shoulder,
 Gold and raven locks distinctly greyed—
 Still going strong, reeling along,
 The Stars of the Old Brigade.

*From top left: Norma Talmadge, Alice Joyce, Mary Pickford,
 Earle Williams, Ethel Clayton, Alma Taylor, Florence Turner,
 Mabel Normand, Charles Chaplin, Stewart Rome, Harry Carey,
 and Blanche Sweet.*



Jackie Coogan as Oliver Twist



This film adaptation of Charles Dickens' immortal story is Jackie Coogan's best picture. The screen's greatest child-actor is supported by a wonderful cast that includes Lon Chaney, George Seigman, and Gladys Brockwell.

Don't miss this screen masterpiece. It will be showing shortly at all the leading kinemas.



A First National Picture

Xmas Eve



Lois Wilson tries out an old superstition with a bayberry candle.



Above: Agnes Ayres believes in systematic buying.

* * *

Left: Mary Miles Minter packs a stocking.



Nazimova does some shopping.



Charles Ogle seems to disapprove of modern toys.



Left: Jane Novak loads Santa's sleigh.



Above: Gloria Swanson selecting Xmas presents.

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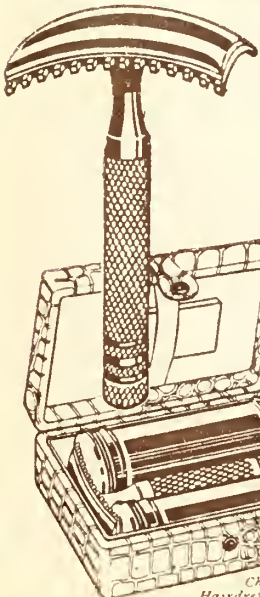
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Xmas Carols

Contributed by Famous Motion Picture Stars.



Alice
Lake.

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

By GARETH HUGHES.

When I was asked to write my friends
a line
Expressing my goodwill for Christmas
season,
I could not think of any valid reason
Why I should not express these
thoughts of mine
In sonnet style—a style I love in
reading.
And so I tried the poet's measure,
heeding
The hard restrictions of a form divine.

I tried, but, hampered by the measured
beat,
I could not find the words I wished to
say,
And finding them, I could not make
them rhyme;
I could not turn out phrases fit and
neat.
My heart alone this coming holiday
Can tell the joys I wish them Christmas
time.

THE TIME AND PLACE.

By BERT LYTELL.

When the Yule log's aflame and the
candles aglow,
And you're sheltered inside from the
gales and the snow,
And the sleigh bells are ringing, you
probably know
It's Christmas—up North.

When the table's piled up with full
tankards of beer
And the bottles are popping to aid the
good cheer
And when ale goes with cake in the
feast of the year;
It's Christmas—in Europe.

When the sun is ablaze in a blue
cloudless sky
And the roses in bloom as if summer
were nigh
And the beakers of grape juice are
raised up on high;
It's Christmas—in Hollywood,

THE TOWN THAT HAS A CHRISTMAS NAME.

By ALICE LAKE.

Hollywood, of picture fame,
Really is a Christmas name;
For the holly seems to be
Everything that's Christmassy.
Red the berry, round and bright,
Symbol of the day's delight;
Green the leaf upon the tree,
Sign of youthful gaiety.

Hollywood, of screen renown,
Is a Christmas-christened town;



Alice Terry.

And, as seems both just and fit,
Hollywood has done its bit
Toward the spread of Christmas cheer
By the pictures of the year,
Taking place of masques and plays
To conform with modern ways.

Now, as Christmas-time is nigh
Comes the hope that maybe I
Through my rôles upon the screen
May reach many friends unseen;
Add some bit, in picture play,
To the joy of Christmas Day.

THE NEW MAGIC LANTERN.

By ALICE TERRY.

In my Santa Claus days when St.
Nicholas would call
Bringing dollies and candies and
trumpets to blow;
All my gifts gave me joy, but the best
of them all
Was the magic lantern show.
When I grew and was brought to the
pantomime—
For "Aladdin" and "Bluebeard"
were then all the go;
They were better by far every Christ-
mas time
Than the magic lantern show.
But the pantomime's ended, the lan-
tern show too;
For the kids of to-day seem to find
them too slow.
If you want to spread joy, there's just
one thing to do—
Try the motion picture show.
At this Christmas I hope, then, as I
play my part,
I will bring to my friends just a
bit of the glow
That I felt as a child when the joy
of my heart
Was the magic lantern show.



Gareth
Hughes.

"A Sporting Double"



The Grainger-Davidson production, which is released this month, is a typically British story told in a "different" fashion. The 1922 Cup Final (Huddersfield v. Preston North End) and the Derby play prominent rôles in this All-British Sporting Drama. When "Will Blunt" (John Stuart) bet £1000 to £10 that Captain Cuttle would win the Derby, and Huddersfield the Cup, he gave the film its title and himself an exciting time. Love and jealousy in a typical English town and a desperate fight on a barge ensue before he wins his bet and the hand of "Eileen Grimshaw" (Lilian Douglas). Pathos and humour are not lacking, and several thousands of the general public will see themselves on the screen, for the sporting scenes were taken at the actual events, and the photography is remarkably clear.



Besides a first-rate view of the "game," the Cup Final scenes give a perfect demonstration of its technique, and the famous penalty goal is shown, as seen from behind the net. Many views of the course at Epsom are shown from a variety of new angles; and no sport-lover should miss this entertaining production.

The hero loses a big contract for his father's firm by leaving his duty to go to a football match—something more than one of us has done in his time, though not always with such disastrous results. For Will's dad turns him out into the world with nothing but a £10 note.

Ask the Manager of your favourite kinema when he is showing it, and take a note of the date. You'll enjoy every foot of it.





Why Change Your Locks?

When screen stars wear wigs.

A woman's hair, it is said, is her crowning glory; but the studio arc lamps, on occasion, are no respecters of persons where tonsorial beauty is concerned. The most attractive tresses, when flooded with light by the powerful lamps of filmdom, are at times treated badly by the cameras. Bloude beauty suffers especially in this respect.

So skilfully created wigs have sprung into being in the studios, which frame pretty faces with the effectiveness of natural curls and bewitching waves. Dorothy Gish always appears before the cameras in a perfectly coiffured wig; whilst other stars adopt this form of camouflage as a means of adding additional realism to characters which they are portraying.

The familiar beauties of the screen become intriguing personalities when



they flicker across the silver sheet with their customary curls disguised with a wig. For, although one recognises the characteristic features and personalities of well-known favourites, there is the suggestion that one is gazing at old friends "as through a glass darkly."

Mae Murray, converted into a fascinating brunette with the aid of the



Some screen stars who have changed their locks in movie productions. From top: Agnes Ayres, Katherine Mac Donald, Elsie Ferguson, Billie Burke, Mae Murray, and Marion Davies.

dark wig which she wore in *Fascination*, presented an unfamiliar spectacle, until the end of the reel, when she swept it from her head and revealed her own golden tresses.

The critics have never yet been so ungallant as to suggest that certain screen stars appear more becoming in wigs than as their natural selves; but there is ample evidence of the fact that bewigged beauties in many cases lose nothing in charm.

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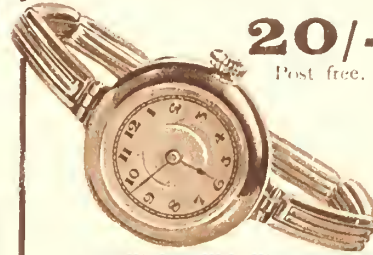


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CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND.**

Marjorie Hume



LAUGHTER & TEARS

Evelyn Brent as "Pierrette"

A Granger-Binger production that is delighting picturegoers all over the country.

"Hell hath no fury like a man who has got what he deserves," is the theme of this remarkable picture. It is a story that runs the whole gamut of human emotions, a masterly presentation of the light and tragic elements of life.

It is the old, old, yet ever-new story of the loves of Pierrot and Pierrette; an exquisite romance played upon human heart-strings. The scenes that form a background to the story range from Venice to Montmartre, and every incident pulsates with real life interest. It is a picture with a universal appeal.

Here, in impressionistic form, is a description of the story that will whet your appetite for the film:

"The joys of Carnival time in Venice. Love and laughter everywhere. The pact of a penniless artist, Mario Mari, and a little Pierrette he meets at the Carnival. A Masterpiece. The call of Paris. 'The ladder by which a man climbs to fame is often planted in a woman's heart.' Carnival time again. The restlessness of Pierrette. A journey to Paris. An offer of money. Despondency. The Arts Club Ball. The story of another's kisses. The jealousy of Mario. A midnight visit. Taunts, madness, and..."

Many popular film favourites, including Adelqui Millar, Evelyn Brent, Bert Darley and Maudie Dunham appear in this great Granger-Binger production, which is now showing at the leading kinemas throughout the country. Don't miss it.



Below: Bohemian Life. Adelqui Millar as "Mario Mari."



Carnival Time in Venice.

Rob Roy

Scotland has always been proud of Rob Roy and the glorious country in which he performed his daring exploits. Scotland will be proud of the big Gaumont film, *Rob Roy*, because it enlogises both her hero and her scenery.

There never was a film more full of vigorous and daring adventure or which presented such a continuity of choice and well-photographed Highland scenery. From Ben Lomond to the Trossachs, every feature of Rob Roy's hunting ground is pictured. Then there are old Highland ceremonies, a gathering of the heads of the clans at a great ball, a most graphic depiction of the burning down of the MacGregor homesteads, and some wonderful panoramic views of the big fight in which Rob Roy wrested his native Inversnaid from the Duke of Montrose.

By way of contrast to the strenuous scenes of Rob's fighting existence, the film gives a picturesque account of how Rob won his bride—the beautiful Helen Campbell—from under the very nose of her wealthy and powerful admirer, the Duke; glimpses of the happy year which followed the elopement; the coming of their first-born; and then their ruin by treachery; ten years of struggle with Rob hunted as an outlaw; the famous ruse (with the plaid in the river) by which Rob made his most narrow escape; the story of his "death"; the wonderfully impressive scenes of his "funeral"; the pathos of the Rob Roy Lament; and, finally, Rob's boldest surprise stroke against Montrose and his return home in triumph to Inversnaid.

Never was a more picturesque narrative more picturesquely presented. The picture is worthy of the setting, and the setting worthy of the picture.





Two really charming girls are the "Million Dollar Sisters," Norma and Constance Talmadge. Fresh from their African travels, they chatted to us at the Savoy Hotel. "We thought of taking a company over there to film "The Garden of Allah,"" said Norma; "but there is nothing there that we cannot find in Los; and, after all, home's best." Naturally, we asked her whether she had seen any Sheiks in Arabia. Norma laughed. "I saw some at Biskra," she said, "and I wasn't impressed. Since Rudolph Valentino made *The Sheik*, all the girls I know dream about being carried off into the desert by a wild Sheik. Well, when I've told them what a Sheik is really like, I think they'll give up the idea. Dirty! Unkempt! And, phew!" Norma's look spoke volumes. "And the Sheik isn't the big noise either. There are thirteen or fourteen of them under an Emir—at least, that's the way of the province I visited." You pronounce it "Shee-ich," according to Norma, and a cold in the head is useful for the "ich" part.

Constance was surrounded by reporters and interviewers. We saw a cunning ankle bracelet, and, beneath a kind of glorified jockey-cap of black velvet, her famous smile. "I was very sea-sick," she told us. "I

hate sea voyages; but I liked seeing the desert—and, altogether, travelling's great fun." Constance is taller than you would imagine her, and her hair is light brown rather than golden. Norma, on the contrary, is smaller than she looks on the screen. We dubbed her "Everywoman" on the spot, for she is child, girl, tomboy, and woman all in a breath.

She has bright brown, curly, bobbed hair, and the most expressive eyes in Screenland. "I was overwhelmed," she said, "by the welcome those hundreds of girls gave us at Waterloo. Of course, I know all about curiosity (am I not a woman myself?), but I like to think there was just a little affection, too, in that hour-and-a-half wait for our train." On behalf of British fans I hastened to assure her that there was quite a lot of affection, for both Talmadges are dearly beloved of British picturegoers. Norma mothers Constance when "Peg" isn't there; but all are sincere, unaffected folk, even as (I trust) you and I—only more so.

Maciste, the Italian giant whose feats of strength in *Cabiria* and other productions won him a large "fan" following, has just finished another seven-reel picture. Although his name was not very freely mentioned, Maciste had much to do with *Cabiria's* popularity. In his new one,

Unconquered, he has a good part, and gives some wonderful displays of strength. The story is about a mythical kingdom, whose Prime Minister wishes to be King. In his way stands a beautiful Princess, who is beloved by an Editor. Maciste is the friend of both, and always rescues them from the kidnappings, assassinations, automobile smashes, and other pleasant little diversions staged by their arch-enemy. On one occasion five men climb a ladder in pursuit of Maciste's friend, whereupon the giant picks up the ladder with all five on it and deposits it in a lake. Some of these scenes were "shot" in and around a delightful old Italian castle. The film will be shown in England next year.

Marshal Neilan, who directed *Penrod*, declares that children are easier to direct than grown-ups. We'll say "Micky" knows, for he steered forty of them through this entertaining production. Of course, all children are born mimics, and Neilan is a great believer of acting the rôles himself first. Some interesting "camera-men" who helped film *Penrod* were Alma Taylor, who "shot" the "close-ups" of Wes Barry when he borrows the janitor's overalls; and Cecil Hepworth, who "turned" for the "close-ups" of Herman and Verman. Pretty Hazel Keener, who has a minor rôle, is a Wes Barry fan who used to correspond with her



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favourite. Later, when she won a thousand-dollar beauty contest, she spent her prize on a visit to Holly wood. A personal encounter with Wes was followed by a test and an introduction to Marshal Neilan, who gave her her first chance in *Penrod*.

Emboldened by the American success of *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, three more romantic novels by Charles Major have been bought by Cosmopolitan. These are "Yolanda," "The Gentle Knight of Brandenburg," and "Touchstones of Fortune," and are all more or less historical. Major's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is now Mary Pickford's property, and is scheduled for her next production; but the title-rôle is not ideally suited to her. Playgoers will remember it as "Dorothy o' the Hall," in which Julia Neilson and Fred Terry played "Doll" and "Sir John Manners" many hundreds of times. Hardy's "Tess" is having its second filming, for a Goldwyn contingent have been over here, photographing scenery, houses, rooms, dresses, furniture, etc., on the exact spots mentioned in the novel. Blanche Sweet is the rumoured selection for the heroine's rôle. *Tribby*, too, is one of the New Year's coming wonders, with Guy Bates Post as "Svengali." Can anyone give offhand the principals in the 1915 version? Everyone remembers the British effort, with Tree in his original rôle, made by the London Co. Universal, too, has had its eye on this story for some time.

When the American Motion Picture Advertisers gave a luncheon for Will Rogers, they fully expected some sly "digs" at themselves by this witty personage. Sure enough, Will led off his after-luncheon speech by declaring that the Advertisers were the Mother Lodge of the Liars of the World. "Every time Griffith makes a picture," quoth Will, a little later, "it puts the industry forward five years. Or, at least, folks say so. That's why I hasten to make one every time he does, so as to keep things level."

Edmund Goulding, the world-famous scenarist, whose screen successes include *Fascination*, *Peacock Alley*, *Tolable David*, and *Broadway Rose*, is visiting England this month. Goulding, who is, of course, an Englishman, has just completed *Fury*, in which Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish are featured. "Fury" will be published in book form in this country next year.

Lionel Barrymore succeeds Bert Lytell in *The Face in the Fog*, the third "Boston Blackie" story to be filmed. He is splendid as the crook-hero, and has an all-star cast, with Lowell Sherman and Gustave von Seyfertitz as the villains; also Mary Maclaren, Seena Owen, Louis

Wolheim and Macey Harlam. Lionel and Lowell participate in two tremendous fights, and if Cosmopolitan (whose feature this is) continue in their new policy of quick release, you may see *The Face in the Fog* early in the New Year.

Cecil Humphreys is in Australia, on the stage there. He sends Christmas Greetings to all his British fan friends and also an apology. Here's his letter. "As I shall be here for some considerable time, I cannot possibly attend to the numerous requests for photos, etc., I have received. So I want, through THE PICTUREGOER, to send my apologies, and to assure everybody that my first task on my return to England and the picture world will be to make up the arrears."

Almost every picturegoer has a kid sister or brother, and now that Christmas is in the air, the question of gifts is well to the fore. Messrs. Dean's, the famous Rag Book folk, have a delightful selection of dolls and books this year. Besides "Jackie Coogan," as "The Kid" and "Peck's Bad Boy," "Evripose" dolls, daintily dressed, can be obtained in all sizes and prices. Stuffed animals, with and without wheels, are very acceptable to younger kiddies, and we were seriously inclined to adopt "Jacko," an appealingly "homely" monkey, as the office mascot. "Jacko" is a brown gentleman, with "Evripose" limbs and tail: he stands, sits, and balances in all manner of ways. The dolls are practically unbreakable, and their faces, especially that of a plump boy-doll dressed in knitted silk, wear a beaming look of contentment that is sure to be reflected upon the countenances of the lucky little recipients.



Patsy Ruth Miller, who appears in "Where is my Wandering Boy To-Night?"



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ZOE PALMER.

"The Oriental fragrance of this charming vanishing cream is distinctly pleasing in its effects, and I have much pleasure in recommending it to the public."
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MARY DIBLEY.

"It is delightfully refreshing and protects the skin against cold winds."
EVELYN BRENT.

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Wesley Barry, Marjorie Daw, and John Harron in "Penrod."

After Your Own Heart (Fox; Dec. 8).

Tom Mix in an up-to-the-minute Western in which the cowboys use autos and aeroplanes as well as their usual mounts. Ora Carewe, George Hernandez, E. C. Robinson, and Bill Ward support. Excellent entertainment.

All Souls Eve (Gaumont-Realart; Dec. 11).

Mary Miles Minter restored to us in a dual-rôle fantastic story about spirits, in which double exposure covers a multitude of sins. Cast includes Jack Holt, Carmen Phillips, Clarence Geldart, and Mickey Moore. For sentiment-lovers only.

Anna from Nowhere (General; Dec. 4).

An appealing Scandinavian romance starring Astrid Nielson, Lars Ivinde, and Elinar Iveys. Good entertainment.

An Unwilling Hero (Goldwyn; Dec. 11).

An excellent film version of O. Henry's "Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking," with Will Rogers as the work-shy tramp. In the cast are Molly Malone, John Bowers, Darrel Foss, Jack Curtis and Edward Kimball. Don't miss this one.

Bladys of the Stewpony (General; Rissue; Dec 11).

Historical costume-drama adapted from S. Baring-Gould's well-known story. Characterisation, acting, settings, photography and romantic old-time atmosphere excellent.

At the End of the World (Paramount; Dec. 4).

Wrecks, human and otherwise, lavish Eastern settings, and wonderfully good acting by Betty Compson, Milton Sills, Mitchell Lewis, Casson Ferguson, and Spottiswoode Aitken. A good drama.

The Broken Web (Pathé; Dec. 18).

A Chinese star in a rather thin, long-drawn-out story. Cast includes Tsen Mai, Lai Mon Kin, Neil Moran, Robert Elliott, Jane Adler, and Bessie Marven. Fair entertainment.

Bring Him In (Vitagraph; Dec. 4).

Earle Williams in a thrilling Canadian Mounted Police story, supported by Fritz Ridgeway, Bruce Gordon, Paul Weigel and Ernest Van Pelt. Good entertainment.

Bought and Paid For (Paramount; Dec. 18).

A William de Mille production. Domestic drama all about a telephone girl who married a wealthy husband, and what came of it. Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Walter Hiers, Leah Wyart, and George Kuwa. Thrill-chasers, keep away.

Buried Treasure (Paramount; Dec. 25).

A magnificently produced mixture of mystery, love, adventure and reincarnation, starring Marion Davies, Norman Kerry, Anders Randolph, Earl Schenk, Edith Shayne. John Charles and Thomas Findlay also appear. Good entertainment.

Cinderella of the Hills (Fox; Dec. 25).

A good mystery drama of the Ozark Mountains, with an unusual story, fine acting, and a surprise ending. Barbara Bedford stars, and Carl Miller, Cecil Van Auber, Tom McGuire, and Barbara La Marr support.

The Conquest of Canaan (Paramount; Dec. 25).

Tom Meighan in a good, though too-long-drawn-out story of a lazy lawyer's reformation. Doris Kenyon opposite; also Diana Allen, Alice Fleming, and Charles Abbe.

[Continued on Page 58]

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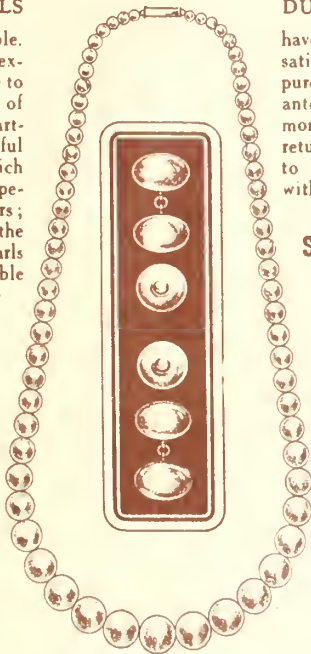
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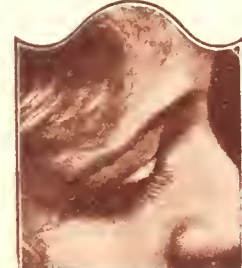


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 - YORK—Swallow and Barry, 26, Stone gate.

PICTUREGOER'S GUIDE.

(Continued from Page 56.)

Desert Blossoms (Fox; Dec. 11).

William Russell and Helen Ferguson in an interesting and fast-moving tale of engineering and adventure. Good entertainment.

The Fast Mail (Fox; Dec. 11).

Modern melodrama consisting of races and chases, a fire, and the efforts of a gang to get the better of Charles (erstwhile Buck) Jones. Eileen Percy, Adolph Menjou, James Mason, and Harry Dunkinson assist. Will please Buck Jones fans.

Fascination (Jury; Dec. 7).

Elaborate, gorgeous, and at times artistic. Mae Murray as a headstrong Spanish-American flapper and her one adventurous night. Robert Frazer, Helen Ware, Courtenay Foote, Creighton Hale and Vincent Coleman. Excellent entertainment and titling.

The Good Provider (Paramount; Dec. 6-7).

Fannie Hurst wrote it; Frank Borzage directed and Vera Gordon, Dore Davidson, Miriam Battista, Vivienne Osborne, Wm. Collier jun., John Rocke, Mary Devine, Ora Jones, Edward Phillips, and Margaret Severn play it. Another *Humoresque*, in which Father comes into his own at last. Excellent entertainment.

Go-Get-'Em Garring (Globe; Dec. 10).

Helen Chadwick, Franklin Farnum, and Joseph Rickson in a thrill-for-thrill's-sake feature. An average Westerner.

The Great Adventure (Moss Empires; Dec. 4).

An excellent screen version of Arnold Bennett's play, with Lionel Barrymore as the artist who "dies," and Doris Rankin, Ivo Dawson, Thomas Braidon, Katherine Stewart, Arthur Rankin and Paul Kelly supporting.

The Great Moment (Paramount; Dec. 11).

Gloria Glyn and glaring absurdities. Highly-coloured society drama; also Milton Sills, Alec. B. Francis, Raymond Brathwayt, Julia Faye, and Clarence Geldart. Will please romance-lovers.

Hail the Woman (Pathé; Dec. 4).

Good but sentimental melodrama. Good characterisation and an all-star cast, with Florence Vidor, Lloyd Hughes, Theodore Roberts, Tully Marshall, Madge Bellamy, Charles Meredith, and Muriel Francis Dana. Feminine fans will revel in it.

The Heart of an Acrobat (Halturdaw; Dec. 4).

"Sansonia" in a circus stunt story

with some unintentionally humorous sub-titles, and thrills and gymnastics three a penny. Only unsophisticated fans will enjoy this one.

The Highest Bidder (Pathé; Dec. 4).

Love versus millions. Society drama, starring Madge Kennedy, supported by Vernon Steele, Ellen Cassidy, Lionel Atwill, and Zelda Lears.

"If Only" Jim (F.B.O.).

Harry Carey, more human than ever, in an entertaining though commonplace adaptation of "Bruvver Jim's Baby," by P. V. Mighels. Carol Holloway, Ruth Royce, Duke Lee, Roy Coulson, George E. Bunny, Thomas Smith, and "Pat" lend capable assistance. Not for the critical.

Love, Honour and Behave (Moss Empires; Dec. 25).

Charles Murray, Ford Sterling, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, and George O'Hara in an entertaining Mack Sennett medley. Good comedy fare.

The Match-Breaker (Jury; Dec. 18).

Viola Dana as an anti-vamp in a bright comedy-drama. Jack Perrin opposite; also Wedgewood Nowell, Julia Calhoun, and Edward Jobson.

The Man and the Doll (Gaumont; Dec. 11).

A French production all about one foolish wife. Cast includes M. Tallier, Irene Wells, M. Lorette, M. Leclerc, and Mlle. Suzanne Delve. Fair entertainment.

The Man from Lost River (Goldwyn; Dec. 11).

House Peters in a lumber-camp story with rather stereotyped characters. Good acting and settings, but only fair entertainment.

Miss Hobbs (Gaumont-Realart).

Wanda Hawley, Walter Hiers, Helen Jerome Eddy, Jack Mulhall, and Harrison Ford in a screen version of Jerome K. Jerome's light comedy. Slight but bright. Donald Crisp directed.

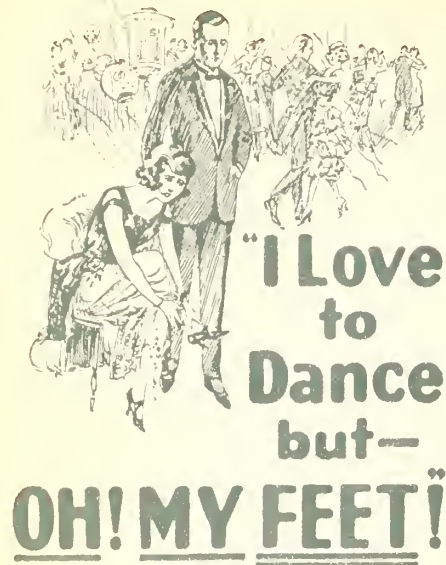
Nobody's Daughter (Anchor; Dec. 11).

Spanish drama, inconsistent at times, but made on the spot, and starring Suzanne Talba. Poor entertainment.

Penrod (First National; Dec. 18).

Young America as typified in Booth Tarkington's famous magazine series. Contains the cream of these; also Wes Barry, Marjorie Daw, Baby Peggy, Sunshine Sammy, Gordon Griffith, Johnny Hannon, Lena Basketta, Clara Horton, and Noah Beery jun. Excellent Christmas fare for children of all ages.

(Continued on Page 60.)



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The mills of God ground slowly, yet inexorably for Byron; as he had ruined women, so women ruined him. One of his most lasting liaisons—such as it was—was with Lady Caroline Lamb.

In due course Byron tossed her aside, and, mad with jealousy, she set to work to encompass his downfall. It was to get rid of Caroline Lamb and the hosts of other importuning "fashionable women," that Byron married Isabella Milbanke, a paragon of virtue who had remained quite indifferent to him until he succeeded in persuading her that she was the only woman who could save him from himself. After the marriage, it was soon apparent that he did not want to be saved. The conflicting temperaments of this passionate genius and his wife soon brought about a separation, and Caroline Lamb's intrigues completed his downfall.

It is this story of Byron's misadventures with these two women which is told in the "British Screencraft" Production, *A Prince of Lovers*—a drama, romantic and pathetic, drawn from real life. It is probably the greatest dramatic photoplay yet produced in England, and technically the film, both in staging and photography, is not merely an exceptional British production, but also one which will rank with the world's best.





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FOR HEADACHES & NEURALGIA

PICTUREGOER'S GUIDE.

(Continued from Page 58)

Passing Thru (Paramount; Dec. 21).

A small-town story of a boy who was too fond of carrying other people's burdens. Douglas MacLean and Madge Bellamy star. A pleasing semi-farcical drama.

The Plaything of Broadway (Gaumont-Realart; Dec. 18).

A romantic story of New York night life starring lovely Justine Johnstone as the misunderstood dancing heroine. Also Crauford Kent, Macey Harlan, George Cowl, Lucy Parker, and Claude Cooper. Excellent entertainment.

Quality Plays (Walturdaw; Dec. 4 and 18).

"Fallen Leaves," a Christmas story with a tramp hero and an O. Henry touch; read it on page 19 of this issue (Dec. 4); and played by Chris Walker, Jeff Barlow, Jack East, and Mary Price. "The Thief" (Dec. 18), concerns an elopement and an amusing hoax. Read this in the November *Twenty-Story Magazine*, price one shilling. Both excellent one-reelers.

Rip Van Winkle (Wardour; Dec. 18).

An artistic and delightful screen version of Washington Irving's classic, with Thomas Jefferson, Francis Carpenter, Milla Davenport, Pietro Gosso, Daisy Robinson, Gertrude Messinger, Max Asher, and Mary Anderson in the cast. Excellent entertainment.

The Road to London (Phillips; Dec. 4).

Bryant Washburn, Joan Morgan, Saba Raleigh, Eille McLaughlin, George Foley, and the Rev. Dr. Batchelor in a romantic farce-comedy made this side without a single studio set. Don't miss this one.

Saturday Night (Paramount; Dec. 4).

Cecil B. De Mille at his wildest. A spectacular production containing two matrimonial problems *de luxe*. Leatrice Joy, Conrad Nagel, Edith Roberts, Theodore Roberts, James Neill, Winter Hall, Edythe Chapman, Sylvia Ashton. Excellent entertainment.

The Scarlet Lady (Butcher; Dec. 11).

Violet Hopson in a well-produced racing story with a strong love theme. Lewis Willoughby, Arthur Walcott, Cameron Carr, Adeline Hayden Coffin, and Gertrude Sterrol support. Good entertainment.

Steel Heart (Vitagraph; Dec. 11).

Super-serial in six reels, with William Duncan and Edith Johnson in their usual surround-

ings. Also Jack Curtis, Walter Rodgers, Charles Dudley, and Ardele Malino. Good entertainment.

Shadows of the Sea (Walturdaw-Selznick).

Tropical in location, and vivid character studies. The adventures of Conway Tearle as a gun-running sea-captain, aided and abetted by Doris Kenyon, Crauford Kent, Arthur Housman, Frankie Mann, and J. Barney Sherry. Good entertainment.

The Spenders (Wardour; Dec. 22).

An improbable but entertaining story of frame-ups and frenzied finance excellently interpreted by an all-star cast including Jos. J. Dowling (the "Miracle Man"), Robert McKim, Claire Adams, Niles Welch, Otto Lederer, Tom Ricketts, and Betty Bruce.

The Spurs of Sybil (Hayward; Dec. 4).

Alice Brady and John Bowers in a good mystery story about a society girl who has to earn her own living in New York for a year. Pleasant entertainment.

There Are No Villains (Jury; Dec. 7).

There is one, played by Edward Cecil. Viola Dana stars as a lady detective who allows romance to override duty. Gaston Glass, De Witt Jennings, Edward Cecil, and Jack Cosgrave support. Good entertainment.

The Young Diana (Paramount; Dec. 4).

A very free screen adaptation of Marie Corelli's fantastic novel, with Marion Davies as the old-young (here a young-old) heroine, supported by Maclyn Arbuckle, Forrest Stanley, Gypsy O'Brien, and Pedro de Cordoba. Spectacular entertainment.



Wyndham Standing and Marguerite Marsh in "The Lion's Mouse."



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NEW READER (Ipswich).—(1) Try Allied Artists, 86-88, Wardour Street, W.I. (2) I think you might get those signed photos if you write nicely. Send you letters c.o. **PICTUREGOER**. Apologies returned unused. Your requests are quite modest compared with some!

ALI (Horncastle).—Human Encyclopædias don't mind anything. Ali, where are the Forty? (1) Cast of *The Count of Monte Cristo*: "Edmond Dantes," Leon Mathot; "Mercedes," Nelly Gormon; "Fernand Mondego," M. Garat; "Danglars," M. Colas; "Villefort," Albert Mayer; "Caderousse," M. Dallieu. (2) The addresses you want are: Marguerite Courtot, 19, Hudson Place, Weehawken, N.J.; and George B. Seitz, 2, West 47th Street, N.Y.C. (3) Peggy Carlisle and Basil Gill are both British. (4) Cast of *The Rocks of Valpré*: "Bertrand de Montville," Cowley Wright; "Christine Wyndham," Peggy Carlisle; "Trevor Mordaunt," Basil Gill; "Chris's Aunt," Winifred Sadler; "Captain Rudolphe," Humberston Wright; "Rupert Wyndham," H. H. Vincent; "Noel Wyndham," Barry Barnard; "Jack Forrest," William Saville. (5) Enid Markey's address is 859, Seventh Avenue, N.Y.C. If Enid's married, she keeps it dark.

PEGGY (Fulham).—Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm afraid you're wrong about Chaplin's birthday. April 16, not 19, is correct. Charlie's a feeble old man like me, so give him the benefit of the three days. Alma Taylor and Charlie both dance exceedingly well. Glad you like **PICTUREGOER**.

F. B. (Highgate).—Your "everlasting gratitude" has been duly earned. Many thanks for your good wishes and for my own special bouquet.

BETTY (Cornwall).—(1) Phil Ford has brown hair and eyes, and is 5 ft. 10 in. in height. Some of his films are *Cyclone Bliss*, *The Mystery Ship*, *Shadows of the West*, *The Great Reward*, *The Silent Mystery*, and *I Am the Woman*. Address: 1403, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. He doesn't state his age. There's only one of me, Betty.

WANA DORO (Holland)—(Don't know if you're a "she" or a "he," Wana) owns to being "born in the middle of the wilderness," and has a liking for all foreign-made films except Dutch ones. Perhaps the one explains the other. (1) Two Chinese films

recently made are *The Broken Web* and *For the Freedom of the East*, both starring Tsen Mei. Japanese plays are: *Five Days to Live* and *Alien Souls*, featuring Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki; and *The Jaguar's Claw*, featuring Sessue Hayakawa. No space for more. An all-Indian film is entitled *Dhruva Charitra*. Italian films are *Cabiria*, starring Maciste, *Nero*, and *Theodora*. For the love of Pete, don't call me Georgy!

C. H. W. (Bedford).—The weekly instalment system, suggested in your letter, doesn't appeal to me. (1) Cast of *The Son of Tarzan*: "Jack," K. C. Searle; "Jack as a boy," Gordon Griffith; "Lord Greystoke," Dempsey Tabbler; "Lady Greystoke," Karla Schramm; "Little Meriem," May Giraci; "Meriem, grown up," Manilla Martan; "Ivan Paulvitch," Eugene Burr; "The Sheik," Frank Morrell; "Malbilm," Ray Thompson. Episodes: *The Call of the Jungle*, *Out of the Lion's Jaws*, *The Girl of the Jungle*, *The Sheik's Revenge*, *Pirate Prey*, *The Killer's Mate*, *The Quest of the Killer*, *The Coming of Tarzan*, *The Kiss of the Beast*, *The Battle of the Apes*, *The Lure of the World*, *The Jungle Girl's Peril*, *Double Crossed*, *The Blazing Heart*, *The Amazing Denouement*. (2) Elmo Lincoln doesn't take the part of "Tarzan" in the above film, because he was not under contract with the company that made it. (3) Maciste is still "going strong," and has appeared in several Italian films recently. He had a prominent part in *Cabiria*. (4) Sorry I can't give you a reason for Mutt and Jeff leaving the screen. Why not ask Budd Fisher?

TALMADGITE No. 2 (Wembley).—I like the delicate shade of your newspaper. (1) Sorry I can't give you casts of those three films, but my memory doesn't go back quite so far. (2) Norma's mother is known as Margaret or "Peg" Talmadge. Glad you think **PICTUREGOER** "simply beautiful." Free list of postcards of film stars is being posted to you.

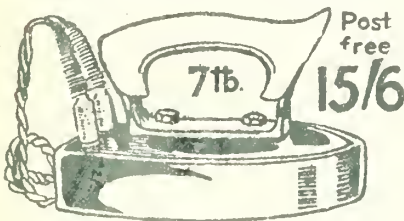
W. J. A. (Johannesburg).—(1) Film actresses don't generally specialise in physical strength, but for courage and daring, what about Pearl White? (2) A complete list of Pearl's films would nearly fill this page, but here are a few of her best-known ones: *The Exploits of Elaine*, *Pearl of the Army*, *The Black Secret*, *The Perils of Pauline*, *The Laughing Mask*, and *The Fatal Ring*. (3) Art plates, covers, and smaller photos of Pearl have appeared in several issues of **PICTURES** and **PICTUREGOER**. (4) Ruth Roland is a powerful rival to the "peerless and fearless" Pearl. Are the three kisses at the bottom meant for me?

JENNIE (Portslade).—I'm afraid your intentions are better than your sense of rhythm. But keep on trying.

J. T. (Liverpool).—That "Fault" has whiskers—I'm afraid it's a beaver among Faults. Glad you liked the bound volume of **PICTURES**.

[Continued on Page 61.]

A Sensible Christmas Present.

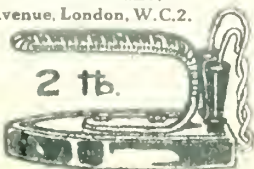


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LET GEORGE DO IT.

(Continued from page 62.)

T. M. M. (Lock).—(1) Sessue Haya-kawa was born June 10, 1889. (2) Yes. (3) Born in Tokio. (4) Your prayer was granted last month. (5) *Five Days to Live* released April 16, 1922. (6) He is certainly not giving up film work. Thanks for thanks. Christmas and New Year wishes reciprocated.

TALMADGE FANS (Dundee).—(1) *Ducks and Drakes*, released this month, and *She Couldn't Help It*, both feature Bebe Daniels. (2) Warren Kerrigan's next release not decided, as he has recently changed companies. (3) *Lotus Eaters*, released April 29, 1922, features Colleen Moore. (4) *Any Wife*, released next February 26, features Pearl White. (5) Irish comedies are: *All Souls' Eve*, released this month, which features Mary Miles Minter; *The Luck of the Irish*, released April 12, 1922; and *Peg o' My Heart*, now being made.

MINETTE (Fittleworth).—(1) Irene Brown's only film appearance this side was as one of the Court ladies in *The Glorious Adventure*. She likes picture work, and it is probable that she will do more later on. (2) Mary's twenty-nine, and Doug is ten years older. (3) Mae Murray's next film is *Broadway Rose*, and her leading man is Monte Blue. Release date not fixed.

HELEN OF TROY (Edinburgh) is polishing up the family claymore

because I called her a vamp. It was because of your *nom-de-plume*, Helen. But your suspicions of me amply avenge you. You must have had bad weather on your holidays to make you think things like that. Madge White was "Avery Denis" in *Bars of Iron*. Yes, you may write again, despite your hard words.

H. P. (Brixton).—Have you given that title correctly? Let me have a few more particulars, and I'll try and trace it for you.

MALVINA'S LITTLE ADMIRER (Camberwell).—Yes, you are one of the lucky ones. I should try Phillips for that photo if I were you. *Gamble in Lives* was released April 17, 1922. *Phroso* released last month.

THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.

There is no denying it—a little colour does improve one's appearance. An interesting pallor sounds all right in a novel, but in real life the girl with a wild-rose flush on her cheeks scores every time. "Aphrosal," a new liquid toilet preparation, is excellent for this purpose. It is not a rouge, but a white fluid, which, applied twice daily, tones up and beautifies the skin, resulting in a natural bloom and a return of the roses of youth. "Aphrosal" costs 2s. 9d., post free from Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

MOVIE LETTERS COMPETITION.

The Correct Solutions are as Follows.

Dear Panthea, (1)

If you will treat this as *Strictly Confidential* and only *Between Friends*, *Nothing Else Matters*, but I must tell you how *Mrs. Erricker's Reputation* has been at stake. Poor thing, she has indeed paid *The Penalty*, for she has discovered that her husband is really *Felix O'Day*, *The Bigamist*, whose whole life has been *Nothing But Lies*. It is pathetic to hear her speak of *My Husband's Other Wife*. *His Wife's Friend*, *Colonel Newcome*, was the only person who could have told the truth, but *Dead Men Tell No Tales*, so the brute knew he was safe—such was *The Nature of the Beast*. It is another case of *Two Women*, but he knows well enough that she has been *The Better Wife*. Suppose you were in her place, *Would You Forgive?* He tries to make out that she was *Always in the Wrong*, but I know for a fact that, though she may have been called *Anna*, *The Adventuress*, she was *An Innocent Adventuress*—perfectly *Innocent*. Of the other woman, the question has been, *Who is She?* *Madame X* is the only name given at present, but when it is revealed you will find she was once none other than *The Notorious Mrs. Sands*. Such is *The Price of a Good Time!*

Yours,
Joy.

(2)

Bleak House.

Dear Faith,

Molly and I shall be so glad when *Nancy Comes Home*. She is spending *Two Weeks At the Villa Rose*, so will come *Straight From Paris*. She is getting several things from *Lombardi, Ltd.*, and I told her to *Charge It To Me*.

Nance, as you know, has *The Heart of a Child*, but I am afraid she is learning *What Every Woman Learns*—that *The Butterfly Man* is a constant danger to one's *Heart Strings*, and not a bit the kind with whom to contemplate *Marriage*, which is *A Question of Trust*. It will really be *The Last Straw* if she does marry *The Fortune Hunter*, *Ernest Maltravers*—his sort are largely responsible for *Why Girls Leave Home*. But, of course, *The Girl of To-day* meets *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*.

It would be nice if you could run over for *Half an Hour* some time. I have seen a number of good films lately, among them *The Queen of Sheba*, *The Miracle Man*, and *Peck's Bad Boy*.

I am writing this *While the Auto Waits*, so must close.

With love from,

Mary Regan.

Ruth Roland, the famous Kinema Star,

writes:

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Pond's Cold Cream is for use before retiring. It cleanses the pores, smooths the skin, and banishes roughness, effectually protecting the complexion against the effects of cutting winds and frosts.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is for daytime use whenever required. It vanishes instantly after application, giving the complexion a freshened feeling and appearance, faintly perfumed with the delicate fragrance of the rose.

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71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.



Ruth Roland



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WITH this issue THE PICTUREGOER comes to the end of its second year. You will, I think, agree that it is a healthy child, growing up in the way it should go, and its future is as rosy as the cover of this issue. We shall start the New Year with a special number, that will be replete with new and fascinating features. Much space will be devoted to the films of 1923, so that picturegoers may learn what the New Year holds in store for them. Don't miss the extra-special January issue of THE PICTUREGOER.

"WHAT do I think?" Ye gods! Terrible things when I visit a picture house and see such British productions as *The Golden Web*, and *Almost Too Little Dorrit*. They, especially the latter, bored me to tears. I would love to see British pictures beat the Yanks, but whilst our producers make such slow, dreary, monotonous stuff, the public will fight shy of kinemas showing British films. "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," "Pickwick Papers," etc., are very nice to read, but screened—! They've absolutely no "go." Oh, buck up, British producers! Put some life and vim into your pictures, and for Heaven's sake leave Dickens in the library, where he belongs."—*Regular Reader (Yarrow)*.

It can't be as bad as all that. Up, Fans, and at him!

AFTER accusing me of being "prejudiced and running down foreign films," *D.M.R. (Birmingham)* uses the Englishman's privilege thuswise: "Your most uninteresting feature is, of course, 'British Studio Gossip.' I never read it. Can't you scrap this, and 'Pulling Pictures to Pieces,' and the photo at the top of 'The Thinker' page, putting 'The Thinker' at the top instead of at the bottom? Also cut the 'Good, or otherwise, entertainment,' and 'the Cast includes' out of 'Picturegoers' Guide.' We can decide for ourselves what kind of entertainment we're going to get, if you just give us the names of the two principals and a longer and more detailed criticism of the acting. We want shorter interviews, too; yours are too long, heavy and humourless, like British films. Too much space is given to doling out facts, ponderously, and without a smile. Why not use some of it to print readers' letters in full, instead of only bits of them, as at present?"

VOTES for the Venus and Adonis of Screenland are being finally counted, and the result will positively appear on this page next month. Wallace Reid, Ivor Novello and Warren Kerrigan still head the poll so far amongst the men. On the distaff side, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Pearl White and

Pauline Frederick lead. You have still time to send in your vote if you haven't already done it. Regarding the screen's finest emotional actor, you have voted for most of the good ones, but left one of the finest right out in the cold. Surely you haven't forgotten Victor Seastrom?

READING your suggestions for the perfect PICTUREGOER is an education in itself. Votes and vetoes are jostling one another regarding the same

features. Listen to this. "Omit 'Kinema Carols,'

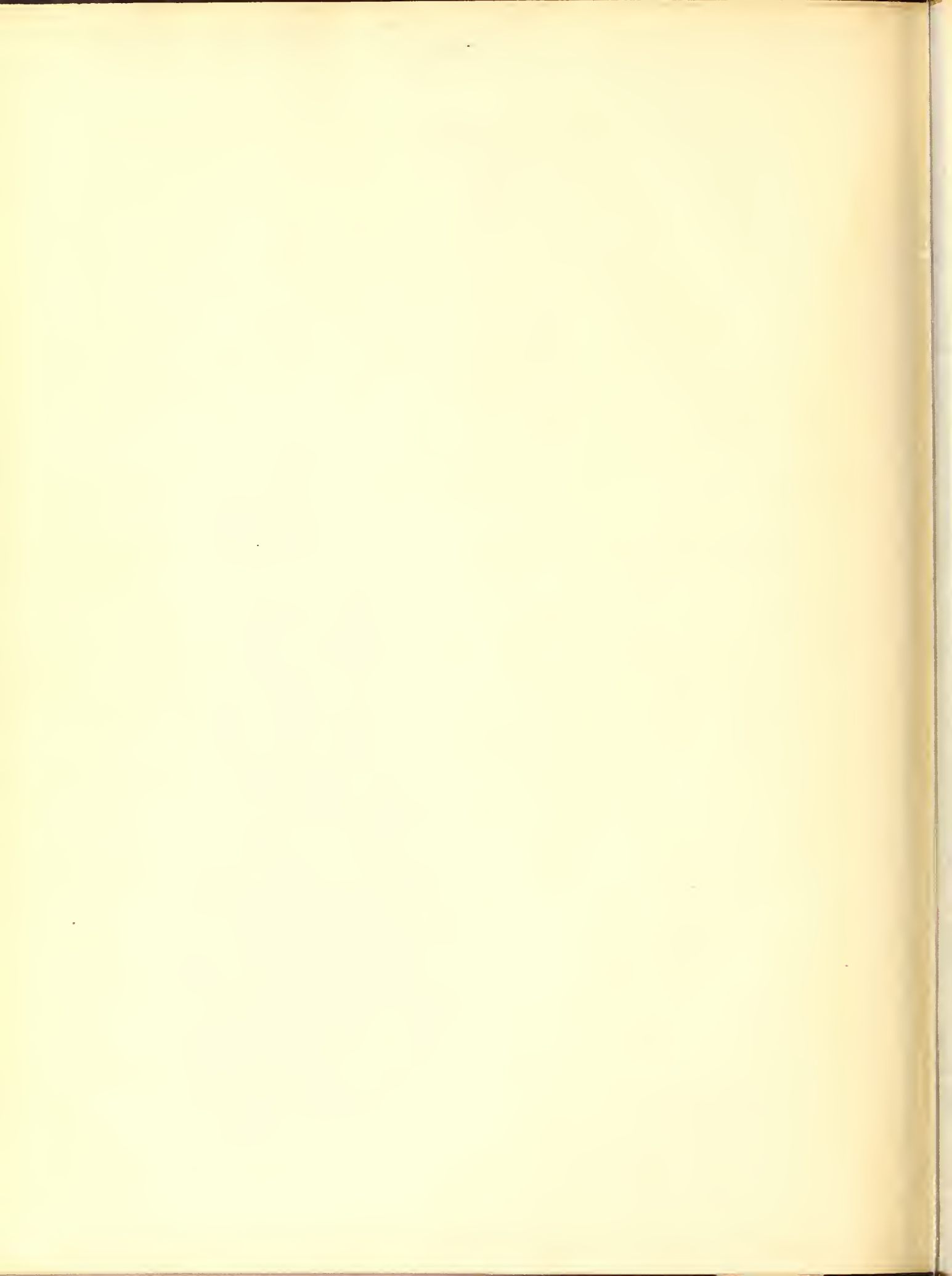
'Picturegoer Parodies,' and articles like 'Featuring the Famous,' commanded *M.W. (London)*, and others. (At which our tame parodist chuckled and applied for a month's leave). "I think," writes *C. J. W. (Ireland)*, "'Picture Parodies' are wonderful." "'Picturegoer Parodies' are very interesting. Whatever you do, don't cut them," pleads *E. A. (Honor Oak Park)*. "Re-install 'Opening the British Oyster,'" persuades *R. A. P. (Weymouth)*. "Cut out the stories of the films and the Fashion page." (This one's a man. I'll omit his name.) "Give us more 'British Studio Gossip,' but less 'Stars and Their Homes,'" suggest "Six Improvers" (*Small Heath*). The plea for more British news is stronger than the voices of those who would have none at all. Most of the British studios are now making "Supers," and our Oyster-Opener is sharpening his knife.

HERE'S an observant young lady. "I'm going to grumble about one thing I've noticed in the kinemas. It is very seldom you see either 'his' or 'her' lips move in uni-

son with the remarks flashed in subtitles — more often than not the players merely strike the right attitude and assume the right expression, but that's all. I think this ought to be remedied. What do you think?"—*Canada (Calford)*.







Master 1/45 2 50



