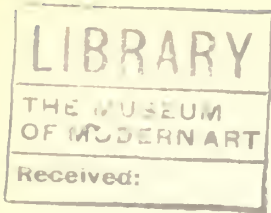




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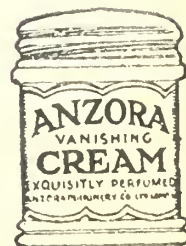
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# Three for January



The picture below shows piquant Constance Talmadge in a mirth-raising adaptation of the laughable comedy, "The Man from Toronto."

CONSTANCE TALMADGE  
"Lessons in Love"



"SERENADE"  
RA Walsh Production

A gripping story of dark-eyed signoritas, bold cavaliers, and the glamorous romance of old Spain.



"The Song of Life"  
John M Stahl Production

A drama of dishes and discontent, telling how the grime of domestic drudgery crept into a woman's soul.

# First National Pictures

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Violet Mersereau



**CORINNE GRIFFITH**

*Will be seen this month in "The Single Track" an  
Azaskan adventure story. Her next release is "The  
Milton Mystery."*



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Our January Movie Calendar



CALENDAR for 1923 first introduced into American costume play, 1923.

2.—Our youngest sees Bill Hart for first time, 1921.

Wants to know if it's real and where you buy 'em.

3.—First discovery of revolver in drawer as solution in eternal triangle drama, 1909.

4.—Talking pictures invented, 1904. Glycerine used as weeps for 7000th time, in Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," 1920.



"WEEPS."

5.—Barrie sees "Sentimental Tommy," screened, 1922. Don't need any glycerine.

6.—Talking pictures invented again, 1907. Director of eternal triangle drama gets bright idea of revolver in drawer, 1921.

7.—So does another one, 1922.

8.—Director of Western picture gets stuck in last scene and doesn't know how to get rid of villain, 1927. Gets brilliant idea of letting him find revolver in drawer.

9.—First smile in Swedish Biograph, 1980.

10.—Centenary of motion pictures, 1997. Public, now very wise, has to be provided with glycerine at box office. The original first Chaplin now released as fog "interest" to schools. Revolver still in drawer. Talking pictures invented.

11.—Oil portrait of Von Stroheim unveiled, Kinema Club, 1930.

12.—Veiled again.

13.—Fairbanks' footprint found on face of Nelson Column, 1930. Doug. arrested for damage.

14.—Nelson Column found on face of man who invented revolver in drawer as solution in eternal triangle dramas, 1931.



VON STROHEIM.

15.—John Bunny publicity published in "Orkney and Shetland Herald," 1922.

16.—Griffith does his biggest, 1931. All the world engaged as supers. No public left.

17.—Bill Hart doesn't weep for the last time, 1923. Last member of British aristocracy gives in and enters movies, 1938. Belgravia now entirely populated by retired movie stars.

18.—Release of first American feature with plot since 1916. 1927 Riot on Broadway, seventeen directors and twenty authors busy with notebooks.



BILL HART.

1935. H. G. Wells sees it. Fails to recognise. So sells rights in

"Ann Veronica" to Whistle Fillums, Inc., once more. Gets double this time.

21.—"Ann Veronica" released under title of "Heartless Fathers," 1936. H. G. Wells sees it and is bewildered. Gives up writing in order to devote all his time to selling rights of "Ann Veronica."

22.—Mauretania launched for 67th time on Topical Bits. This time as "Pacanic."

23.—Talking pictures invented, 1940. Chaplin releases another, 1942.

24.—Changes his mind and takes it back, 1942.

25.—Really releases it, 1943. Everybody forgotten what he looks like. Hailed as new star by E.A.B. of "Daily News."

26.—"All close-up" photoplay appears, 1980. No sub-titles. No action. No story.



CHARLIE.

27.—Hefton Hash, eminent film critic, announces that he doesn't like Fairbanks, 1925. Fairbanks announces that he doesn't like Hefton Hash. Write letters to papers about each other.

28.—D. W. Griffith appeals for order. Squabbling undignified. Think of dignity of industry. After which he directs villain to find revolver in drawer.

29.—Amalgamated American Directors reach end of all usable ideas and start again at beginning, 1921.

30.—Talking pictures invented, 1950.

31.—"Birth of a Nation" reaches Heckmondwike, 2022.



## Things You Want to Know

by HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

Every screen-struck girl who has visions of leading the life of a movie star should read this enthralling "Behind the Screen" article of life in a kinema city.

As soon as I returned from Hollywood I found I was accepted as something of an oracle. No. I found it out before then. Even on the trains from the coast everyone who found I had been in the studios plied me with questions. And when I got home my personal friends simply showered them upon me. Did I think it really wonderful? Were the actors and actresses really unusual or just commonplace folks like Sally Ann Higgins and Jeremiah Jones round the corner? Was Harry Leon Wilson's story, "Merton of the Movies," true to life, or was it all just a story? Is Mary's hair bleached? How does an actress kiss herself on the screen? Do any of them have any brains at all?

Here goes. Yes, I thought the studios wonderful, picturesque, and no end fascinating, and no small part of that was due directly to the actors and actresses. More interesting than the neighbours down the street and round the corner? I should say so. I don't know any neighbours of mine daring enough to risk being dumped into the seas in shipwrecks, pilot rafts through rapids, or clamber over the tops of houses. If I did I'd stick close and

watch them for sheer entertainment. If there are any girls like Priscilla Dean in my town I've yet to find them out, and I'd certainly like to.

Even the regular town dare-devils are far short of Harold Lloyd. As for the women, I know a great many of them are "too nervous" to run a car. I'm not a particularly brave person myself, but I yield all my admiration to bravery. Take Priscilla Dean. She isn't very big, but every inch of her is all grit and daring. Practically every actor and actress calmly accepts risks that you and I would shudder at—well, I would, if you wouldn't. If you know any daring and spirited young men and women, take the best of them and saturate them through and through with gaiety, and you'll get a mixture something like most of the folks who act at the studios. Actors have always borne the reputation of being a "gay lot." Now take that at its literal meaning, and use it as I do to stand for bubbling, effervescent, high spirits and vitality. When this bubbling of spirits runs over into the scenes for pictures some funny things happen. I'd never dare tell the names in this story, but one day when I was watching the making of a picture of



Bert Lytell  
is one of the  
actors with  
brains

poor 'osses don't get much oats just now!) We were jogging quietly back from the wall when we spotted a wild boar, taking a good sniff of us, about fifty yards away. We pulled up and stared back at him. To my delight, he came along towards us; but my friend, who knew more about it than I did, said: "Come on, Herr Ames, this is the something season or other. He means mischief."

We cleared off—the horses, by the way, seemed really frightened—and I'm dashed if the old pig didn't double after us at a devil of a pace for a good quarter of a mile or so. They can gallop, when they like, as fast as a horse—and a nine-inch tusk as sharp as a poultry knife isn't a pleasant thing to get acquainted with when one is unarmed.

At night the boars and stags used to hang round us at a respectful distance, as if fascinated by our searchlights. Talking of searchlights, the "sun arcs" used in the studio were really old army searchlights for picking up aircraft, and focussed, of course, for very long-distance work. It was, as you can imagine, very difficult to "spread" the light sufficiently over the scene at close quarters. I was sitting in an arm-chair, and our talented and charming young producer, Mr. Jean Legrand, was directing one of these lights on to the back of my head in order to throw up my classic beauty, if he could find it, when the man in charge got flustered and, reversing his gear, concentrated the full beam on to the back of my neck. I was like a grasshopper under the rays of a magnifying glass held by some naughty boy between it and the sun.

I nearly went up in spontaneous combustion, but, just in time, I gave a leap that would have done credit to a grasshopper, and exploded instead into terrible language in three tongues at once.

It is curious how Napoleon seems to dominate our destiny just now. Our favourite part of Schönbrunn, the Royal Palace in Vienna, was the wing containing the apartments of Napoleon, and, later on, of his son, the Duke of Reichstadt. Whilst staying in Paris on our way home, we visited every place associated with the great Emperor, and duly wept with emotion by his superb tomb. Immediately on our return, my wife, better known as Mary Dibley, was engaged to play in *Under the Terror* at the Scala before *The Orphans of the Storm*. We spent a long week-end with some friends at a famous country house associated with Madame de Stael, Talleyrand, D'Arblay, and other French émigrés; we were then both engaged by Mr. Samuelson to play in *The Royal Divorce* and went back to France again to reproduce the great story of the "Little Corporal" and "Josephine," as far as the exteriors are concerned, on the actual spots. However, that's another story that does not concern my four months in Austria.



land and water, and my wife's especial treasure.

The out-of-door cafés, which are such a feature of life in the Austrian capital, are still well patronised. The Viennese could not exist without them; for they are a sociable folk, and neighbours, friends and acquaintances meet and group, and listen to excellent music every day. But times are so bad there that, instead of the usual liquid refreshment one expects to see disappear at such places, I found nearly everybody was drinking cold water.

On the whole, I think there's a great future out there for films. The scenery is great, the artistry in the studios is superb, and the cost of production small. The people are real good sorts, and one can't help feeling jolly sorry for them.



Top: "Adam," Jean Angelo, behind prison bars. Above: Myself and my two wives—left, reel, and right, real;

Right: Myself, Gerald W. Ames.

Below: The end of the story. Constance Worth and myself in the final scene.

I brought home many interesting souvenirs of my trip. One was a mask of Beethoven, which I gave to my wife, and with which we are wont to play school-boy tricks upon unsuspecting visitors. Also a charming electric lamp in the shape of a delightful little figurine made and given to me by a studio rival. This we call "Jeritza," after the charming prima donna who sang for us so delightfully, and is now winning all hearts in the U.S.A.

In Paris, where we stayed quite awhile, we acquired one or two fine paintings; one, in particular, which, viewed closely, is rather rough hewn; but at a short distance away, looks charming. It is a sylvan study of wood-



# Flames of Passion



Herbert Langley and  
Hilda Bayley.

The Old Bailey, whose grey walls in the past re-echoed with so many stories of human drama, is reflected with a wealth of grim realism on the screen in the ambitious British photoplay, *Flames of Passion*. And, although one realises that the film is only holding up a mirror to the shadier side of life, it has much of the gripping power that is inspired by a real murder trial when erring humans are stretched upon the rack. To see Herbert Langley in the dock on trial for the murder of his own child, in the realistic court scene, with its solemn judge and grim-faced barristers, is almost to believe that the real stern panoply of crime is passing before one's eyes beneath the Old Bailey roof, where the symbolic, blind-folded figure of Justice stands with upraised sword.

Even during the actual production of the court scene in the Lasky studios, the players felt the strain of acting amid such ominous surroundings. Langley's trembling hands and



The great trial scene at the Old Bailey.

haggard face and staring eyes as he stood before the black-capped judge were not entirely the result of clever acting. He was swept into a condition of uncontrollable nervousness by the realism of the scene.

There are lighter moments in *Flames of Passion*, which help one to forget the somewhat gloomy nature of the story revolving around a dissolute chauffeur who betrays a girl and then through a vagary of fate, kills his own daughter, only to discover her real identity when she lies dead.

There is a stage ballet scene that is something of a milestone in British production. For it represents one of the first occasions on which dancing has been taken sufficiently seriously on the screen to justify the utilisation of Miss Purcell, a celebrated terpsichorean instructress.

She organised the ballet for the cameras, and introduced dancing that was best suited where synchronisation with picture-theatre orchestras was involved. The result is that the dancers sway rhythmically to the music, and do not flicker across the screen with an irritating indifference to the time of the kinema hall orchestra accompanying their appearance.

The cast of *Flames of Passion* consists of both British and American artistes, which is in pursuance of the new idea of blending the talent of both countries in order to arouse international interest in the picture.

Mae Marsh, Eva Moore, Hilda Bayley, Herbert Langley, Aubrey Smith, Allan Aynesworth, George K. Arthur, Henry Vibart, and A. G. Poulton figure in the picture.

Forty thousand pounds was spent on the production of the picture. The film editor was confronted with the formidable task of dissecting from the one hundred thousand feet of film exposed the requisite eight thousand feet that represented the finished picture. On one occasion, Mae Marsh and her fellow artistes worked for twenty-two hours at a stretch.



Eva  
Moore  
and Mae  
Marsh.

# Paddy-The-Next Best-Thing

The story of the Graham Wilcox film, featuring Mae Marsh, based on the famous novel by Gertrude Page.



Above: Mae Marsh as "Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing."

Circle: Dayby Foster and Mae Marsh in the great swamp scene.

Below: Sir Simeon Stuart as "General Adair"; Mae Marsh, Mildred Evelyn as "Doreen Blake," and Dayby Foster.



Dayby Foster as "Lawrence Blake."



With, I've wanted a boy all my life, but there's no doubt that I have got the very next best thing."

That was General Adair's philosophy where his curly-haired, lovable, tomboy daughter was concerned. If she wasn't a boy, she proved through her irresponsible pranks that she had been born with many of the traits that go to make up happy-go-lucky Irish boyhood. So the Adair family, as the years passed, forgot their disappointment over the fact that a kindly Providence had not given them a son and heir. And Paddy Adair was accepted as the "next best thing."

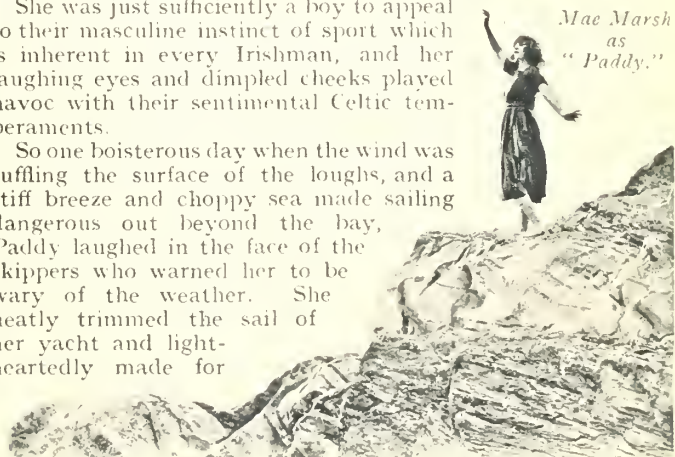
In the neighbourhood of the Mountains of Mourne, where the ancient and respected Irish family of the Adairs lived amidst the most picturesque countryside that Erin could produce to solace a troubled country, everyone knew the happy, boisterous Irish girl with the irresistible smile.

There was probably neither priest nor peasant nor layman who did not accord to her an affection that almost approached heroine worship.

She was just sufficiently a boy to appeal to their masculine instinct of sport which is inherent in every Irishman, and her laughing eyes and dimpled cheeks played havoc with their sentimental Celtic temperaments.

So one boisterous day when the wind was ruffling the surface of the loughs, and a stiff breeze and choppy sea made sailing dangerous out beyond the bay, Paddy laughed in the face of the skippers who warned her to be wary of the weather. She neatly trimmed the sail of her yacht and light-heartedly made for

Mae Marsh as "Paddy."



Mae Marsh and  
Lillian Douglas  
as "Paddy"  
and  
"Eileen."



the open sea. She had entered for a yacht race, and she meant to show her rivals that an Irish girl was equal to them when it came to handling a yacht in a dangerous sea.

And the seasoned skippers shook their heads and there was anxiety on their weather-beaten faces as they watched the mere slip of a girl fearlessly riding the choppy waters.

Paddy, intoxicated with excitement, became more and more rash. And when a sudden gust caught her sail and nearly capsized her, the watching occupant of a boat nearby gave an exclamation of alarm and swung round in her direction.

Scarcely had he got his bows towards her, when a second gust, stronger than the last, caught her before she had quite recovered. In a moment her boat was upside down, and she was struggling in the water.

"Hold on, I'll be with you in a few seconds," hailed a voice, and then Paddy felt a pair of

strong arms drawing her to safety. "What in the name of wonder do I look like?" laughed Paddy, as she stood in the boat of her rescuer with water streaming from her clothes.

"A little damp," suggested a tactful voice; "but you must be awfully plucky and awfully rash."

"I'm all right, I've got a charmed life," asserted Paddy; "but I must look perfectly awful, though," and she laughed again.

That was a day of adventure for Paddy. When her rescuer, her father, had safely sailed back to the shore, she found that a newcomer had arrived in the village. And that was an event in the tranquil, uneventful life of the inhabitants.

Lawrence Blake, the owner of a neighbouring estate, who in the eyes of Paddy disgracefully neglected the land of his birth and shot big game in India in preference to leading the life of an Irish gentleman, was on the shingle to greet her.

Paddy was ruled by instinct and intuition, and at once she took a dislike to this immaculate, polished man of the world, for with his smartly cut clothes and monocle he was even more the man about town than he had been when he visited the Adairs some years previously.

"'Pon my soul," said Blake with feigned surprise. "I believe you

Oval:  
Mae Marsh and  
George K. Arthur.



Above: Marie and  
Hardee Wright as the  
Aunts.

Left: Darby Foster as  
"Lawrence Blake," and  
Mae Marsh as  
"Paddy."

Right: George K. Arthur  
as "Jack O'Hara,"  
and Lillian Douglas  
as "Eileen."





Above :  
George K.  
Arthur and  
Mae Marsh.  
Left :  
The Birthday  
Party Scene.

are growing pretty, Paddy." "Nothing so commonplace," retorted Paddy, tossing her small head jauntily. "I never find it is any use employing anything but my silliest and most idiotic manner and expression with you."

To Paddy, Blake was the essence of self-satisfied superiority, and she delighted to endeavour to bring him down to earth.

"You are improving," he remarked, with a condescension that he knew would annoy her. "That last remark was a really passable retort for you."

"I am glad that you saw the point," said Paddy, with flushed cheeks. "I was a little afraid that you might have grown more dense than ever, after being absent from Ireland so long."

The war between Paddy and Lawrence Blake continued, and many were the verbal skirmishes in which they engaged. Then Paddy's instinctive dislike of the man seized on something concrete, for speedily she realised that he was making advances to her sister Eileen.

Eileen, with her sentimental, almost dreaming outlook on life, was just the type to be seriously affected by the attentions of this polished, handsome man of the world.

Blake was merely amusing himself at the expense of the pretty Irish girl, and he little realised that he had inspired such a depth of affection in her susceptible nature.

But Paddy realised it.



Above :  
The Pompadour  
Scene at  
Mourne Lodge.

The death of "General Adair."



Below : -  
Mae Marsh and  
Sir Simeon Stuart  
("General Adair").



*Dar's Foster and  
Lillian Douglas.*



tragic news. Almost demented by anxiety for the girl that he loves, he organises a search party. After many torturing hours, he stumbles across a treacherous bog and falls exhausted on the edge of a quivering morass. His hand falls on fingers deathly cold and damp. It is the hand of Paddy. He desperately fights

*G. K.  
Arthur  
and  
Lillian  
Douglas.*



"If he has been playing with her, I will kill him!" she said fiercely to herself.

In reality, Blake felt an intense admiration for the wild, irresponsible Irish girl, who was the first of her sex who had ever withstood his undoubted attractions.

Before he left again for India, he told her that he loved her.

Paddy was, for the moment, speechless with astonishment, and then rage came uppermost.

She upbraided him for his treatment of her sister; and then something of the worldliness and cynicism went from his refined face.

"One day I will break down your defences," he said, with a quiet smile.

Paddy hesitated for a moment, and then finished with unflinching gaze. "I despise you."

So Lawrence Blake went back to the Indian jungles and the towns where Europeans congregated, and in a round of gaities sought forgetfulness.

Meanwhile the death of General Adair broke up Paddy's home. With the characteristic open-handed profligacy of the Irish, he had saved little of his fortune, and Paddy was faced with the necessity of earning her own living. Lonely days followed for the little Irish girl. For even her old playmate, Jack O'Hara, had left the village, and gone abroad to forget a hopeless love for her sister Eileen.

Paddy goes to her Uncle's surgery in London as a dispenser, and it is here that Blake, unable to forget his love for her, finds her.

"You have given me a new interest in life," he told her; "and I am going to begin to subdue you, now."

"I despise you, and I have seen no reason to change my mind," said Paddy, with a flash of the old spirit which sorrow had not quelled.

When Paddy received a telegram announcing that Jack O'Hara had returned from abroad with a fortune, she hurried to Ireland to find that he was engaged to her sister Eileen.

Feeling unutterably lonely and unloved, she wandered off to the hills that had been the scene of her happy, irresponsible childhood. A dense fog overtakes her, and she is lost.

Blake, who has followed hard on her heels from London, arrives in time to hear the



*Tom Coventry, George K. Arthur, Lillian Douglas, and  
Marie and Haidée Wright.*

for her life in the morass which has enveloped her to the waist, and as his strong arms dragged her to safety, she buried her dishevelled head in his shoulder. "I love you," she said softly.

*Mae Marsh and G. K. Arthur.*





Matheson Lang in "Dick Turpin's Ride to York."

# The Films of 1923



When the history of the Kinema comes to be written, the year Nineteen-twenty-three will go down to posterity as the year of the costume film.

Never have so many romantic dramas and comedies of every age been screened and released. Germany started the ball rolling back in 1918, when Ernst Lubitsch made his famous historical series, the first of which, *Passion*, was seen this side at the end of last November. It is possible that *Passion* inspired Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm*; and everybody knows that what Griffith does to-day other producers will be doing to-morrow week, or thereabouts.

Directly *Orphans of the Storm* obtained its deserved success, all the principal American studios, only waiting to see which way the cat jumped, got busy upon costume stuff of all descriptions. The results await your verdict upon 1923 screens.

Earliest of the supers is Douglas Fairbanks in *Robin Hood*. This tale of Merrie England has been adapted and shaped to fit Doug.'s breezy personality, and is first and foremost a big show. It is over a year since Douglas has made any films at all, and he invested every cent he possessed in *Robin Hood*. Slightly heavy in its opening reels, once Fairbanks sheds his fancy armour, and becomes the light-hearted hero-outlaw of Sherwood Forest, the film really gets into its stride. The excellent direction by Allan Dwan, wonderful photography, massive sets, and a cast that includes Enid Bennett, Wallace Beery, and Sam de Grasse, make



Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood."

Doug.'s *Robin Hood* one of his most popular offerings. Quite early in the year, too, come *Rob Roy* and *Bulldog Drummond*—the former an All-British super, based upon the life of the Scottish hero; the latter an adaptation of "Sapper's" famous play made in London and Holland, and directed by Oscar Apfel. The leads are American stars, Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley; but Dorothy Fane and Warwick Ward (Britishers both) do excellent work in important rôles. Improbable, but entertaining, *Bulldog Drummond* has a vigour and swing about it that must endear it to "fans" everywhere.

In January, too, the British National Programme commences. Their policy is release date six months after the Trade Show, which is the same as most American producing companies follow in their own country; and a very wise procedure, too. Formerly nine to twelve months have elapsed ere British-made films reached their public. The initial offering is *When Greek Meets Greek*—which, besides being an excellent film, reunites once more that popular pair of screen "opposites," Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome — with one film each month to follow. *Journey's End*, the first film without any sub-titles, starring Wyndham Standing and Mabel Ballin, is also due in January; likewise *The Sporting Duchess*, an American super-version of "The Derby Winner," the popular old Drury Lane melo'. *Dick Turpin*, with debonair Matheson Lang as "Dick," and Isobel Elsom as the heroine of the famous dance episode, is a British super that should not be missed. Mary Pickford's *Tessibel of the Storm Country* will probably be released early in the year. This is an old friend in a longer dress ("Tess" is only following the fashion in this respect), and Mary's character-

Right: An excerpt from "The Green Temptation," with Betty Compson, and Priscilla Dean in "Under Two Flags"



Herbert Langley, star of "The Wonderful Story."

study of the wild girl whose heart was as golden as her hair loses nothing by being spread over nine reels instead of four. Lloyd Hughes is a better "Frederick Graves" than the late Harold Lockwood; and John Robertson need not fear comparison with Edwin G. Porter so far as direction

is concerned. *Mord Em'ly*, with Britain's finest screen comédienne, Betty Balfour, in the title-rôle, deserves a place in the super class. Its opening scenes are great, but touches of melodrama towards the end tend to detract from the value of an otherwise perfect production. Pett Ridge's well-known Cockney story makes an ideal vehicle for the combined arts of producer George Pearson and star Betty Balfour. The latter dances her way at once into the film and into the hearts of the spectators in a fashion that only one other, and that one Mary Pickford, ever has, or ever will, accomplish.

February will see the release of *The Silent Call*, a snow-story, featuring the truly wonderful police-dog, "Strongheart." In the same month, *Schooldays*, with Wes Barry, but without his friend and mentor, Marshall Neilan, will appear. This has little story, but much incident, and is one of the most appealing slices of youth ever made. William Nigh deserves a hearty vote of thanks, as producer and part-author.

*Just Around the Corner*, a Fannie Hurst story, and *Miss Lulu Bert*, which gives Lois Wilson the rôle of her life, are high lights amongst the March releases.

*Broken Sand*, a Fred Granville production, starring Mrs. Fred (Peggy Hyland), supported by Gibson Gowland and Lewis Willoughby, is a fine

The Great Race in "The Sporting Duchess," starring Alice Joyce.



desert melodrama, made on the spot with much picturesque incident and local colour in the shape of the real thing in sandstorms. Desert life and love in all its stages is very much with us in 1923.

*The Sin Flood* is a story which is different from the ordinary, and has a powerful theme which can be summed up in the old saying: "The devil was ill, the devil a monk would be, The devil got well—the devil a monk was he." It stars Richard Dix, but the whole cast is fine, and the direction flawless. *The Wonderful Story*, due in March also, lives up to its title. Introducing a new director, Graham Cutts, and a new star, Herbert Langley, this powerful little story belongs to the *Miracle Man* class. Langley, who is, of course, well known to opera "fans," is a born screen actor; his sincere, though at times sinister, personality makes him an outstanding figure at once. The same producer is responsible for *Flames of Passion*, the general release date of which is not until 1923—a film remarkable for its fine photography, cast, and acting. *Paddy—the Next Best Thing*, also a Graham-Cutts directed feature, stars Mae Marsh in a rôle which will deepen her hold upon her public. It was made entirely in England, and is an excellent example of what Britain can do.

*The Eternal Flame*, Norma Talmadge's first 1923 contribution to the costume-play collection, is a fine piece of work, and will please everybody, more especially as it contains, besides Norma, the popular Conway Tearle. *A Voice from the Minaret*, with Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien, is another notable release.

A typical Cecil de Mille effort is *Fool's Paradise*, due the following month. This was suggested by Leonard Merrick's *The Laurels and the Lady*, and contains the usual spectacular effects, plus Dorothy Dalton's



A thrilling moment in "Bull Dog Drummond," showing the four chief players.



Above: "Broken Sand." Circle, right: "Love's Crucible." Right: "Mord Em'ly."



best 1923 characterisation, Theodore Kosloff, Conrad Nagel, and Mildred Harris.

The first fortnight in May will settle "forever" the vexed point as to whether Wallace Reid can or cannot act. In *Peter Ibbetson*, the George Fitzmaurice production of Du Maurier's classic (titled *Forever* in U.S.A.), Wallace *does* act, which is more than one can say for him in certain of his later 1923 releases.

In May, too, *Love's Crucible*, a powerful and beautiful costume-romance from Sweden, is released. Directed by Victor Seastrom, it presents the same series of beautiful pictures as *Snows of Destiny*, though the period (Renaissance) is different, and is one of the best of the year's romances.

About that time, J. Stuart Blackton's *Virgin Queen* should be ready for release. This costume-drama stars Lady Diana Manners and Carlyle Blackwell, is in the beautiful Prizma-Colour, and has something which alone is enough to ensure its success. This is backgrounds made by Time, not studio carpenters. The whole of *The Virgin Queen* was made at Beaulieu Abbey, many hundreds of years old, which, besides being a rarely beautiful building, gives that touch of "rightness" that has been absent from every other period production hitherto made this side.

*Moriarty*, John Barrymore's version of Sherlock Holmes, shows, amongst other things, a sentimental side to that worthy's character which even Conan Doyle had not suspected.

Guy Bates Post will be seen in *Omar the Tentmaker*, a picturisation of the life of Omar Khayyam, made by Richard

Walton Tully's new process of painted backgrounds instead of studio or natural ones. Virginia Browne Faire, earlier seen in *Without Benefit of Clergy*, carries off acting honours, the camera-man deserves also his meed of praise.

*To Have and to Hold*, starring Betty Compton and Bert Lytell, is a fine costume romance of James I.'s time. Both players shine, under the able guidance of George Fitzmaurice. Britain's efforts in the way of costume-drama must not be forgotten: *Bonnie Prince Charlie* and *Mary Queen of Scots* should both be well worth watching. Then there is Samuelson's *A Royal Divorce*, with Gertrude McCoy, Gerald Ames, Mary Dibley, and Gwylm Evans, for which the cast travelled to France and Belgium for the correct atmosphere.

*The Wandering Jew*, in which Matheson Lang will repeat his excellent stage performance as "Mattathias," will be a colourful tale spreading over many centuries. From the same studio we are to have *Guy Fawkes* later on in the year. *The Prodigal Son*, starring Stewart Rome and Henry Victor, is another super made, in part, on the spots mentioned in Hall Caine's novel, from which it was adapted.

Priscilla Dean's "Cigarette" in *Under Two Flags*, though good, is not her best character-study by a long way. Priscilla seems to be satirizing her earlier screen self in places. The feature, however, is quite a super, and should not be missed. *The Kentucky Derby* emanated from the



Carol Dempster in "One Exciting Night."



Left: Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson in "Peter Ibbetson."  
Right: Ralph Graves and Mary Pickford in "Tessiel," and Wes Barry in "School-days."

These Hun-made features, are, like everything German, thorough. Also, their historical and spectacle dramas possess dignity, which cannot be said of all historical and spectacle films. Notably not of *Orphans of the Storm*. But,

on the other hand, the Teutonic (some call it Continental) outlook is decidedly unhealthy—frankly nasty is, perhaps, the better term for it—at times; and this, as shown in the opening scenes of *Passion*, pervades any and every screen-play made by them. Cecil de Mille is busy upon *Adam's Rib*, the action of which takes place some 14,000,000 years ago—further back, surely, than any movie has dared to go.

*Coronation* and *Broadway Rose* are two Mae Murray features which will be here very shortly. *Peg o' My Heart*, too, may reach us in the spring.

Erich Von Stroheim was not allowed to finish *Merry-Go-Round*, his own adaptation of a romance of Viennese life before the war. Rupert Julian has taken over the task, although Von Stroheim's contract has still a few months to run. The latest costume plays in production are *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Rupert of Hentzen*, and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (Lon Chaney stars in this). Two versions of *Salome* are also due some time this year.

*Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* and *Monsieur Beaucaire* are Mary and Doug's "fixtures" for this year. Marshall Neilan's *Tess* (Hardy's) and Tourneur's *Lorna Doone* (finished), and *The Christian*, nearing completion, make up the tally so far.

Marion Davies will be seen in further highly decorative romances of ancient times; and even Will



same studios, and is a very fine American sporting romance, with an English star, Reginald Denny.

A quieter kind of picture is *The Ruling Passion*, adapted from "Idle Hands," one of the best short stories of 1921, which appeared in "Pan the Fiction Magazine," in the November of that year. George Arliss, star of *Disraeli* and *The Devil*, plays the chief rôle.

David Wark Griffith's first 1923 release is *One Exciting Night*, in which Carol Dempster is the heroine, and J. Croker King the star. This will doubtless initiate a crowd of other "creepy" features: "D. W. G." has hosts of imitators. He next stars Mae Marsh; after that it is possible that he will produce *Ben Hur*.

At the time of writing, Chaplin's *The Pilgrim* is still on its way to England. This shows the one-and-only Charles as a clergyman, which disguise he is suddenly forced into adopting, and should prove better than *Pay Day*, which, though quite a good two-reeler, did not reach the heights of *The Kid*. German films will surely reach our screens this year; plans for the presentation of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (the Cubist film) are well under way; and *Sodom and Gomorrah*, a Biblical spectacle, will have been shown at a West End house before this issue is on sale. Pola Negri's *Carmen*, too, should be on view early in the year; also the Lubitsch production, *Deception*, which features the same period as *When Knighthood Was In Flower*, but from an entirely different angle.

Rogers has deigned to don old-time garb in his own production of *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*; so that the costume film quite dominates Anno Domini nineteen-twenty-three.—J. L.

George Arliss in "The Ruling Passion."



# The Picturegoer Calendar 1923



Rodolph  
Valentino

<b>JANUARY.</b> SMTWTFS .....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 ..... 29 30 31 .....	<b>FEBRUARY.</b> SMTWTFS .....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 .....	<b>MARCH.</b> SMTWTFS .....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	<b>APRIL.</b> SMTWTFS 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 .....	<b>MAY.</b> SMTWTFS .....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 .....	<b>JUNE.</b> SMTWTFS .....1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
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Left: Viola Dana and Shirley Mason.  
Below: Mary Maclaren,  
Katherine MacDonald,  
and their mother.



## Film Face Families

Generally speaking, screen stars, like poets, are born, not made.

Film faces run in families. You may think that it's influence that brings a star's brother, aunt, sister, or cousin into the movies. But picture-making is too serious a business for directors to care to trifle with folks who can't be transmitted successfully on to celluloid. The reason that a film favourite can introduce his or her relations to the public is to be found in family likeness rather than any sort of power behind the screen.

The likeness may not be an obvious one. All sisters of the screen are not as difficult to tell apart as Constance and Faye Dunaway, or the Fairbanks twins of the old picture days. The similarity may be one of temperament rather than feature. Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, and Edna Flugrath are not much alike, except in the vivacity and buoyancy that make them famous, as a family, for

their easy power of expression. The film face, you see, most often owes its fame-value to the histrionic mind. The three Barrymores—John, Lionel and Ethel—have only a faint family likeness; but the same sort of theatrical power runs through them all.

The Talmadges represent an ideal film family. Norma got into pictures first on her own unaided merits. Then a director spied Constance. "What a wonderful film face!" he said. So Connie got her chance. Then Natalie, who is the middle one of the three, became private secretary to a certain film per-

Lillian and Dorothy—and so beautifully did she photograph that the heroine of *Way Down East* sent for another beautiful cousin to come and try her luck. So you see four of the family in the Griffith film, *Orphans of the Storm*.

In some cases, of course, it is an advantage to the screen-struck to have a member of the family in the movies. Said member of the family couldn't get them a chance unless they were cut out for picture work; but if they are—well, they may be saved a lot of bother in getting their first interview, and they may be

sonage, and her life simultaneously became one long hearkening to this question from the picture people: "Why ever don't you go on the screen—with *your* face?" Natalie didn't want to go on the screen; she wanted to be a writer. But do you think they'd let her write? No; there was no peace for Natalie until she had promised to follow in the footsteps of her sisters.

"The Third Talmadge" has escaped from the screen, however, now that she is Mrs. Buster Keaton. She says she is going to write this time, and hubby says she is going to also. So perhaps they'll let her.

The Gish girls' cousin recently took a prize in a beauty contest. D. W. Griffith heard of it and said to Lillian: "Tell your cousin to come along and have a trial; we want all the beauty we can get." Along came the cousin—a wistful little blonde, very much like

given a small part right away without any apprenticeship in the ranks of the "extras."

For instance, the second little Mary Pickford, daughter of Lottie Pickford Rupp, and now legally adopted by her grandmother, might have had to hang around the studios for months until some director "fell" for her baby looks—if she hadn't been the niece of the most famous actress in the world. As it is, she was put among the "extras" in one of Douglas Fairbanks' recent films, and is now a thorough little professional—of some five or six summers! Mary and Doug. both believe in starting right at the bottom of the ladder, and working one's way up. That's why the second little Mary Pickford will have no place in the cast.

When Pauline Starke's mother decided to enter the movie business, Pauline, who has had to weep her



Norma and Natalie Talmadge in "The Isle of Conquest."

way from the "crowd" to stardom—she is one of the most pathetically charming tear-shedders in Screenland—was able to introduce her as a candidate for the position of mother to herself in a story. The relationship is thoroughly convincing on the screen, as you may have noticed in several of Pauline's films.

On the other hand, when Marjorie Bennett, sister of Enid, got into pictures, no one knew of her relationship to the greatest screen star Australia has produced. And when Marguerite Marsh was the only member of her family in films, the now famous Mae shadowed her to the studio and got a job without anyone spotting the slight likeness between them. And I think Mae Marsh's sisters acted independently when they applied for work at the Paramount studio, and were chosen as Dorothy Gish's bridesmaids for *Remodelling Her Husband*. It was without assistance, too, that Charles Ray's cousin, Albert Ray, became a Fox star.

It is becoming quite fashionable for a player's parents to follow in the youthful footsteps. Clara Kimball Young's father, James Young, who has been playing parts for some time past, is now to be promoted to stardom! He is a charming old gentleman with humorous eyes and one of the youngest minds in the world.

It is rumoured, also, that Dorothy Dalton's parents may take the parental responsibility of the heroine she will portray in her next picture. Dorothy is so like them both that you will certainly recognise them, if it should take place. Thomas Meighan's father took a small part in one of his son's recent films; and I believe that Bébé Daniels' mother is forming studio-going habits under the name of Phyllis Daniels.

It is early days for the second generation to appear as adult players. George Bunny is following in the steps of the beloved John Bunny of several years ago; and Lincoln Stedman, the handsome young actor who plays in Charles Ray's pictures, is the son of Myrtle Stedman, who is still leading a busy movie life.

But of course there are many juvenile representatives of the second generation. Many of the married stars pass on their film faces to little boys and girls who are starting to work before the camera at an age at which their parents thought magic lanterns just too wonderful for words! In the cases of these little "camera kids," I daresay that influence considerably eases the way to the arc lamps! Among the most

famous of these children are William Wallace Reid, aged five; and Bob White Beban, the seven-year-old son of George Beban.

William Wallace, Junr., has so far appeared in one film only—an out-of-doors Western story, in which his mamma, Dorothy Davenport Reid, recently starred. Wally, Senr., occasionally has children in his films, but never Bill—simply a case, Bill declared, of professional jealousy. Alma Taylor's younger brother Teddy made a couple of successful screen appearances, then went back to school again. Victor McLaglen, a favourite British star, has many brothers, all doing screen work. Henry Vibart's little daughter, too, is following in father's footsteps.

It's rather interesting to watch the children of our favourites grow up!

Margaret and Juliet Shelby (Mary Miles Minter).  
Below: Lila Lee and her sister, Peggy.



# British Studio Gossip



Lady Diana Manners in "The Virgin Queen."

### Queen Bess and the Beauty Squad.

Looking exactly like Good Queen Bess, only far, far prettier, Lady Diana Manners has been holding court at Beaulieu Abbey these past six weeks or more. *The Virgin Queen*, the second all-colour Stuart Blackton production, has been made in and around that beautiful and picturesque spot in the heart of the New Forest. Entirely surrounded by members of Felix Orman's far famed Beauty Squad, Lady Di posed for many stills and close-ups, the prettiest of which is reproduced above. This doesn't do full justice, though, to the really charming costumes, not to speak of the lovely wearers thereof. The colours, rich yet soft, blend admirably with the long veils of dull-gold tissue worn by all. Reading from right to left, the group includes Violet Blackton as "Lettice Knollys"; Helen Wilson Barrett, grand-daughter of the famous stage player, Wilson Barrett; Ursula Jean, a very promising newcomer to the screen, whose crystalline fairness has been seen before in *A Gypsy Cavalier*, *Romance of Wastedale*, and *Half a Truth*; Eileen Magrath, and Marcella Montague.

### The Beau in Beaulieu.

Whenever possible 'rag' Carlyle Blackwell, seemed to be the motto of Stuart Blackton's merry men and maids the day I was at Beaulieu Abbey, watching Queen Elizabeth's Coronation feast. From the Communion himself genial as ever, de-



Madge Stuart in "The Letters."

spite pouring rain, which necessitated an all-night job of removing a huge open-air "set" into the domus of the ancient Abbey—to the youngest player, all united and delighted in teasing Carlyle. Shortly after this engaging youth commenced work as "Leicester," in *The Virgin Queen*, someone, in cold print, disclosed the one lapse of an otherwise blameless life—i.e., the fact that he, Carlyle, was known as America's handsomest actor. "Since then I have known no other—title," he told me plaintively. "Now I'm looking for the man who did it." And it was even so. Commencing at the luncheon table,



Dacia in "Weavers of Fortune."

Carlyle's every appearance was greeted by the full strength of the company's collective lungs in organised chants of "Make way for the handsomest man in America," accompanied by weird college yells, until he revenged himself by getting up and making a speech. As befitting one whose name is distinctly reminiscent of golden syrup and jam, Carlyle Blackwell is sweet of temper. Resplendent in white and black velvet, he parried their attacks with imperturbable good-humour. And since seeing him in *Bulldog Drummond*, I venture to predict that Carlyle will be the most popular screen star in Great Britain when that film is released here. He doesn't look a day older than when he and Alice Joyce were the most popular pair of "opposites" in the old Kalem films. Carlyle started with Stuart Blackton, and told us all about his sensations the first time he saw himself on the screen.

### Blackton's "Faerie Queene."

As she wended her slow and stately way between rows of bowing courtiers, Lady Di Manners, a vision in gold and



pearls, ermine and velvet, was a "Faerie Queene" indeed. The tiny crown and curled coiffure of the Holbein "Queen Elizabeth"—upon which portrait, I believe, this array was based—suits her aristocratic loveliness to perfection. Yet she seemed glad enough to discard her weighty robes at the earliest possible moment. "Oh, the pounds and pounds it weighs!" said this lady of ten thousand pearls (or thereabouts). "It is literally 'Each pearl a prayer' with me—that the scenes will soon be over." Lady Di is slight, and the gorgeous robes are very weighty.

**And Her Court.**

Amongst the splendidly attired Lords and courtiers there, to my mind the one most in character was Hubert Carter as "Sir William Cecil." In sombre black and dull silver magnificence, he was ever in close attendance upon the Queen. Carter, who has, of course, had much experience in costume drama with *Tree, the Terrys*, and *Oscar Asche*—you've probably seen him as "Chu Chin Chow"—has let his own iron-grey locks grow long for the occasion, and a Vandyck-ey beard and moustache (though altering his features so much that I didn't recognise him till he spoke) transform him into a perfect Elizabethan gentleman. Walk, bearing, dignity—there is nothing lacking.

**On the Distaff Side.**

Amongst the ladies, despite Lady Di's magnificence, I liked best of all the costume worn by dainty Violet Virginia Blackton, who plays "Lettice Knollys." Far prettier than the one in which she is seen on the opposite page, it was made of white soft satin, trimmed with gold tissue and lace in varying shades from palest to deepest gold. Her head-dress was gold and pearls, and the long veil hanging from it of gold tissue. The dress alone cost £94, so Jefferson Arthur Peake, who aided Mrs. Blackton in designing and making all the costumes worn by the principals, told me, with tears in his voice. "And it's mud six inches deep outside, and they've got to get back to the Abbey somehow. Suppose some of it sticks to my beautiful costumes!" he wailed, then dashed madly away to straighten a fold in the Queen's train and lead the plumes of Hubert Carter's hat in the way they should go.

**Seen from Above.**

I watched the Coronation procession and feast from a balcony over the fireplace in the great oak-beamed hall in which once upon a time Parliament was held. Birch-logs burned there, and their aromatic scent, the very faint trails of smoke, and the bluey-mauve lights and sunlight made the whole beautiful pageant seem like a fairy vision of the past. Until someone unkindly remarked: "If you lean on that balustrade it will probably give way and you'll descend into the centre of the fire." Upon which another



and wing-sleeves are of this same exquisite blue. Bunches of silk grapes in yellow, jade, gold, cerise, blue, and purple define the waist-line, and the long feather fan is jade green. Mary Dibley plays "Marie Louise," in the Samuelson production, *A Royal Divorce*; and her stately loveliness is intensified by the picturesque high-waisted gowns she wears in that Napoleonic film.

**A Favourite Ingénue.**

Last time I saw Moya Nugent in person, she was playing "Liza" in *Peter Pan*. Moya has grown a little since those days, but she hasn't altered much. Despite rather deeper colouring, she is strikingly like Mary Glynne, whom she often understudies, and whose part in *Welcome Stranger* has kept Moya out of filmland since last summer. But she hopes to return to the silver sheet this year.

**Congratulations**

To Ivy Duke and Guy Newall upon their marriage, which took place on Sunday, Nov. 26. And also to Chrissie White and Henry Edwards, whose engagement has just been announced. The latter have been film lovers for the past five years or more, and are one of the most popular pairs of "opposites" extant.

J. L.

Top: Moya Nugent.

Centre: Mary Dibley.

Right: Mae Marsh in "Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing."

member of the party still more unkindly murmured hastily: "That would be a bit premature." And after I had climbed up a wiggly stone staircase, well concealed myself in the fireplace, and got through a trap-door to get there! Before I left, Mrs. Blackton, who, as always, is the good fairy of the production, took me over the principal rooms of surely the loveliest place in the Forest—Beaulieu Abbey, to wit. You will see some of them yourselves when *The Virgin Queen* is released this year; and a description of them would need more space than I can spare.

**Beauty Adorned.**

One of the best-dressed amongst British stars, Mary Dibley, is seen on this page in a gown of dull-gold lace, studded with blue and yellow stones over a foundation of Nattier and jade georgette. The sash





### SYDNEY FOLKER

*The popular British juvenile lead, is now appearing in Quality Films in the "Geraldine" series, based on the "Pan" stories. He is an accomplished art director, in addition to being an excellent artiste.*

**LAURETTE TAYLOR**

*The original and only genuine "Peg o' My Heart," has enacted this favourite character one thousand one hundred and twenty-seven times on the stage, and once for the movies in Metro's film version of the play.*

**MATT MOORE**

*Brother of Tom, Owen, and Joe Moore, was born in Ireland in 1888. His screen successes include "Sahara," "The Dark Star," "Don't Ever Marry," "Hairpin's Love Madness," and "The Passionate Pilgrim."*



**EVELYN BRENT**

*Was born in America, and commenced her screen career with Metro, but has won her biggest successes in British productions. Her most recent pictures are "Laughter and Tears" and "Circus Jim."*



### MIRIAM BATISTA

*Born in New York in 1914, had some stage experience before she won world-wide screen fame in "Humoresque." Other pictures in which she has appeared are "Boomerang Bill," "Just Around the Corner," and "Eye for Eye."*

# The Screen Fashion Plate

Posed by  
IRENE CASTLE-TREMAN



A charming evening frock composed of beaded silver tissue over an underdress of pale pink georgette.



One-sided effects are fashionable, as this wonderfully draped dress demonstrates.



Above: A cloak of tailless ermine that shows a lining of monkey fur.

Top Centre: The willowy form of Irene Castle is never seen to such beautiful advantage as when gowned in black chiffon velvet.



Above: Brocade taffetas and net are combined in this attractive period dress.

Bottom Centre: Another charming creation—a petal frock trimmed with fur.

Film Stars at Home:  
 Richard &   
 Barthelmess



The world forgetting, but never by the world forgot.



A corner of the garden.



A four-footed pal.



Richard and his wife Mary Hay.



Practice on his private putting green.



# Tell us Some Moore

So said our interviewer to Tom Moore, and the star obliged.

"To-morrow," said Tom Moore reflectively as he greeted me at the London Hotel where at last I tracked my elusive quarry, "I catch the boat train for Ireland."

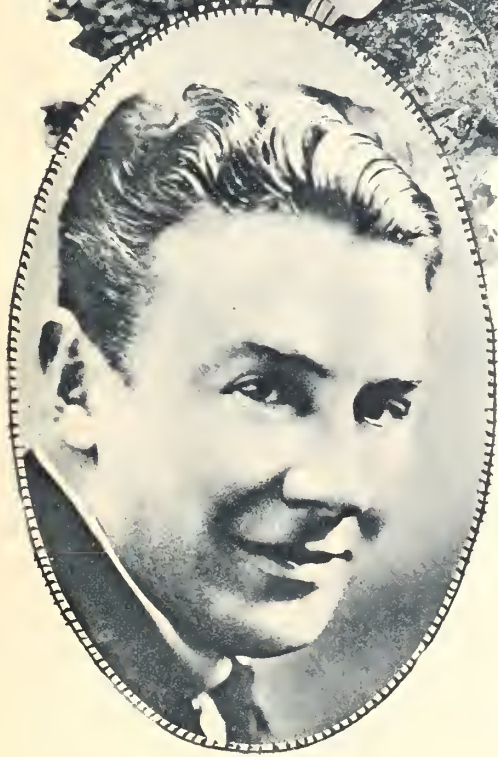
I followed him across the hotel lounge to a quiet, palm-shaded corner, wondering whether the wistfulness in his blue eyes was inspired by thoughts of the old homestead in Erin, or sad-



*A camera-study of the star.*



*Tom Moore in "Just for To-night."*



conceived blarney. "You will be taking back some treasured memories," I suggested, remembering that Tom had left the Emerald Isle when he was a "little gossoon," twenty-seven years ago.

The roar of the traffic outside in Northumberland Avenue and the raucous shouts of the newsboys faded for Tom Moore then. He was far away in Ireland, and the tang of the peat in County Meath was there in his vivid Celtic imagination. He nodded his head with its crisp brown curls, and a reminiscent light came into his eyes.

"The call of home: it's a rather wonderful thing," he said. "I was only a tiny boy when I left Ireland, but I've been restless to get back ever since. Yet I was too young then to have had many memories planted in my mind. It must be the homing spirit that's born in most of us coming out.

"Did you ever hear how I came to leave Ireland for America?"

"It happened like this: When we left the old house I remember mother asking father where we were going.

"Don't know," replied dad.

"Then we'd better decide," she said. So the car was stopped, and eventually we narrowed down the places to Dublin and America. To make it fair, we wrote both places on two pieces of paper, and my young brother

ness because he had not caught the boat train *that* morning.

For his frank expression seemed to say: "I would rather have faced the roughest channel crossing than an interviewer."

That made one feel a little insignificant. It is not soothing to one's self-esteem to be regarded as a greater evil than sea-sickness. His delightful brogue, the next moment, swept away my diffidence.

"I've still a lot of packing to do," he said, with a characteristic quick smile that spread round his whimsical Irish mouth and swept from its upturned corners to bring the flicker of laughing lights into his eyes.

The suggestion of apology in his voice, as though he were sorry that very soon he would have to retire back to his bulging suit-cases, was cleverly



In "The Gay Lord Quex."

drew them from the hat. America turned up, and so to America we went.

"And I've been waiting for a long vacation ever since, so that I could get back to the old country."

"Vacation?" I echoed.

"It has been a strenuous form of holiday for you in England up to now."

Tom shrugged his broad shoulders and settled down in his chair.

"I'm too fond of film work ever to associate it with drudgery," confessed the happy Irishman. "Although we've had some hustling times lately in *Harbour Lights*."

The sea kindly presented us with several first-class gales for the drowning and rescue scenes, and the realism we put into the picture became somewhat nerve-racking on occasions. Even some of your seasoned lifeboatmen were sea-sick in the very rough seas that were filmed.

Nature in its wildest moods has been caught for the cameras, and the most advanced artistry of the studios could hardly have created such realistic effects. I've fostered a new admiration for the pluck of British screen players during the filming of *Harbour Lights*. They were splendid. For being lowered over lofty cliffs on the end of coast-guard's life-lines, and struggling in boiling surf, is certainly not the least strenuous form of film acting. Annette Benson's leap into a rough sea from the top of a one-hundred-and-thirty-foot rock, was one of the biggest thrills that I have ever seen carried out in front of the cameras.

"At times we worked through the night, and I shall return to America with unforgettable memories of your rugged Cornwall coast silhouetted in the moonlight, with the roar of the surf booming in one's ears."

Tom Moore has all the characteristic imagination of his race. To sit and listen to him visualising the picturesque beauties of Cornwall as they had appealed to him was to realise the secret of the realism that he imparts to his screen characterisations.

For this blue-eyed Irishman with the golden-brown hair, and the almost boyish smile, that told its story of lightly carried years, impresses one with his ability to live in the parts that he creates for the silver sheet. A busy hotel lounge is hardly the place for registering emotion, but across Tom Moore's expressive face there periodically flashed just those attractive fleeting glimpses of his happy, likeable personality with which the lenses of the film cameras have familiarised us.

And to talk to Tom Moore is to realise that his fascinating screen smile has

nothing of artificiality, but springs straight from his heart. There is the lilt of Irish laughter in every line of his face.

"One day I want to be filmed in a screen story in Ireland," he confessed to me. "I think that it should be possible to produce one's best work in the country in which one was born. There would be the inspiration of native scenery and atmosphere."

I reflected that Tom Moore's attractive smile was a thing beyond the boundaries of clime or nationality. He could not help smiling, even if he were enacting the rôle of a Shanghai Chinaman or a native of Honolulu. The Irish in him would flash out somewhere.

We talked of his first big part on the screen as "Tom Brown" in *Brown of Harvard*. That was at the time when he deserted that wonderful training ground for potential film stars—the travelling stage stock company. During those days he played many diverse parts behind the footlights, and often two or three different characterisations in an evening.

"Acting," said Tom Moore suddenly, "I think gives one a philosophical outlook. You remember my part in *Hold Your Horses*, when

I start life as a street-cleaner, and rise to become a political boss. Life is just like that sometimes. There's always the chance of something unexpected turning up and changing the whole of your fortunes.

"Your marriage to Renée Adorée," I suggested tactfully. "Is that an example of your Micawber appreciation of life coming true?"

"We are very happy," he said, quietly, glancing at the hotel clock. Then I remembered



Tom Moore at home.



There is a suggestion of whimsical sadness about the real Tom Moore.

that Tom Moore had oftentimes said that he had three golden rules for interviewers. He would talk, if he had to, but about his pictures, not less about himself; and he claimed the right of a film star to a private life, free from the probing rays of the limelight of publicity.

Recollecting his catechism, I speedily switched back to the less intimate subject of his film parts.

"I am lucky," he told me, "to be able to play on the screen characters that, to me, have little artificiality. For they are the type of men who appeal to me.

"I'm Irish," he chuckled with a twinkle in his eye; "and they let me take my coat off before the cameras and fight every now and again. And I'm allowed to smile through thousands of feet of film, with a happy-go-lucky outlook on life, just as I try to in reality when I am away from the studios.



"In Hold Your Horses."



Above: in "Toby's Bow."



Below: "Harbour Lights."

"Congenial screen parts mean a lot. There are many really talented artistes who have yet to discover their forte, and present characterisations that blend with their natural gifts and personality.

"If they stopped me smiling or fighting on the screen, I'd be a miserable 'broth of a boy.'"

I moved uneasily in my chair as I watched Tom Moore's eyes wander towards the hotel luggage porter, whose sinister presence in the hall threatened to remind him at any moment of those unpacked suit-cases.

"That man—" he commenced.

"Is waiting for your suit-cases," I almost blurted out.

But the day was not yet lost.

"That man is worth watching," said Tom; "because he is

an excellent type of a character that one meets in everyday life. I seldom miss an opportunity of studying people like that. They are

very helpful. I have played on the screen almost every type of worker, with the exception of a fireman. In *Thirty a Week*, I was a chauffeur; in *One of the Finest*, a policeman; and soldiers, sailors, road-sweepers, have all figured in my characterisations. You have to study these in real life if you want to portray them realistically."

Those who have heard of Tom Moore as the outdoor man, the golfer, rider, and athlete, might imagine him to be something of a physical giant. But in reality the genial Irishman is of medium height and rather slightly built, although there is a suggestion of dynamic energy in his lithe frame.

He has not been worried by his journeys to Cornwall for the exteriors for *Harbour Lights*. On the other side of the Atlantic he spends his time between the Goldwyn New York studio and California. And as it takes five days to cross the Continent on an express train, it is possible to realise that he has regarded travel in this country rather in the nature of a joy ride. Tom Moore is something of a complex personality. There were moments when I could visualise him with a typical clay pipe protruding from his Irish mouth, and a battered old hat pulled low over his forehead.

It is difficult to know whether he is really serious, even during those rare moments when the laughter goes from his eyes.

"I think the picture that I should value most is one that has yet to be taken," he told me with droll seriousness, when I requested some portraits. "I should like to be shown hiding from a Press representative."

Which, when you think it over, is a novel suggestion for a picture, that would certainly enjoy exclusiveness, where film stars are concerned.—P. K. M.



## The Star of the Month MARION DAVIES

"I am especially fond of, and partial to, historical and costume pictures," Marion Davies told an interviewer recently. "I don't like poor-folks-y settings or ragged clothes. Life is so full of pain and poverty that I believe my public will thank me for taking them into other ages, and reviving for them as far as I can the glamour of the past." She certainly does her best, and is always to be found in highly decorative dramas.

Whether wholly of the past, like *When Knighthood was in Flower*, or partly modern, like *Bride's Play* (released May 21 next), or *The Young Diana* and *Enchantment* (her current releases), Marion herself always looks lovely and moves with great grace. She is doing her best to live down a not entirely undeserved reputation of being too beautiful really to act, and in the coming year you will see her at her best.

Marion works always at Cosmopolitan Studios, New York,

U.S.A., usually directed by Robert Vignola; and the wonderful Charles Urban settings are a notable feature of her productions. Even in modern stories, such as *Buried Treasure*, inserts provide the medieval atmosphere of which Marion Davies is so fond. To put Shakespeare's stories adequately on the screen is a favourite day-dream of hers, and an excerpt from Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" is shown in *Enchantment*; whilst charming dream-like scenes from *The Sleeping Beauty* are seen later on in the same play. Marion has just finished *Adam and Eva*, directed by Robert Vignola, and is now commencing work on *Little Old New York*, which is an adaptation of a famous stage play. Her favourite director is going on a world tour, so that this feature will be made under the supervision of Sidney Olcott. The rôle of the winsome little heroine of *Adam and Eva* should suit Marion Davies very well. She is always girlish and natural, and there is a certain unspoilt youthfulness about her screen work which is very attractive. But this spontaneity is part of her own personality; she is exactly the same on or off the "set." Her excitement at what she and her company called the "dress rehearsal" of *When Knighthood was in Flower* infected all the on-lookers. There was quite a large audience, for everyone connected in no matter how humble or small a way with the production of *Knighthood*; as the studio abbreviated it, had an invitation, and the studio theatre was packed to the doors. Marion is one of the screen's fairest bachelor-girls.



Left: Marion Davies and Pedro de Cordoba in "The Young Diana." Below: Rehearsing a scene from "Enchantment," Marion's current release. Right: Forrest Stanley and Marion Davies in "When Knighthood was in Flower."



# Circus Jim

A Granger-Binger film which admirably portrays the thrills of the circus ring.



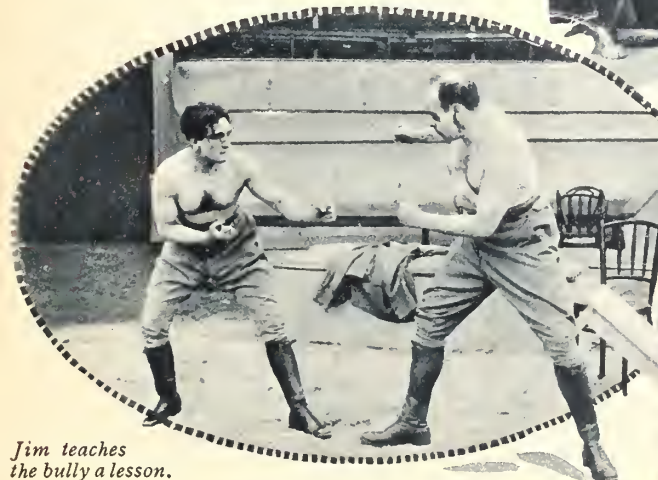
Above : Adelqui Millar and Evelyn Brent.



Jealousy.

Those of our readers who remember that excellent film, *Laughter and Tears*, will be delighted with its successor, *Circus Jim*. All the romantic charm of circus life, with its loves and hates, its disappointments and joys, is presented with that ease and simplicity that is real art. Evelyn Brent gives a beautifully restrained rendering of the part of "Iris," a girl of the people, whilst Adelqui Millar in the title-rôle makes a handsome and attractive lover. Norman Doxat Pratt has the biggest rôle of his young life (he is only six) in this splendid film.

Right : Billy to the rescue.



Jim teaches the bully a lesson.

# Son of Kissing Cup

A superb Walter West production, released by Butcher's Film Service, Ltd.

Walter West's latest racing drama is a worthy successor to that screen classic, *Kissing Cup's Race*. The story of *Son of Kissing Cup* provides one of the most thrilling Turf dramas ever seen upon the silver-sheet.

A host of British screen favourites appear in *Son of Kissing Cup*. Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Mrs. Hayden Coffin, Cameron Carr, Judd Green, Arthur Walcott and Lewis Gilbert are amongst the popular players whose art contributes to the success of this notable British production.

Don't miss *Son of Kissing Cup*, which will be released shortly on the British National Programme. The dramatic incidents from the film depicted on this page are but a few of the many tense moments provided by this fine picture.





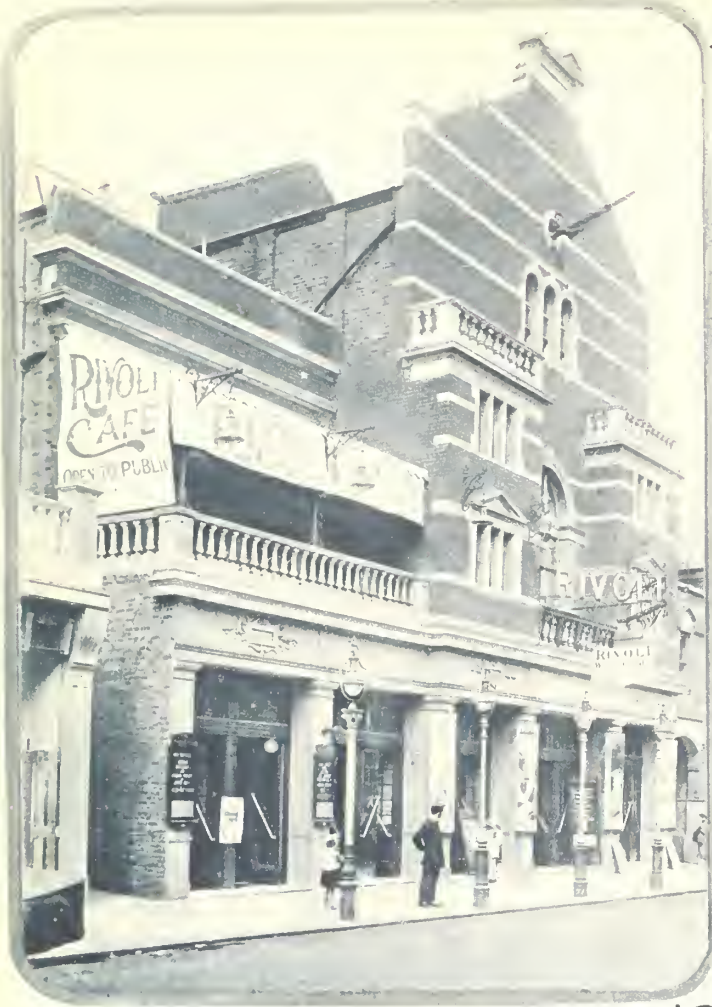
# When Greek Meets Greek

Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome will be seen this month in another important Walter West production, *When Greek Meets Greek*, a film version of the famous novel by Paul Trent, which tells an enthralling story of the British Steel Industry.

To secure the correct atmosphere for the industrial parts of this picture, Walter West transported his company to a big steel works in the North, and many of the scenes were filmed amidst novel settings that lend additional interest to a powerful story.

Others in the cast of this important British production are Lewis Gilbert, Lillian Douglas, Marjorie Benson, Bert Darley, and Arthur Walcott. The film is released by Butcher's Film Service, Ltd., and will be shown under the banner of the British National Programme at all leading cinemas.





Exterior view of the Rivoli.

Fifteen hundred - and - fifty - five agitated spectators gave vent to a simultaneous gasp of relief and a vociferous outburst of applause as Dick Barthelmess stooped over the prostrate body of Lillian Gish and carried her safely to shore. They thoroughly appreciate the art of David Wark Griffith at the Rivoli Kinema. "Birth of a Nation was very popular here," Manager A. E. Chamberlain told us. "Way Down East gave us our record week's attendances, and Orphans of the Storm, which is showing in January, looks like repeating the process." The Rivoli believes in special pre-release bookings of super-films of this sort, and, judging by the crowds, their faith is not unfounded.

Originally the Empire Theatre, its first years as a kinema were lean ones. After which the present management took over, and during the past two-and-a-half years it has amassed a clientèle all its own. These "regulars" like their own particular seats, nothing else will satisfy them, and should a newcomer trespass the unwritten laws of reservation, formal com-

## Mr & Mrs Picturegoer at the Rivoli Southend-on-Sea

plaint is made to the management in with. But they are an orderly crew, and the burly commissioner has little to do in the way of ejection. Possibly the fact that the Police Station stands exactly opposite accounts for this! Watching the crowd stream in and out of the spacious cream and vieux-rose foyer, some enlightening comments were overheard. On the one hand we had Sir John Francis (the ex-Mayor) and Mr. R. A. Jones, extremely well-known citizens of the town, inquiring anxiously what time *A Bill of Divorcement* would be shown the following week. On the other, a dark-eyed boy of about seventeen observed emphatically to his companion: "I know exactly how Dicky felt when he knocked Lowell Sherman down. Oh, sweetheart, suppose it had been you!" And his look, as the pair proceeded tea-wards, spoke volumes. Behind them an artisan was holding forth in choice Cockney on the subject of Polytechnics. "'Set 'em a specimen job,' sez 'e ter me. After free months at 'is adjective Polytechnic! So I sets 'em a simple thing, and blowed 'em they doesn't cum back agin next day, and couldn't make 'ed or tail of it. 'Show us the way, Bill,' sez 'e ter me. 'Not if I knows it,' sez I. 'You go to your adjective adjective Polytechnic!'" Truly the kinema is a democratic institution. The Rivoli was the first picture house in Southend to open on Sundays. On July 30 last, after this concession had been wrested from an unwilling Corporation, the attraction was *Rock of Ages*, with Queenie Thomas, and over five hundred people were turned away. Besides, a very good orchestra and organ, a singer is sometimes called upon to assist the "putting over" of films like *Smile Thru'*. J. L.

Interior of the Rivoli, looking towards the screen.



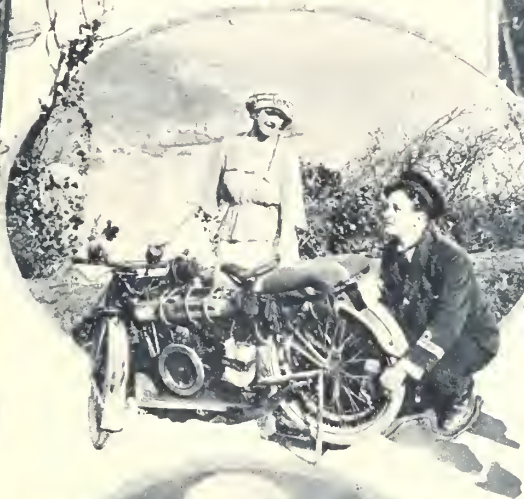


# A Bachelor's Baby

A thoroughly amusing Granger-Davidson comedy that will bring laughter to every picturegoer.



Above: "All correct, Sir." Left: Constance Worth and Malcolm Tod.



Above: The cause of all the trouble. Below: Amateur nurses.

One of the happiest, most amusing and delightful screen comedies ever produced is *A Bachelor's Baby*, which will be shown very shortly in all the principal kinemas. A young naval officer on leave finds a baby deserted by the roadside. He persuades an old friend of his, a Captain Rogers, who loves an elderly spinster, living next door to him, to adopt the baby in order to win her regard. This leads to numerous difficulties for the Captain, and provides a story that is full of interest, humour, and charm.

A very notable cast includes Tom Reynolds, as the Captain, Haidée Wright as the Spinster, Constance Worth and Malcolm Tod as the young lovers.

Circle: Tom Reynolds as "Captain Rogers." Below: Tom Reynolds and Haidee Wright.





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# EASTERN FOAM VANISHING CREAM

THE CREAM OF FASCINATION



January commences most auspiciously with sixty-four feature and other film releases, and very few, if any, "duds." This does not include the round dozen "supers" and other "special attractions" to be seen in London's West End. Britain is well represented, in both sporting and other dramas, outstanding examples of which are *When Greek Meets Greek*, *The Sport of Kings*, *A Prince of Lovers*, and *Circus Jim*. Nineteen-twenty-three will also see some British players come into their own well-deserved stardom, of which more next month.

By the time these words are in print Ivor Novello will be in Mamaroneck, New York, working with D. W. Griffith in his new picture. Ivor has a three years' contract with Griffith, and will play juvenile lead in seven super films, thus following in the footsteps of Bobby Harron, Dick Barthelmess, Ralph Graves, etc.

Novello is the first Britisher chosen for this work, though Coker-King, the "heavy" lead in *One Exciting Night*, is also an Englishman. Mae Marsh will appear opposite Ivor Novello in the first film, and "Picturegoer" readers will join us in wishing Ivor every success. He had just completed *The Man Without Desire* for Atlas Biograph, and sailed for America within three days of his return from Venice and the final scenes of the film.

Lillian Gish is due in London early this month. She has been filming in Rome for Inspiration Pictures, and her work as the heroine of *The White Sister* will prove once and for all

whether or no Griffith's leading ladies can hold their own without his direction.

Louise Lovely is touring all the large American cities with a film, *Shattered Idols*, in which she is featured. Before this is shown, however, she and her husband, William Welch, are seen in person in a little play, "Their Wedding Night." After this, the stage is transformed into a movie studio *pro tem.*, with lights, cameras, cameramen, a "set," and other accessories. Then movies are made, using members of the audience as players—children at the matinees and grown-ups in the evenings. Louise herself "makes up" and directs her artists, and the results of their combined efforts are shown at the same theatre the next week. Last of all in the evening's entertainment came the film *Shattered Idols*.

Mary Pickford will positively grow up at last. Ernst Lubitsch, the Polish Griffith, is to direct her in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*, which fact explains the opening statement. If they keep strictly to the delightful novel, picturegoers are in for something very good indeed.

The year's death-roll seems confined solely to the sterner sex. Earliest on the list were H. V. Esmond, better known as playwright and actor, though he did some film work with his clever wife, Eva Moore, who still ornaments our screens. Then there were Rudolph Christians (of Universal) and Van Dyke Brooke (of Vitagraph). Also poor little Bobby Connelly, whose earliest work was done in the Vitagraph Studios, and whose "Leon Cantor" in

*Humoresque* will long survive him. Bobby's shadow will be seen again this year, for Vitagraph are reissuing many of their early four-reelers, and Bobby played in a number of these.

Little Reeves or "Breezy" Eason is another clever laddie whose career came to an untimely end as the result of a motor accident. Sidney Valentine, too, passed away in 1922; his best screen work was in *Phroso*. Everyone will miss the cheerful features and breezy personality of Teddy Arundell (a Stoll player), who died very suddenly on Nov. 5; and at present Fred Goodwins, well known as actor and producer, is at death's door.

That strange genius, Eric Von Stroheim, has now thrown in his lot with Goldwyn, for whom he will act and direct in the immediate future. Von Stroheim himself, it is said, is nothing like the creature he is so fond of portraying on the screen, but extremely serious and deeply religious. Hitherto it has seemed as though he knew only one story—all his productions, boiled down to essentials, are exactly the same; but in the fields of costume romance Eric should show to advantage.

William Farnum's new picture, *Brass Commandments*, contains a fine cast which includes Tom Santschi as the villain. These two have not been seen together since *The Spoilers*, the sensational fight in which will probably never be duplicated in screenland. For weeks afterwards both men bore marks of the fray, and many a studio extra still speaks of it with bated breath.

Colour will be seen in many of the new American productions. Technicolor is a new process which will be demonstrated in *Toilers of the Sea*, now due for release in U.S.A. This took seven years to perfect, and is Professor David Comstock's invention. Another process, the idea of Loren Taylor, of Paramount Studios, is used in Cecil de Mille's *Adam's Rib*, one of the prettiest scenes in which shows a ballroom with all lights extinguished save those furnished by coloured Japanese lanterns held by the dancers. Prizma-color is, of course, still with us.

For the past two years, two producers, Alfred Machin and Henri Wytchleger, have been at work upon a film in which all the actors are animals. There are about thirty "leads," including chickens, rabbits, guinea pigs, chimpanzees, a mongoose, a marabout, a white mouse, and a young boa-constrictor (he will doubtless "faint in coils" in "Alice in Wonderland" fashion). The stars are a bulldog and a rough-haired terrier, and the feature is now being cut in Paris. It surely needed unending patience, and not a little pluck, for such an undertaking.



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The latest Chaplin rumour is to the effect that Charlie is engaged to—no, not Pola Negri, but Eleanor Boardman.

An unusual suggestion is being considered in America. This is to film John Barrymore in "Hamlet," his best rôle, according to the opinion of his fellow-countrymen. The idea arose at a dinner when someone deplored the fact that Frank Bacon's "Lightnin'," an American classic, had never, and would never now, be seen, since Bacon died just recently. The opinions of the various producers on the subject are worth noting. Says Griffith: "There are five murders in it. What would the censors say (and do)? Hamlet himself is a very morbid character, who commits suicide, and I fear that not only the censors, but the public would ban it without the music of Shakespeare's words." D. W. G. probably had the Asta Neilsen version of "Hamlet" in mind, when he thus spoke. This was decisively rejected by the U.S. "fans."

On this side, though, *Forbes Robertson in Hamlet* was a popular film some years back, and, save for a Ghost which was evidently a relative of "Fidgetty Phil," was quite good, of its kind and of its time. Goldwyn, Universal, and Warner Bros., Distinctive, and Lesser, all big names in the producing industry, are in favour of the idea of enshrining the best work of America's best actor in celluloid, but doubtful as to its reception by the public. The scheme, as suggested by Augustus Thomas, is that not one company, only, but the entire Producing Managers Association should co-operate in the affair. But we seem to remember a certain old saying about Too Many Cooks.

Nazimova's *Salome* opens in Broadway, New York, to-day, Jan. 1. It is something new in movies, and undeniably artistic. Versatile, Nazimova certainly is, and this may prove her "come-back" into film-land, although she herself means to star upon the stage this spring. *Salome* should be in England shortly.

Priscilla Dean looks like being involved in a law suit. She objected strongly to the rôle for which Universal cast her in *Drifting*. The play of this name was a recent New York success, with Alice Brady as its star, and Universal's argument is "It William A. Brady produced this, his own daughter starred in it; surely Priscilla ought not to object to doing the same." But the character certainly is unpleasant—to put it mildly; and even movie stars must draw the line somewhere. This stand involves Priscilla Dean's contract with Universal, and after the recent Rodolph Valentino affair, will be closely watched, as it may form a precedent.

Gordon Griffith, the favourite "Tarzan the Boy," has just finished a big Fox production, "The Village Blacksmith," which will soon be seen this side. Johnny Jones, too, has now completed a comedy feature called *Shiny*, but little Lucille Ricksen is no longer his "opposite." She is now Big Lucille Ricksen, and playing ingenue rôles with another company.

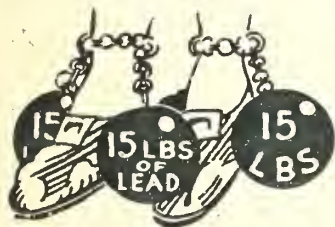
This is the day of the Independent Producer and Distributor. No longer the great companies like Vitagraph, Famous-Lasky, etc., etc., have the field all to themselves. Now a hundred and one lesser companies are making excellent films with favourite stars, and then either allowing one of the big companies to buy them and put them out, or doing this themselves. It is very good for the industry, and excellent for the "fans," for releases are much quicker, and all-star casts are a feature of almost every independent film. Guy Bates Post's *Omar* and *Svengali* are good examples of this; others recently seen here are *Timothy's Quest*, *Why Girls Leave Home*, etc., etc.

Dorothy Gish's next film for Inspiration will be *The Bright Shawl*, a Joseph Hergesheimer story. Opposite Dick Barthelmess, of course. Dorothy plays a Spanish rôle, so out comes the famous black wig once more, though its arrangement will probably be different. She's learning Spanish dancing, the guitar, how to use castanets, and lots about the manners, modes, and gestures of that colourful country, which is, at the moment, the best beloved of movie directors. It is a period story, of about 1850, and Dorothy has a wonderful Spanish shawl which belonged to a grandee, and is to-day a cherished heirloom in his family.



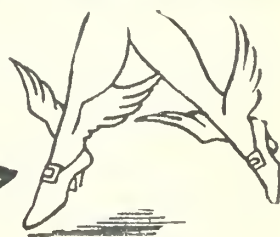
Italy Novello, who has signed a contract to appear in D. W. Griffith productions.

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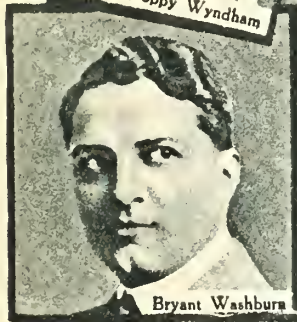
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# Picturegoer's Guide



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Harrison Ford and Bebe Daniels in "Oh, Lady, Lady."

### After the Show (Paramount ; Jan. 29).

A peep behind the scenes according to William De Mille and Rita Weiman. Starring the stage door-keeper in the person of Charles Ogle in his finest part; also Jack Holt, Lila Lee, Shannon Day, Eve Southern, Stella Seager and Ethel Wales. Excellent atmosphere and highly romantic entertainment.

### The Agony of the Eagles (Stoll Films de France ; Jan. 29).

An adaptation of "The Old Guard," by Georges D'Espartes. How a ballet-dancer's revenge betrayed a conspiracy to restore Napoleon's son to his kingdom. Fine photography and acting by the late Severin-Mars, Mlle. Gaby Morlay, M. Desjardins, M. Dallen, and little Rauzena. Prolonged agony, but effective and spectacular entertainment.

### Atlantide (Stoll ; Jan. 8).

Ancient history according to, and adapted from, Pierre Benoit's novel of the same name. Two soldiers discover Atlantis, the lost Continent, also a feminine Bluebeard. A real "super," convincingly acted by Stacia Napierowska, Jean Angelo, Georges Melchior, Mlle. Lave-Louise Inibe, M. Franceschi, Abdel-Kader-ben-Ali, and Mohammed-ben-Noni. Don't miss this one.

### A Prince of Lovers (Gawmont ; Jan. 1).

The career of an honest-to-goodness Georgian he-vamp. An exceptionally good British romantic photoplay, with an all-star cast comprising Howard Gaye, Marjorie Hume, Mary Clare, Saba Raleigh, Marjorie Day, David Hawthorne, Eugene Leahy, Madge Tree, M. ie Ault, Viva Birkett,

Emmeline Ormesby, James Bonatus, George Toby, and H. R. Hignett.

### A Will and a Way (Artistic ; Jan. 29).

How to catch a husband. Adapted from a W. W. Jacobs story ("Light Freights"), and acted by Ernest Hendrie, Charles Ashton, Johnny Butt, Pollie Emery, Cynthia Murtagh, Ada Palmer, and Peggy and Maisie Beans. An excellent British comedy.

### The Barricade (Jury ; Jan. 29).

A simple, well-told story of human ingratitude and false pride. Good characterisation and fine acting by Kenneth Harlan, Dorothy Richards, Katherine Spencer, William A. Strauss, Eugene Borden, James Harrison and Joe O'Connor. Good entertainment.

### Bar Nothin' (Fox ; Jan. 15).

Charles (Buck) Jones following in Tom Mix's footsteps. The old cowboy stuff presented in a whole-hearted, high-spirited fashion. Photography excellent. Cast includes Ruth Reneck, Arthur Carewe, James Farley and William Buckley. An out-of-the-way good Westerner.

### Behind the Mask (Regent ; Jan. 1).

Society drama of love and hate featuring Anne Luther, Charles Gerard and Clare Whitney, supported by Baby Ivy Ward, E. J. Radcliffe, Stephen Gratton, and Albert Hart. Fair entertainment.

### Beyond (Paramount ; Jan. 22).

Spiritualism on the screen. Written by Henry Arthur Jones. Ethel Clayton in an "Enoch Arden" rôle; also Charles Meredith, Earl Schenck, Fontaine La Rue, Winifred Kingston, Lillian Rich, Spottiswoode Aitken, and Herbert Fortier. Fair entertainment.

(Continued on Page 55.)

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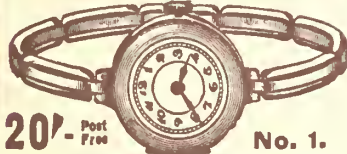
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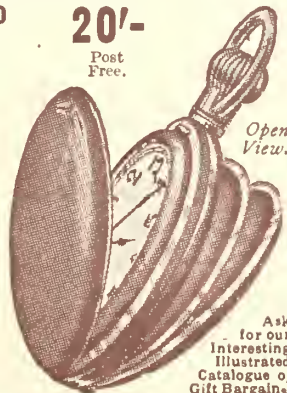
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## PICTUREGOER'S GUIDE

(Continued from Page 54)

The Black Panther's Cub (*Pearl*; Jan. 15).

Lavish but unreal. A spectacular screen version of Swinburne's "Faustine" poem, set in London and Paris, with ancient Roman insets. Starring Florence Reed. Cast includes Norman Trevor, Earl Fox, William Roselle, Tyrone Power, Mlle. Dazie, Henry Stephenson, and Paul Ducet. Good spectacular fare.

Cabiria (*Artistic*; Jan. 8).

A page from ancient history. Gabriel D'Annunzio wrote the story of this fine Italian feature, which shows the Punic Wars in the time when Carthage and Rome were in their glory. Featuring "Maciste." This film gave the Italian screen giant his film name. Good entertainment.

Chaplin Re-Issue (*First Nat.*; Jan. 15).

Chaplin and Edna Flugrath in *A Dog's Life*, one of his best shorter features.

Circus Jim (*Granger's*; Jan. 28).

An attractive story of the sawdust ring, well produced and acted by Adelqui Millar, Evelyn Brent, and Norman Dixatt-Pratt, William Van der Veer, Beatrice Tenbrook, Nico de Jong, Jack Doxat-Pratt, and Fred Penley. Fine photography and lighting, and an excellent fight at the finish.

The Concert (*Pathé*; Jan. 8).

Lewis S. Stone and Myrtle Stedman show how easily musical celebrities get out of tune with each other. Raymond Hatton, Mabel Julienne Scott, Gertrude Astor, Russ Powell, Lydia Yeaman Titus, Frances Hall, and Lorne Cheung. Good acting, but only fair farcical entertainment.

Conjurer's House (*Paramount*; Jan. 15).

An elaborate re-filming of Stewart Edward White's novel, with Jack Holt and Madge Bellamy in the principal parts. A fine romance of the Canadian North-West. Cast includes Noah Beery, Francis McDonald, Helen Ferguson, Edward Martindel, and Jack Herbert.

Dangerous Curve Ahead (*Goldwyn*; Jan. 29).

The adventures of an average American man and wife in a small town. Happy, albeit quarrelsome, domesticity. In the cast are Helen Chadwick, Richard Dix, "Lefty" Flynn, James Neill, Edythe Chapman and Kate Lester. Good sentimental entertainment.

The Devil Within (*Fox*; Jan. 1).

Dustin Farnum amid Malay curses and kreeses, South Sea settings, poison, fights and rugged adventures. Also Virginia Valli, Nigel de Bruhier, Bernard Durning, Evelyn Selbie, Hazel Dean, and Jim Farley. Picturesque but illogical. For melodrama lovers only.

Dick Turpin's Ride to York (*Stoll*; Jan. 15).

A fine British costume romance woven around the world-famous highwayman's exploits. Cast includes Matheson Lang, Isobel Elsom, Norman Page, Lily Iris, Lewis Gilbert, Cecil Humphreys, James English, Mme. D'Estere, Malcolm Todd, and Tony Fraser.

Doubling for Romeo (*Goldwyn*; Jan. 15).

Farce comedy by a pair of famous authors, Will Shakespeare and Will Rogers, with some excellent "digs" at movie-makers. The sub-titles alone are worth the admission money. Supporting Rogers are Sylvia Breamer, Raymond Hatton, Sydney Ainsworth, Al Hart, Jimmie Rogers, William Orlamund, Cordeha Callahan, John Cossar, C. E. Thurston, and Roland Rushton.

Experience (*Paramount*; Jan. 8).

A screen version of the well-known morality play. A tedious and over-drawn movie sermon, despite Richard Barthelmess, Marjorie Daw, Betty Carpenter, Kate Bruce, Helen Kelly, Edna Wheaton (the one-in-six-thousand New York beauty), Nita Naldi, John Miltern, Joe Smiley, Robert Schable, and Leslie Gloom. George Fitzmaurice produced.

Enchantment (*Paramount*; Jan. 18).

Marion Davies in a light comedy version of "The Taming of the Shrew." Urban settings, artistic and elaborate, but hardly necessary; also Forrest Stanley, Edith Shayne, Tom Lewis, Arthur Rankin, Corinne Barker, and Maude Gordon. Will please beauty-lovers.

The Face of the World (*Hardour*; Jan. 15).

The old, old story of the neglected wife and the too-busy husband treated freshly, and well produced and characterized. In the cast are Barbara Bedford, Edward Hearn, Harry Duffield, Lloyd Whitlock, Gordon Mullen, J. P. Lockney, and Fred Huntley. A good drama.

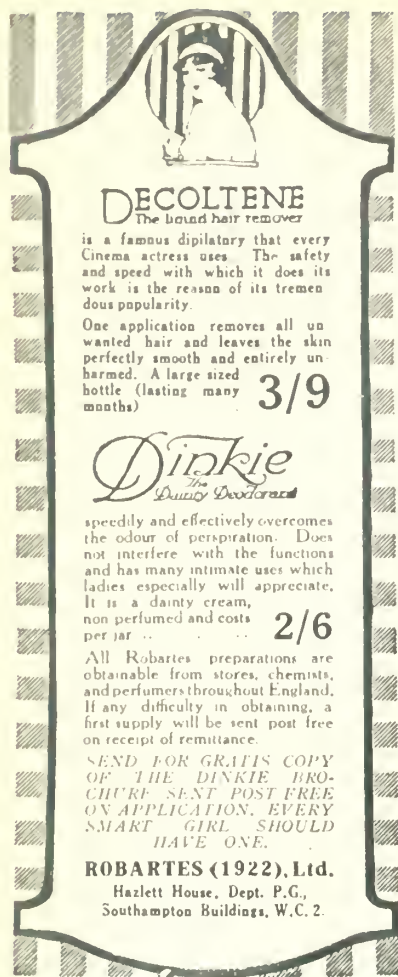
Fair Lady (*Allied Artists*; Jan. 22).

Rex Beach's "The Net," in celluloid. Amuse yourself by trying to figure out the connection between the title and the film. Thrills in plenty, an Italian vendetta, and Betty Blythe, Gladys Hulette, Thurston Hall (seen on the stage recently in "The Broken Wing"), Robert Elliott, Florence Auer, Macey Harlam, Henry Leone, Effingham Pinto, and Arnold Lucy. Excellent entertainment.

Flower of the North (*Vitagraph*; Jan. 22).

A very fine film version of James Oliver Curwood's novel, featuring Pauline Starke, Henry B. Walthall, supported by Joe Rickson, Jack Curtis, Harry Northrup, Emmett King, Walter Rodgers, William McCall, and Vincent Howard.

(Continued on Page 58)



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A scene from "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" released this month.

**Footlights** (Paramount; Jan. 1).

Elsie Ferguson in the best stage story of the month. Rita Weiman's idea of how stars are made. Reginald Denny, Marc MacDermott, and Octavia Handworth support. Don't miss this one.

**The Glorious Fool** (Goldwyn; Jan. 8).

Artistry versus sentiment, sentiment winning at a canter. A hospital story by Mary Roberts Rinehart; beautifully acted by Helen Chadwick, Richard Dix, Theodore Von Elz, Kate Lester, Otto Hoffman, Patricia Palmer, and George Cooper. For the ladies chiefly.

**I Am Guilty** (Jury; Jan. 22).

Another neglected wife. Louise Glaum playing with fire and getting a burnt shoulder, and an excellent mystery drama. Lavish production. Also Mahlon Hamilton, Claire du Brey, Joseph Kilgour, Ruth Stonehouse, May Hopkins, George Cooper, Mickey Moore, and Frederic de Kevert.

**The Journey's End** (Wardour; Jan. 29).

A remarkable production without any sub-titles, but with excellent acting, characterisation and direction. Adapted from "Ave Maria," by Hugo Ballin (who also directed), and acted by Wyndham Standing, Mabel Ballin, Jack Dillon, and Georgette Bancroft. Excellent entertainment.

**The Last of the Mohicans** (Jury; Jan. 6).

A Maurice Tourneur production of the Fenimore Cooper classic. A masterpiece of its kind, with realistic backgrounds, excellent suspense, and great fidelity as to Indian manners and

customs. All-star cast, with Wallace Beery, Barbara Bedford, Albert Roscoe, Lillian Hall, Henry Woodward, George Hackathorne, James Gordon, Theodore Leach, Jack McDonald, and Sydney Dean. For boys of all kinds.

**Lessons in Love** (Ass. First National; Jan. 8).

Constance Talmadge in "The Man from Toronto" on the screen proves herself an excellent teacher. Harrison Ford, Kenneth Harlan, Flora Finch, Florence Short, James Harrison, George Fawcett, Frank Webster, and Louise Lee support. Delightful comedy entertainment.

**Love's Redemption** (Ass. First National; Jan. 22).

Hardly worth redeeming, in spite of excellent work by Norma Talmadge, Montague Love, Harrison Ford, Cooper Cliffe, Ida Waterman, Michael M. Barnes, E. Fernandez, and Fraser Coulter. Too tropical to ring true. Will please most star-gazers.

**Lying Lips** (Jury; Jan. 1).

A strong and unconventional problem drama finely produced by Thomas Ince and finely acted by House Peters, Florence Vidor, Joseph Kilgour, Margaret Livingstone, Margaret Campbell, Edith Yorke, Calvert Carter, and Emmet C. King. Also some English mansions that exist nowhere save in the mind of the producer. First-rate dramatic fare.

**The Mystery of the Yellow Room** (Gaumont; Jan. 1).

Ethel Grey Terry and Jean Gauthier in a fascinating screen version of Gaston Leroux's widely read novel. Cast includes Edmund Elton, George

Cowl, Lorin Raker, W. H. Burton, Jean Ewing, Henry Koser, Catherine Ashley, and Ivan Double. Excellent entertainment.

**No Woman Knows** (F.B.O.; Jan. 8).

A very fine drama of Jewish custom and character, showing how two women love and suffer that genius may have its chance. Belongs to the *Humoresque* class; and is adapted from "Fanny Herself," by Edna Ferber. Max Davidson, Mabel Julienne Scott, Grace Marvin, Snitz Edwards, Bernise Radom, Danny Hoy, E. A. Warren, Raymond Lee, Joseph Swickard, Richard Cummings, Joseph Sterns, John Davidson, Earl Schenck, and Stuart Holmes are all excellent.

**The Oath** (Ass. First National; Jan. 29).

What W. J. Locke probably used when he saw his "Idols" on the screen. A drama without a villain, and a mystery story in which the mystery remains an unexplained one. Splendid production, and a popular cast, comprising Miriam Cooper, Conway Tearle, Robert Fischer, Henry Clive, Ricca Allen, and Anna Q. Nilsson.

**Oh, Lady, Lady!** (Realart-Gaumont; Jan. 22).

Adapted from the American musical comedy success by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. How a wedding was wrecked by the bridegroom's country sweetheart, and what came of it. Played by Bébé Daniels, Harrison Ford, Walter Hiers, Charlotte Woods, Lillian Langdon, and Jack Dodd. Excellent light comedy entertainment.

**Out of the Silent North** (European; Jan. 29).

Frank Mayo, Barbara Bedford, and Frank Leigh in a good Canadian story with rather more sentiment than usual. Fair entertainment.

**Pardon My French** (Goldwyn; Jan. 1).

Farce-comedy, ingenious though not over-original. Stage folk again, with robbers, cyclones, and oil shares thrown in. Features Vivian Martin, Ralph Yearsley, Nadine Beresford, and Grace Stuedford. Good light entertainment.

**Perils of the Yukon** (Serial) (European; Jan. 4).

William Desmond is equal to all of them. Contains the usual escapes and adventures, but unusually well presented in old-time Alaskan settings; also Princess Neela, Laura La Plante. Good entertainment of its kind.

**Pilgrims of the Night** (Jury; Jan. 8).

Intricate E. Phillips Oppenheim international intrigue making high-tension movie melodrama. All-star cast includes Lewis S. Stone, Rubye de Remer, William V. Mong, Kathleen Kirkham, Raymond Hatton, Walter McGrail, and Frank Leigh.

**Potter's Clay** (Anchor; Jan. 1).

A British production with Ellen Terry as the paramount attraction in a story of love, plots, and pottery. In the cast are Peggie Hathaway, Dick Webb, Douglas Payne, Wallace Bosco, Edgar Wallace, Henry Doughty, and Edward Thirlby.

**Quality Plays** (*Walturdaw*; Jan. 1 and 15).

*Geraldine's First Year* (Jan. 1), the first of an amusing series of married-life comedies featuring Sydney N. Folker (who is a worthy successor to Sidney Drew) and Joan Maclean. *The Big Strong Man*, also a newly wed comedy, with George Turner, Wyn Richmond, James Barber, Frank Turner, and Frank Stanmore in the cast. Both adapted from "Pan, the Fiction Magazine," stories. Excellent entertainment.

**The Romance of Mary Tudor** (*Pioneer*; Jan. 1).

Coloured costume romance founded on Victor Hugo's novel, showing an episode in the life of Queen Mary Tudor and featuring Paul Capellani and Mlle. Delvan. Good entertainment.

**The Recoil** (*Stoll*; Jan. 23).

A screen adaptation of "The Dream," by Rafael Sabatini. Rather a bad dream, too, of hypnotism, hate, and justifiable homicide. Well acted by Eille Norwood, Phyllis Titmuss, Annie Esmond, Dawson Milward, and Laurence Anderson. Fair entertainment.

**The Roof Tree** (*Fox*; Jan. 29).

Our old friend the film feud, twice repeated, once in Old Kentucky, once in Virginia. Not so good as most of William Russell's Westerns. Support includes Florence Deshon, Sylvia Bremer, Robert Daly, Arthur Morrison, and Al Fremont. A good chance for lynx-eyed "Fault"-finders. Fair entertainment.

**The Ruling Passion** (*Allied Artists*; Jan. 8).

Read this Earl Der Biggers business story in the Nov. 1921 "Pan," price 1s. A delightfully human entertainment, based on the old saw about the Evil One finding work for idle hands to do. George Arliss stars in a very un-Arliss-like rôle, and gets well away as a fine light comedian. Doris Kenyon, Edward Burns, Ida Darling, J. W. Johnston, Ernest Hilliard, Harold Waldrigate, and Brian Darley support. Excellent comedy-drama.

**Serenade** (*Ass. First National*; Jan. 15).

Played this side at the Kingsway, with Ivor Novello in the chief rôle, here interpreted by George Walsh, plus some dragged-in stunts. A triangular love affair in Castile, with a trio of Walshes (George—star; Raoul—director; and Mrs. Raoul—Miriam Cooper) well to the fore. Beautifully produced and well played. In the cast are Joseph Swickard, Bertram Grassby, William Eagle-Eye, James A. Marcus, and Rosita Marstini. Excellent romantic fare.

**Shackles of Gold** (*Fox*; Jan. 8).

A screen adaptation of Henri Bernstein's play, "Samson," effectively acted by William Farnum, Marie Shotwell, Myrtle Boirellas, Elliott Griffin, Ellen Cassidy, and Henry Carvill. Society melodrama is not exactly Farnum's forte, but his work is as good as usual.

**The Sheik** (*Paramount*; Jan. 22).

Desert love, according to the best high-speed romantic canons, adapted from Edith M. Hull's novel. Well produced and acted by Rodolph Valentino, Agnes Ayres, Adolphe Meryon, Lucien Littlefield, Walter Long, Ruth Miller, and George Waggener. Ladies will love it. The story appears on page 37 of this issue.



Adelquin Millar, who appears this month in "Circus Jim."

**The Single Track** (*Vitagraph*; Jan. 29).

Corinne Griffith versus many villains in an Alaskan adventure story, with a fashion display dragged in by main force. Well acted by the star and Richard Travers, Sydney Herbert, Edward Norton, Fuller Mellish, and Jessie Stevens. Not for the critical.

**Sinners** (*Realart Gaumont*; Jan. 29).

A good opportunity missed by the director. Badly constructed, but finely acted by Alice Brady, William P. Carleton, Frank Losee, Robert Schable, Agnes Everett, Augusta Anderson, James L. Crane, and Crawford Kent. Fair entertainment.

**Something Different** (*Realart Gaumont*; Jan. 8).

Frail comedy-drama, but novel and deserving its title. Stars Constance Binney, supported by Lucy Fox, Ward Crane, Crane Wilbur, Gertrude Hillman, Mark Smith, Wm. R. Hutch, and Adolph Miller. Good entertainment.

**The Song of Life** (*Ass. First National*; Jan. 1).

Set in the key of domesticity. A mother-and-home story, well produced and powerfully acted by an all-star cast: Gaston Glass, Grace Darmond, Georgia Woodthorpe, "Itchie" Headrick, Arthur Stuart Hull, Edward Peil, Fred Kelsey, and Claude Peyton. Excellent entertainment.

**The Sporting Duchess** (*Vitagraph*; Jan. 8).

A second kinematisation of "The Derby Winner," a Drury Lane melodrama of racing, ruin, and reconciliation. Alice Joyce stars, and Percy Marmont, Gustave Von Seyfertitz, Edith C. Walker, Lionel Pape, Dan Comfort, May McAvoy, Robert Agnew, and William Turner support. Excellent entertainment.

**The Sport of Kings** (*Granger-Davidson*; Jan. 11).

First-class sporting drama, essentially British, with fine atmosphere, fights and cast. This includes Victor McLaglen, Phyllis Shannaw, Cyril Percival, Douglas Munro, and Jack Carroll. Excellent entertainment.

**Thunderbolt Jack** (Serial) (*W. and F.*; Jan. 1).

Especially written for Jack Hoxie and Marin Sais. Thrills, spells and excitement nineteen to the dozen. Also Alton Hoxie, Chris Frank, Steve Clement, and Edith Stayart. Fifteen two-reel episodes, quite up to the usual Western serial standard.

**The Truth** (*Pathé*; Jan. 22).

Always pleasant in this case owing to Madge Kennedy, a smooth-running husband-and-wife drama plot, and perfect characterisation. Thomas Kerrigan, Kenneth Hill, Helen Greene, Frank Doane, and Zelda Sears do good supporting work. Good entertainment.

**Whatever She Wants** (*Fox*; Jan. 22).

Eileen Percy and her bobbed hair the most interesting feature in this one. Very light social comedy interpreted by—besides the star—Richard Wayne, Herbert Fortier, James MacElther, and Otto Hoffman.

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Mae Murray is her name ;  
She's a dancer known to fame,  
And the sweetest little lady ever seen.  
Sunny hair, and eyes of blue,  
From " Parce " to Timbuctoo,  
She's acknowledged as the darling of  
the Screen.

Tho' sometimes the dress she's wearing  
Proves to be a trifle daring,  
And the lady she portrays a trifle fast,  
She plays it all so sweetly  
That she wins your heart completely,  
Always holds you fascinated to the  
last.

When I find a house to let,  
I'll be after it, you bet ;  
If I ever have a garden to myself,  
All its beds I'll fill with roses,  
Make them into fragrant posies,  
And despatch them to this charming  
little elf !

VARSIITY BOY (Birmingham).

## I WONDER.

I wonder how they wangle it ;  
It seems so very clever :  
Despite the passing of the days,  
They look as young as ever.

I wish I knew the secret of  
Those stars upon the screen,  
Who, though they've acted now for  
years,  
Still look " Sweet Seventeen."

M. E. (Kingston).

## D'YE SE(E)MON ?

Who's the comedian I love the best ?  
Larry, jolly old Larry.  
Who's the young man in the overalls  
dressed ?  
Larry, jolly old Larry.  
He may not look it when first he is  
seen ;  
But really the funniest man on the  
screen  
(As I think you'll agree when to watch  
him you've been),  
Is Larry, jolly old Larry !

E. C. (Ipswich).

## THE VAMP.

There are girls who fascinate me ;  
There are girls who nauseate me ;  
There are tender, curly-locked brun-  
ettes of ev'ry kind of brand.  
There are blondes with looks a-plenty ;  
Girls who powder and are scenty ;  
There are pretty little darlings found  
in ev'ry blessed land.

These are girls I do not care for ;  
Wouldn't stir a breadth of hair for ;  
What I want is different quite—I want  
the girls who fan a fire—  
Feed the flames of glowing passion ;  
(Passion seems to be the fashion)  
Oh, the vampire woman, she's the one  
who rouses love and ire.

PISTRATUS (Mayfair).

## 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. 216 will be awarded to the sender of each " Fault " published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: " Faults," PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

## Unclaimed Honours.

Norma Talmadge in *The Wonderful Thing* marries the eldest son of the widowed "Lady Mannerby." Throughout the film, though Norma and her husband style themselves plain "Mr. and Mrs. Mannerby." Surely the title should have fallen to the late Lord Mannerby's son.—D. M. (Brixton).

## Film Heroes Never Die.

In *Submarine Gold*, a chemical explosion occurs in a submarine, and some very virulent (judging by the speed with which it kills the occupants) gas fills the air. Ralph Ince escapes by donning a gas-mask. Only a short time elapses before he returns to the submarine, this time without a mask, and suffers no harm, although there was no possible chance of the gas becoming harmless. Whoever directed these scenes knows very little about the nature of poison-gas.—H. E. E. A. (Surrey).

## One Cold Heroine.

According to a sub-title in *Three Gold Coins*—a Tom Mix film—the temperature is "A Hundred in the Shade," but Margaret Loomis, as the girl Tom loves, persistently wears a big wrap coat fastened right up to her chin. I hope she didn't catch cold !—M. G. (W. Hartlepool).

## Why Change Your Couch ?

When "Mr. Conigsby" is carried into his house in *The Woman of His Dream*, after having been severely injured, he is laid upon a tapestry-covered couch. A few seconds later the couch becomes a shining leather one, although the sufferer, according to sub-title, "couldn't be moved." Next minute the tapestry is there again, and a moment after that he's lying on leather once more.—M. S. W. (Dunfermline).

## How Could You, Clarence ?

A close-up in *Forbidden Fruit* shows a canary singing in its cage. Annoyed by the sound, the heroine's worthless husband (Clarence Burton) takes off his shoe and throws it at the bird, knocking it, cage and all, out of the window. When it is picked up and taken from the cage, the bird has quite dark plumage. I suppose it "dyed" of fright.—C. V. (Ryde).

## Lunch à la Movie Mode.

In *Too Hot to Live*, a scene is shown in which Mona Lisa serves what she calls "lunch." But there were candles on the table ; surely these are never used at lunch ?—E. B. (Lewisham).

## A PICTUREGOER BOUQUET.

T is the Title and Type Trimly set,  
H is the Happiness each month we get,  
E is the Editor, Erudite sage,

P is the Pictures Portrayed on each  
Page.

I is the Interesting Interviews in it,  
C is this Carol—why did I begin it ?

T is the Thinker with Theories on  
Thought,

U is the Union with which he is  
sought.

R is the Recent Releases Recorded,  
E's the Enjoyment that each month's  
afforded.

G is dear George and the Gossip and  
Guide,

O is the Oyster that's Opened inside.  
E's my Excuses for all this bad verse,

R's the Reflection: "It might have  
been worse !"

BETTY (London).

## A KINEMA CATECHISM.

Has Nazimova eyes of blue or deepest  
violet ?

And why is it that Stewart Rome  
remains unmarried yet ?

Are Mary Pickford's curls her own ?  
Does Pearl White wear a wig ?

Can Eugene sing, I'd like to know ?  
Can Wally dance a jig ?

Can Violet Hopson drive a car ; what  
brand of petrol's used ?

Is Buster's sad and solemn air what  
keeps us all amused ?

How tall is Norma Talmadge ? Why  
is Walter Hiers so fat ?

Can't Charlie wear some decent boots,  
and sport a different hat ?

And why did Monte fix on "Blue" ?—  
he's always "in the pink,"

I've failed to find the answers ; now  
will George, please, have a think ?

D. W. (Calcutta).

## TO ANNA.

Dear Anna ! How I love you when  
You flash across the screen.

It makes me feel so proud to think,  
That you're my Movie Queen !

N.Y.Z. (Bristol).

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Charles Ray

# Let George Do It!

**COOGANITE (Winchmore Hill).—**(1) Jackie Coogan was born in New York in 1915, though he looks younger. He and Chaplin met in the lobby of an hotel, when "C. C." at once engaged the youngster for a year. (2) Art-plate of Jackie in "Pictures," Dec. 3, 1921; price 3d., from Publishing Dept., Long Acre. "Sidelight" in Sept. 10, 1921, issue; same price. (3) I expect you've seen it by now. It was a September release. (4) Not the same person. Sol Lesser controls and operates over forty-seven theatres in California, and is the moving spirit of Sol Lesser enterprises. (5) He would receive, on those terms, one-half the total profits on each film before anything was deducted for expenses. The sum would not be less than £110,000, anyway.

**M. G. (Durham).—***Anne of Green Gables* has not been Trade-shown this side yet, so you're in for a long wait. Mary Miles has had a long holiday, but is at work on *The Cowboy and the Lady* now. (2) Fay Compton will be on the stage again by the time these lines are in print. She is to star in Denison Clift's *Mary Queen of Scots* film. Her last was *A Bill of Divorcement*, in which she played "Margaret Fairfield."

**BABS (Pendleton).—**(1) Write all stars c.o. this journal, enclosing stamped plain envelope with your letter. (2) I daresay Mahlon Hamilton will oblige you. He is a Baltimore man, and was on the stage originally. His screen career includes one serial, *The Hidden Hand*; also *The Danger Mark*, *In Old Kentucky*, *Daddy Long Legs*, *Ladies Must Live*, *The Deadlier Sex*,

*Earthbound*, *The Truant Husband*, and *I am Guilty*. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. Married, but not to a film star. (3) Jack Mulhall born in New York, stage and vaudeville career, was with Biograph for four years. Some of his films are *Sirens of the Sea*, *Wild Youth*, *The Brass Bullet* (Serial), *The Off-Shore Pirate*, *The Little Clown*, and *Two Weeks with Pay*. Height, 5 ft. 11 in. Brown hair and blue eyes. (4) John Bowers came from Indiana. Screen career with Griffith, Metro, Thanouser, Famous Players, World, and Goldwyn, where he now is. He is 6 ft. tall, with dark hair and eyes. *Strictly Confidential*, *Woman in Room 13*, *Godless Men*, *Roads of Destiny*, and *The Sky Pilot* are some of his films. Hope I've satisfied your thirst for knowledge for a little while.

**A LOVER OF PICTURES (Tulse Hill).—**(1) Wallace McCutcheon is on the stage again at present. (2) C.o. this journal, with the usual stamped plain envelope.

**M. R. W. (Dalkey).—**Will ask the Editor *re* photos of your favourites. (1) June Elvidge was born in 1893. (2) Yes; Mildred Manning's still playing; her last was *The Westerners* (Robertson Cole). (3) I believe Fanny Ward has retired; but you'll see Gail Kane and Alice Brady on the screen again next year. (4) Jean Calhoun appeared recently in *Man, Woman, Marriage*; she hasn't retired. (5) In *Pride of the Clan*: "Margaret McTavish" Mary Pickford; "Robert Earl of Dunstable," Warren Cook; "The Countess of Dunstable," Kathryn Brown Decker; "Pitcairn," Edward

Roseman; "The Dominic," Jack Day; and "Jamie Campbell," Matt Moore.

**KEENLY INTERESTED (Leigh).—**(1) *Melody of Death* was released last June 5. Here's the cast—"Mrs. Cathcart," Hetta Bartlett; "George Wallis," Dick Sutherd; "Gilbert Standerton," Philip Anthony; "Edith Cathcart," Enid Reville Read; "Sir John Standerton," J. Agar Lyons. Edgar Wallace wrote the book, and the title was not changed. (2) Haven't heard of an American version of *At the Villa Rose*, but your choice of Eileen Percy for "Celia Harland" is quite a good one. We have postcards of the stars. Send a postcard to "Pictures" Salon, Long Acre, for free list of them.

**E. S. H. (Bradford).—**Alliance Film Co. is still going strong. They've recently finished *The Bohemian Girl*, and Harley Knoles is preparing another big production. *The Door That Had No Key* was an Alliance film.

**A. T. (Merton).—**Haven't heard from Marie Walcamp since she finished *The Dragon's Net*. She is married to Harland Tucker, not Kenneth Harlan. Her serial will be seen this side in 1923.

**THE TERRIBLE TWINS (London).—**Tea with Anna Q. Nilsson! And four signed photographs. Why wasn't I born a twin! (1) Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson was filmed in *Hamlet* and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*.

**MAROONED (Leeds).—**That's as good a place for it as any other I know. (1) George Walsh is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, with dark hair and dark eyes. He isn't married now. Some of his best films are *Number 17*, *This is the Life*, *Dynamite Allen*, and *Serenade*. I should say he'd be pleased to hear from you. (2) You apply at the Studios, or to an Agent. Crowd work is a very good way to start.

**A FIFTH-FORMER (Spalding).—**(1) Moyna MacGill has brown hair and light-blue eyes. She appeared in *Garryowen* besides the one you name, but has returned to the stage again now. Write her c.o. us. (2) James Knight was born at Canterbury, 1891, and has been on the screen since 1916. With Harma films all the while. He's round about 6 ft. tall, light-brown-haired, and blue-eyed. At present he's minus part of his eyebrows, which were singed whilst rescuing a film heroine from a burning liner.

**A. LEE (Surrey).—**Not Annabel, I trust. Priscilla Dean stands 5 ft. 4 in. and has dark eyes and hair. Her husband, Wheeler Oakman, stands over 6 ft., with brown hair and hazel eyes. The numbers you want are "Pictures," April 3, 1920, Mar. 26, Jan. 29, Feb. 12, Sept. 24, Sept 10, and Jan. 22, 1921. Price of these is 1s. 6d., and postage. PICTUREGOER for Oct., 1921 and July, 1920, and April, 1922. PICTUREGOER cost 1s. each, and 2½d. postage on each.

**SERIAL LOVER (Hove).**—(1) In *Hidden Dangers* — "Dr. Brutell," Joe Ryan; "Madeline Stanton," Jean Paige; "Robert Stanton," George Stanley; "Hammer," E. J. Denny; "Pinchers," Sam Polo; and "Sheriff Macklin," Bert Ensminger. (2) Edward Roseman appeared in *Fantomas* for Fox, besides *Bride 13*; but the latter was Greta Hartman's only Serial. (3) William E. Lawrence is a film player. You saw him in *Bride 13*, I expect. He was an artist's model at one time, and entered Screenland via the Reliance Majestic Studios with D. W. Griffith. His films are *Intolerance*, *Battle of the Sexes*, *Old Folks at Home*, *Get Your Man*, *Habit*, *Ducks and Drakes*, and *The Snob*. The last two are 1923 releases. Height, 5 ft. 10½ in. Blue eyes, black hair. There is quite enough for me, thank you; but you may come again some time, if you like.

**MOVIE MAD (Liverpool).**—We've met before, haven't we? Elmo Lincoln in *The Kaiser*, *The Beast of Berlin*. (1) Arline Pretty's films are *The Old Guard*, *The Dawn of Freedom*, *Surprises of an Empty Hotel*, *The Thirteenth Girl*, *The Secret Kingdom*, and *The Woman in Grey* (Serials); *In Again Out Again*, *Life*, *Valley of Doubt*, and *Crossed Currents*. (2) Harry Houdini, Lila Lee, and Rosemary Theby in *The Grim Game*. (3) Cast of *Two Little Urchins* has appeared before in these pages. Episodes not to hand.

**E. W. S. (Stamford Brook).**—I see your point, but too late to do anything in the matter now.

**PINK CARNATIONS (Buxton).**—Certainly, since you ask so nicely. (1) Bessie Barriscale born 1891. Louise Glaum doesn't tell her age; she's thirty-something, I believe. (2) Peggy Paterson in *Mr. Justice Raffles*. Peggy Pearce was "Goldie" in that other film. Peggy didn't appear in *Love Madness*. (3) Still acting, but only spasmodically. (4) Joan Gordon played "Nomis," Sheba's sister, in *The Queen of Sheba*. No details to hand about her so far.

**E. F. (Cheltenham).**—(1) Cast of *The Three Musketeers*: "D'Artagnan," Douglas Fairbanks; "Athos," Leon Barry; "Porthos," George Seigman; "Aramis," Eugene Pallette; "De Rochefort," Boyd Irwin; "Buckingham," Thomas Holding; "Boniface," Sydney Franklin; "Planchet," Charles Stevens; "Cardinal," Nigel de Bruhier; "De Treville," Willis Robards; "Father Joseph," Lenn Poff; "Queen," Mary Maclaren; "Constance," Marguerite de la Motte; "Milady," Barbara La Marr; "Louis XIII.," Adolphe Menjou. (2) Cast of *Over the Hill*: "Ma Benton," Mary Carr; "Dad Benton," William Welch; "Isaac" (boy), Sheridan Tansey; "Isaac" (twenty years later), Noel Tearle; "Thomas" (boy), Stephen Carr; "Thomas" (later), John Dwyer; "John," Jerry Devine and Johnny Walker; "Charles," James Sheldon and Wallace Ray; "Rebecca," Rosemary Carr and Phyllis Diller; "Susan," May Beth Carr and Louella

Carr; "Isabella Strong," Vivienne Osborne; "Agulutia," Dorothy Allen; "Lucy," Edna Murphy. Do you still want to know if I've a good memory?

**WALLYMOVA (Bayswater).**—Congratulations on your *nom-de-plume*. Brickbats duly noted and bouquets distributed. (1) Pauline Frederick's husband is her cousin, Dr. Rutherford. (2) Nazimova was born 1879, though you mayn't credit it.

**NAR (Cairo).**—(1) Sessue Hayakawa is quite well. (2) Japanese. (3) 5 ft. 7½ in. (4) Born 1889 in Tokio and educated at a Japanese college and the University of Chicago. Acted for six years in Japan. (7) American opinion is like that of most other people—appreciative of good art. (8) Sessue has translated some of Shakespeare's plays into Japanese, and has written the story of *The Swamp* (one of his films). (9) Most film stars answer their "fan" mail, so I don't see why Sessue should be an exception. (10) His address is: c.o. PICTUREGOER. Glad you like it.

**A. L. S. (Lincoln).**—PICTURES and PICTUREGOER are now one; that is why you couldn't get a copy of PICTURES last month. (1) Eva Novak was born in St. Louis on St. Valentine's Day; she is 24; 5 ft. 7 in. in height; with blue eyes and golden hair. She first played as an extra in *Shoes*. Some of her films: *The Speed Maniac*, *Desert Love*, *Silk Husbands and Calico Wives*, *Up in Mary's Attic*, *Society Secrets*, *O'Malley of the Mounted*, and *Wolves of the North*. (2) Write to Mr. Felix Orman, Bush House, Strand, for photo of Lady Diana Manners. (3) Cast of *The*

*Glorious Adventure*: "Lady Beatrice Fair," Lady Diana Manners; "Hugh Argyle," Gerald Lawrence; "Stephanie Dangerfield," Alice Crawford; "Walter Roderick," Cecil Humphreys; "King Charles II.," William Luff; "Nell Gwynne," Hon. Lois Sturt; "Samuel Pepys," Lennox Pawle; "Barbara Castlemaine," Elizabeth Beerbohm; "Bullfinch," Victor McLaglen; "Rosemary," Flora Le Bretin; "Queen Catherine," Rosalie Heath; "Thomas Unwin," Rudolph de Cordova; "The Duchess of Moreland," Gertrude Sterroll; "Solomon Eagle," Tom Heslewood; "A Strange Woman," Haidee Wright; "Lord Fitzroy," Lawford Davidson; "Humpty," Fred Wright; "Olivia," Marjorie Day; "Charles Hart," Geoffrey Clinton; "Malloy," Eric Lankester; "The Little Lady Beatrice," Violet Virginia Blackton; "Hugh Argyle" (as a boy), Tom Craig; "Peter," Alfred Woods; "Phoebe," Georgie Esmond; "Leclerc," Tom Coventry; "Antoinette," Kate Stafford; "Valet to the King," Jeff Barlow; "The King's Majordomo," John East. (4) Helen Stone was "Baby Ruth Martin" in *Salvage*. (5) Lady Diana is 28 years of age and was born at Castle Belvoir. Golden hair and blue eyes.

**H. C. F. (Huntingdon).**—Vera Gordon in *The Greatest Love* as "Mrs. Lantini." Henry Kolker directed it, and Walturdaw distributed it this side.

**M. K. (Streatham).**—No objection whatever. Fire away. (1) Ethel Clayton was born in 1890. (2) Not married. (3) I think she might let you have a photo. (4) No mention of "Doreen" in the cast of *Eastward Ho!* Haven't you made a mistake?



Baby Peggy in the film pantomime "Jack and the Beanstalk." The giant is Jack Earle, who is 7 ft. 3 inches tall and weighs 237 lbs.

H. D. P. (Oxford)—That printer "man" You will find that interview in PICTUREGOER for March 1921. (1) *The Recoil*, released Jan. 22, 1923; *Gayneith of the Welsh Hills* released Oct. 18, 1922.

ROSE (Hants).—(1) Jane Cowl is an American actress not unlike our Mrs. Pat Campbell in style. Her only film is *The Spreading Dawn*. She will probably visit England some time next year to play in *Smilin' Through*, Norma Talmadge's latest film, so you will have an opportunity of seeing her on the stage. (2) Clyde Fillmore in *Sham* opposite Ethel Clayton, and Pauline Johnston with Stewart Rome in *The Great Gay Road*. (4) Victor MacLaglen in *The Call of the Road*.

TALMADGE FANS (Dundee).—A new native Irish Company is the Irish Photo Plays. Productions are *Casey's Millions*, *Wicklow Gold*, and another not yet completed. *Casey's Millions* will be released next October. Other release dates not fixed.

H. C. B. (Wood Green) sends a bouquet to Norma Talmadge "for her superb acting in *Smilin' Through*."

REALITY (Brewood) asks me the old, old question! Mary's curls are permanently waved—by Nature. She told me so herself, and who are we to doubt a lady's word?

J. O. M. (Oxford).—(1) Harold Lloyd is unmarried. (2) Born 1893. (3) Nazimova is Russian. (4) Born 1879. (5) Commenced film-acting in America in 1906. (6) Charlie Chaplin, without a doubt.



Von Stroheim's wife, Valerie Germonprez, helps him to make up. Stroheim is now with Goldwyn.

OLD FRUIT (Mill Hill).—(1) Cecil Humphreys commenced film-work in 1916. (2) Doesn't state his birthday. (3) Some of his films are: *The Amateur Gentleman*, *The Winding Road*, *The Tavern Knight*, *The Shadow of Evil*,

and *False Evil*. (4) Illustrated interview in PICTUREGOER, December 1921.

D. M. K. (Birmingham).—I wouldn't dare say what I think—not after that letter. Remember I'm not so young as I useter be, so spare me such another.

IVANHOE (Hammersmith).—Some of Harrison Ford's films are: *A Lady in Love*, *Food for Scandal*, *Oh, Lady, Lady*, and *The Passion Flower*. (2) Norma was born in 1897, and Constance in 1900. (3) Do you think I'm going to let you "fans" into that secret? Not if I know it! Requests for art plates all noted.

NORMAN M. M. (Cape Town).—(1) Tom Chatterton was the hero in *The Secret of the Submarine*. (2) First five episodes of \$1,000,000 Reward are *The Diamond Robbery*, *The Escape*, *The Rescue*, *The Trap*, *The Dynamite Plot*. Others untitled. (3) Constance Talmadge.

OLIVE'S ADMIRER (Transvaal).—(1) Art plates of all except Olive Thomas in PICTURES Mary Pickford's, July 10, 1920; Norma Talmadge's, July 24, 1920; and Constance's, June 12, 1920. These numbers are 2d. each, plus postage, from Publishing Dept., 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. (3) No "Sidelights" on the above. (4) It's out of print. (5) In *Humoresque*, "Gina Ginsbury," the child, was Miriam Battista, and "Mannie," Sydney Carlisle. (6) No. 1 of PICTUREGOER costs 1s. 3d., from Publishing Dept. I have the patience all right, but neither the language nor the appearance of a saint.

## THINGS YOU WANT TO KNOW.

(Continued from Page 9.)

Betty is good to look at, has a keen sense of humour, a ready sympathy, and lots of life.

Agnes Ayres seems popular with my friends. I have had no end of inquiries about her. If you are equally curious, know that Agnes is the most beautiful woman I saw in Hollywood. She is lovely in voluptuous fashion, soft curves, and gracious lines. And when she is fussed up in a silken negligé with swansdown trimmings, said negligé being peach-colour by preference, she is a vision.

Almost everyone asked me who was the handsomest man and the most beautiful woman I saw. Wallace Reid and Agnes Ayres. Second choice, Antonio Moreno and Mary Miles Minter. I saw Antonio but once, but I shall never forget the impression he made—a romantic figure with the fire and suggested subtlety of the Latin races. I don't know why Miss Minter doesn't get full credit for her prettiness. She is not beautiful, she is exquisitely pretty; and when you look at her you think of Watteau shepherdesses and those dainty bisque figures we used to see in mirror cabinets and on mantel pieces.

What is Hollywood really like? I lived in Hollywood for over a year. It is a beautiful suburban portion of

Los Angeles, at the foot of the Santa Monica mountains, running well up into the foothills. It has wide streets, fine trees, many flowers, and good-looking little bungalows, very low, very new, and spick-and-span. It is one of the cleanest places in the country. The motion-picture part is evidenced by the street taking of pictures, by the presence of actors and actresses in make-up in the restaurants, and by the presence of the studios. Otherwise, there is nothing different from any other community. At night the streets are dead quiet. There are two policemen, and I never saw them needed. If you want to know the motion-picture folks you can frequent the restaurants they go to and the shops in which they buy until you come to recognise them. And unless you are in the business, that is all you will see of them. They keep largely to themselves, and their affairs, both business and social, include few outsiders. I know people who have lived in Hollywood eight years and who have yet to see in person Mary, Douglas, or Charlie, and recognise them. Some people seem to think Hollywood a place unfit to live in. They ought to see Hollywood!

As for questions about Mary and Douglas, I could write a whole article

entitled—"Are Mary and Douglas really?" I'll be brief.

Are they—Mary and Douglas—really in love with each other? Yes. Unless all signs fail, they are very much in love, and very happy in their marriage.

Are they intelligent? Very.

Are they spoiled? Mary, no. Douglas, some, but not enough to hurt.

Is Mary the flower of her family? She is. Mary is as unusual in her family as she is in the world at large.

Are they gifted? They are. I think that either Mary or Douglas, with a little training, could become popular writers. Both are very keen in their perceptions as to what people want and are interested in. Both are fluent and express themselves adequately. And both have a certain shrewdness as to market values of their wares which would serve in any enterprise. Douglas has many unique and unusual ideas if he ever can be induced to sit still long enough to deliver them.

I haven't begun to answer all the questions. But I have replied to the most popular ones. I'll admit I am a bit prejudiced in favour of the people of the movies. Why not? They make me laugh and weep and live harder and deeper. I owe them something.



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# What Do You Think?

YOUR VIEWS & OURS



"I SHOULD like to see more film prologues of the type given at the presentation of *The Three Musketeers*. Both prologue and film were alike excellent. I must say a word in praise of Douglas Fairbanks for his splendid portrayal of 'D'Artagnan,' and the producer is to be congratulated on his superb handling of the picture. As regards the prologue, this, in my opinion, greatly enhanced one's interest in the film. We can do with more prologues of this description."—B. B. (Hull.)

"I WISH to heave a brickbat at the producer of *The Knave of Diamonds*. Let him answer the following questions. Why didn't Nap Errol pretend to mistake Lady Ethel M. Dell, Carfax for somebody else when he entered the card-room? Why was the great horse-whipping scene amid the snow omitted? Why did the producer miss a great dramatic scene at Lucas's death by allowing Nap to walk downstairs and sit on a sofa, instead of following the lines of the novel? Why were Bessie and Dot omitted from the film?"—Disgusted Ryde).

"WHEN will the 'continuous programme' system be abolished? This question has been discussed in a newspaper article recently, and I think it's about time too. The 'continuous programme' was all very well in the old days, when the kinema was a mere side-show, but to my mind it doesn't do justice to some of the fine films we are getting to-day. At the best it is a very haphazard method of presenting the pictures—not to mention the annoyance caused by people continually entering and leaving the theatre. Surely it would be much better all round to have two shows a night with nearly all seats bookable? What do you think?"—Fan (Gloucester).

"I DO not think it necessary for anyone to run great risks just for the amusement of the public; if it's possible to fake a scene, why not do it? The stars have 'doubles' to perform their risky stunts; surely a 'double's' life is worth as much as a star's? To his or her family and friends it's

worth more. Thanks to the movie magazines, we know that doubles are employed. If doubles, why not dummies?"—P. E. L. (Surrey).

YOUR violent attack of voting has reduced me to pulp and got me counting votes in my sleep. Never again. Leastways, not for a month or two.

All the Winners. The Venus of the Screen, according to you, Oh enlightened readers, is Mary Pickford. Only one vote behind comes Pauline Frederick. After her, Katherine McDonald, Norma Talmadge, Pearl White and Betty Blythe (tie), Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson, and Mary Miles Minter. Marion Davies wasn't included anywhere. That's that.

WILLIAM WALLACE REID wins the title of the Screen Adonis from Tom Meighan by four votes. Next in order come Warren Kerrigan, Ivor Novello, William Farnum, Stewart Rome, Joseph Schildkraut, Nigel Barrie, Rodolph Valentino. Some of these epistles were, decidedly bizarre, such as the ones designating Ivor Novello "the Screen's Prince Charming," and the many styling Reid "Youth Personified." Thus you have crowned Movieland's King and Queen, and there's nothing left for me to do but congratulate you on your good taste.

THE prize of a goblet filled to the brim with the honest-to-goodness tears of picturegoers goes to William Farnum, as the finest emotional screen-actor extant, according to vote. After Big Bill follow Tom Meighan, Sessue Hayakawa, Eille Norwood, Hobart Bosworth, Matheson Lang, Lon Chaney, Milton Sills, John Barrymore, Stewart Rome, Charles Chaplin, Guy Newall, Henry Edwards, H. B. Warner, Victor Seastrom, Milton Rosmer, Wyndham Standing and W. S. Hart. Behold your handiwork! This is your page, so I daren't add what I think.



The Thinker.



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 as  
 "The Duchesse  
 de Langeais."

*A First*



One of the many dramatic scenes in "The Eternal Flame."—In-furiated by the coquetry of the Duchess, her lover, Armand de Montriveau, plans a terrible vengeance.



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- Wedgwood Nowell
- Rosemary Theby
- Kate Lester
- Thomas Ricketts
- Irving Cummings
- Otis Harlan

Do you know of any cast greater?

Adapted by Frances Marion from Honoré de Balzac's famous novel "La Duchesse de Langeais"

Directed by Frank Lloyd



Left: The Duchess, made captive by the order of Armand, is threatened with branding as the penalty for her heartlessness. Below: Norma Talmadge, Conway Tearle, and Kate Lester in the dramatic convent scene.

# National Picture

## WHERE TO SEE BUTCHER'S SELECTED PICTURES

### "Scarlet Lady," Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and LEWIS WILLOUGHBY.

**FEBRUARY 1st, 1923.**

Palladium, Mile End, E.  
Coronet, Islington, N.  
Duke of York's, Brighton  
Perfect Cinema, Crouch End.  
Princess Theatre, Hemel Hempstead.  
Cinema, South Woodford.  
Riviera Cinema, Teignmouth.  
Palace, Slough.  
Central, Shrewsbury.  
Kozy Cinema, Aberdare.  
Scala, Heaton.  
Empire, West Stanley.  
Waverley, Glasgow.  
Empire Theatre, Crook.  
Pavilion, Clungford.  
Picture-drome, Stretford.  
Electra-cinema, Oldham.  
Palace, Atherton.  
Excelsa, Lockwood.  
Park Picture Palace, Sheffield.  
Pavilion, Hawick.

**FEBRUARY 5th, 1923.**

Globe, Irlam.  
Savoy, Heol in Moor.  
Palace, Walkden.  
Cinema, Tyldesley.  
Grand, York.  
Central, Elland.  
Imperial, Hanley.  
Empire, New Tredegar.  
Empire, Blyth.  
Opera House, Workington.  
Gaiety, Leith.  
Pavilion, Kirkentillock.  
Picture House, Ballymena.  
Electric Theatre, Muswell Hill.  
Pictorium, Annamford.  
Electric Theatre, Burnham-on-Sea.

### "When Greek Meets Greek," Produced by WALTER WEST.

Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

**FEBRUARY 1st, 1923.**

King's Hall, Lewisham.  
Grand, Canning Town.  
Lyric, Grimsby.  
King's Hall, Sidcup.  
Cora Exchange, Lincoln.  
Palace, Gatt-head.  
Junction, Hulme.  
Empire, Oldham.  
Empire, Birkenhead.  
Empire, Oswaldtwistle.  
Lyric, Leeds.  
Picture Palace, Sheffield.  
Palace, Doncaster.  
Birchfields, Perry Bar, Birmingham.  
Axton Cross Pic. Hse., Birmingham.

**FEBRUARY 5th, 1923.**

Hippodrome, Salford.  
Alhambra, Barnoldswick.  
Globe, Barnsley.  
Majestic, Smethwick (6 days).  
Rookery Picture Hse., Handsworth.  
Central Hall, Stamford Hill.  
Cinema, Gravesend.  
Blinkhorns Picture Palace, Banbury.  
Gaiety Cinema, Tottenham Ct. Rd.  
Perfect Cinema, Crouch End.

### "The Lilac Sunbonnet."

Produced by SIDNEY MORGAN.  
Leading Player—JOAN MORGAN.

**FEBRUARY 1st, 1923.**

Picture-drome, Widnes.  
Imperial Picture Palace, Hanley.

**FEBRUARY 5th, 1923.**

Hippodrome, Todmorden.  
Lyric, Richmond.

**FEBRUARY 8th, 1923.**

Savoy, Plymouth.

### "Son of Kissing Cup." Produced by WALTER WEST.

Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

**FEBRUARY 5th, 1923.**

Tivoli, Grimsby

**FEBRUARY 8th, 1923.**

Strand, Grimsby

**FEBRUARY 8th, 1923.**

Castle Cinema, Hometown.  
New Electric, Dorking.  
Variety, Hoxton.  
King's Picture House, Ilkeston.  
Hippodrome, Wisbech.  
Central, Stamford Hill.  
Palladium, Exeter.  
Imperial, Newton Abbot.  
Royal, Wincchester.  
Picture House, Hamilton.  
King's, Newcastle-under-Lyne.  
Globe Cinema, Clydach-Tawe.  
Queen's, Seaton Delavel.  
Picture House, Cleator Moor.  
Elder Picture House, Govan.  
Larne Cinema, Glasgow.  
Empire, Earlstown.  
Queen's, Hollinwood.

**FEBRUARY 8th, 1923.**

Princess, Moss Side.  
King's, Waterfoot.  
Electric Theatre, Sowerby Bridge.  
Hippodrome, Todmorden.  
Atlas, Leeds.  
Tower, Broughton.

**FEBRUARY 12th, 1923.**

Trocadero, Rusholme.  
Palatine, Withington.  
Don, Stockport.  
Picture Hall, Weaste.  
Assembly Rooms, Hull.  
Lyceum, Hulme.  
Empire, Blaina.  
Co-op. Cinema, Brandon.  
Comedy, North Shields.  
Casino, Glasgow.  
Cinema House, Edinburgh.

**FEBRUARY 8th, 1923.**

Cinema, Colne.  
Cinema Theatre, Stockton.  
Cinema de Luxe, Lochgelly.

**FEBRUARY 8th, 1923.**

George Street Cinema, Oxford.  
Park Cinema, Shepherds Bush.  
Royal, Wallsend.  
Grand, Padiham.  
Futurist, Rhyl.  
Picture House, Ardwick.  
Albert Hall, Bryhoun.  
Central, Elland.  
Grandlin, Eversham.

**FEBRUARY 12th, 1923.**

Wellington, Stockport.  
Lyceum, New Ferry.  
Princess, Moss Side.  
Grand, Levenshulme.  
Picture House, Saltaire.  
Select, Birmingham.  
Gaiety Picture House, Poplar.  
Empire, Staines.  
Palace, Beeston.  
Globe, Nottingham.  
Queen's Rooms, Hexham.  
Seamore, Glasgow.

**FEBRUARY 12th, 1923.**

Theatre Royal, Swansea.  
Rialto, Bolton.  
Griffins Picture House, St. Helens.  
Grand, Staleybridge.  
Marlboro', Middlesbrough.  
Savoy, Bristol.

**FEBRUARY 12th, 1923.**

Lyric, Grimsby  
Palace, Wellingborough.

**FEBRUARY 15th, 1923.**

Roker Hall, Sunderland.  
Empire, Long Eaton.  
Grand, Tottenham Court Road.  
Palladium, Deptford.  
Hippodrome, Reigate.  
Palace, Letchworth.  
Tower, Skegness.  
West London Theatre, Edgware Rd.  
Pavilion, Redhill.  
Empire Theatre, Stotts.

**FEBRUARY 15th, 1923.**

Popular, Stepney.  
Palace, Stepney.  
Cinema, Mill Hill.  
Theatre Charming, West Ealing.  
Invicta, Strood.  
Town Hall, Wadebridge.  
Imperial, Commercial Road.  
Cinema, Parkhead, Glasgow.  
Picture-drome, Burton-on-Trent.  
Workman's Hall, Llanbradach.  
Pavilion, Hetton-le-Hole.  
Theatre, Motherwell.  
Playhouse, Galashiels.  
Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
Imperial, Belfast.  
Atlas, Bolton.  
Empire, Haslingden.  
Bijou, Reddish.  
Palladium, Ulverston.  
Carlton, Goole.  
Princess, Llandudno.

**FEBRUARY 19th, 1923.**

Co-op. Hall, Clitheroe.  
Cosy Cinema, Nantwich.  
Majestic, Patricroft.  
Palace, South Shields.

**FEBRUARY 15th, 1923.**

Tivoli, Hove.  
Empire, Wanstead.  
Victoria Picture Theatre, Victoria Park.

Cinema, Eltham.  
Cinema Royal, Epsom.  
Grand, Burnopfield.  
Glyn, Chester.  
Futurist, Rhyl.  
Rialto, Bolton.  
Palladium, Riepon.  
Ideal Picture House, Birmingham.

**FEBRUARY 19th, 1923.**

Glynn, Wrexham.  
Empress, Burnley.  
Tivoli, Burnley.  
Grand, Staleybridge.  
Thornton Road Picture Palace, Bradford.  
Adelphi, Sheffield.  
Globe, Hulme.  
Picture House, Balsall.  
Palace, Stratford-on-Avon.  
Cinema, Seven Kings.  
People's Picture Palace, Ipswich.  
Cinema, Newbury.

**FEBRUARY 15th, 1923.**

Academy, Brighton.  
Palladium, Brighton (18th).  
Globe, Grimsby.  
Scala, Leeds.  
King's Hall, Stourbridge.  
**FEBRUARY 19th, 1923.**  
Victoria, Colne.  
Cranstones, Glasgow.

**FEBRUARY 19th, 1923.**

Grand, Ryhope.  
Cinema, Prestwich.  
Picture House, Renfrew.  
Picture House, Bangor.  
Kinema, Clacton-on-Sea.  
Queen's, Dover.  
Regent, Great Yarmouth.  
Picture House, Salisbury (6 days).  
Palace, Stapleford.

**FEBRUARY 22nd, 1923.**

Cambridge, Commercial Street.  
Scala, Stoney Stratford.  
Cadogau, Chelsea.  
Picture-drome, Arnold.  
Alhambra, Darlington.  
Palace, Fenechouses.  
Panopticon, Glasgow.  
Cinema, Wishaw.  
Central, Collyhurst.  
Empire, Heywood.  
Palace, Blackpool.  
Boulevard, Hull.

**FEBRUARY 26th, 1923.**

Palace, Middleton.  
Palace, Norwich.  
Empire, Rugby.  
Picture Palace, Fenton.  
Cinema, Fishguard.  
Playhouse, Morpeth.  
Tivoli, New Herrington.  
Queen's Park, Glasgow.  
De Luxe, Stevenson.  
Crumlin Picture House, Belfast.  
Picture-drome, Chichester.  
Palace, Oxford.  
Picture House, Crowle.  
Picture Palace, Maidenhead.  
Temperance Hall, Northampton.  
Palace, Beeton, Notts.

**FEBRUARY 15th, 1923.**

Cinema de Luxe, Lewes.  
Cinema de Luxe, Leicester.  
Vaudeville, Bath.  
Globe, Clydach-on-Tawe.  
Workman's Institute, Backworth.

**FEBRUARY 22nd, 1923.**

Victoria Hall, Portsmouth.  
Cinema, South Woodford.  
Palace, Aldershot.  
Star, Bury.  
Lounge, Nottingham.  
New Theatre, Port Talbot.  
Arcadia, South Moor.  
Victoria, Colne.  
Palladium, Birkenhead.  
Victoria, Driffeld.  
Playhouse, Wakefield.  
Picture-drome, Burton-on-Trent.

**FEBRUARY 26th, 1923.**

West London Picture Theatre, Edgware Road.  
Coronet, Wealdstone.  
Pillar Picture House, Dublin.  
Queen's, Hollinwood.  
Imperial, Royton.  
Empire, Dalton.  
Star, Clayton.  
Square, Walsall.

**FEBRUARY 22nd, 1923.**

Electric Theatre, Bridport.  
Scala, Pendleton.  
Globe, Barnsley.

**FEBRUARY 26th, 1923.**

Empire, St. Annes.  
Palladium, Darwin.

**FEBRUARY 22nd, 1923.**

Grand, Douglas.

**FEBRUARY 26th, 1923.**

Scala Theatre, Nottingham (6 days).

*A new Photo Postcard of Miss Violet Hopson will be sent on receipt of addressed envelope (½) to-*

**BUTCHER'S FILM SERVICE LTD**  
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Madge Kennedy

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### ANN FORREST

*The popular Swedish star who will be seen this year in 'Perpetua' which was filmed in England and France recently. Ann Forrest has been playing opposite George Arliss in 'The Man Who Played God.'*

# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

## THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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# Our February Movie Calendar



**1.**—**BRITISH** five-reeler produced with a smile in it, 1997. Trade holds indignation meeting.

**2.**—“All-subtitle” photo play appears, 1930.

Sudden activity in magic-lantern business.

**3.**—Motion pictures discovered all over again, 1931.

**4.**—Search for handsomest male star begins, 1925. Ben and Eric von Stroheim commence long holiday in the hills.

**5.**—The last “George” letter received, 1953. George retires on a pension.



THE LAST “GEORGE” LETTER.

**6.**—Wells’ “Invisible Man” trade-shown by Non-Existent Films, Inc., 1923.

Rapturous reception from absent audience.

**7.**—Slush Billington, renowned director of The Garden of Eden Film. With a Telephone In It, comes over from Hollywood to get interior of British Museum in his latest “David Copperfield,” 1942.

**8.**—William Brown of Wapping locks British Museum door, 1942.

**9.**—William Brown of Wapping gets medal and knighthood, 1942.

**10.**—Censor cuts out close-up of

pocket, in case any one should pick it, 1923.

**11.**—Originator of “revolver in drawer” idea commits ghastly mistake of thinking strychnine is China tea, 1950. Buried very deep.



BEN TURPIN.

**12.**—Industry commits ghastly mistake of not burying “revolver in drawer” idea with him.

**13.**—*Daily Puddle* sets out to discover British Ben Turpin, 1923.

**14.**—*Daily Puddle* offices burnt to ground. Editor shot.

**15.**—Death-blow to advance booking. British company releases film on completion, 1922.

**16.**—America stands aloof from new movement, 1999. Still releasing pictures before completion.

**17.**—9,000,000th custard pie battle feature released, 1924.

**18.**—Originator of custard pie battles released, 1930.

**19.**—Mack Sennett makes offer for first rights in London Police Force, 1927.



MACK SENNETT.

**20.**—“Most popular Star” competition held by *Daily Bawl*. Picturegoers in Isle

of Skye vote for “Foolshead.” Broncho Billy heads list in Heckmondwike.

**21.**—Fifty-ninth inventor of talking pictures dies, 1971.

**22.**—Inventor of “revolver in drawer” ought to have done, 1900.

**23.**—“Darling Mabel” of Ealing, wants to know, for ninetieth time, just when Rodolph Valentino was born, 1923.

**24.**—Editor “Picturegoer” wants to know, for ninetieth time, just why “Darling Mabel” of Ealing was born.



RODOLPH VALENTINO.

**25.**—Tomb of King Pohanca-winkle opened in Thebes, 1924. Fifteen story-plots discovered, seven thousand years old. Fifty Hollywood directors sail in the “Olympic.”

**26.**—Fifteen seven-thousand-year old stories discovered in Wardour Street, without the trouble of opening a tomb, 1923.

**27.**—Photoplay announced that shall be “a distinct departure from tradition: something entirely novel,” 1925.

**28.**—Author of Movie Calendar can’t think of anything fresh, either, 1923.

# Fire! Fire!!

Rome was not built in a day, but it was burned down in an afternoon when the Fox company produced *Nero*.

If an enterprising producer had been on the spot when Nero proceeded to fiddle whilst Rome burned, one can imagine that a conversation might have transpired something like this:

"Say, Nero, if you'll hand me the film rights of this slap-up conflagration of yours, we'll get a dandy picture that will knock spots off that two-reel comedy we fixed up in the arena last week, with an all-star cast of Christians and lions."

Nero winks knowingly and accepts a proffered stick of chewing-gum.

"Hot work, this fire business," he explains, thrusting the mouth-moistener between his lips.

"Now, what's your proposition? And be brief; I've got to be on location with my fiddle in half an hour."

Discerning Nero's covetous eye, the producer hurriedly transfers his gold watch to a safer pocket.

"All cameras to start turning at eight-thirty sharp," he commences.

"Action to be speeded up according

*Conrad Nagel and Leatrice Joy  
in "Saturday Night."*

to the rapidity with which the 'set' burns. Principals to stand by for 'close-ups' according to instructions, and they must 'put across' real life stuff. No re-takes possible. Third-party insurance against injury guaranteed to everyone——"

Nero holds up a restraining hand.

"That insurance policy covers risk to my fiddle?"

"Sure," promises the producer; "we'll have to keep it, anyway, for the lobby display when we give the picture its *première* presentation at the Proscenium."

"Then let Rome burn!"

A fanciful picture this, of distorted history, yet it provides a sidelight on the laconic attitude of the modern film-producer towards the remarkably realistic conflagrations which he blends into screen comedies or grim dramas.

To the man behind the megaphone, the crackling flames, the sheets of fire and smoke, and the crumbling buildings that are sacrificed in the interests of screen realism, are all part of the cold hash that constitutes a scenario.

The crashing to earth of a flame-enveloped "film" castle, affects the cool, calculating mind of a producer little more than the process of determining the correct tilt of a screen star's chin, or the requisite pucker of her lips in a studio love scene.

Coolness is essential where the direction of vast conflagrations for the film cameras is concerned. For not only are many hundreds of pounds involved, but considerable risk to life and limb is demanded.

Simple rescues from burning buildings no longer serve to thrill picture-theatre audiences, who, in these days, clamour for realism from which the old school of film players would have shrunk.

In *The Third Alarm*, a terrifying series of thrills were introduced into a scene revolving around a burning hotel. Johnny Walker, the hero, is seen scurrying up a lofty fire escape to a high window balcony on the seventh floor, where Ella Hall is trapped amidst smoke and flame.

Suddenly, the portion of the masonry supporting the end of the ladder collapses, and Johnny, in the nick of time, hooks a portable ladder on to the balcony railings. Hand-over-hand he drags himself up to the girl, and supporting her on his shoulders, he commences a perilous descent to the ground. As he nears the waiting firemen below, a heavy steel safe topples over on the second floor and falls in a roaring avalanche of brick and flaming timber, carrying



the girl and her rescuer with it. The mammoth castle, built after many weeks of strenuous and costly labour at Monterey, which was sacrificed to the flames in *Foolish Wives*, was a spectacle to a large extent created to throw a grim sidelight on to the selfish, cowardly nature of the villain. When the fire is at its height, Count Sergius is seen to fight his way through the distracted ladies on the balcony and leap for safety with complete disregard for anyone's security but his own. That constituted as expensive a method of subtle characterisation as the most prodigal producer can boast.

In *Saturday Night*, it is a spectacular fire scene which is utilised to provide the climax to the story of the rich and the poor girl, over whom two men are involved in cross purposes.

When the rivals both brave the flames to rescue the poor girl, the thrill of the conflagration is forgotten, as Leatrice Joy provides the human note that invariably triumphs over sheer sensation.

She is shown crouching in a cupboard, with her pretty head resting against the faded folds of an old coat of her husband, which, in her hour of peril, has vibrated an almost forgotten sentimental memory.

In *The Fast Mail*, Charles Jones exploits a novel means of setting a building alight. He drives a motor-car through the doors of a building, which are locked against him, and the subsequent explosion of the petrol tank results in a fire.

The camera-men participating in the filming of this picture had a thrilling

time. For a duel amidst the flames and a dying man's confession had to be registered on the celluloid before the principal characters made their escape from the flaring building.

George B. Seitz recently brought a novel contribution to the problem of creating original fire thrills. In *The Skyrainger*, he depicted a giant air-liner falling in flames from the clouds. An actual machine was destroyed on this occasion, the pilot, after climbing it to a height of several thousand feet, igniting it, and jumping for safety by parachute.

There is one producer who can claim to have contributed to public safety through the unexpected medium of his realistic reconstruction of a screen fire. In *Lessons in Love*, a country manor is burned to the ground through the carelessness of a youth who leaves a lighted cigarette on the hall stand, from which it falls and ignites an umbrella which starts a devastating conflagration.

An enterprising insurance company were so impressed by this object-lesson in everyday carelessness, that they negotiated for the right to use this portion of the film in their propaganda on behalf of fire insurance.

All of which is somewhat ironic, in view of the fact that the average firebrand producer inspires his characters to invoke disastrous conflagrations which, in real life, would result in the conspirators being hurried behind prison walls as dangerous incendiaries.

RUSSELL MALLINSON.

Below : Trial by Fire, in "God's Crucible."

Right : The Burning of Rome, in "Nero."



# G. B. Samuelson does Nap



Gwyllim Evans as "Napoleon."

...d a glance at his hand, which contains "A Royal Divorce," Gertrude McCoy, Gerald Ames, Lilian Hall Davis, and Gwyllim Evans, suggests that the man who successfully played "The Game of Life" will get his "Nap" all right.

...this  
...a Bona-  
...students  
...doubt the  
...the above  
...I can vouch  
...Napoleon uttered  
...the potential words whilst  
...ated in his ante-chamber  
...ess afternoon in December,

...furthermore. . . .

"My wireless set gives me a lot of trouble," said Josephine.

Yes, she said it. I heard her myself. I, who was destined by Fate to render first-aid to Napoleon on the battlefields of Isleworth, I heard her say it.

"Sit ye down," said Mr. Samuelson when I arrived at the Isleworth studio to witness the filming of certain scenes in *A Royal Divorce*.

That was a long speech for Mr. Samuelson to make. He is not usually so prodigal of his phrases. Unlike the other G. B. S., he is no friend of the dictionary-maker. A man who had lived with G. B. Samuelson for a year would find the babble of oysters unbearable. You may remember the monosyllabic monk in Rabelais—but I forget. This is a family magazine. You mayn't. Anyway, our conversation went like this:

"A good set," I observed pleasantly, pointing to the rich outlines of Napoleon's ante-chamber which stretched the length of the studio floor before us.

"Umph!" said Mr. Samuelson.

"Napoleon's ante-chamber, I believe?"

"Glumph!" said Mr. Samuelson.

"It's cold, today, isn't it?"

"Slumph!" said Mr. Samuelson.

"Have the fogs worried you much?"

"Mumph!" said Mr. Samuelson.

"I suppose your exteriors are finished?"

"Crumph!" said Mr. Samuelson.

I grew desperate. Suddenly the greatest ambition of my life crystallised itself in a desire to get a disyllabic answer from G. B. S.

"Who," I enunciated clearly, "is playing the part of Josephine?"

"Yumph!" said Mr. Samuelson, and very deliberately bent his thumb in the direction of Gertrude McCoy, who was seated on the opposite side of the studio.

I gave it up.

"You win," I muttered, under my breath,

Josephine pleads with Napoleon.



and went to chat with Miss McCoy. Praise be to Allah that the Silent Woman is yet unborn!

"Yes, I'm Josephine," said Gertrude McCoy, "and uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Last week I had to cry for eight hours without stopping."

I was sorry to hear that. Gertrude McCoy is one of the cheeriest of mortals, but she seems to lead the saddest of sad lives on the screen. Last time I visited a studio where she was working, she cried all the time.

"Take last week," said Gertrude McCoy. "After working until four in the morning, I had to be back at the studio, all made up, by ten. For twenty-four hours after that I got no chance of removing my make-up. I worked at the studio, visited the photographers, and cooked dinner at home all in my robes of Josephine. Finally I went to bed at 4.30, and caught the eleven o'clock train for Nice, for our location work in France."

Gertrude McCoy wears some gorgeous gowns in *A Royal Divorce*. The whole production has been mounted on a lavish scale, and a Paris firm supplied the costumes. For the scenes at Fontainebleau nine hundred extras were employed.

I watched the filming of a dramatic scene between Napoleon (Gwyllim Evans), Talleyrand (Jerrold Robertshaw), and the Marquis de Beaumont (Gerald Ames). Also a pathetic scene in which Josephine and Napoleon played the leading rôles. Gertrude McCoy was just starting to cry again when I took my departure.

Whilst I was waiting in the hall for my car, Napoleon rushed up to me in a state of perturbation, saying: "Would you please step this way? I've met with a slight accident. I

slipped when crossing over from the studio just now, and ran my sword into my leg!"

First aid to Napoleon! Thus does Heaven send manna to the starving journalist. I entered Napoleon's dressing-room, and the wound was exhibited for my critical inspection.

"Half a minute, I'll get you some cotton wool and—"

"Napoleon! Napoleon! NAPOLEON!"

"I'm wanted on the set," said Gwylim Evans, as a stentorian voice resounded along the corridor.

"NAPOLEON!"

I poked my head round the door, and looked at the shouting scene-shifter.

"Napoleon can't come for a minute," said I. "He's met with an accident. A sword wound in the leg."

"Oh, spiritual home of Mephistopheles!" said the scene-shifter, and I returned to dress the wound.

When at last Napoleon hobbled away to the studio, I counted my day well spent. It is not given to every man to render first-aid to Napoleon Bonaparte. Gleesomely I tripped towards the car that awaited me.

One thing about the Samuelson studios—you go there in flivvers, and drive away in limousines. I did, anyway. The car they sent to take me to the studio was Henry Ford's original working model—the "Black Peril" they call it at the studio. But they were so pleased to get rid of me that they insisted upon hiring the poshest car in Isleworth to bear me away.

Moreover, Lilian Hall Davis, of *Brown Sugar* fame, and two-thirds of Mr. Samuelson's best rowan-berry tree, accompanied me on the homeward ride.

"I'm taking them home to fill some vases," announced Lilian, as she deposited in my lap a mountain of prickly stalks. "Don't hold them too tightly, or you'll hurt yourself."

Lilian Hall Davis is playing the part of "Stephanie de Beauharnais" in *A Royal Divorce*. All I know about it is that "Napoleon" tells her to go to the devil in one scene. I heard him.

From Lilian Hall Davis I gleaned an interesting story, proving that Fortune sometimes condescends to smile upon the humble movie super. A member of the cast of *A Royal Divorce* was taken sick during the early stages of the production, and it became necessary to fill his part at a moment's notice. The work of one of the supers had attracted



Napoleon in Council.



"Josephine" (Gertrude McCoy) and "Stephanie" (Lilian Hall Davis).

Mr. Samuelson's notice, and that super was given a chance to show what he could do in the vacant rôle. He acquitted, himself so well that he

was promoted on the spot, and in less than an hour had risen from the rank of super to the dignity of a small part. I suppose in after years that super will be telling the story when inquisitive interviewers put the question: "How did you get your chance?"

"Mr. Samuelson is awfully nice," remarked Lilian, *en passant*. "But he is so terribly silent. He never introduces anyone. I don't even know your name."

I hated to tell her. She might have gone through life thinking that I was someone of importance.

W. A. WILLIAMSON.

"I heard Napoleon tell Lilian Hall Davis to go to the devil."



# Good Wives



Above:  
Florence Vidor and  
House Peters in "The  
Magic Life."

Pearl White in "Any  
Wife."

May Allison in "Extravagance."

**D**o tell me. What *is* it like when you're married? Miss Eighteen-Ninety-Nine would ask Mrs. Newly-Wed, looking, the while, with wide-eyed wonder, upon the glories of her best friend's lately acquired home and husband.

And Mrs. Newly-Wed, out of her newly-won wisdom, would reply, sagely, "You must wait until you're married yourself, and then you'll know."

That was in Eighteen-Ninety-Nine. Miss Nineteen-Twenty-Three does not question thus. She doesn't have to, for she's almost invariably a film fan. And the photoplay-makers, being wise in their generation, show *via* films almost every phase of married life. What pitfalls to avoid. What makes the perfect home and what breaks it up. Whether 'twere better to keep a spotless sitting-room and drive one's life partner out into the friendly, if untidier, atmosphere, of the club; or the reverse.

The words, "Wife" and "Wives" have been an integral part of every other film title during the past few years, and many charming stars have quite a reputation for their studies in screen wifehood. It is curious, though, that, with but one

exception, all those renowned for their excellent work in domestic dramas are, or have been, wives in real life. Gloria Swanson, Bessie Barriscale, Clara Kimball Young—a dozen or so names come to one's mind immediately in this connection. The one notable exception is Lois Wilson, who is at the moment still unwed, but is said to be on the eve of an engagement. Lois specialises in the patient, loving, and forgiving spouse—witness her work in *The Lost Romance* and *Midsummer Madness*; whilst her "Maggie," in *What Every Woman Knows*, is a screen classic.



Dorothy Phillips in "Man—Woman—Marriage."

In *Miss Lulu Bett*, too, she shows a meek wife who suddenly turns upon her astounded relations, and asserts her right to "live" instead of "existing."

The Cinderella wife has her most charming exponent in Enid Bennett. *Stepping Out* and *Hairpins* being shining examples of this type of femininity. Enid cannot make herself look really ugly, since Nature has ordained otherwise; but with the aid of a carefully careless make-up, awful, ill-fitting clothes, and a general air of slouchiness, she provides in the early reels of these and similar plays an adequate reason for Why Men Leave Home. In *Silk Hosiery*, Enid plays a wife who reclaims her lawful prey (her husband) from the clutches of a wicked vamp, partly by means of the articles mentioned in the film's title.

Everyman's ideal wife is ably personified by Ethel Clayton, with Bessie Barriscale and Florence Vidor as very close runners-up. But I should put my money on Ethel first and last. Since her Lubin days she has portrayed one wife after another. She plays the sweetheart wife to perfection, and it is very sad to reflect that in real life she is a widow.



lovers of screen art, if not to every wife; but the delicate, fragrant charm of her "Mooneyen," the shadowy dream-wife in *Smilin' Through*, will always remain a sweet memory in the minds of picturegoers.

The butterfly wives of the screen *par excellence* are Mae Murray and May Allison. I doubt very much if they come under the heading of "good" wives, but they are undeniably good to look at, so we'll let it go at that. May Allison in *Extravagance* is a warning to wives; but she repents and becomes a model mate in the last reel. *The Marriage of William Ashe* gave her a charming, if slightly wayward, wifely character. She looks a doll-wife, but there's plenty of spirit about her. A spoilt darling is Mae Murray when she's a film wife, and you can't blame her husband. Put yourself in his place and

the chances are you'd do the same. One of the many things I'd like to know is this: Why are all Dorothy Phillips' screen husbands so henpecked? Her real husband is far from it. Allen Holubar is decidedly the head of his own house. But poor James Kirkwood, in *Man, Woman and Marriage*, to quote one example only! Man is invariably the merest microbe in a Dorothy Phillips photo-play.

Ask any boy whom he'd like to marry if he had his choice out of all the screen stars, and he'll up and answer you, "Pearl White." The peerless, fearless one, since she left serials for serious drama, has provided some very good studies of wifehood. This month's release, *Any Wife*, is a very fair example. Pearl is always delightful with kiddies; they adore her in the studios; she is such a chum to

them, and the biggest tomboy extant. But, alack and alas! see what playing wives has done for Pearl. She's thinking of becoming a nun!

What with *Rich Men's Wives*, *Poor Men's Wives*, *Foolish Wives*, and the few dozens of others the year holds in store for us, it is every woman's own fault if she doesn't take advantage of the lessons in life the kinema teaches.

J. L.



Above: Elsie Ferguson in "His House in Order."

Right: Ethel Clayton and Francis Carpenter in "Young Mrs. Winthrop."



Norma Talmadge as the dream wife in "Smilin' Through."



Above: Enid Bennett in "Silk Hosiery."

Below: Bessie Barriscale and Nigel Barrie in "Jocelyn's Wife."



Bessie Barriscale, a happy wife and mother off the screen, is, on the silver-sheet, the wife whom every producer-man delighteth to torture. Bessie suffers and suffers and suffers. Her screen husbands are the biggest set of bounders extant. They desert her, blackmail her, starve her, beat her, and indulge in various other gentle pastimes of the sort whilst her own husband and director, Howard Hickman, stands by grinning and encouraging them to do a little more than their worst! *Jocelyn's Wife* is one of Bessie's best-liked efforts: it is, of course, adapted from the well-known Kathleen Norris novel, and most picturegoers have seen it. Elsie Ferguson's wifely studies are diverse, but delightful.

A very modern, albeit womanly and sweet help-mate is Florence Vidor on the screen, and I'll say she is more or less the same in private life. *New Wives for Old* was an early success of hers; *Hail the Woman* and *Lying Lips*, two recent ones. Hers is that soft, appealing beauty which captivates women as well as men; and goodness and sweetness are reflected from her mind upon her features.

Norma Talmadge is so versatile that she can play any kind of wife with equal ease. In her early days she had a decided fondness for portraying errant, erring, and "butterfly" wives. Her acting in *The Sign on the Door*, a strong drama, was an object-lesson to

# The Picturegoer in Paris



Pearl White,  
who is to be received  
into a convent as a *pensionnaire*.

If one can go by the New Year resolutions made by some of France's leading film producers, and if an infinitesimal part of these resolutions are carried out, the French film world in the coming year will need to be carefully watched. Most of these directors of the big French film concerns are planning productions on a huge scale for this winter and the following spring, and some very marvellous films will, I understand, be the outcome of it.

In all the studios round about Paris great activity prevails, and all is bustle and confusion. But in a few weeks from now, as a well-known Parisian *metteur en scène* remarked to me, everyone will be hard at work and, it is hoped, the results of their labours will bear much fruit.

It will be interesting to see what will be given us in the way of new productions. While some companies are devoting all their time to turning out historical films, there are many others whose work is confined to comedies and drama. In the latter respect there is a noticeable tendency for serials composed of twelve episodes. They are extremely popular in France, and, it may be said, are also very profitable to those concerned in the making of them.

Much consternation has been caused in theatre and cinema circles all over the world by the report that Pearl White, the famous screen heroine, contemplates retiring in a French convent. At present she is staying



A scene from "La Dame de Monsoreau," in which Raoul Proxy plays the part of "Henry III.," and Jean d'Yd that of "Chicot."

at the Hotel de Crillon, where she has a beautiful suite of rooms. She refuses to see all newspaper reporters or grant interviews, and is constantly shut up in her apartment. Pearl White says that she requires no publicity, that it is not a Press stunt, but she is somewhat reticent as to the whereabouts of her new abode. With a view to clearing the mystery attached to this statement, I went to see the charming actress. She told me that the report was quite true—to a certain extent—and that the convent was situated in the mountains of Northern France. She said, however, that she was not becoming a nun, but that she would be received at the convent as a *pensionnaire*, which is a very different thing. She gives as reason for her proposed seclusion, her desire to meditate and be left alone with her thoughts for, oh! such a long while. A penny for 'em!

A charming Parisian kinema artiste will be seen in a beautiful new film shortly to be released in London. The scenes have been laid in sunny Spain, and it is the story of a Spanish girl, *Chiquita*. The part of "Chiquita" is played by Elmire Vautier, and her wonderful versatility and emotional acting have won for her tremendous success. Her portrayal of the Spanish type is really remarkable, and it is not surprising that on one occasion she was mistaken for a native, by a

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France Dhelia and Paul Amot in "La Bête Traquée."



# Some Stars of 1923

by JOSIE P LEDERER



Above: Flora Le Breton in "A Gipsy Cavalier."

Below: Victor McLaglen and Hugh E. Wright in "A Sailor Tramp."



"New stars for old" is the cry of the silver sheet; but there's life in the old stars yet.

Who will they be? Will the old-established favorites continue to hold their places in the movie firmament? Or will they fall by the way, and a new constellation arise in their stead? The answer is more or less in abeyance, as yet; but the "fan" public is the ultimate arbiter. So it's up to you, O Regular Occupants of the two-and-fourpenny (or fourpenny without the two—the one is just as potent as the other) seats. Sit well back and let your decrees be just ones.

British talent is well in the spotlight (the film equivalent to limelight), and the nineteen-twenty-two school, which includes Betty Balfour, Flora Le Breton, Victor McLaglen, Hilda Bayley, Sidney Folker, Marjorie Hume, and David Hawthorne, challenge the positions of the half-dozen or so accepted leaders in popularity contests. Betty Balfour—still the one and only in her particular line—in her forthcoming costume work strikes out in a new direction.

Though she has been seen in several "star" rôles during the past year, it is Flora Le Breton's 1923 films that show this clever little lady's amazing versatility. Costume comedy was her first medium (the fantasy, *La Poupée*, was not released until after *The Glorious Adventure*, in which Flora played "Rosemary, the Maid"); then she played *ingénue* rôles in a couple of rather sordid dramas dealing with traffic in drugs. Her current release, *The Soul's Awakening*, shows her in a totally different guise. Flora not only changes her style, but manages to change her appearance entirely. A fair wig and a new make up are only partially responsible. She has also ready for your sentence a farce-comedy, in which she and G. K. Arthur play husband and wife (*The Cause of all the Trouble*) and *Green Sea Island*, in which she executes a number of "stunts" which would not disgrace a serial star, including some swimming and diving feats, and, incidentally, reveals yet another new screen self. Flora is no longer a "coming" star; though still in her 'teens, this chestnut-haired, blue-eyed girl has danced her way to the front with an energy that has never faltered, and without a single false step.

As Marjorie Hume and David Hawthorne will undoubtedly be a favourite pair of co-stars, it is as well



Helen Ferguson as "Sara" in "Hungry Hearts."



Charles Chaplin in his new film, "The Pilgrim." Chaplin is the unknown quantity of 1923, for it is reported that he will create a new type of screen play for the expression of his unrivalled art.



From top—Billie  
Dove, Reginald  
Denny, Kathleen  
Key, May McAvoy,  
Maev Philbin.



to deal with them jointly. Both have been starred before, but not together until *The Scientist*, which is not due yet awhile. Marjorie Hume's career so far has consisted of a plucky fight against several sorts of sheer ill-luck. Such things as mysterious fires, consuming one's earliest and sincerest screen work, two unsuitable parts to every one that fitted her personality, are not exactly helpful to a film star.

Yet beautiful Marjorie Hume has succeeded in spite of everything. She is versatile, can play a thankless rôle like that of "Lady Byron," or an erotic Ethel M. Dell creation like "Violet Champion" (*The Keeper of the Door*), with equal ease, and win sympathy in both. She and Flora Le Breton started in the same rôle, and with the same director. He, Meyrick Milton, starred Marjorie Hume in the first *La Poupée* film he made, also as Nina in *His House in Order*, a rôle which should have suited her well, but both were burnt before they were finally assembled. The second *La Poupée* was more fortunate.

Besides *The Scientist*, in which Marjorie Hume plays a misunderstood wife, she will also be seen in *Love and the Whirlwind*, an Alliance film. But in the first named she is seen entirely at her best, and she and David Hawthorne play excellently well together. Hawthorne's screen career was seriously hampered by his activities in another field. When he was demobilized, he had to start afresh in secondary rôles, but soon rose from leading man in *Christina M. Nab*, etc., to star. His character work is excellent—*Saul's Awakening* and *Rob Roy* prove this, but he is equally good in "straught" parts. A steady worker, an extremely likeable fellow, both on and off screen, David Hawthorne never over-acts, and is always manly and convincing.

Hilda Bayley, successful in both stage and screen work, puts in about equal quantities of each. She is about the best British emotional actress extant, and her characterisations, though at times sordid, are always vivid and powerful. On the stage she frequently portrays the butterfly kind of creature she was in *Carmal*. She has done little comedy work for the films. Hilda Bayley can play a repellent rôle without losing the sympathy of her "fans"; the only repellent thing about her is her screen make-up, which at times distracts one's attention from her excellent acting.

Victor McLaglen, who starred in his very first picture a year or two ago (*The Call of the Road*), has travelled far along the path to finished artistry since then. Costume and character work of various descriptions he has essayed, and this year sees

the release of *A Sailor Tramp*, in which he gives a character-study different from any of his previous efforts. Hugh E. Wright is an excellent foil to him, thus worthy's Cockney cameos are becoming classics. As star and directress Peggy Hyland returns to you this year. Her comedies (self directed) are well worth watching, and in *Shifting Sands* she is her own delightful self, though she has none too many acting chances. She will also be seen in re-issues of many of her Vitagraph successes—some of her best dramatic work went into these films. Peggy is one of the brides of 1922; she married her director, Fred Granville.

A Britisher, though he stars in American films, is Reginald Denny. Not a newcomer, for he has been seen opposite several leading stars, he is now a star himself. His *Leather Pushers* is a splendid series of boxing two-reelers; and *The Kentucky Derby* and other "supers" show him in other than fighting rôles.

Among the "indeterminates" of the year are Chaplin and Nazimova. Chaplin may direct Edna Purviance and leave comedies alone for a while; his plans are undecided. Nazimova's fate rests upon *Salome*, for the moment. Alla herself is on the stage. It is with sincere regret that Pauline Frederick's name must be omitted from the list. Her stories have been growing worse and worse; even a good one like *Clementina Wing* was ruined in translation. She has done little screen work for the past year, and her 1923 plans include, thus far, only a film version of *Lawful Larceny*, which is a melodrama, and nothing wonderful at that. But, in place of Pauline and Alla, you have Pola Negri, a newcomer (on Great Britain's screens), who

combines the appeal of both with a personality of her own. Pola is Nazimova-like in her exotic grace, yet she has, when she so wills it, all Pauline Frederick's dignity and power. She has played "Sappho," and has just finished *Bella Donna* (Pauline Frederick's "Mrs. Chestow" was a fine piece of work), and her "Sumurun," which you will see later (*One Arabian Night*), is a rôle very much on the lines of Nazimova's early creations. Pola Negri is younger—y younger than Mary Pickford, whose "Tess," by the way, keeps her well in her old place, and though the first films released here were made half-a-dozen years ago, her personality is arresting enough to outbalance faults of lighting, direction, etc.

*Oliver Twist* is not entirely Dickensian, but it serves to stand Jackie Coogan firmly on his own dear little feet as one of the stars of the year. There is no *Kid* or *Peck's Bad Boy* here, but a sterling little actor, making the most of an unsuitable rôle.

In *Trouble*, due in a month or so, and



Above: Nita Naldi.  
Right: Peggy Hyland.

*Fiddle and I*, and *Toby Tyle*, Jackie has more scope for comedy again. He grows in artistry, if not in height, with every picture. Baby Peggy Montgomery, who stars in short comedies, accompanied by some clever animals, is a new starlet. She is a little over three years old, and her grasp of studio technique, her dancing, and her command of expression are remarkable. Baby Peggy commenced as an "extra," but three weeks later she was a star. She has a wonderful memory, and is possessed of that inexplicable "something" that distinguishes Jackie Coogan from the other child stars.

Then there is Miriam Battista, the raven haired little "crippled child" in *Humoresque*, who contributed an unforgettable little bit of childish tragedy in the early reels. She, too, has improved steadily: her work in *Smilin' Through* stood out even amongst that galaxy of stars; and in *The Man Who Played God* and *The Curse of Drunk*, you will like her better still. Miriam is a dancer and stage artist also, and is now being starred in a long film which has had its title altered two or three times already, and will probably be issued under another different one.

Alice Terry and Barbara La Marr are two clever girls who have worked hard for recognition. Alice commenced in the film assembling room, but she finished by marrying her director, Rex Ingram. She played with Rodolph Valentino in *The Four Horsemen* and *Conquering Powers*, and stars in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, in which Barbara La Marr is "Antoinette de Mauban." Alice Terry has a quiet charm essentially her own; she is also one of the best screen "weepers" of to-day. But not a few of us would like to see her discard that obvious wig of hers. She will be seen solely as star this year. Barbara La Marr's glowing beauty has materially assisted her stardom; she was "Miladi," you remember, in the Doug Fairbanks *Three Musketeers*, and was starred in *Black Orchids* fairly recently. She began by writing scenarios, afterwards playing in her own stories; and is just now at work on *Poor Men's Wives*.

Very large on the programmes of every kinema are the names of Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino. Gloria is decorative always, and some of her films have good, if highly romantic stories. Valentino is a temperamental person—his work varies; and his recent rupture with Famous-Lasky has put a temporary stop to his studio activities. But he is a good actor, and his Latin personality appeals to many, and has made him Tom Meighan and Wally Reid's close competitor. In two plays chosen for Rodolph, Paramount are starring Charles de Roche, a Frenchman "discovered" by

From top: Richard Dix, Mae Busch, Lefty Flynn, Hilda Bayley, Miriam Battista.



John Robertson when casting *The Spanish Jade*, in which you will see Charles next. But he was "Charles de Rochefort" those days.

After Mae Busch's vivacious "yamping" in *Foolish Wives*, Uni-

versal starred her in half a dozen films; but it is as "Glory" in *The Christian* that she has her biggest chance. Mae Busch is not unlike Betty Compson at times, though without Betty's wistfulness. She and Richard Dix will be seen here this year in the films they made in 1921 and 1922. Dix likes to style himself Charles Chaplin's one error in judgment. For when Richard

was playing leads in a Hollywood theatre, he had a long chat with Charles, who told him never to try film work, as, in his opinion, he was quite unsuited for it. But Richard thought otherwise; so did Goldwyn, who starred him with Helen Chadwick in many excellent humorous and serious features. In *The Sun Flood*, Dix shines in powerful, emotional stuff, and into his "John Storm" in *The Christian* he declares he has put all that is best in him. Maurice (Lefty) Flynn, left baseball (he was a champion player) to become a film star, and by the look of him and the success of him, we'll say he knew what he was doing all right.

Maurice is one of Fox's best male stars.

Joseph Schildkraut, the picturesque "Chevalier" in *Orphans of the Storm*, had made only one film previous to that—i.e., *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, which was shown in England a few years ago. Joseph is primarily a stage player, and one very much averse from personal publicity, too. His views on stage, screen, and other matters he will freely expound, in his broken English or perfect French, but close as an

oyster is he when questioned as to his likes and dislikes, hobbies, etc., etc. But he's married now, so perhaps he'll alter. Anyway, he returns to the screen some time next April, for at least two feature films.

Helen Ferguson has done almost everything a girl can do on the screen since she played truant from school to be "in a crowd scene," and thus got her start. Westerns with William Russell, sea-stuff, secondary leads with Famous Lasky, polite comedy, comedy without the adjective, stunt stuff, melodramas she's tried them all; but she states (she's quite right, too) that her best rôle is that of the little emigrant girl in *Hungry Hearts*. Helen also definitely states that she doesn't want to be a star (*Hungry Hearts* stars Rosa Rosanova in a "mother" rôle); but the fates and the "fans" are not on Helen's side in this.

Every sort of emotion, from purest delight to deepest grief, is



Above: Colleen Moore. Left: Joseph Schildkraut.

Jackie Coogan.



Quick Wallingford. She is fair, though her photographs dark, and is now only nineteen. You will see her in *Beyond the Rainbow* and *At the Stage Door*, in fairly prominent rôles; and her star pictures are *Youth to Youth* ("Country Love" was the title of Hulbert Footner's story originally) and *East of Suez*.

Kathleen Key, too, belongs to the younger set. Although American, she has been featured by an Australian movie company; but this year stars in several films. The work of the Film Guild will be seen this year. This Guild arose out of a visit to the officials of the Theatre Guild by students from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton

Colleges. It is a profit-sharing concern, whose members do their parts for the love of the thing, firstly, and no one has any set duties. But they are all College students. Glenn Hunter and Mary Astor, their stars, have already made good. Now Hunter has been starring in the stage version of "Merton in the Movies," so they will have to get a new star for 1923 productions. Their first offerings are *The Cradle Busters* and *Second Fiddle*, and both are novel and good.

Guy Bates Post, who looks very much like the late Sir Herbert Tree, makes his bow this month in *John Chilcote, M.P.* He is a famous American stage star, and has played the dual rôle of "John Chilcote" and "John Loder" many hundreds of times on the "speakies." He will also be seen in the film version of another stage success of his, "Omar the Tentmaker," and it is rumoured that he will be the "Svengali" of the forthcoming *Trilby* film.

Sidney Folker, the bright particular star of Quality Films, played for several companies during the past year or so. He was in *V. of Smith's Alley* with Violet Hopson, but the *Geraldine* series will probably place him high in the ranks of Great Britain's "juvenile leads." Sidney combines Art Directing with acting, and what he doesn't know about "sets" and decoration isn't worth much. He was with Alliancé for some time as Art Director, and was responsible for the *Carnival* "sets." Sidney N. Folker (he doesn't say whether his middle name's Napoleon or no) has a likeable, breezy way with him that is very appealing; is decidedly grateful and comforting optically; and is a good actor—one who is not afraid to use his face in expressing emotion, either comical or otherwise. Certain of the British male stars are. Here endeth the preliminary chart of the movie heavens in nineteen-twenty-three. Astronomers of the Silver-Sheet, you may make your own amendments.

Alice Terry and Barbara La Marr.



second nature to Colleen Moore, who shares, with Jane Novak the title of the highest-salaried independent star of to-day. Colleen has never been on the stage; she isn't twenty yet; but she has starred for some time. She has Irish blood, of course, though her real name is not Colleen Moore, and she has also one inestimable gift—absolute sincerity. Also a personality that one remembers favourably. Besides *The Wall Flower*, Colleen will be seen in all sorts of rôles this year.

May McAvoy's "Grizel" showed plainly that she is "such stuff as stars are made of"; but alas for the bad judgment (or was it bad casting?) that put her into such stories as you will see her act in this year! Two of her Realart screen-plays are good, and one or two films she was starred in before she joined that company are excellent. There's hope for May; she's very young, lovely, and talented.

The same applies to Mary Philbin, Universal's seventeen-year-old star of *Merry-Go-Round*. Eric Von Stroheim has great faith in her. As yet, *Merry-Go-Round* is still incomplete. Mary's other film plays are good, but not wildly, startlingly so.

You have probably seen Nita Naldi in *Blood and Sand*, possibly, too, in *Jekyll and Hyde* (her first screen rôle was the Underworld Woman she played in this). Nita is an Italian, and her family name is Angelino. She has the aristocratic grace of poise and movement that belongs to the women of her country, besides great dramatic abilities. In many ways, she is like enough to Rodolph Valentino to be his sister, but there is no relationship, save of rice, between them. Nita will be starred this year besides playing in several films of "character and 'vamp'" parts.

Initially a "Follies" girl, lovely Billie Dove entered motion pictures in Constance Talmadge's *Polly of the Lollies* and Cosmopolitan's *Get-Rub-*

Baby Peggy.



Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino.





# Suffering Stars



“ut,” roars the director. “Smelling salts, and be quick about it! She’s fainting.” The rhythmic whirr of the film cameras fades, and a dozen hands reach forward to support the swaying form of an artiste whose pallor is alarming beneath the grease paint. She is carried to a neighbouring couch, and restoratives from the studio medicine-chest help to coax the crumpled butterfly back to something of her former vivaciousness.

This is a scene which transpires beneath the studio arc-lamps more often than is imagined. And in most cases it is not the mental strain of enacting exhausting character parts for the cameras that results in swooning that has nothing of make-believe. Sheer physical discomfort, and oftentimes pain, is the cause of such enforced interludes during the progress of picture production.

For many screen artistes, in the interests of film art, adopt various subterfuges to accentuate the realism of their “make-up” which involve a considerable amount of physical suffering.

When Viola Dana recently flickered across the screen as a delightful Japanese maid in *The Willow Tree*, she had, in reality, little of the happy outlook on life in the land of the cherry-blossom that her appearance suggested.

For her shapely forehead had been drawn tightly upwards by forcing her hair backwards. This painful experiment had the effect of giving to her eyes the correct Oriental slant, and it also lifted the muscles of the face, which brought to the features the inscrutable expression of the East.

The result of having the skin of the forehead pulled out of place for six hours a day, apart from the discomfort it entailed, created two big bumps on either side of Viola’s dainty head.

Lon Chaney, who has not the advantage of lengthy tresses to enable him to drag his facial muscles into a

From top left: Viola Dana in “The Willow Tree.”

Lon Chaney in “The Miracle Man.”

Lillian Gish in “Way Down East.”

Eille Norwood in one of his “Sherlock Holmes” disguises.



realistic suggestion of Oriental immobility, has to adopt a still more painful ruse when characterising a Chinaman on the screen.

Thick adhesive tape is attached to the skin just below each temple, and it is drawn tightly back beneath a wig until the face and eyes are drawn and misshapen.

Chaney has schooled himself, however, to face drastic physical pain in the course of his extraordinary screen portrayals.

When he played the part of Blizzard in *The Penalty* he impersonated a man whose legs had been amputated at the knees. This meant that his own extremities had to be strapped back with the aid of specially constructed harness that stopped the blood from circulating. Chaney confesses that he was often suffering “untold agonies” during his grim portrayal of the cripple. The pain was so excruciating that the cameras had to be stopped every few minutes to enable his retarded circulation to be massaged back into life. Assistants stood close to the cameras ready to hurry forward and loosen Chaney’s harness straps directly the cameras ceased.

D. W. Griffith does not hesitate to ask those whom he directs before the cameras to face physical pain in the interests of realism. And such is the lovable personality of the master producer that the artistes who bring to

the screen his remarkably human characters enthusiastically face hardship for art’s sake.

Lillian Gish, in *Way Down East*, was frozen almost into insensibility when she lay on an ice floe in the closing scene of her struggle for life on the precipitous edge of the rapids. Snow, aided by the powerful wind-draught of an aeroplane propeller, was driven with terrific force into her face. It froze on her grease-paint and sealed her eyelids as, almost swooning, she staggered towards the cameras. At the conclusion of the film she was forced to rest for three months.

Eille Norwood can be forgiven for his disconsolate expressions on the screen in many of his disguises. For he adopts a number of “make-up” devices which are uncomfortable to the extent of being painful. The Sherlock Holmes of the screen must be thankful for the “silent drama” when he inserts into his cheeks pads that create the suggestion of plumpness on his features. For this form of “studio torture” brings discomfort that does not make for vociferousness.

RUSSELL MALLINSON.



At Johannesburg - Zulu dancers give an exhibition of the native one-step.

Farmer, miner, globe-trotter, soldier, boxer and movie actor there in a nutshell is the career of Victor McLaglen, who has won so much distinction on the British silver sheet.

Victor at Iraq in 1916.



# Globe Trotting into the Movies

Who has not heard the call of foreign lands? Very few, I expect. To some of us the call comes early, when, after reading the thrilling tales written by enthusiastic globe trotters to disturb our peace of mind, each of us imagines himself to be a Clive, a Livingstone, or a Scott in embryo. To some of us, also, is

given that pluck and grit to follow our determination to see the world - and to this class belongs Victor McLaglen, who has now achieved something which to the modern youngster is an ambition, but to which our Victorian grandparents were never subject. He has become a film star - but, long before that, he had a bad attack of *Wanderlust*, so that, soon after he had left school, the call of the Canadian farm lands became too strong for him, and with little more than his fare in his pocket, he went to seek his fortune in Ontario.

Farming, however, proved too tame for him, and, hearing the thrilling tales which silver-prospectors had to tell, McLaglen joined their ranks. Many exciting adventures, but no money, however, were the only results of his silver-prospecting campaign.

Then, into the little mining camp which he had made his headquarters there came one day a boxer who was offering to take on "all comers." Knowing nothing of the science of boxing, but feeling very plucky and very penniless, McLaglen challenged him, and to the surprise of everyone in the camp, knocked out the professional boxer.

From that moment, McLaglen decided that the Ring was the only place for him, and so he started to train for further fights. Eventually disease, and a devastating fire in the camp (from which McLaglen had a narrow escape) drove him to seek fresh fields to conquer.

Rapidly his fists gained for him more of this world's wealth than he had ever imagined could be his. He literally boxed his way from Cobalt to Vancouver, where his crowning fight took place. Here he met Jack Johnson in a six-rounds, no-decision contest.

Then, feeling that he would like a rest from the strenuous life of a boxer, he opened a school of physical culture at Spokane. McLaglen's luck was "in," for in less than two years he had amassed sufficient money





On a shooting trip in India.

to enable him to do what had long been his ambition—to make a trip round the world. He sold his school, and made for San Francisco, from which port he travelled to Honolulu, and the uncivilised islands of the Pacific.

Although he had several unpleasant experiences with some of the least civilised occupants of these islands, Victor's physique stood him in good stead, and he came through his adventures without accident.

To Anstralia he went primarily on holiday, but, catching the gold-prospecting fever, he lingered in the land of the Southern Cross long enough to lose a lot of money.

During this time he once came very close to losing his life in the desert; and had it not been for the intelligence of his horse, McLaglen says "my bones would have rotted on a desert waste."

But the gods smiled kindly on this young giant, and his next visit was to India, where, finding the natives proved (after a little training) to be excellent boxers, McLaglen stayed some long time. Here he promoted boxing matches between the natives, training them in the noble art of self-defence, awarding them prizes, and generally encouraging them in the sport. But once more the *Wanderlust* got into his blood, and his next trip was to German East Africa, where, accompanied only by a coloured guide and three coloured servants, McLaglen went big-game shooting. His experiences with the natives in the wilds were as thrilling as could be desired, and on one occasion McLaglen was lost in the forest, and it was only by sheer good fortune that he recovered his tracks and found his guide and servants where he had left them, but almost frantic with anxiety as to his safety. Of this trip McLaglen has many mementoes, not the least interesting of which is a human skull of a white man, presented to him by one of the bloodthirsty chiefs who entertained him during his trip.

Working his way southwards to his birthplace (McLaglen was born in South Africa, for his father held a bishopric there), the adventurer then took a long and complete rest from his globe-trotting and here he wiled away the months till 1911, in visiting friends, boxing occasionally, hunting, bathing, and enjoying life.

Then, with the first murmur of war, McLaglen folded his tent like the Arab, and silently stole away by the first outgoing steamer bound for England. He joined up in the 10th Middlesex Regiment, gained a commission, and almost before he had time to get accustomed to the English climate again, he found himself *en route* for the East.

Finally, he was sent to Baghdad, previously a city of romance, but at that time a city of red tabs and khaki. Here he was made Assistant Provost Marshal, which post he held until he came home on leave to England.

On the cessation of war, McLaglen determined to settle down in England, and enter into the sporting life of the homeland.

One evening, as he was sitting in the National Sporting Club, a fellow-member came up to him and said —



Victor entertained by Arab minstrels at Baghdad.



Victor as A.P.M. at Baghdad.

"You've never done any film work, have you?"

"No," replied McLaglen, "and I'm not likely to. I am not an Adonis, you know."

"Would you like to try?" inquired the gentleman, again. "I want a boxer who will let me train him to be a film actor."

Still McLaglen would not agree, for, as he afterwards explained, "I thought Mr. Davidson was pulling my leg."

Finally, however, McLaglen realised that the offer was a serious one, and so, following out his motto to "try anything once," a contract was signed by which McLaglen should appear as the star of a new film entitled *The Call of the Road*. Despite the fact that McLaglen had never acted in his life before, the critics and the film trade realised that in McLaglen had been found a natural actor—and so, since that time McLaglen has not ceased film acting. Gradually he climbed the ladder which led to screen success, and to-day—only two years after his début—his name is known to millions, not as a boxer, but as a British film star.



Edna Best

#### Hoping for the Best.

It is possible that "Quarantine," the successful comedy that had its London run last year, will be screened. Edna Best did not seem very sure whether she would star in it or not. "You see, I wasn't awfully pleased with myself when I saw my 'Tilly' in 'Tilly of Bloomsbury,'" she told me. "I walked all wrong and looked all wrong, and I don't think anyone will want to see any more of me on the screen." I think she's too pessimistic by half. Her stage personality is that of an English Constance Talmadge, and, taking the one reproduced here as an example, Edna Best certainly photographs remarkably well. So there's no reason why she should not be seen again in celluloid. She is usually a most cheery individual, and her recreations are tennis, dancing, reading, and playing "Peter Pan."

#### Little, But Oh, My!

"Can you imagine little me rescuing big Clive Brooke?" said Flora Le Breton. "That is what I did in *Green Sea Island*. I was locked in the top room of a house, but I climbed out of the window, slid down the drain-pipe in my bathing-suit, and swam the salty seas to get to him. After which I chased the villain in a motor, and it wasn't the sea's fault that we weren't all drowned. I don't think I want a watery grave very much." Flora has recently been playing her first film ghost in *The Mistletoe Bough*; and is now starring for favourite films, with Clive Brooke again opposite her. Her latest achievement was winning a silver cup nearly as big as herself. Flora is now the amateur dancing champion of the world.

#### A Hair-Raising Exploit.

To David Hawthorne belongs the credit of growing the maximum of beard in the minimum of time. During the second whilst one scene flashed off and another flashes on, David, in *Silent Evidence*, acquires a grey grown appearance round the lower jaw. Maybe the film cutter

# British Studio Gossip



Marjorie Hume and David Hawthorne in "Silent Evidence."

could easily account for this, but it is an achievement, anyway. Despite his absorption in his work, David Hawthorne makes a very attractive figure of the scientist in this film. He and Marjorie Hume make convincing a rather weak story, which, however, has one good thrill at the end.

#### And the Reverse.

"For the sake of realism I have had my hair cut off. But I have some very lovely frocks to wear, and I dance—really dance, because I play a dancer." Thus Betty Balfour at one end of the telephone to myself at the other. The film is *Tiptoes*, an original story written and directed by George Pearson, upon which they are all busy down Harlesden way. Betty will have to let her locks grow again, for her next rôle is to be "Nell Gwynne" in a romantic costume film written around that vivacious lady. "And, of course," concluded Betty, "like everyone else



William Luff as "The Bishop of Quadra" in "The Virgin Queen."

who is chosen to represent a well-known character on the screen, I am remarkably like the portraits of the original." In the Christmas "Picturegoer" I accused Betty of possessing a sense of humour. This proves it. After "Nell Gwynne," Betty will revert to type in *Squibs, M.P.*, which sounds very promising.

#### A Movie Monarch Abdicates.

William Luff, who has played kingly rôles in each of J. Stuart Blackton's first British productions, exchanges his crown for a bishop's mitre in *The Virgin Queen*. A subtle schemer, this "Bishop de Quadra" is the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and has a distinctive part in the film. Clean-shaven, William Luff is not so remarkably like Charles II. as he appeared in *The Glorious Adventure*. Though, perhaps, not the ultra-romantic figure conjured up by the traditional "Merry Monarch" idea, he gave a faithful characterisation of the actual man himself, who was often morose and languorous, although he delighted in gaiety in those arund him. William Luff's other regal rôle was that of the King of the Gypsies in *A Gypsy Cavalier*, in which you will see him this month.

#### Shy Shylocks.

Although it was made in the desert of Northern Africa, *Broken Sand* does not contain a Sheik as its hero. For which we owe Adrian Brunel and his company a vote of thanks. "Unless you count me a Sheik," said Miles Mander, when detailing his experiences. "My film behaviour is not unworthy of the traditions of these gentry. The natives are not fond of being photographed, though they make excellent actors, as you will see later, when the film is released. They are somewhat grasping, and demand payment first; after that they are fairly easy to direct.

#### Where the Camera is Welcomed.

"On the other hand, Spaniards (much of *Broken Sand* was filmed in Granada) are only too delighted to be

allowed to act as "supers," requiring neither fee nor invitation. The camera was guarded in Granada by two policemen (Spanish, of course) with drawn swords, who kept off those who wanted impromptu "close-ups." Annette Benson plays heroine in *Broken Sand*, a different part altogether from her clever Cockney studies in the *Squibs* films. The scenery in and around Granada (the ancient capital) is some of the loveliest in the world.

**La Belle Stuart.**

In *The Letters*, a scene from which appears hereon, Madge Stuart shines as the wife of a certain Monsieur Vandier. Her work has shown a very marked increase in range and sincerity since she joined Quality Films. Charming, Madge always was, but certainly she has never been seen to such great advantage as in the above-named film and in *His Wife's Husband*, another from the same studios, in which she plays a typist. She had her wish, and worked over the Christmas holidays in Berlin in *What the Butler Saw* and *The Uninvited Guest*, with Stewart Rome, Cameron Carr, Olaf Hulton, Leal Douglas, and Cecil Morton York.

**In Hepworth Studios.**

The first British film without a sub-title, *Lily of the Alley*, is now finished, likewise *The World of Wonderful Reality*, and Henry Edwards is working out the scenario of a new production, in which he and Chrissie White will appear. Alma Taylor is busy upon the re-filming of *Comin' Through the Rye*, one of the sweetest British films ever made. The new version will be longer than the old; but Alma will repeat her impersonation of the heroine.

**Dance Your Troubles Away.**

Don't miss the Kinema Carnival and Dance this year. If you attended the first one, this warning is needless; but in case you did not, let me repeat "Don't Miss It." Every section of British Filmland has a surprise which will be sprung upon you on Feb. 5, at the Hotel Cecil. There is to be a ballet, and a very novel one at that, arranged by a very well-known dancer. Also a "Five-Minute Entertainment" (whatever that may be!), by a little-known section of the film industry (whoever that may be!). They guarantee that nothing like it has ever been seen before.

**Other Attractions.**

Many favourites of yours have charge of the Novelty Stall, for which souvenirs from all over the world have been secured. There is also a Bran Tub, containing a little of everything, from chocolates to cars, and from jewellery to jazz-band instruments. The tickets cost 25s., which includes an excellent supper, and you can get them from The Kinema Club, 9, Great Newport Street, London, or from Miss Billie Bristow (who is organising this festival), at 175, Wardour Street. Fancy dress is optional, but many valuable prizes are to be awarded to the wearers of the best and most original costumes.



Flora Le Breton in "Green Sea Island." Miles Mander and Annette Benson in "Broken Sand."

**Some Interesting "Futures."**

Eille Norwood has now completed *The Sign of Four*, and is in the thick of another series of *Sherlock Holmes* two-reelers. Another interesting series will be the adaptation of Sax Rohmer's well-known *Fu Manchu* stories, which have delighted magazine-readers the world over. "Fu Manchu" is an entertaining villain; he is at present the only member of the cast not yet fully decided upon. And *Chu Chin Chow* will positively be filmed this year, by Graham Cutts, in all-colour photography. Artistic Films, who made *Sam's Boy* and the other W. W. Jacobs adaptations, are just putting finishing touches to *The Monkey's Paw*, by the same author. The fire scenes in this were staged one night last month at Bushey.

**The Three Wishes.**

It was a most interesting evening and one which gave me enough thrills to last a year. No doubt you know the story of the weird "Monkey's Paw," and how it grants the three wishes of an old couple (Marie Ault plays the wife). Artistic put up a wonderful cottage-front in a quiet Bushey lane, and there, amid drenching rain (it was really in geniously arranged hose-pipes, but the effect was excellent) the old lady wished for the return of her son. He had been killed by accident. A fleeting glimpse of a terrible figure staggering along in the rain and wind. The door rattles, the old lady starts up in an agony. Then the old man seizes the mysterious relic, harshly cries out that he wishes his son to rest in peace, and the thing ends upon another swift vision of a grave disturbed. And more rain and wind. Eerie, very; but powerful and artistic.



Hugh Miller and Madge Stuart in "The Letters."



**VIOLA DANA.**

*Showing decided symptoms of resigning from the Bobbed-Haired Brigade of which she was one of the founders. Showing also the longest eyelashes in Screenland. You'll see them in "Puppets of Fate" and "Glass Houses" shortly.*



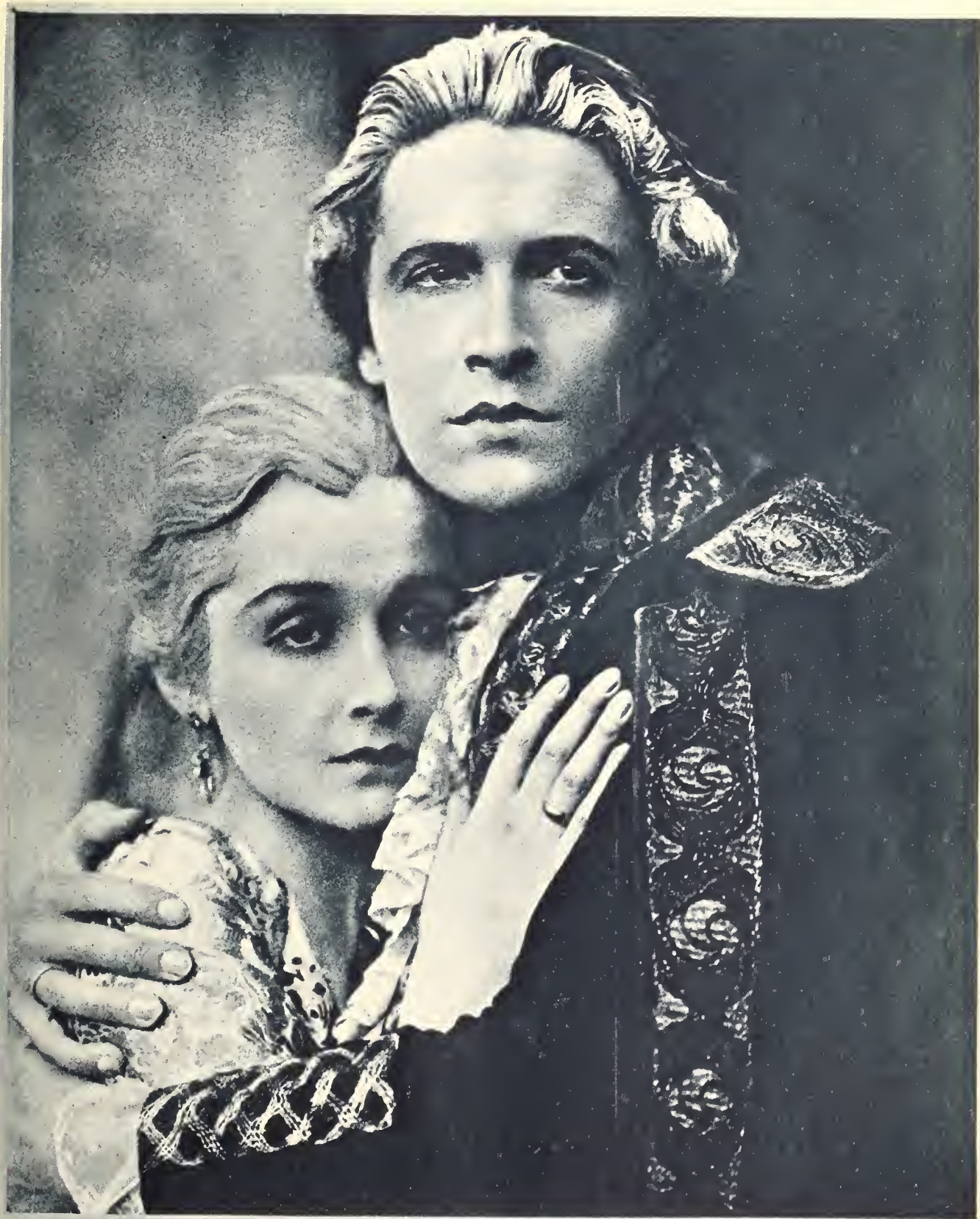
**THOMAS MEIGHAN.**

*Maybe you don't like him. Then you've chosen a lonely path, for Tom is the screen's best bet in the popularity stakes. His latest film is "The Man Who Saw To-Morrow."*



GREGORY SCOTT.

*Has been more than once accused of looking like Wallace Reid. In the motoring get-up he wears in "A Race for a Bride" he does nothing to dispel this illusion.*



**IVOR NOVELLO & NINA VANVA.**

*As they appear in "The Man Without Desire." Ivor Novello is now in America, where he will work in D. W. Griffith's Mamaroneck studio opposite Mae Marsh in "The White Rose."*



**MERCY HATTON,**

*The popular British film star, demonstrates the picturesque form of the fashionable Paisley shawl wrap for evening wear. She has introduced a new fashion to the screen, in the form of a single-pendant ear ring.*



# The Modes of Marshall

The screen fashion plate as depicted by Marshall Neilan in his production, *The Stranger's Banquet*. From the pictures it would appear that "The Stranger," whoever he was, had a distinct eye for beauty.



Mildred Kelly displays a dress of peach-bloom velvet, with puffings of cream silk net caught on steel blue ribbon.



Grace Leonard's dress has a bodice of silver metal cloth, with skirt of black and blue metal cloth, brocaded in silver and gold.



Jean Haskell wears a sleeveless afternoon model of black canton crepe, with a girdle of hunter's green leather.



A distinctive model worn by Jacqueline Godson. The Turkish trousers are of silver cloth, lined with old rose georgette, worn with an Oriental beaded overdress. A silver cloth swathed bandeau and emerald - diamond - and - ruby ear-rings complete a striking effect.



Rhea le Fort's evening gown is of draped silver cloth, with grey pearl chain shoulder-strap, and a panne velvet train of lipsticker red.

# Picturegoer Parodies I Remember



I remember, I remember,  
The neolithic age  
When no one said a kindly  
word  
About the shadow stage;  
When films were curiosities  
Folks clapped their hands to see,  
And everybody said: "The film  
"Is in its infancy."



I remember, I remember,  
The old-time movie show—  
A brother of the penny gaff  
That "wasn't nice to know."  
The mem'ry of those one-reel films  
Is vivid still to me;  
The films that people used to say  
Were "in their infancy."



I remember, I remember,  
The stars of bygone screens,  
The flappers of the silver sheet,  
Who cantered through their scenes.  
All that was many years ago,  
But sad it is to see,  
The "Peter Pans" of last decade  
Still "in their infancy!"



I remember, I remember,  
I thought that films would climb,  
The summit of Parnassus slopes  
To join the arts sublime.  
'Twas only childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little glee,  
To hear folks say: "To-day the  
film  
"Is in its infancy!"



Some Early Vitagraph productions. Left column:  
Ernest Truex and Dorothy Kelly in "Arise the  
Millionaire Kid"; Sidney Rankin Drew and  
Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Thou Art the Man";  
Carlyle Blackwell (with handkerchief) in "Uncle  
Tom's Cabin"; Lillian Walker in "The Kid";  
Marc MacDermott, Leah Baird, and E. Rogers  
Lytton in "The Caliph of New Bagdad." Below:  
Corinne Griffith, William Johnson, and Robert  
Thornby in "The Last Man." Right column:  
Charles Kent, Joseph Kislour, and Naomi Childers  
in "The Ruse"; Charles Richman and Catherine  
Calvert in "Surprises of an Empty Hotel"; Flora  
Finch in "Hughey at the Circus"; Lucille Lee  
Stewart and Carbow Bill Cooper in "The De-  
stroyers"; Norma Talmadge and Maurice Costello  
in "The Crown Prince's Double."



# Orphans of the Storm

by John Fleming.



At a little before four of an autumn afternoon in the early years of the nineteenth century, the Paris coach from Normandy, approaching the capital, came abreast of the château of the Marquis de Presle, and, meeting the wonderful equipage of the Marquis as it dashed out of the copper gates, was responsible for the momentary stoppage of all traffic at that point. There was no more damage than a broken strap, but the coach was full across the avenue to the château, the carriage of the Marquis could neither come out nor return, and the passengers had to descend and stand by the roadside until the coach could be fitted to proceed. At first the Marquis swore heavily at the interruption; but a glance at two of the coach's stranded passengers lightened his mood.

"Ha!" he muttered. "A change I was needing, and just at the moment Providence sends the change to me."

Two girls were on their way to Paris from their home village in distant Normandy—Henriette Girard and her sister Louise, who was blind. Visitors from Paris in the summer-time, struck by the wonderful beauty of the two, and touched by the affliction of the younger, had advised the journey, telling of a wonderful oculist in the capital and of the miraculous operations he could perform. The girls had

listened, dared to hope; money had been saved, and now they were on their way to gladness. A relative was to meet them on arrival, and in a week. . . .

But the Marquis de Presle had seen in their arrival at the gates of his châlet the direct act of Providence, casting a free gift at his feet. He disregarded the blind one, leaving her to

think of other plans. A man he would have stricken on the spot, ending a life; even some women might have been thrown to the gendarmes; but this fresh beauty, so new, so different—there must be other measures here. He bowed and went away.

"Ralph," he commanded a manservant standing near, "hurry ahead of the coach and come to Paris first. Wait there for it, getting aid. When it arrives . . . the beauty there with her blind sister . . . I want her. Let the blind sister go where she will. The other I want. You understand? Go."

Ralph went without a word. He was not paid to talk.

In a little while all was well with the coach, and the passengers got inside once more to resume the journey. Henriette and Louise sat side by side, and when they had discussed Henriette's adventure to its barest, Louise said—

"I should be so helpless without you, sister. You must take great care."

"Indeed I will," said Henriette.

"Do you think my operation will take very long?"

"How can we say? And why should we care, if only it be successful? I am with you."

"If we should part!"

"What should part us, dear sister?"

"You might love and marry."

## CHARACTERS:

Henriette Girard - LILLIAN GISH

Louise - - - - DOROTHY GISH

Chevalier de Vaudrey

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Marquis de Presle MORGAN WALLACE

Mother Frochard LUCILE LA VERNE

Jacques Frochard SHELDON LEWIS

Pierre Frochard - FRANK PUGLIA

Danton - - - - MONTE BLUE

*Narrated, by permission, from the D.W. Griffith production, released by Film Booking Offices Ltd.*

some other fate. He accepted the "whole" one, and stepped now forward to salute her with a kiss.

But the best-laid plans of mice and men . . .

A smack on the cheek (for how shall an unsophisticated maiden from unsophisticated Normandy recognise nobility when it is no longer noble?), and the Marquis had fallen back to

Henriette drew the blind girl to her side and tenderly kissed her.

"Sweetness," she said, "I shall never marry until you see the man I wed."

"Wonderful, wonderful sister!" sighed Louise. And the assurance was sufficient for her all the rest of the journey. She sat silent as the coach rattled down over the rough cobbles of Paris and through the narrow streets and under the shadows of the mighty buildings. Her sister's eyes were her eyes. Her sister told of every wonder on the way. She listened, and thereby saw.

When they came to the destination the sisters alighted and looked round for the relative who was to meet them, but there was no sign of him—nor, indeed, of anyone who might seem to have interest in them. They waited; the coach's passengers all went their ways, and the coach itself was taken off to its night's shelter. Night began to fall, yet still they stayed, thinking the relative might be detained by business, or ill—certain that soon some word would come to them. Over the square, a cripple sat with his sorry machine for grinding the knives and scissiors for the poor. There was no trade. There was no hope. Pierre his name was. Nobody cared about that, though.

When the dull flicker of the shaking lamps had conquered the early night a man stepped suddenly from the shadow of an arch and gave a mock bow as he stood before the girls.

"Oh!" cried Henriette, in sudden glee at the arrival. "You are from—"

But the man stood erect and she saw the smile on his lips, sensing rather than knowing the evil there. She broke off and stepped back. But even as she did so the stranger raised his hand and sent a summons into the shadows of the arch. Suddenly the shadows spilled their deeper shadows; rough hands tore the two girls apart, and almost before Henriette was aware that danger threatened, the blow had fallen and the fumes of a drug were stilling her mind.

"Louise! My sister!" she had time to cry, and that was all. Then she was raised, senseless, to vulgar and ragged shoulders, and embraced by the shadows of the arch so that all looking for her might have been as sightless as the terrified and helpless sister who stood now alone, calling on God to aid where all men failed.

"Henriette! My love! My sister! Come back to me!"

Alas, Henriette was far from hearing! But all men had not failed. Painfully hobbling, came Pierre from his broken and futile machine across the way—as broken and as futile as it himself. He crept to the girl's side and took her hand. Was this, too, one of the unseen devils? But Louise had other sight than that of mortal eyes, and she knew that here a friend would come to her.

"My sister!" she sobbed. "I



"You are useless to me, now, my singing bird," said Mother Frochard.

cannot see. We are orphans and have no friends."

"I know," said Pierre sadly. "I am lame and could come to your aid no sooner, or things might well have been different. But if you will let me—"

Again the foul shadows spilled evil, and now stood before them a woman, heavy and unpleasant, and a man young but stamped with the shadows' brand already. Mme. Frochard, Pierre's mother, and Jaques, his brother. The cripple's owners—strangest blood-relationship in all the blackness of the back-ways of Paris.

"Oh, ho!" cried Madame. "And what has our poor Bandylegs found this time?"

Jacques laughed coarsely and spun the girl round, the better to look at her.

"Blind!" he cried.

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame. "Don't say, too, that you can sing, *ma belle*?"

"Why, yes!" said Louise eagerly.

"God is good!" laughed the hag.

"This is mightier than I could have hoped for. Come home with me and my son. You shall sing for your living, and live with us. I am a poor woman, but honest." She leered at the son who was after her own heart, kicking the cripple out of her way.

"May the good God reward you," said Louise simply. "I put myself in your hands."

"Oh, well," said Madame, with a wink.

"You might find worse hands too."

She led the way to home—at least, she called it home.

When Henriette came to she found herself in the midst of a garden fête of such bewildering wonder that at first she thought herself still in some glittering illusion of her swoon. "Do I dream? Am I mad?" she whispered. And then, memory returning—"Louise!" she cried, springing to her feet.

The Marquis was before her, smiling calmly, waiting, seeing as if he had paid at a show, and the anguish of the girl was the show. He uttered no word, but his very look told all and more than she wished to know. In despair she flung round at the laughing guests of the evil old nobleman and spread her hands in appeal.

"My sister is blind and helpless and a stranger in Paris!" she sobbed. "Without me she must die or come to some worse fate. Is there no man of honour here who will help me?"

"There is, Mademoiselle," said one, stepping forward suddenly and offering his arm. "I will take you to your sister."

The Chevalier de Vaudrey was young and handsome, and influential too, being the nephew of the Prefect of Police. Though this did not cause the Marquis to hesitate an instant. Prefect of Police? Why, cannot a Marquis make a dozen in a day?

"Not so fast, Chevalier," said the old nobleman, as de Vaudrey and the girl turned to go. "This is my house and the girl is my girl. Do you seek to insult me?"

"Indeed, I care not that you are insulted," the Chevalier replied. "But this girl is not as the others you entice here—who need but little persuasion, I must say—and if she desires to go, well, then, she shall go, and there is an end of the matter."

"Stop!" cried the Marquis.

"Stand aside, Sir!" cried the young man, his temper now at white heat.

Astounded at the stand, the Marquis suddenly drew his sword and sprang forward. "Do you think me a lackey?" he thundered. "Shall you order me to one side in my own house? Have at you!"

Little cries, and the clearing of a space. Then, pale with fear and trembling at the thought that the best man might not win, Henriette stood by and watched. Watched the wildest fight that even that wild spot had witnessed—wild and swift, too. A swiftness as bewildering as its result. Even to Henriette's eyes, who so desired it, the suddenness of the end was horrible. The Marquis lay dead, mourned by the hangers-on who had helped spend his robberies, and the Chevalier was taking Henriette by the arm and leading her to safety.

"My uncle is Prefect of Police, and he will shelter you in his home and help us find your sister," said he tenderly.

In three months a pure and ardent passion had sprung up between de Vaudrey and Henriette; but timidly enough did the girl give evidence of this. Not until she had found Louise would she permit her lover to declare himself, and Louise seemed far away and lost as ever.

The much-looked-for help of the Prefect of Police had not been forthcoming, for the Prefect had seen well enough which way the wind blew with the young people, and for the Chevalier, his nephew, he had other and vastly different plans. There was a family of great wealth, much but plainly daughtered, in Paris, who would pay unthinkable sums for a handsome and titled husband for their eldest. Vastly different plans had the Prefect!

"Go about your business, boy!" he snapped when the young man approached him in the matter. "A provincial nobody for your wife? Have sense!"

"Nevertheless, I shall marry her!" asserted de Vaudrey.

"Well, well, we shall see!"

De Vaudrey repaired to the lodgings in which he had established Henriette, and gloomily told of the Prefect's attitude. The two lovers sat by the window, looking down on the dusk-filling streets, and wondering what the future held. Murmurs came from afar, as murmurs came so often, these days. There were hints of a rising, and violent overthrow. Danton and Robespierre were thought to be the masters of to-morrow. Paris was a powder-keg, and it needed but a match to set the city alight. Whose the match? And where? And when the striking?

"My uncle, perhaps, is not so safe and powerful as he thinks," said de Vaudrey, with a shake of the head.

It was at that moment that the voice of some ragged street singer came trilling up from below. At once Henriette sprang to her feet and rushed out to the balcony, crying to the darkness below: "Louise! Louise!" And from the darkness came the reply:

"Henriette! Come! Save me! Save me!"

With a low cry Henriette dashed to the stairway, de Vaudrey close behind. But before they were half-way down the way ahead was blocked, and the

bewildered girl was aware of uniforms and hard, official voices, and knew that she and de Vaudrey were being torn apart—that for some wild, cruel reason, with the crown of weary weeks just within her grasp, she was being dragged from lover, sister, hope—all.

"Let me go!" she cried, struggling to free herself from the nearest gendarme.

"By whose orders is this?" de Vaudrey demanded.

"By the orders of the Prefect of Police!"

The squad formed in line, and with de Vaudrey standing looking on, powerless to aid, the grief-stricken girl was marched away to prison.

"I see! I see!" cried de Vaudrey. "So that we shall not marry!"

And as he stood there cursing fate and his uncle, a small man, cloaked and with a hat drawn low across his eyes, crept forward and looked into his face.

"I remember that girl," he whispered. "I met her one day searching for her sister, and heard her sad tale. Perhaps it is lucky for her that I am willing to be her friend."

"Who are you?" demanded de Vaudrey.

"My name is Danton," was the reply. "Return home and wait, and hope for the best. There is another reason of which I told you nothing. Assassins pursued me one night, and she gave me shelter. She is a woman in a million. Sir, my congratulations! Danton is with you. Adieu!"

And he strode away without another word, leaving de Vaudrey yet even more bewildered.

But not yet had bewilderment laid its last card on the pack. That night in the mighty salon, from the lips of his aunt, the wife of the Prefect, de Vaudrey heard a story that had lain away in the lavender of fear for fifteen years, a strange story even in the midst of all these strange events.

"When I was young—young and mad," said the woman—"I loved and was beloved by a man far beneath me in rank. To him I was secretly married, and for some days our life was a sweet dream of bliss. But my family heard of it, and sought him out, and one night he was dragged from me and killed. I became a mother, but the family honour demanded that my child should disappear, and I never saw the mite again. I was betrothed to the Prefect—I married him—he never knew."

The woman's voice trembled and faltered, and de Vaudrey took her hand and looked upon her tenderly.

"Aunt!" he cried, and she saw that his hand was trembling.

"What is it?"

"This child! Would you love it, now—want it?"

"My boy!" and she burst into tears.

"Then—"

"Yes?"

"This blind girl for whom I seek—I and Henriette. She told me all. They are not sisters. Years ago Henriette's father adopted the child, and there was much money with it. They were poor, and on the verge of starvation. The money seemed like a gift of heaven, and in their thankfulness, they cared well for the child. The two girls were brought up like sisters, loving like sisters. The name of your child was—"

"Louise!"

"The same! Oh, aunt! If it should be—"

They said no more. Past



"If she desires to go, she shall go, and there's an end of the matter."

the great windows tore suddenly the flood, but as no flood that ever their eyes had seen. It burst like the bursting of great waters—as suddenly and as fiercely. The Terror! The whisperings of days had become a shout; the sparks of many dark and hirtive days had burst at last into the great, terrible flame. De Vaudrey and his aunt sprang to the window and looked down and saw—saw what they had dreaded and expected, but had yet not believed could be. The Terror! The Revolution!

"Henriette!" cried the man.

"Louise!" cried the woman.

She fled to the streets, seeking in every eye the blind eyes that had been so long lost to her.

He fled to the prison to save his life's great dream.

In the great collapse of events that followed through the wild days of the Revolution, time seemed to simultaneously gallop and stand still. Mighty things and little happened side by side, fantastically. None knew what day it was, or what had happened yesterday, or what was happening at the moment, so wild were things, so all-embracing the monster rush.

At some time—an hour, it might have been, a week, after the first great rush—Henriette was torn from her cell and rescued by the mob, incensed by the Prefect and all for which he stood. Danton saw to it, and the work was complete. But Robespierre, watching, saw the girl's love for the aristocrat, de Vaudrey, and out of the rescue, her very rescuers plucked her, casting her back after the shortest of freedoms into her cell again. De Vaudrey now was with her, a prisoner too.

"Why is fate so cruel?" she asked, clinging to him in despair. "A few short months ago and we were loving in the sunlight, Louise and I, innocent and free. Now we are torn apart and lost to each other, and all villainess seems to have come to us. Once I am taken away by the most terrible of men. Twice I am thrown into prison. What have I done for it? And my poor sister—blind and helpless—"

"We must trust and hope," said her lover. "We yet may find a friend."

In the foul cellar home of the Frochards, blind Louise and crippled Pierre sat side by side, listening, without retort, to the vulgar abuse of the hag and her favourite son. The flame of the Terror had been burning many days, and now neither cripple nor blind girl was of use to their owners. No man carries in the midst of a revolution to have scissors sharpened, or cast a copper to the blind. Mme. la Frochard was deciding their fate.

"You are useless to me now, my singing bird," said Mother Frochard, seizing Louise by the throat in a sudden excess of passion. "No one heeds your singing these days." She flung the blind girl from her, and Jacques caught her in his arms, as she reeled across the room.

Suddenly there was the sound of

"Wait—you shall see," he replied. He guided them through unsuspected back ways to one of the few great mansions left standing. The Prefect's wife was known, and she and her home had been spared.

She stood in the great salon as the cloaked man ushered in the blind girl. "Louise!" she cried.

"Who—who is this?" cried the girl.

"It is your mother!" said the man.

Out of the tears of the reunion came hopes and plans. The great surgeon... he was a friend of Madame's. Louise would see again. And they would all go far from the grim Terror—to Normandy, where Louise had lived her sunny days.

"But Henriette, my sister?" sobbed the girl.

A man of the guard burst into the room and stood before the cloaked rescuer. "Danton," he said, "the sentence is out. De Vaudrey and the woman are to die."

In the great Place stood the guillotine, and around it pressed the mob, knowing some of the story, but not all—enough to love and to hate at once the young man and the beautiful girl who came now through the lane of horror in the dread and rumbling cart. He was an aristocrat, but he fed the poor and loved this girl. She was poor and of their class, and her rescue of Danton was known; but she loved this aristocrat. Cheers and groans were strangely intermingled. The knife was hoisted. They stepped forward. But a line of mounted men fought a way through the crowd. Danton, a paper waving in his



In Normandy love and happiness returned to Henriette and Louise.

rushing feet upon the stone stair, and the door was thrown open, disclosing the guard. Mme. la Frochard fell back with a loud curse, and her son, Jacques, his arm already round the blind girl's waist and his lips to hers, turned to the interrupters.

The fight was short and very one-sided. Before they were clearly aware of the coming of their fate, Madame and her son Jacques were enveloped by it, and it was bearing them away. And through the sea of terror a short man in a low hat and a wide cloak guided the cripple and the girl.

"Where do you take me?" asked Louise

hand, led them.

"Wait," he shouted. "These two are free."

Swiftly he told Henriette of her mother, of Louise, and the great hope. "By sunrise you leave the city. My guards have their orders. Unscorched by the Terror, the blossoms smile in Normandy. There you shall go." He bowed and sighed as she lifted his hand to her trembling lips. "You are a woman that all men love," he cried, giving her to de Vaudrey. "I can be but one of them. Adieu!"

And in Normandy, when the Storm had died away, love and happiness returned to Henriette and Louise.

# Directors I Have Met

by  
ELIZABETH LONERGAN  
No 1 FRANK LLOYD

The first of a new series dealing with the personalities of the men behind the megaphone.

There was once a small boy in Glasgow who fairly revelled in the marvellous stories of Charles Dickens. Little did he dream that some day he would make film versions of two of his favourite novels, versions which would be shown in every part of the world, and that would bring back memories of other days to many people. Some would read once more the almost forgotten passages, while others would enjoy the well-known situations anew and marvel at the cleverness with which they had been pictured.

The boy was Frank Lloyd, well known among the leading directors across the big pond. Thirteen years have been spent in America as against the twenty in his native land, and England may well be proud of his progress which has placed him in the front rank of directors, and demonstrated that Britain's sons have not been left behind in this important branch of a very important industry.

Frank Lloyd made a flying trip to New York recently, and it was my privilege to have a chat with him. I found him a devoted Dickensian. One of the joys of his first trip to London, he told me, was the hunting up of the many spots made immortal by the great novelist, and trying to picture how the incidents connected with them happened in real life. And so he was visualising Dickens pictures long before motion pictures were thought of—just as many of us have done time and time again when we came upon some historic old spot. Later he lived in England, and acted many times in London before he went to America at the head of Walker's repertory company. That was in 1909.

"I consider that my stage experience in England, and later in the States, has been invaluable to me in picture work," he said. "When I went into the picture business, it was rather looked down upon, and the few who played before the camera considered the work as temporary, and felt it unnecessary to do the best possible work. It was a 'Game' then; now it has developed into an 'Industry,' and the growth has been

apparent in all branches of the business. My first work was for the Universal. I wrote, directed, and played leading rôles at the same time. In one single year I made fifty pictures (one and two reels, of course), and the average cost was a dollar a foot. Contrast those conditions with present ones!"

"Didn't you find the work very trying?" I asked.

"Not a bit. Of course, things were done too hurriedly for really artistic success; but it gave one an excellent training, and you learned more in one year than you could in four or five to-day. There was such a variety of work, too. I had some funny experiences. Once I played the hero in one of my own pictures, and after seeing myself on the screen, decided that 'heavies' were my



Watching a rehearsal.

forte, and played them until writing and directing occupied all my time."

At present, Mr. Lloyd's efforts are in the line of directing, but his knowledge of scenario writing is extremely helpful, and often bridges over scenes that need the editing of a specialist. When he gets tired of producing plays, he can write them or turn his attention to something for the dramatic stage. He is a man of infinite possibilities.

From Universal, Mr. Lloyd went to Paramount, and directed a number of their principal stars; then to Fox, where he made, among other plays, *Les Miserables* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. At Goldwyn he did *Madame X*, *The Loves of Letty*, *The Great Lover*, and a number of other important features. His last two for First National were *The Eternal Flame* (Norma Talmadge), and *Oliver Twist*, which has diminutive Jackie Coogan as star.

As essentials for success on the screen—listen, you screen-struck "fans"!



Frank Lloyd as he is to-day.

"First and most important is stage experience. While there are a few exceptions, the majority of our best players have been recruited from the stage. Even little Jackie Coogan made his start in a vaudeville act with Annette Kellerman, and is an artist to his finger-tips."

Lloyd directed Jackie Coogan in "Oliver Twist."

"What is Jackie like off the screen?" I asked.

"Just what you would expect. A regular boy in his free time, and a regular actor in his work time. And how he hates to be patronised by visitors! If people are natural, and treat him as they would any other small boy, he is perfectly at ease, but when they commence to lionise him, he becomes extremely uncomfortable, able, and, if it is possible, sneaks away in a hurry."



# Film Stars Wallace



Above: An upstairs sitting-room in Wallace Reid's home.  
Below: The entrance hall.



"Is it cold, Dad?" inquires William Reid just as his  
Father seems to have his doubts.



Wally,  
Bill and  
" Spike."



William Wallace Reid and his wife,  
Dorothy Davenport Reid, in their garden.



# at Home Reid



Reid, Wally and Bill in the doorway of their home.



Whole Reid family—Wally, Dorothy, Bill and Betty Mummert Reid.



Above: Interior of the lounge of Wallace Reid's Hollywood home.  
Below: The architect's drawing of the house.



Bill Reid snapped in a favourite haunt.



*The  
Star of  
the Month*

# Marjorie Daw

Shortly after *Experience* (in which she played "Love") was finished, Marjorie Daw (or Margaret House, if you prefer her baptismal to her movie name, portrayed one of the young lovers in *Penrod*. Johnny Harron was the other, and before the final "close-up" was made, the "playing" had developed into the real thing. Twenty-year-old Marjorie now sports an engagement ring; but, as she still considers herself the man of the family (brother Chandler being hardly through college yet), she does not intend to change her name yet awhile. With her mother and brother, Marjorie came to Hollywood when quite a child, and entered Screenland when she was fifteen. She has played in nine of Douglas Fairbanks' films, also in *Don't Ever Marry*, *Dinty*, *The River's End* (her favourite), *Fifty Candles*, *The Butterfly Girl* and several Universal productions. Marjorie lives in a Los Angeles bungalow-house of her own designing, and her nickname is "Piggy." Needless to add, this was given her by Chandler. Hazel eyes and light-brown curly hair has Marjorie, and her hobbies are reading, being criticised by frank friends, and her work. She is "The Huma Girl" of the screen.



Right: Ralph Graves and Marjorie Daw in "The Long Chance."

Below: With Betty Carpenter in "Experience"



With James Barry Kirkwood and Marjorie Daw in "Bob Hampton of Placer"



Walter West explaining a scene to Violet Hopson.

# Two Hours with an Interview-Hater

An interview with a movie star who hates being interviewed, and who detests having her picture taken for publicity purposes, is bound to be interesting. Let us introduce you to the real Violet Hopson.

**Y**es! three o'clock on "Tuesday," said the beautiful voice on the phone—and my heart palpitated! At last I had run my quarry to earth, and I was to meet the very elusive Violet Hopson.

Dozens of interviewers have failed in their attempts to interview Vi—but it was not until I had met her personally that I understood why.

At last the eventful Tuesday arrived—and I presented myself, trembling, in case she should have changed her mind when she changed her frock, and had given instructions that I was to be told she was out. But, no! after the garden gate had clanged, the now-famous Peter rushed, with one of his little black sons, from somewhere to greet me. At first he mistrusted me and barked loudly—his three months' old son joining in the chorus. I rang the bell, and when I was ushered into the oak-panelled lounge hall—Peter forgave me, realised I was a friend, sprang up and licked my hand.

Then the soft rustle of skirts—Peter deserted me—and then running at his mistress' feet, looked up at me as if to say: "Here she is—now, isn't she more wonderful than ever you imagined?"

A kindly greeting, and I followed in the wake of the rustling skirt down a thickly carpeted corridor, the walls of which are decorated with some superb etchings, to the cosy drawing-room. I was ushered to a comfortable black-and-gold upholstered chair. The moment I sat in it I forgot all about the questions I was going to ask

"her"—and then she brought me back to earth—"Peter's quite friendly with you," said Vi, in that musical voice of hers, which, alas! is lost to her screen admirers. "He doesn't take to everyone, you know—neither does his son. In fact, we've had to keep Peter II. muzzled because he has taken a fancy to the post-man's trousers—he's really a very valuable puppy, for he's eaten about six square inches out of my new fur coat—three bedroom slippers, two silk stockings, and no end of cushion tassels and things—yes! he's really very valuable."

A vicious poke at the fire, and then Vi looked up at me. "Now, I beseech you," she said said, from her kneeling position, "don't interview me—I hate being interviewed, because I'm most uninteresting, really! You mustn't believe some of the things other people write about me—journalists seem to have wild imaginations, and they always seem to be letting them loose on me!"

Slowly I edged my notebook under me—and sat on it heavily—I was far too





With Mercy  
Hatton in  
"A Sportsman's  
Wife."

comfortable to interview anyone. But Vi's like that—she makes you feel at home immediately. There's nothing of the leading lady about her, she's just like your greatest friend inviting you to do what you like doing best. She's not a bit like anyone's conception of an actress at home—she's far too natural, and, oh! so shy and reserved!

Once I ventured to ask her the date of her birthday, and she said: "You aren't interested in my birthday, are you?"

After we had chatted about Peter, his son, and their shortcomings, the conversation turned to dancing.

"I love dancing," she confessed; "but not big dances—just a little,

With John Stuart in  
"Her Son."



quiet homely affair—it's much nicer." And on those few words Vi summed up herself. Primarily she is a homemaker and a home-maker, secondly she is a film actress, and if she hadn't been a film-actress, she would have been a famous painter or pianiste. The three talents were there undeveloped, and because acting was given the chance, she is an actress. I wonder what the world has missed, and if she would have been as clever a pianiste as she is an actress?



In "The Case  
of Lady Camber."



In the vision scene in "Kissing  
Cups Race."

"I'm strange," she admitted, "when I most feel like film work, I'm not working in the studio—and when I've got my biggest film scenes to do, I don't feel the least like doing them. Probably another day, when I feel I could do a hundred big scenes,

I just have to walk in and out of a door, or watch horses in training—"

Then Peter, jumping into the fireplace, demanded attention: "Come away, Peter—you'll burn yourself," she warned, but Peter refused to obey. "Isn't he perverse?" She looked up quickly. "But everyone's like that—from the time we're old enough to toddle the more we're told not to do a thing, the more we want to do it," she added. "I watched some babies in the Park the other morning—running away from their nurses. The faster the nurses ran, and the more they called 'Come back!' the faster those babies ran, and the more they laughed—until, crash, the baby legs gave way, and down they went. Now, isn't that life all the way through?" and thoughtfully she gazed into the fire.

Vi is not only a deep thinker, but is keenly observant—witness her delineations of the screen characters she portrays. She never exaggerates, but, by the little movements so typical of the characters, she establishes those characters and "gets them over."

She was silent for some time—the beautiful clock on the mantelpiece chimed four—and then she said: "There's just one thing I would like to tell my kinema friends a thing that has worried me considerably. I have been living a lie!"

At this my heart almost stopped beating! What terrible secret was I to hear? What was there that this beautiful woman should have to confess? I dared not speak. Then she continued: "I'm not such a brave horsewoman as you all think—in fact, I'm terribly nervous of horses, though I love them so much. It was during the making of my second racing film that I got all unnerved. One horse tried to bite me, and another threw me, and my nerve went all to pieces! It is absolute torture for me to mount a horse now—but I had created a sporting character, and after that the public wouldn't let me do a lot else. Every now and again they demanded a racing film—how I dread them! Still, I'm not quite so nervous as I was six months ago, because I've had a long rest—and now I shall start my new racing film like a giant refreshed with wine!"

And that was the lie she had been living Candidly, I thought it was going to be something far more serious—far more personal. "And you want me to tell my readers that?" I queried.

"Yes, because I hate people to think I am what I'm not."

That is one of Vi's chief attractions—her deep sincerity. Sincerity which is reflected in her beautiful eyes, her sensitive mouth, and again in everything she does or says.

Then, feeling that I couldn't return to the editor empty-handed—when he had impressed upon me the importance of finding out Vi's future plans—I ventured:

"And your plans after you have finished the racing film—what are they?"

"I have none," she replied quickly: "always I think only of the present—the future is in the hands of the gods and my director, Walter West. But my next racing film is going to be different from all the others I have ever done—I'm busy putting the finishing touches to it now. It has a most romantic theme, and its setting is Sussex. Yes, Mr. West was so enthralled with Sussex that when he had finished *Hornets' Nest*, he simply had to sit down and write another story round that part of the country. It is wonderful, too! When I used to stand on the Downs waiting to 'take,' I could almost imagine the Normans marching up from the coast—and my fancy would carry me right away from my work, and I would go back to the scene feeling totally out of place and unreal!"

She thinks in pictures—that is why Violet Hopson would have made an artist of quite another sort if the screen had not elaimed her.

"Tell me something about your frocks," I persuaded.

"There's nothing interesting to tell," she assured me. "It's terribly difficult trying to be pleased about buying new frocks when really one is hating it. My pet abomination is shopping, and since I have been living out of London, it makes me nervous to get into the hustle and bustle and crowds. You don't know what a treat it is to be cast for a part like that of *Vi of Smith's Alley* fame. No new ideas to think out—no fashion books to study—no long periods of fittings—no thinking out of colour schemes—just all one's attention centred on the character—it's wonderful!"

"But to make a success of a part that needs dressing," she continued after a moment's reflection, "demands especial attention to the dress, and if one has any ambition to succeed in the film world, all these little details must be attended to personally."

"And you're ambitious?" I commented. Then came the most surprising criticism I had heard from Vi—

"A woman is only ambitious when she has to be—when she has personal responsibilities. Men are ambitious because they are selfish—they aim at big positions because a big position means personal comfort and luxury. Women are, deep down in their hearts, unambitious—they are perfectly happy and contented if they can live just comfortably and peaceably, and no one can convince me to the contrary. I would like to meet a woman who has made good in

any business or profession, who has done so for the sheer satisfaction of making good. In every case I have met, responsibilities have prompted her ambition."

It was an evasive reply to my query, and it caused me to think deeply. No one who sees the "dear, delightful villainess" (never was anyone more misappropriately named!) as she now is, could ever think that primarily her determination to reach the top of her profession was egged on by responsibility. Which goes to

With Lewis Willoughby in "The Scarlet Lady."



"You dirty boy!"  
A scene from "Vi of Smith's Alley."

midnight hair framing a pale, sensitive face, I instinctively wondered how such a very feminine personality ever manages to fool us all so completely.

"Oh, yes!" she told me, albeit gravely, when I congratulated her upon this feat. "That's part of the acting game. Besides, I'm becoming quite a versatile business woman. In the studio, of course. Out of it, I leave all that to Walter West. But in it, I've managed city offices, pulled

With Stewart Rome in "The Romance of a Movie Star."



With Clive Brook in "A Sportsman's Wife."

prove that even responsibilities are sometimes blessings in disguise!

But, in a way, Vi spoke the truth when she accused herself of living a lie. (Only on the screen though, and not in every picture.) Meeting this small, violet-eyed lady, with the soft clouds of



Three studies — two of the screen, and one of the real Violet Hopson.

off big deals on the Stock Exchange, competed with American steel magnates, and, now, as you know, I'm training racehorses.

"No; I can't honestly say I'm enjoying it, though I looked forward to it very much on account of the trip to Sussex. I love the country so. We've used a very well-known racehorse owner's training stables, and I have a real lady trainer beside me most days, giving me tips. Oh, not *that* sort —" (as I hastily turned over a fresh page in my notebook and prepared to write down a few "winners") — "Tips on how to manage my string of yearlings, I mean." We "cut back" to Violet Hopson's early work in filmland.

"My first small part (that of a dead woman in a ditch) was in a British film. I was born in California on Dec. 16" (a fact I was quick to seize upon and remember), "but I've always lived and worked in England, though I'm fond of travelling. I was going to New York

for one film last year, but eventually we made the scenes here. But I *do* go abroad *via* films. I realise how far, whenever I look through my post."

She numbers amongst her audiences people of almost every nationality under the sun. From India, Scandinavia, far-away log-towns in Canada, and the Australian bush, from the Pacific Isles to Lambeth East, Violet Hopson showed me souvenirs and gifts sent her by appreciative admirers of her work. Her letters, too, would make an article by themselves. Veritable life stories, some of them, and most contain requests for advice on all kinds of things. But then, even in the days Vi first stepped before a motion-picture camera, members of the studio staff used to take their troubles to her, sure of sympathy and friendly counsel.

"From villainess parts, which gave me thrills when I played them" (she played many decidedly unlovable rôles, as in *The Marriage of William Ashby*, *The Man Who Stayed at Home*, etc., etc.), "via a rather interesting study of a gypsy girl — remember it: I gradually made my way to bigger things.

"When Walter West starred me in *The Ware Case*, I was delighted to be able to portray a sympathetic character at last. And then Mr. West engaged me for his stock company, and we have worked together ever since."

It has been real work, too. Violet Hopson has appeared in many more films than the majority of British artistes. Her best-known are *A Turf Conspiracy*, *A Gamble for Love*, *Snow in the Desert*, *Romance of a Movie Star*, *Her Son*, *Case of Lady Camber*, *A Soul's Crucifixion*, *Kissing Cup's Race*, *Vi of Smith's Alley*, *When Greek Meets Greek*, *The Scarlet Lady*, *Son of Kissing Cup*, *The White Hope*, and *The Lady Tramer*. But she finds time for a few outdoor sports, too. A keen motorist and racegoer, she may be found at most of the important meetings. Also, though she keeps them hidden away in a bottom drawer, Violet Hopson owns several prizes she won for sculling you may see her on the river in the summer, if you can get close enough to look beneath the huge hat she hides in on these occasions. Also, if you are lucky, and know how to listen unobserved, you may hear her sing. For she has a delightful voice, but her shy, retiring nature, does not permit her to often entertain anybody that way.

So I left Violet Hopson, who congratulated me once more upon the friendliness of Peter, who hospitably came to the gate (with sons). But I think I really should congratulate myself upon obtaining so many sidelights upon a Violet who really lives up to her name.



Bill Hart.

# Getting Out of the Groove

by ELSIE CODD

On screen stars in general, and Charles Chaplin in particular.

The announcement that Charlie Chaplin intends to desert the comedy field, now that he has concluded his present and last picture for the First National, comes as a surprise to nobody who knows anything of the mysterious workings of the Chaplin mind. A good many clever folk have seized this opportunity for the purpose of wisely nodding their knowing heads and expressing the opinion that Chaplin has come to the bottom of his comedy bag of tricks, and therefore thinks that it is high time he should salvage some sort of reputation in another branch of the business.

How little they know their Chaplin! During my own personal association with Charlie and his work, I have seen him shelve enough joyous inspirations and screamingly funny gags to keep every rival comedy concern working overtime for the next few years.

And, believe me, if Chaplin ever *did* get to the bottom of the bag—a possibility which I, for one, decline most loyally to entertain for a single moment—he would be the last man on earth to acknowledge himself in any sort of quandary. Right then and there he'd evolve a new laugh-epic, depicting the ludicrous predicament of a man who had got to the bottom of the bag, and who realised the humours of the situation.

Chaplin's only reason for abandoning the comedy path for the more serious walks of screen drama is that one aspect of his genius is still unknown to the greater masses of his film public; in short, that he has never fully realised himself. He feels the urge toward a wider range of self-expression. And, above all things, he simply loathes the idea of working in one continual groove.

Presuming a man makes his first successful bid for fame as a knock-

about comedian, you can easily figure out for yourself what he is likely to be up against if he happens to want his public, for once in a while, to take him seriously. And what future is there for the girl with any real acting ability, as the years roll on, when her public refuses to accept her unless in the golden curls and fluffy frocks of the eternal *ingénue*?

The groove is a convenient outlet for the mind that runs along one single track. All credit, I think, is due to those more versatile men and women who have on one memorable occasion burnt all their boats behind them and blazed a new trail for themselves.

Let us pass some of these pioneers in a brief review.

First and foremost, I would place W. S. Hart, who abandoned a successful stage career for a gamble with the screen. It was Hart himself who told me that it was a bad Western picture which decided his whole film future. The picture, in short, was so bad that he felt that it was something in the nature of a libel of the West he had known and loved as a child. Also, that it was high time, under the circumstances, that the West should find a champion to defend the honour of its name. The results of his chivalrous endeavour are on the screen that all may read.

Of course, I know that objections may be raised concerning Hart's own particular screen type as but yet another form of the "groove." For me its justification lies in the fact that at least it is based on a certain high ideal.

Alice Lake graduated from slapstick comedy in the early Arbuckle Triangle ventures to dramatic rôles in Metro productions requiring the very highest emotional capacity.

Betty Compson was merely a pretty girl in Christie comedies before she

was promoted to something really worth while in *The Miracle Man*. It was then that she got the chance to prove that she could act as well as look extremely ornamental.

The same play, incidentally, gave Thomas Meighan his first opportunity to prove that he was capable of better things than of merely providing a suitable male complement for feminine stellar vehicles.

Gloria Swanson is another ex-comédienne who has succeeded in obtaining an *entrée* into the higher circles of real-life drama—according to Cecil de Mille.

Gloria owed her first chance in the dramatic line of business to a lucky hatpin. It was at the time when screen heroines used such grandmotherly things. Nowadays, of course they don't seem to need them. Anyhow, Gloria was going out on location, and ran back at the last minute to fetch this antediluvian adjunct to every feminine toilette. On the way she bumped into one of Triangle's leading directors, who offered her then and there the lead in his next dramatic production.

It was certainly a great day for Gloria, but it seems to me she has simply got out of one groove to subside in another. A woman's real acting abilities can hardly be gauged by any capacity for carrying off bizarre situations *à la* Elinor Glyn, or for her skill in making plausible a variety of freakish-looking clothes. Some day, perhaps, Gloria will get her chance when she is called upon to portray a normal-minded woman.

Harold Lloyd first came into prominence on the day when he decided that it was a pretty feeble business aping the style and mannerisms of a greater man than himself, and determined to try whether he couldn't do something off his own bat. Anyhow, Lloyd with the horn-rimmed glasses seems to have proved a bigger box-office attraction than any borrowed triumph achieved by Lonesome Luke.

Douglas Fairbanks has certainly made some attempt to ring a change by resorting to romantic history in his quest for a new line of character. But, to my mind, much as I like Doug., with all his "pep" and healthy virility, he never succeeds in being anything else but a very modern young American man.

Pauline Frederick's wonderfully vibrant screen personality and fine emotional powers have been utterly swamped in a dreary category of singularly bad plays.

The vampires have retired to give place to the latest evolutions of their exotic kind. Louise Glau, I hear, has gone into vaudeville. Theda Bara made a valorous, if ineffectual, attempt to prove her versatility in an *ingénue* part, for which she was, physically and popularly speaking, entirely unsuited.

# Weavers



Above: The Grand National.  
 Right: The Sheep-dog Trials.



Fireside Dreams.



Above: Henry Vibart.  
 Right: The dance in the woods.





# Fortune

delightful Granger-Davidson production.  
Full of thrills, beauty and charm.

This film which has been described as "Britain's most beautiful photo-play," is a wonderful picture of English life so naturally acted, amidst glorious surroundings, that it is certain to appeal to every picturegoer.

Exciting incidents of a hunt are shown. Starting with the meet of the hounds, and the ensuing drive-off to cover, and then the field and hounds in full cry, these scenes will stir the blood of every man and woman.

The sheep-dog trials are wonderfully clearly depicted, and it is thrilling, and almost uncanny, to watch the dogs at work. The climax of the Grand National is shown, with all the dramatic incidents of the world's greatest steeplechase. The cast includes Henry Vibart, Myrtle Vibart, Dacia and Derek Glynn. Our readers should certainly make a point of seeing this great British film.



Derek Glynn and Myrtle Vibart.



"Look pleasant, please!"



Above: Myrtle Vibart and Dacia.

Right: "A - Hunting we will go!"





## Flora Le Breton

who starred in "La Poupée,"  
"The Glorious Adventure,"  
"Locaine" and other successes, is  
one of the many attractive women  
who use "Eastern Foam"

READ HER LETTER  
OF APPRECIATION.



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# 'EASTERN FOAM'

## VANISHING CREAM



THE CREAM OF FASCINATION



# SHADOWLAND

MOVIE · GOSSIP · OF · THE · MONTH.

Cecil B. De Mille is certainly well again. His newest, after *Adam's Rib*, is titled *The Ten Commandments*, and he has sent Clare West (the famous Command-dress in charge of Lasky's costume department) and Mrs. Florence Meehan, traveller and authority on ancient customs and people, halfway round the world—the first in search of ideas for gowns, the second in search of data. Clare West goes to Paris, and Mrs. Meehan to Palestine, Arabia, Egypt, India, Java, Ceylon, and Thibet. Certain places named in the Old Testament will be visited, and historical facts noted for use in the film.

It is not only in fairy-tales and plays that the unknown girl suddenly finds herself a "somebody" in the world. Take the case of Eleanor Boardman. This young lady favoured a stage career, but, just as she had made some progress, her voice failed her, and she turned her face—no, not to the wall, but to the movie camera, as the next best thing. This was some nine months back. One of a crowd of over a thousand, she replied to a "call" from the Marshall Neilan Studios, who were looking for a new screen personality. In Eleanor Boardman they found it.

She made a decided "hit" in the Neilan production (*The Stranger's Banquet*, from a Don Byrne story). When it was finished, word came from Rupert Hughes, the novelist, who had seen her at work on the "lot," that she was his selection for the heroine of his *Souls for Sale*, which was soon to

be kinematized. In the meantime, she was offered the rôle of "Amelia Sedley" in *Vanity Fair* with the Ballins. All three films are just about due for U.S.A. release, so that the new star will burst upon the firmament threefold. Certainly Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford had nothing on Get-There-Quick Eleanor.

Practically all the boys you saw in *Penrod* have been engaged for Baby Peggy's next Special Century comedy. There is Winston Radom ("Maurice Levy"), Newton Hall ("Kenneth the Sissy"), Don Condon, and Verne Winter, who played the Fat Boy. Baby Peggy was loaned to Marshall Neilan for one little bit of comedy in *Penrod*, so this occasion is in part reciprocal.

Although his contract has several years to run, it looks as though Rodolph Valentino will not be the ace among Paramount stars. For, besides Charles de Roche, another new male star has been discovered. Dowered with a very striking appearance and the romantic name of Orlando Cortez, this actor was seen by a studio party which included Jesse L. Lasky and Charles Chaplin, dancing at "The Coconut Grove." This is a well-known Hollywood evening rendezvous, and when the dancing contest ended, Chaplin and some others officiated as judges. Cortez, who is a Castilian, won the contest easily, and was then introduced to Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor, with the result that he has a five-year contract in his desk drawer and a part in De Mille's *The Ten Commandments*.

Kamuela C. Searle, best known for his "Tarzan the Man" in *Son of Tarzan*, has had a most romantic career. He is part Hawaiian, his mother being a beautiful South Sea Islander and his father a young Scotch trader. When Kamuela was seventeen he went to San Francisco and became a pugilist, though not for long. Drifting into Los Angeles, he played in many serials, doing "stunts," and being often sent under water to fight sharks (a Kanaka trick every Hawaiian boy knows).

Searle joined up for the Big Fight, and went in due course to France. Whilst there, he one day idly began fashioning figures and busts out of the famous Flanders mud, and found he had a surprising aptitude for this. About a twelvemonth ago, in Los Angeles again, but out of a job, Kamuela spent his last four dollars upon potter's clay, went to work in good earnest, and is now fast finding fame as one of California's finest sculptors. Cecil De Mille and other Hollywood celebrities have been "busted" by Kamuela, who also tried his hand at Impressionist landscape work, and found it quite easy. And now Rex Ingram (himself no mean sculptor) wants Kamuela Searle to go back into movies in *Toilers of the Deep*.

The Master of Greenacre Kennels (you know him better as E. K. Lincoln) is seriously considering entering the directorial fold. E. K. put in a good year's work, for he played in *Women Men Marry*, *Devotion*, *The Light in the Dark*, *The Woman in Chains*, and *The Little Red Schoolhouse*, all of which you will see on



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the screens shortly. He is a man with a thousand-and-one different interests besides filming; there are his famous Chows and other prize dogs, his New York offices; his gold mine, which he bought and worked himself; his silver ditto, way out in Mexico; and others too numerous to mention. E. K. joined Vitagraph in the early days and co-starred with Anita Stewart in *A Million Bid*, the first big Vitagraph feature.

Prominent people "Over there" have been lifting up their voices and naming the twelve best pictures of the year. Many of these have not been shown over here yet, but their choice forms an interesting study because it shows how tastes differ. At the head of the poll stands *When Knighthood Was in Flower* and Douglas Fairbanks in *Robin Hood*. Next: *Grandma's Boy* (Harold Lloyd) and Mary Pickford's *Tess* (tie). Then *Blood and Sand*, *Prisoner of Zenda*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nanook of the North*, *Manslaughter* (a Cecil De Mille production featuring Tom Meighan and Leatrice Joy), *The Eternal Flame*, *Smilin' Through* (Norma Talmadge's, both), and *Clarence* (Wallace Reid).

They are re-filming *The Cheat*, with Pola Negri in Fanny Ward's old part, and Charles de Roche as the Japanese villain (only now he will not be a Japanese), in which rôle Sessue Hayakawa found fame. George Fitzmaurice directs, and Ouida Bergère has written the scenario. Appropriately enough, the gentleman who blighted the heroine's life is now a Spaniard. Charles de Roche is a Frenchman, but olive-skinned and black of hair, so that he will easily look the part. He was in *The Spanish*

*Jude*, and several American pictures. He is, like Rodolph, a good dancer and a fine fencer, and, like most Frenchmen, is very emotional.

Battling scenes formed part of the most recent "Bull Montana" comedies finished in Metro Studio. And the producer, Hunt Stromberg, has learned an important lesson. For "Bull," who did not come by his nickname without good cause, faced six "rough necks," led by "Spike Robinson, and "Broken Nose" Murphy, engaged them all at once, and fairly enjoyed himself for ten minutes. After the air was clear again and the property man had collected the teeth from the studio floor, Bull went out to lunch, and Stromberg went off to the Metro title-writer's room. He returned with a full-sized notice reading—

*In future, all fights in Bull Montana comedies come last. If I forget, you remind me.*

Six battered battlers mumbled, "We will," and no doubt they meant it.

Did anyone recognise Gustav von Seyffertitz in his rôle of "The Soothsayer" in *When Knighthood Was in Flower*? This well known screen villain has just gone back to the stage, but only for a while. He is playing the name-part in "The Monster," and without wishing to call Gustav names, we'll allow there are very few who could do it better. An old hand at stage work and stage management, Gustav broke into movies in a Douglas Fairbanks picture in a very "Doug v" rôle. But he soon became a screen villain, and is such, has a good-sized place in the hearts of all good movie fans and time. He is "Moriarty" in the Goldwyn version

*A novel view of R. A. Walsh directing Pauline Starke and Carl Hubbaugh in "Passions of the Sea."*





"Milk and dough-nuts." Tom Forman, Marguerite de la Motte, and Harrison Ford, snapped "between sets" during the filming of "Shadows."

of *Sherlock Holmes*, which is having a special pre-release showing at the Marble Arch Pavilion, London.

Gaston Glass, Kenneth Harlan, Miriam Cooper, and Ethel Shannon are working under Tom Forman's direction in *The Girl Who Came Back*.

If you have tears—you know the rest. Tony Moreno is engaged to a Los Angeles society lady, Mrs. J. M. Danziger.

For once Eric Von Stroheim will not write his own film-story. *McTeague* (from Frank Norris's novel) is his first production for Goldwyn. Eric specialises in unpleasant characters, and the title-rôle "McTeague" is a gentleman after his own heart.

Bébé Daniels and Bert Lytell will co-star in *The Exciters*, for which both will work at Long Island for a while. Bert has just finished *Rupert of Hentzau* in Selznick's studios.

Wanda Hawley and James Kirkwood are over here playing for Gaumont in *Fives of Fate*, which is being directed by Tom Terriss. James Kirkwood was over here last summer working in the Famous-Lasky Islington Studios, Islington.

The Woman's City Club, Los Angeles, has appointed Monte Blue to be their representative in a special petition for the enfranchisement of the Indians. Monte has canvassed all the Hollywood and New York studios, and has 5000 signatures to date.

Louise Fazenda shed her tricky comedy clothes and played a straight part in an honest to goodness

sob story. Result—Haaken Trolich, a Norwegian sculptor, has secured her to pose for "Morning," one of three figures he is executing for a Hollywood Institution.

One of Ethel Barrymore's greatest emotional successes, *Déclassé*, is to be Pola Negri's next American-made film.

Whilst making his serial, Houdini told us he got seven black eyes, a broken wrist, and a fall of 8000 feet from an aeroplane. Otherwise he escaped without a scratch.

We fear a Made-in-America edition of Dickens is upon us. After Jackie Coogan in *Oliver Twist*, we are to have Wes Barry in *David Copperfield*. Who's next?

Alla Nazimova's play, with which she is about to burst upon Broadway, is titled *Dagmar*. Needless to add, it's dramatic stuff.

Betty Balfour has been notified by Mme. Tussaud's that, in her famous characterisation of "Squibs," she is (to use a Hugh E. Wright-ism) to be "Done in Wax."

A film syndicate in America have just bought the rights of *The Broken Wing*, which is to have an all-star cast; but Thurston Hall, who created the principal rôle, will not appear, as he is still on the stage this side.

Serial "fans" are all wondering what has become of Eddie Poio. Well, Eddie writes us saying he himself does not know his future plans. He has had several offers to make films in Italy.



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Alice Calhoun and John Roche in "The Rainbow."

**A Guilty Conscience** (Vitagraph; Feb. 19).

Antonio Moreno's new five-reeler. A Western drama in an Eastern setting. Will please Moreno fans. Support includes Betty Francisco, Harry van Meter, John McParlane, and Lila Leslie.

**A Kiss in Time** (Realart-Gaumont; Feb. 15).

Light, bright, and romantic. Adapted from a Royal Brown story about an author, an illustrator and a kiss, with Wanda Hawley, T. Roy Barnes, Walter Hiers, Bertram Johns, and Margaret Loomis in fine fettle. Good farcical fare.

**Any Wife** (Fox; Feb. 26).

Pearl White revelling in dream and drama scenes in a conventional domestic story with an excellent surprise ending. Proves that a serial star can be serious when she's Pearl White. Cast includes Holmes E. Herbert, Gilbert Emery, Laurence Johnson, and Eulalie Jensen.

**A Soul's Awakening** (Westminster; Feb. 19).

Flower-making, fish; dog-stealing, and child-beating by David Hawthorne; and some excellent character work by Flora Le Breton, Ethel Oliver, Maurice Thompson, Sylvia Caine, Philip Desborough, and Tom Morris. A human story and excellent dramatic entertainment.

**A Bachelor's Baby** (Granger-Davidson; Feb. 26).

Rolf Bennett's excellent humorous novel (Odhams; 2s.) made into an equally excellent screen comedy, featuring Tom Reynolds, Haidee Wright, Malcolm Tod, Constance Worth, and Maud Yates.

**Be My Wife** (Goldwyn; Feb. 24).

A worthy successor to *Seven Years' Bad Luck*, showing how thoroughly Max Linder has adopted American comedy methods. This matrimonial farce stars Max, supported by Carolyn

Rankin, Lincoln Stedman (son of Myrtle), Rose Dione, Charles McHugh, Arthur Clayton, and "Pal." Good comedy fare.

**Blackbirds** (Realart-Gaumont; Feb. 12).

Or, how a pretty screen crook reformed in five reels. A second filming of Tom Meighan's first screen-play, without Tom, but with Justine Johnson, Charles Gerard, William Boyd, Marie Shotwell, Walter Walker, Ada Boshell, and Alex Saskins. Sentimental melodramatic entertainment.

**A Broken Doll** (Jury; Feb. 19).

A rural and improbably melodramatic sob story with romance dragged in by the ears. Well played by Mary Thurman, Mary Jane Irving, Leo Bates, Lizette Thornton, Arthur Millette, and Jack Riley. Monte Blue's characterisation and the sub-titles are at variance. Decide for yourself if he's very good or very bad. Fair entertainment.

**The Butterfly Girl** (Phillips-Playgoers; Feb. 5).

Sugary farce trying to be a moral lesson and failing badly. Good acting by Marjorie Daw, Fritzi Brunette, King Baggot, Ned Whitney Warren, and Lisle Durnell. Fair light drama.

**Carmen** (Fox Re-issue; Feb. 19).

Shows signs of age, and as a screen version of Prosper Merimée's story is disappointing. Theda Bara is more to be pitied than censured in a quite unsuitable rôle. Support includes Einar Linden, Elsie Macleod, Marie de Benditto, James Marcus, and Carl Harbaugh. Poor entertainment.

**Cappy Ricks** (Paramount; Feb. 5).

Breezy sea stuff with Tom Meighan reel-ising perfectly the hero of the well-known stories. Agnes Ayres, Charles Abbe, Hugh Cameron, John Sainpols, Paul Everton, Eugenie Woodward, Tom O'Malley, Ivan Linow, William Wally, Jack Dillon, and Gladys Granger all excellent in support. Don't miss this one.

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**A Certain Rich Man** (*Wardour*; Feb. 12).

Mammon worshippers, matrimony, and melodrama travelling over two decades, with an all-star cast comprising Robert McKim, Claire Adams, Carl Gantvoort, Jean Hersholt, Joseph K. Dowling, Frankie Lee, Mary Jane Irving, Lydia Knott, and Grace Pike. Will please most drama-lovers.

**Conflict** (*F.B.O.*; Feb. 5).

Vigorous and thrilling log-camp melodrama inspired by *Way Down East* (complete with thrill climax). Good work by Priscilla Dean, Herbert Rawlinson, Ed Connelly, Martha Mattox, Hector Sarno, L. C. Shumway, and Stuart Paton (Director). Excellent entertainment.

**Chaplin Re-Issues** (*Pearl*; Feb. 5 and 26).

Charles Chaplin's two-reelers are always welcome, and these are two of the best. Edna Purviance opposite in each. *Shoulder Arms* on the 5th, and *Sunnyside* on the 26th.

**Custer's Last Stand** (*Ass. First Nat.*; Feb. 12).

Somewhat old-fashioned Indian spectacular melodrama like a Kaybee-de-luxe, with thrills, battles, real Redskins, and an all-star cast directed by Marshall Neilan—James Kirkwood, Wes Barry, Marjorie Daw, Pat O'Malley, Tom Gallery, Priscilla Bonner, Charles West, Victor Potel, Bert Sprotte, Carrie Clarke Ward, and others. Mainly for male "fans," but excellent of its kind.

**The Desert Man** (*Pearl Re-Issue*; Feb. 12).

A typical W. S. Hart story of a good-bad man, in which the star is supported by Margery Wilson, Jack Livingston, Buster Irving, and Henry Belmor.

**Don't Call Me Little Girl** (*Gaumont-Realart*; Feb. 12).

Romantic comedy about a modern girl and an ancient aunt, containing some of Mary Miles Minter's best work. Also Ruth Stonehouse, Fanny Midgely, Jerome Patrick, and Edward Flanagan. Pleasing entertainment.

**The Eternal Flame** (*Ass. First Nat.*; Feb. 5).

Norma Talmadge in a super screen version of Balzac's "Duchesse de Langeais," and an excellent character study. Conway Tearle, Adolphe Menjou, Rosemary Theby, Kate Lester, Irving Cummings, and Otis Harlan support. Fine drama on the spectacular side.

**Exit the Vamp** (*Paramount*; Feb. 22).

Ethel Clayton excellent in a conventional how-to-hold-a-husband comedy. Beautifully dressed and staged. Cast includes T. Roy Barnes, Fontaine La Rue, Theodore Roberts, Mickey Moore, Mattie Peters, and William Boyd.

**The Forbidden Valley** (*Globe*; Feb. 2).

Our very dear friend the Kentucky feud, with, however, only two killings and a well-developed plot. Excellent acting by Marion Stewart, May McAvoy, Bruce Gordon, William Dunn Charles Kent, Gene Layman, and Harry Kiefer. A Stuart Blackton production. Not for the over-critical.

**From the Ground Up** (*Goldwyn*; Feb. 19).

Contains everything that makes a good comedy, except the plot. Tom Moore as an Irish artisan is excellent; so are Helen Chadwick, De Witt Jennings, Grace Pike, Haidée Kirkland, and Darrell Foss. Excellent entertainment and characterisation.

**Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford** (*Paramount*; Feb. 26).

A fine super-version of the popular play about a most engaging pair of crooks. Sam Hardy and Norman Kerry star, and Doris Kenyon, Diana Allen, Billie Dove, Mac Barnes, and William T. Hayes support. Frank (*Humoresque*) Borzage directed. We recommend this one.

**Gleam o' Dawn** (*Fox*; Feb. 12).

John Gilbert's first star feature. Romance and repetition in the Canadian woods. Barbara Bedford, James Farley, John Gough, and Edwin Booth Telton support. Fantastic but pleasing.

**The Girl from Nowhere** (*Pathé Selznick*; Feb. 19).

Elaine Hammerstein in an entertaining though improbable crook melodrama. Excellent directing and acting by the star, William Davidson,

Huntley Gordon, Louise Prussing, Colin Campbell, Warren Cook, and Al Stewart.

**God's Half-Acre** (*Walturdaw*; Feb. 12)

Unreal sentiment; a hero who isn't up to our standards of a man; and good character work by Mabel Taliaferro, in a story about a little drudge whose daydream came true. J. W. Johnston, Helen Dahl, John Smiley, Mrs. Corbett, Lorraine Frost, and Richard Neill support.

**Habit** (*Walkers*; Feb. 19).

Another dream story—and a weak one—about an extravagant heroine. Good fashion displays and a thrilling railway smash. Also Mildred Harris, William Lawrence, and Walter McGrail. Fair entertainment.

**Houses of Glass** (*Jury*; Feb. 5).

Unrequited love, unconvincing story, and Pauline Frederick in a part that gives her great emotional scope and a tragic, renunciatory end à la Madame X. Thomas Holding, Leon Bary, Goro Kino, Togo Yamamoto, Clarissa Selwynne and Haidée Kirkland support. Tragic entertainment.

**The Infidel** (*Ass. First Nat.*; Feb. 19).

The South Seas and Katherine MacDonald in a distinctly cut-and-dried story about an unbeliever who finds faith. Boris Karloff supports. Fair entertainment.

**The Leopard Woman** (*Jury*; Feb. 26).

Louise Glaum in a passionate romance, which, however, promises more thrills than it gives. House Peters opposite; also plenty of picturesque scenery and characters.



Theodore Roberts and Ethel Clayton in "Exit the Vamp."

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The Lilac Sunbonnet (*Butcher*; Feb. 5).

Quiet, but British and thoroughly wholesome. Story of some narrow-minded Scottish church folk and how two youngsters find romance in spite of them. Joan Morgan stars, and Warwick Ward, Pauline Peters, and Forrester Harvey support.

Long Odds (*Stoll*; Feb. 12).

A. E. Coleby wrote and produced this entertaining racing drama, which is well played by Coleby himself, Mrs. O. E. W. Royce, H. Nicholls Bates, Frank Wilson, Sam Marsh, Edith Bishop, Fred Paul, Harry Marsh, and Sam Austin. Good entertainment.

Lucky Carson (*Vitagraph*; Feb. 12).

London according to an American director, complete with fog, which seems also to have got well into the plot. Earle Williams in a good rôle, but a poor film, concerning a gambler's last throw. Cast includes Gertrude Astor, Earl Schenk, Betty Ross Clark, Colette Forbes, James Butler, and Loyal Underwood. For Earle Williams fans only.

Luring Shadows (*Feature*; Feb. 19).

Violet Palmer and Arthur Donaldson in a somewhat lurid, but interesting, crime, spiritualism and mystery story. Contains a little of everything except humour. Good entertainment.

Luxury (*U.K.*; Feb. 8).

Rubye De Remer in a mystery melodrama which will appeal only to novelette-lovers, and remind even them of a serial. Fair entertainment.

The Married Flapper (*European*; Feb. 5)

Contains an ideal exponent of the title-rôle in Marie Prevost. Good light comedy with a competent cast, including Kenneth Harlan, Philo McCullough, Lucille Rickson, Kathleen O'Connor, Tom McGuire, Hazel Keener and William Quinn.

Mord Em'ly (*Jury*; Feb. 19).

A Welsh-Pearson adaptation of Pett Ridge's novel of London life, with Betty Balfour at her best in a comically charming Cockney study. Also Rex Davis, Mrs. Hubert Willis, Edward Sorley, and Elise Craven. Excellent entertainment.

Mother o' Mine (*Jury*; Feb. 12).

Fine drama of mother-love, suspense and circumstantial evidence, starring Lloyd Hughes, Claire McDowell, Betty Blythe, Joseph Kilgour, Betty Ross Clark, Andrew Robson, and Andrew Arbuckle. Excellent on all points, but you'll need a large handkerchief.

Moriarty (*Goldwyn*; Feb. 1).

Artistic and unusual detective drama. A chapter from the life of "Sherlock Holmes, Esq." in which some hitherto unknown characteristics are brought to life. All-star cast with John Barrymore, Gustav Von Seyfertitz, Carol Dempster, Richard Young, Reginald Denny, and Hedda Hopper. Excellent entertainment.

The Mysterious Rider (*Feature*; Feb. 26).

Zane Grey's story makes a thrilling and convincing movie melodrama

containing the worst villain on view this month. Fights, fine Arizona backgrounds, and Robert McKim, Carl Gantvoort, Claire Adams, Frank Haynes, and Aggie Herring.

The Night Rose (*Goldwyn*; Feb. 5).

An underworld story, with a fine cast worthy of a less improbable plot, headed by Leatrice Joy and Lon Chaney. Cullen Landis, Richard Tucker, Lefty Fynn, Edythe Chapman, Betty Schade, John Bowers, Mary Warren, Leroy Scott, John Cozar, and Milton Ross. Good entertainment.

No Defence (*Vitagraph*; Feb. 26).

None needed. William Duncan and Edith Johnson in a vivid Western story with plenty of incident, thrills and suspense. In the cast are Jack Richardson, Henry Hebert, Mathilda Brunage, and Charles Dudley. Refreshing entertainment.

Orphans of the Storm (*F.B.O.*; Feb. 26).

Griffith's romantic drama of ancient France adapted from "The Two Orphans," a world-famous melodrama. Cast includes Frank Losee, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Joseph Schildkraut, Catherine Emmett, Morgan Wallace, Lucille La Verne, Sheldon Lewis, Frank Puglia, Creighton Hale, Monte Blue, Leslie King, Sidney Herbert, Leo Kolmar, Adolph Lestina, Kate Bruce, and, according to report, a cast of twelve thousand. Don't miss this one.

Over the Wire (*Jury*; Feb. 8).

Chiefly remarkable for the fine work of George Stewart (Anita's brother), and innumerable close-ups of Alice Lake. Story of a girl's plan of vengeance circumvented by Cupid. Albert Roscoe and Allan Hale support. Romance lovers will enjoy it.

Queen of the Moulin Rouge (*Wardour*; Feb. 26).

Entirely respectable, despite its title, and underworld theme and atmosphere. An old musician takes an unusual means of striking the human note in his favourite pupil's work. Martha Mansfield, Joseph Striker, Henry Harmon, Fred T. Jones, Jane Thomas, Tom Blake, and Mario Carillo act well. A good dramatic feature.

The Rage of Paris (*European*; Feb. 12).

Not in the same class as the one above. Dramatically slight story showing why parents should not interfere with their children's love affairs, plus one sandstorm, one camel, Miss Du Pont, Elinor Hancock, Jack Perrin, Ramsay Wallace, Freeman Wood, Eve Southern, Mathilde Brunage, and J. Lane. Poor entertainment.

Rainbow (*Vitagraph*; Feb. 5).

Alice Calhoun in a simple story of a girl with three foster-fathers. John Roche, William Gross, Charles Kent, Tom O'Mally, George Ossay, Tammany Young, Cecil Kern, and Ivan Christie lend adequate support. Sentimental entertainment.



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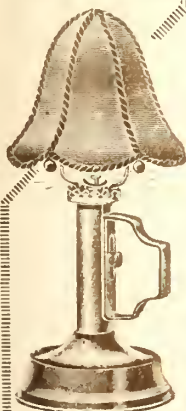
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### Rich Men's Wives (H. and F. ; Feb. 10).

A Gasnier production containing an old, old society story, beautiful settings, and a married couple whose happiness is sacrificed on the altar of Gossip. All-star cast includes Claire Windsor, House Peters, Rosemary Theby, Gaston Glass, Myrtle Stedman, "Tichie" Headrick, Mildred June, Charles Clary, Carol Holloway, Martha Mattox, and William Austin. Ladies will love it.

### The Rough Diamond (Fox ; Feb. 5).

Tom Mix wrote this topsy-turvy tale about a ne'er-do-well, a circus, and a wonderful horse. Poor support for Tom from Eva Novak, Hector Sarno, Edward Brady, and Sid Jordan. Good sub-titles, and rapid-fire comedy entertainment.

### Sam's Boy (Artistic ; Feb. 12).

An excellent British film version of W. W. Jacobs' popular story, featuring Johnny Butt, Tom Coventry, and Bobby Rudd. Waterside comedy with fine characterisation and production.

### Silver Wings (Fox ; Feb. 26).

A typical Mary Carr story of a movie mother's moving experiences. In this domestic drama appear, besides the star, Lann Hammond, Knox Kincaid, Joseph Monahan, May Beth Carr, Claude Brook, Robert Hazelton, May Kaiser, Percy Helton, Joseph Striker, Jane Thomas, Roy Gordon, Florence Haas, Roger Lytton, and Ernest Hillard. Tearful entertainment.

### The Scallywag (Butcher ; Feb. 13).

A British kinematisation of Grant Allen's novel starring Hubert Carter as a money lender, supported by Mme. Duquette, Fred Thatcher, Muriel Alexander, and Ann Elliott. A fine drama.

### The Silent Call (Pathé ; Feb. 12).

Introduces a new dog-star in "Strongheart," whose natural and convincing adventures form the basis of a thoroughly unusual and entertaining film. John Bowers plays hero.

### Stable Companions (Jury ; Feb. 26).

A Samuelson sporting drama featuring Lillian Hall Davis.

### Three - Word Brand (Paramount ; Feb. 10).

Quantity without quality, though W. S. Hart in three rôles does his best with an unconvincing plot. Good horsemanship, scenery, and acting by a cast including Jane Novak, Hershall Mayall, S. J. Burgham, Gordon Russell, Collette Forbes, George C. Pearce, and Leo Willis. Disappointing entertainment.

### Three Live Ghosts (Paramount ; Feb. 12).

Serio comic melodrama, and War Office entanglements concerning three soldiers wrongly reported dead. Made this side by George Fitzmaurice, with Anna O. Nilsson, Norman Kerry, Cyril Chadwick, Edmund Goulding, John Milern, Clare Greet, Annette Benson, Dorothy Faue, Wyndham Guse, and Malcolm Tod. Excellent entertainment.

### Trimmed (European ; Feb. 26).

Excellent Western comedy drama, with a trick donkey, the month's speediest film courtship, and Hoot Gibson, Patsy Ruth Miller, Alfred Hollingsworth, Fred Kohler, Otto Hoffman, Dick Lareno, and R. Hugh Sutherland.

### Under Suspicion (Halturdaw ; Feb. 26).

A trio of B's—i.e., Beverley Bayne, Francis X. Bushman, and A. Berton in a detective story of New York's newspaper world. In the cast are Eva Gordon, Hugh Jeffrey, Frank Montgomery, Sidney D'Albrook, Franklyn Hanna, Arthur Housman, and Jack Newton. Good entertainment.

### Without Benefit of Clergy (Phillips-Pathé ; Feb. 26).

Rudyard Kipling professed himself satisfied with this kinematisation of his story, so who are we to cavil at certain alterations and explanations? Excellent cast includes Virginia Brown Faire, Thomas Holding, Evelyn Selbie, Otto Lederer, Boris Karloff, Herbert Prior, Nigel de Bruhier, Ruth Sinclair, E. G. Miller, and Philippe de Lacey.

### Your Best Friend (Halturdaw ; Feb. 21).

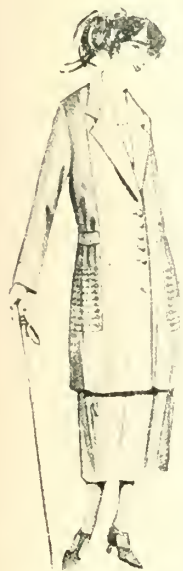
Vera Gordon in another of her excellent studies in mother-love. Supported by Dore Davidson, Harry Benham, Stanley Price, Belle Dennis, and Beth Mason. Excellent sentimental fare.

Dacia, who was première danseuse in "Chu Chin Chow" for over four years, plays the rôle of a vamp in "Weavers of Fortune."



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### ENGLAND FOR EVER!

You may talk of Mary Pickford, call her beautiful indeed;  
Of Con and Norma Talmadge, and of charming Wallace Reid;  
You may sing of Nazimova and Doug. Fairbanks all the day,  
And rave about the acting and the looks of Charlie Ray;

But the face of Mary Pickford never was a lovelier sight  
Than the dainty little features and the charm of Chrissie White;  
And if Wally's handsome face you have adored and often seen—  
Just wait until you've viewed our Henry Edwards on the screen!

Both Con and Norma Talmadge may be useful in their place,  
But they've not the cultured beauty found in Alma Taylor's face.  
Even though great Nazimova may much approbation win,  
She's nothing when contrasted with our lovely Mary Glynne.

As to dashing Douglas Fairbanks, just to see him act, who cares  
When Jack Hobbs is in a picture, or our handsome Owen Nares?  
Guy Newall more than equals all the charm of Charlie Ray;  
And can Ivy Duke be beaten by a girl from U.S.A.?

Then there's clever George K. Arthur: watching him we're never bored.  
And I'll dare say Charlie Chaplin hasn't beaten Walter Forde!  
So although the U.S.A. may think their picture stars sublime,  
In beauty and in acting England beats them every time!

J. M. G. (Essex).

### THE ONE AND ONLY.

Genial George, the sapient sage,  
Emperor of the Answers Page!  
Of his worth we have no doubt;  
Really, what we'd do without  
George to capture and disclose  
Every answer, no one knows!

FILMAX (London).

### AN EXTRA.

(With apologies.)

The shades of night were falling fast  
As through a Yankee village pass'd  
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,  
A ticket with this strange device—  
"Extra; I'm an Extra."

His brow was sad, his feet were tired,  
He wished he never had been hired;  
And from his lips, in steady flow,  
Bad language came, and words spoke low:

"An Extra, I'm an Extra."

And just ahead he saw the cars,  
That held not Extra lads, but "stars."

He thought: "If I, too, only shone!"  
And from his lips escaped a groan—

"An Extra, I'm an Extra!"

M. B. (Hampstead).

### STEWART ROME.

Oh, wander with me to the gay Broad-west;

O'er all the wide Screenland their films are the best.

Their plays and their players are all "made at home,"

Yet, strangely enough, all their roads lead to "Rome."

Most British of heroes! So big and so brave,

With a smile flashing forth from a countenance grave:

So stern, yet so tender, abroad as at home—

Sure, there never was screen knight to match Stewart Rome.

"WEED" (N.W.8).

### 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.]

#### The Coué System?

In *The Heart of a Wolf* "Gaspard" waves to the boy in the boat, and reveals a damaged face and bandaged hands. He kneels down, resting his face in his hands for a moment, and when he next stands up sticking-plaster and scratches have miraculously disappeared. Truly the power of the human mind is wonderful.—R. E. R. (Abbey Wood).

#### The Bootblack's Worst Customer.

In *The Forged Bride* "James Dant" disembarks at the dock and tramps many miles to his home. The way is dusty, and he looks very much in need of a bath when he arrives, but his boots still retain a beautiful polish. I should like to know his secret.—J. P. B. (Slough).

#### "Dry" Humour.

In *The Iron Trail* Wyndham Standing rescues the heroine from drowning. He reaches the shore with the girl after half an hour of strenuous swimming, and pulls her out of the water. Surely half an hour is enough time for anyone to get soaked to the skin, yet when these two stand once more on the shore they are as dry as America.—R. T. (Solihull, near Birmingham).

#### Scrap-Iron Eggs.

Charles Ray, as "John Steele" in *Scrap-Iron*, places three eggs in a pan to fry. The clock on the table shows the time to be 12.10, yet when he removes the eggs it is 1.35! Even so, he takes them from the pan, and they constitute the main part of his lunch. Would you fancy 'em?—D. D. G. (Norfolk).

#### In Days of Old.

In the first Episode of *The Count of Monte Cristo* "Danglars" is seen wearing a wristlet watch. As the action of the film is supposed to take place in Napoleon's time, when I have always been led to believe wristlet watches were unknown, this seems rather out of place.—F. D. (Bacup).

#### What About the Ship's Purser?

The heroine in *Godless Men* has spent her early life on a lonely island, which ships never touch. At length one does, and takes her to America. During the voyage she appears each day in a different dress, also wears silk hose and all sorts of fashionable attire. Where did she get these?—J. D. C. (Stirling).

# Balzac on the Screen

Norma Talmadge  
in *The Eternal  
Flame.*



*The  
branding  
scene.*



*The insult.*



*Conway  
Tearle and  
Norma  
Talmadge.*



Adapted from Honoré de Balzac's "La Duchesse de Langeais," with all the colour and pomp and glory of the second Restoration Period in the Court of Louis XVIII., this First National production features Norma Talmadge in the rôle of the beautiful and flirtatious Duchess.

Infuriated by the act of her husband, the Duc de Langeais, who wagers on her purity, she becomes the heartless

*An alarming discovery.*



coquette of the Court. She toys with men's hearts once too often. General Armand de Montriveau, friend of Napoleon, learns he is but the object of her vanity, that she is laughing at his love. Transformed into a man of violent passions, he makes her captive to inflict a terrible revenge; but, somehow, he cannot bring himself to brand her forehead with the mark of infamy. He releases her. Then comes her suffering. She realises her love for him. Her letters are returned unanswered. Every artifice she employs to attract him fails. Heartbroken, she goes to the convent, determined to renounce the world. Meantime her husband is killed in the wars, and de Montriveau learns that her love is not sham. In a powerful dénouement the lovers are brought together in a happy reunion.

Magnificent are the settings revealed in this gorgeously spectacular photodrama, particularly so the great ballroom scene. The photography is the last word of the art of the cinematographer, and the direction by Frank Lloyd is the work of a master craftsman. A remarkable cast includes Conway Tearle, Adolphe Jean Menjou, Wedgwood Nowell, Rosemary Theby, Kate Lester, Thomas Ricketts, Irving Cummings, and Otis Harlan.



W. T. B. (Edinburgh).—(1) Cast of *The White Moll*: "The Adventurer," and "The Pug," Richard Travers; "The Sparrow," Walter Lewis; "His Mother," Blanche Davenport; "The Dangler," J. Thornton Baston; "Gipsy Nan," Eva Gordon; and "White Moll," Pearl White. (2) Cast of *The Juggernaut*: "Viola Ruskin," Anita Stewart; "John Ballard," Earle Williams; "Mrs. Ruskin," Julia Swayne; "Gordon Phillip Hardin," William Dunn; "James Hardin," Frank Currier; "Mrs. Ballard," Eulalie Jensen. (3) Marion Dyer takes the part of "Trixie" in *Wild Heather*. (4) *The Lost City* is a Kilner's Exclusive Film. No space for more this month. You've had your full ration.

C. M. H. (Kingsford).—W. A. Freshman was born in Sydney, N.S.W., about twenty-one years ago. Educated at the Mercers' School, London, and at Chatham House College, and destined to be a barrister. But, after playing small parts on the screen and managing a touring stage company, Billy obtained the star part in *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*. He is now playing juvenile lead with Zoe Palmer in *Thou Shalt Not*. (2) Cast of *Good References*: "Mary Wayne," Constance Talmadge; "William Marshall," Vincent Coleman; "Peter Stearns," Ned Sparks; "Miss Caroline Marshall," Nelhe P. Spaulding; "Nell Norcross," Mona Lisa; "The Landlady," Dorothy Walters.

THE TWO INQUISITIVES (Herne Hill).—Don't worry. I'm quite inoffensive. (1) *The Sheik* was released last month, and *The Great Moment* last December. (2) Cast of *Scandal*: "Beatrix Vanderdyke," Constance Talmadge; "Pellau Franklyn," Harry C. Browne; "Sutherland Yorke," J. Herbert Frank; "Ida Larpent," Amee Dalmores; "Malcolm Fraser," Gladden

James; "Mr. Vanderdyke," W. P. Carleton; "Mrs. Vanderdyke," Ida Darling.

BILL'S ADMIRER (Bedford Park).—Don't be so polite—I'm not used to it. Try Fox Studios, 1417, N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, for that photo. Send about 2s. to pay for it. Cover of Bill on "Pictures," Feb. 12, 1921. Illustrated interview in PICTUREGOER December 1921. Dustin Farnum was born on Saturday, May 27, 1874. Grey eyes, not brown.

D. W. (Kingswood).—(1) In *Heliotrope*: "Jimmie Andrews," Wilfred Lytell; "Sam Johnson," Hen Hendricks; "Josephine Hasdock," Julia Swayne Gordon; "Mabel Andrews," Betty Hilburn; "Alice Hale Hasdock," Diana Allen; "Heliotrope Harry Hasdock," Fred Burton; "George Andrews," Clayton White; "Spike Foley," William B. Mack; "Governor Mercer," William H. Tooker; "Warden Michael Pyne," Thomas J. Finlay. (2) Cast of *The Wonderful Chance*: "Swagger Barlow" and "Lord Birmingham," Eugene O'Brien; "Red Dugan," Tom Blake; "Joe Klingsby," Rodolph Valentino; "Haggerty," Joe Flanagan; "Parker Winton," Warren Cook; "Peggy Winton," Martha Mansfield.

HAPPY (Stockport) "Goes to the pictures every week, as her father is the chairman of two kinemas." No wonder you're happy, Happy! Charles Jones ("Buck" is a nickname), born Vincennes, Indiana; he's married, and has one little daughter. More about Buck in PICTUREGOER August 1921.

LADY D. (Merringham).—(1) Howard Gaye ("Lord Byron" in *The Prince of Lovers*) is descended from John Gay, the author of "The Beggars' Opera." His mother was the daughter of Mr. Chapman, who published most of Dickens' books. Born

at Hitchin; went to America in 1912, where he played in many films, including *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, *The Avenging Conscience*, *Home Sweet Home*, *The Spirit of '76*, and *Iris*. *The Prince of Lovers* is his first British film, and he by no means intends that it shall be his last. He has come to England with a view to becoming associated with a British film concern as an actor-director.

G. S. (Dundee).—Do you take me for President Wilson? Fourteen questions, forsooth! (1) Fay Compton was with the old London Film Company. *Enchantment* is one of her first. (2) We are having something akin to your first suggestion next September; but don't tell the world. (3) Sydney Carlisle was "Manny" in *Humoresque*. (4) The "Kinematograph Weekly" is a trade organ. Ask the manager of your pet kinema about that. In *The Bigamist*: "Pamela Arnott," Ivy Duke; "Herbert Arnott," Julian Royce; "The Arnott Children," Prylla and Betty Barclay; "Richard Carruthers," A. Bromley Davenport; "Mrs. Carruthers," Dorothy Scott; "Blanche Maitland," Barbara Everest; "Café Proprietor," Douglas Munro; "George Dare," Guy Newall. And leave all Kinema Colleges severely alone is my parting advice to you. Write in for the rest again some time.

P. H. (Birmingham).—Cast of *Phroso*: "Lord Wheatley," Reginald Owen; "Constantine Stefanopoulos," M. Paul Capellani; "Hon. Dennis Swinton," Harrison Brown; "Watkins," M. Monfils; "Captain Martin," M. Numa; "Dimitri," Signe Lo Turce; "Mrs. Constantine Stefanopoulos," Mme. Jeanne Desclos; "Mouraki Pasha," M. Maxudian; "Vlache," M. Vanel; "Kortes," M. Raoul Paoli; "Pauayiota," Mlle. Poupas Kassieri; "Phroso," Malvina Longfellow. Whew! Now my pen's dislocated. Some names!

V. W. L. (Ramsgate).—Sub-titles are words thrown on the screen at intervals during a picture, which give parts of conversations and explanations which cannot be shown in the acting.

NORMA (Southsea)—Hopes her letter "won't knock me up." I'm used to hard knocks, Norma. (1) Cast of *The Red Lantern*: "Mahlee" and "Blanche Sackville," Nazimova; "Mme. Ling," Mrs. McWade; "Huang Ma," Virginia Ross; "Sir P. Sackville," Frank Currier; "Rev. Alex. Templeton," Winter Hall; "Mrs. Templeton," Amy Van Ness; "Andrew Templeton," Darrell Foss; "Sam Wang," Noah Beery; "Chung," Harry Mann; "Sing," Tukio Ao Tamo; "Jung Lu," Ed. J. Connelly. (2) *Yes or No* featured Norma Talmadge. (3) Juanita Hansen's newest film is *The Broadway Madonna* with Juanita as a lady "tec."

TWO READERS (Walthamstow).—(1) Mary Miles Minter, not Mary Pickford, in the December 1921 "Shadowland." (2) Requests for art plates shall be attended to.

**RED CHRYSANTHEMUM.**—(1) Rodolph Valentino is dark—a true Italian. He's married to Winifred Hudnut, and they may both be coming to England to play in a revue. Some of his films are: *Delicious Little Devil, All Night, Eyes of Youth, Ambition, Passion Playground, Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, The Wonderful Chance, The Conquering Power, The Sheik, Blood and Sand, and The Young Rajah.* Write to him c.o. PICTUREGOER. (2) Nothing's certain in this life! But try your luck, anyway.

**P. M. P. (K. L.).**—Cast of *Way Down East*: "Anna Moore," Lillian Gish; "Her Mother," Mrs. David Landau; "Mrs. Tremont," Josephine Bernard; "Diana Tremont," Mrs. Morgan Belmont; "Her Sister," Patricia Fruen; "The Eccentric Aunt," Florence Short; "Lennox Sanderson," Lowell Sherman; "Squire Bartlett," Burr McIntosh; "Mrs. Bartlett," Kate Bruce; "David Bartlett," Richard Barthelmess; "Martha Perkins," Vivian Ogden; "Seth Holcomb," Porter Strong; "Reuben Whipple," George Neville; "Hi Holler," Edgar Nelson; "Kate Brewster," Mary Hay; "Professor Sterling," Creighton Hale; "Maria Poole," Emily Fitzroy. (2) In *Hearts are Trumps*: "Lord Altcar," Winter Hall; "Michael Wain," Frank Brownlee; "Dora Woodberry," Alice Terry; "Lady Winifred," Francelia Billington; "Lord Burford," Joseph Kilgour; "Maurice Felden," Brinsley Shaw; "Dyson," Thomas Jefferson; "John Gillespie," Norman Kennedy; "Brother Christophe," Edward Connelly. (3) Creighton Hale is, and has always been, Creighton Hale. (4) c.o. PICTUREGOER, with the usual stamped plain envelope.

**VIOLET HOPSON'S ADORER** (Folkestone).—Don't put that black curse on me this time, adoring one. Let me do my own "cussing." (1) Try Walter West, Princes' Studios, Kew Bridge, Brentford, Middlesex, for photos. (2) The interview you ask for is in this month's PICTUREGOER. (3) Stewart Rome lives at Richmond. (4) Ours not to reason why, little one. (5) Illustrated article by Violet Hopson in PICTUREGOER May 1921. Page of pictures in PICTURES and PICTUREGOER Oct. 30, 1920.

**REX'S ADORER.**—Rex Davis born in 1890. Principal films: *The House of Temperley, The Fool, The Younger Sister, Polly's Progress, Shepherd Lassie of Argyle, Won by a Head, Rodney Stone, The Pride of the Fancy, and The Crimson Circle.* Address all letters to film stars c.o. PICTUREGOER. Yes, Rex is a nice boy.

**L'ALLEGRO** (Liverpool) Prefers writing to me to studying Pythagoras and Henry VIII. Showing thereby very good taste. (1) *Miss Hobbs*, Wanda Hawley's first independent picture, was released Dec. 16, 1922. (2) Constance Talmadge's next film, *Woman's Place*, released March 12, 1923. (3) Ivor Novello has appeared

in *The Man Without Desire* as well as the other films you mention. (4) Look at my picture inside front cover and form your own conclusions.

**C. W. F. (Fulham).**—(1) Phyllis Haver born Douglas, Kansas, Jan. 6, 1899. Blonde hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. Some of her films: *Never Too Old, The Foolish Age, Among Those Present, Salome v. Shenandoah, Married Life, Love, Honour and Behave, and A Small Town Idol.* (2) Your prayer has been granted. (3) When a film breaks, the edges are damped and pressed against each other until they stick firmly.

**WALLY'S ADORER** (Paris).—There seems to be an epidemic of politeness around just now. (1) Wally Reid is not leaving Famous Lasky. (2) Dorothy Davenport hasn't been working lately.

**L. R. (Wandsworth Common).**—Frank Dane's newest film is *Creation*.

**TRIBE** (Liverpool).—(1) *Peter Ibbetson* released May 14, 1923. See reply above for the others. (2) I first took upon myself the burden of your film worries on April 12, 1920. I'm still living, but ageing fast.

**E. B. (Leeds).**—Dorothy and Lillian Gish have never played in serials. Who wins?

**CASILDA - GIANETTA** (Newcastle).—Don't you mean Barataria, my child? (1) Sorry, they're too far back. (2) Yes. (3) Not so as you'd notice it.

**F. R. (Herne Hill).**—Rumour hath it that Pearl White has entered a convent.

**A CONSTANT READER.**—Baby Marie Osborne is nine years old. Hope that settles the office dispute satisfactorily. Halves?

**CHARLES** (Chiswick Mall).—Sorry to damp your youthful ardour, but "Faults" must be witnessed or they can't be entered for the competition.

**M. B. (Blackpool).**—You're right. George Dewhurst did write *The Narrow Valley*. John Fleming is the man who wrote the story of the film for "Pictures."

**Y. R. (Croydon).**—The Art Department has a standing feud with noses—and delights in spoiling people's classic beauty. Look what they did to mine in "Pictures," Jan. 1, 1921.

**H. S. (Romford).**—(1) Alice Calhoun was born in Cleveland, Ohio, educated there, and started film work at an early age. Some of her films are: *The Thirteenth Chair, Everybody's Business, A Bride in Bond, Sea Rider, The Dream, Princess Jones, Charming Deceiver, and The Little Minister.* (2) Constance Binney was born in New York. She was a dancer in *Oh, Lady, Lady!* and has appeared in *The Sporting Life, The Test of Honour, 39 East, Erstwhile Susan, Something Different, Such a Little Queen, and A Bill of Divorcement.* Glad you like PICTUREGOER.



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Constance Worth in "A Bachelor's Baby," released this month.

W. H. (Birmingham).—Thanks for interesting letter. Pearl White has signified her intention of giving up film work for good. Brickbats and Bouquets duly noted. Aren't you a little severe?

ARDENT (Birmingham).—Letter forwarded as requested.

J. J. (Bournemouth).—Raymond McKee was born in Iowa, Ill. Brown hair and grey eyes. Height, 5 ft. 7½ in. Some of his films are: *Heart of the Hills*, *Katherine Mavourneen*, *Captain Kidd*, *The Little Wanderer*, *Girl o' My Heart*, *Flame of Youth*, *Ming Toy*, *The Lamplighter*, and *The Little Mother*.

E. C. (Sutton).—All letters to film stars, if sent to PICTUREGOER, will be forwarded—for the umpteenth time of telling.

HEART (Edinburgh).—Cast of *The Wonder Man*: "Henri D'Alour," Georges Carpentier; "Dorothy Stoner," Faire Binney; "Mrs. Stoner," Florence Billings; "Mr. Stoner," Downing Clarke; "Mr. E. G. Stevens," Cecil Owen; "Alan Gardner," Robert Barrat; "Henri's Friend," François Descamps.

D. D. J. (Forfar).—Wishes reciprocated.

A ROMAN (Congleton).—Stewart Rome's real name is Wernham Ryott. Born Jan. 30, 1886. Work it out!

AMOR C. T. (Cape Town).—(1) Albert Roscoe did not appear in *The Woman in His House*. Some of his films are: *The Siren's Song*, *Evangeline*, *A Man's Country*, *Her Purchase Price*, *Last of the Mohicans*, *Madame X.*, *Her Unwilling Husband*, and *The Last Card*.

D. W. (Calcutta).—All letters to film stars c.o. PICTUREGOER.

FREE STATER (London).—(1) Signor Caruso has appeared in two films—*My Cousin* and *A Splendid Romance*. (2) The Pickfords and Tom Moore are Irish. Colleen Moore, who is really Kathleen Morrison, is of Irish descent, so is Tom Meighan.

M. H. (Mile End Gate).—Comedies don't count. That one's above criticism, anyway.

SYBIL (Walton - on - Thames).—No photos of either. Letters to any and every star, if sent under cover of PICTUREGOER, will be forwarded.

VERA (Watford).—(1) Harry Myers was the Yankee in *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. (2) Some of Katherine MacDonald's films are—*The Notorious Miss Lisle*, *Passion's Playground*, *Curtain*, *My Lady's Latchkey*, *Trust Your Wife*, and *Stranger Than Fiction*. Wishes reciprocated.

M. C. (Bedfordshire).—(1) Yes. (2) Madge Titheradge isn't married. Neither is Jack Holt. (3) Langhorne Burton played a dual rôle in *A Man's Shadow*—"Peter Beresford" and "Julian Grey." Violet Graham was "Vivien Beresford," his wife.

PEGGY (Bramley).—(1) Stewart Rome was born on Jan. 30, 1886, at Newbury, Berks. Studied civil engineering, but gave it up for the stage. A long interview with him in Aug. 1921 PICTUREGOER. He's a bachelor, and just back from Germany, playing for Dewhurst Productions in *What the Butler Saw*. A few of his films are—*The Great Gay Road*, *Her Son*, *A Gentleman Rider*, *Snow in the Desert*, *A Daughter of Eve*, *The White Hope*, and *When Greek Meets Greek*. Page plate of Stewart in the March 1922 PICTUREGOER.

PUG (London).—You're a ready reckoner, certainly. Your prayer for a long article on Ethel Clayton was granted in the Nov. 1921 PICTUREGOER. She was born at Champaign, Ill., in 1890, and educated at a Chicago convent. Height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 130 lb. Grey eyes and red-gold hair. Some of her films are *The Soul Without Windows*, *A Sporting Chance*, *More Deadly Than the Male*, *Young Miss Winthrop*, *The Ladder of Lies*, *Sins of Rosanne*, and *The City Sparrow*. Now working on an Achmed Abdullah story, *The Remittance Woman*.

A. E. (Trowbridge).—(1) Fred Groves, Hugh E. Wright, and Moyua MacGill played in *Garryowen*. (2) Principal players in *Carnival* are Matheson Lang, Ivor Novello, and Hilda Bayley. (3) Cast of *The Adventures of Ruth*: "Ruth Robin," Ruth Roland; "Bob Wright," Herbert Heyes; "La Farge," Thomas Lingham; "Paul Brighton," William Human; "Wayman," Charles Bennett; "Countess Zitka," Helen Case. You'll find the cast of *The Son of Tarzan* amongst last month's answers.

MARY (Birmingham).—Rodolph Valentino is married to Natascha Rambova (Winifred Hudnut). He started as a professional dancer, and later went into musical comedy. (2) His hobbies are gardening, dancing, riding, hill-climbing, and dog-breeding. Height, 5 ft. 11 in. Brown eyes and black hair. Born in Castellaneta, Italy. His real name is Antonio Guglielmi, but he decided, in the interests of humanity and Answers Men, to change this for something a little more pronounceable.



Mary Odette in "The Lion's Mouse," from the novel by C. N. and A. N. Williamson.

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## THE PICTUREGOER IN PARIS.

(Continued from page 18.)

visitor from that country to the studio. Her dances are, indeed, a great attraction, and generally much admired. She has appeared in an exceedingly large number of productions, mostly French, but this assuredly is her greatest success, except, perhaps, for her very latest picture, *Vidocq*, which will not appear in the kinemas till the end of February.

*The Bad Boy* is the title of a new French film, which is expected to cause quite a sensation, for it deals with every aspect of modern life. The cast of actors and actresses is a remarkable one. There are famous artistes from the big Paris theatres, including Maurice Chevalier, the French comedian, Nina Myral, the *danseuse* Jasmine, and many others. It is an amusing parody, I am told, on French life as it is to-day, and there are some very funny scenes of night life, as well as some slightly *lighter* ones. This latter seems somehow to be inevitable in certain French productions, and in *Le Mauvais Garçon* the tendency is again apparent.

There was a rumour current in kinema quarters the other day that, on a demand made by the German Government, the splendid *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* was banned from being shown in French kinemas. This, however, was incorrect, and, as the Paris director of Loew-Metro, which deals with the Rex Ingram

pictures, said to me, "It will be a very long time before the film is finally taken off the French screen." I agree with him there, for this Rex Ingram picture is having the same success here as it did in London and New York, and this after over two years' showing in the French capital.

Since Rodolph Valentino's appearance in *The Four Horsemen* and *Camille* the majority of the pretty Parisian women have become quite infatuated with him, and wherever his films are being shown there are always large crowds of his feminine admirers queuing up outside. It is the same as in America, and Valentino has quickly become a most popular idol. The fair sex is simply raving over him, and especially in the Gay City. Even if Carpentier had not lost to Siki, it is doubtful whether he would have kept his prominent position in the feminine world, against the competition of such a rival.

A film now being produced at Boulogne-sur-Seine, near Paris, by M. Goyer, a French producer, operating for a private company, depicts the history of dancing throughout the ages. All the various steps are being taken by slow-motion photography, and the result when seen on the screen ought to prove extremely interesting. The young English *danseuse*, Iris Rowe, and M. Robert Quinault, the celebrated French dancer, together with a number of stars from the Opera House, take part in this film. OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

## Screen Stars' Hair Secret.

The brilliant arc-lamps of the studios relentlessly expose any blemishes in the hair of those who act for the cameras beneath their penetrating rays. It is for this reason that film artistes must of necessity pay great attention to fostering the beauty of their tresses. A large number of screen favourites rely on the well-known tonic for the hair, "Koko," which helps to preserve the hair and brings to it an added attractive brilliance. Being a clear, non-greasy liquid pleasantly scented, it appeals to the dainty woman, and it is to be found on the dressing-tables of many film stars, who are well known for their discrimination in the selection of toilet requisites. A postal order of 1s. 6d., 3s., or 5s., according to the size bottle required, if sent to Koko Maricopas Co., Ltd., 16, Bevis Marks, London, E.C.3, will secure you a supply of this delightful preservative for the hair.

## The Simple Paths of Charm.

There are many women who regard with envious eyes the society or stage beauty, in the belief that such smart members of their sex can foster their attractions because they can afford expensive beauty culture. But charm often lies along simple paths which are overlooked by many.

One of the necessities of charm is the use of a hair-net, which keeps carefully coiffured tresses free from disorder. For the outdoor girl who has to face boisterous weather, or for the indoor girl who wishes to look her best in the house, a hair-net is indispensable.

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## Beauty for the Asking.

Only a woman knows the secret sorrow of possessing hair which necessitates an incessant struggle against lankness and straightness and which continually has to be coaxed, with little success, with the aid of curling-pins and curling-irons.

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FOILED again! On a preceding page you will find a base attempt to break my only New Year Resolution. I mean the one anent no more voting contests. *The End of a Noble Effort.* But the thing is done, and no doubt

long before you read these dejected lines, you have hastened to shower upon my hapless head *your* idea of the twelve best films of nineteen-twenty-two. No protest of mine can possibly stem the tide of Thinkers once it has commenced its inky flow. So go to it (if you have not already gone), and the results will duly appear upon this page. The originator, who never *was* a friend of mine, I shall also deal with—in *camera*—in due course; and without mercy.

AND, while you are about it, you may also record your votes for the best individual performance of the past year. Candidates may be of either sex, and of British, American or other nationality. We may as well do the thing properly now we've started. Without fear of treading on "Tattenham's" toes, I herewith present you with a few likely winners. Eric Stroheim in *Foolish Wives*, Lillian Gish in *Way Down East*, Monte Blue in *Orphans of the Storm*, Rodolph Valentino in *The Four Horsemen*, Betty Balfour in *Squibs*, and so on, *ad infinitum*. After that, we'll start a "Who's

Worst" campaign, and prove once and for all that the pen is mightier than producers and players put together.

HERE'S the recipe for a picture policy as outlined by one of the oldest and most successful exhibitors in a small town along the Canadian border:

*The Perfect Programme Policy.* "Give them strong stories, occasionally a picture with a sad ending—but only occasionally—be sure of that. Follow the stars until they break or are made, and if you buy pictures for story values, be sure they are stories that are well known, even if they are old. If you strike a bad season put two features on your bill, and if you are a small operator, as I am, and can't afford two big ones, put on one big one and one old one." Would you patronise a kinema worked on these lines? Or are you a "the-story's-the-thing" shouter?

TRUE to his propensity for fighting, *Rob Roy* seems to have started something. Listen to these: "I wish to present the biggest bouquet procurable to W. P. A Scot Wha Hae. Kellino, Westminster producer,

for his admirable screen version of *Rob Roy*. Never until now have I been so deliciously thrilled and captivated by any film as I am with this; it is the most entertaining motion picture that I, personally, have ever seen! In my humble opinion, it is far more thrilling even than *Way Down East* or *Orphans of the Storm*. Such a bold statement may, naturally enough, be based on the fact that *Rob Roy* deals with a romantic phase of Scotland in by-gone days, therefore making its greatest appeal to Scottish people. No matter, it will prove a big attraction everywhere, and establish British productions in America."—D. D. J. (*Forfar*)

[Only the thought of what happened when "George" made a joke prevents me from adding the obvious comment!]

"DON'T you think it's time Rob Roy McGregor was left to R.I.P.? We have had books and plays and motion pictures of him—good, bad, and indifferent—and to my mind this last effort is the most

indifferent of all. We have the fine scenery round Loch Lomond and Inversnaid; we have the historic walls of Stirling Castle before us, and the old Stirling Bridge; but why, oh why, build such pasteboard looking affairs like the fort at Inversnaid and the thatched church? And why put into a picture, that boasts foundation on fact, the entirely imaginary infatuation of Montrose for Helen Campbell? Rob Roy McGregor, a black sheep who has been strenuously white-washed, was undoubtedly a very much-wronged man; but he was no gallant hero such as David Hawthorne would have us believe. And let me add, in conclusion, that if Walter Scott's version, with 'Baillie Nicol Jarvie' and 'the Dougal Crater' is the fruit of his imagination as against the scenarist's embroidered facts (!), give me the former every time."—M. R. (*Dunfermline*).

THE 'Rave-Over-Rudy' Rally is now in full swing. Saith *Rodolph Valentino Fan* (*Birmingham*): "Why are fans here not more enthusiastic about 'Rudy' Valentino? It needed only *The Four Horsemen* and *The Sheik* to establish him as America's first favourite. The women adore him, and the men 'learn about loving from him.' In *The Four Horsemen*, he stood out a rare, magnetic personality. I'm no silly flapper; but I consider him a very sincere, intelligent young actor. He is 'different,' has subtlety, and appeals to the imagination. We're tired of everlasting 'sons of the soil' registering nobility in every 'closeup.' Rodolph is the personification of the Romance we longed for but thought dead. It is that 'delicious bit of devilry' that is one of his greatest charms."



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 Playhouse, Keynton  
 Empire, Askani  
 Princess Cinema, Llandudno  
 Local Picture House, Bradford  
 Palace, Dudley Hill  
 Picture West Bromwich  
 Picture House, Malton

**MARCH 5th, 1923.**  
 Picture, Emsay  
 Empire, Great Haywood  
 Lyceum, Halmat  
 Hippodrome, Edmonstone  
 Cinema, Louthouse  
 Picture House, Bradford  
 Picture, Kumbworth  
 Princess, Bramley Hill  
 Studio 12's Hall, Kendal  
 Picture, Woking  
 Sixty, Bristol  
 Lyceum, Cardiff  
 Odeon, West Hartlepool

**MARCH 8th, 1923.**  
 Empire, Jarrow

Cosy, Keighley  
 Cinema de Luxe, Newhave  
 Star, Bauling  
 Picture House, Beconsfield  
 Playhouse, Morpeth  
 Lyceum, Parkhead  
 People's Theatre  
 Empire, Kirtham  
 Lyceum, Prescot  
 Cross Lane, Bradford  
 Elysium, Bradford  
 Picture Hall, South Fens  
 Palace of Varieties, Kings Norton

**MARCH 12th, 1923.**  
 Picture House, Openshaw  
 Shakespeare, Chetham Hill  
 Empire, Leigh  
 Palace, Clock, Heaton  
 Hippodrome, Bradford  
 Princess Cinema, Hoyland  
 Cinema House, Leobury  
 Palace, Great Bridge  
 New Electric, Dorking  
 Palladium, Peterboro  
 Queen's Hall, Enfield  
 Workman's Hall, Gidderath  
 Hippodrome, Bishop Auckland

**MARCH 15th, 1923.**  
 Domes, Warrington  
 Electric Theatre, Caversham  
 Town Hill, Seaton  
 Imperial, Consett Road  
 Cinema, Mill Hill  
 Romuley Hill, Barry  
 Picture House, Weaste  
 Empire, Bamber Bridge  
 Bersford, Liverpool  
 Palace, Heckmondwike  
 Central, Northallerton

**MARCH 19th, 1923.**  
 Elite, Bradford  
 Royal, Sheffield  
 Palace, Stafford  
 Cinema, Toulton  
 Empire, Cleethorpe  
 Picture House, Crampton  
 Workman's Hall, Mountain Ash  
 Empire, Newcastle

**MARCH 22nd, 1923.**  
 Bijou, Shoreham  
 Picture Palace, Navan  
 Knightstone, Pavilion, Weston  
 super Mare  
 Empire, Strand

Queen's, Lathbury  
 Town Hill, Maccles  
 Archibald, Liverpool  
 Cosy, Halifax  
 Globe, Ashton, Birmingham

**MARCH 26th, 1923.**  
 Empire, St. Arnes  
 Pavilion, Kewsthorpe  
 Impress, Witton  
 Columbia, Hackney  
 Elysium, Eastlebury  
 Arcade, Cumberley  
 Globe, Bristol  
 Picture House, Salisbury  
 Windsor, Penarth  
 Coop Hall, Chopwell

**MARCH 29th, 1923.**  
 Picture, Farnham  
 Empire, Glossop  
 Palladium, Weymouth  
 Cosy Cinema, Ponnycroft  
 Imperial, Lyne Dock  
 Empire, Chesham  
 Assembly Rooms, Hull  
 Picture House, Burton in Trent  
 Ladywood Cinema, Birmingham

## "The Lilac Sunbonnet."

Produced by **SIDNEY MORGAN**.  
Leading Player **JOAN MORGAN**.

**MARCH 1st, 1923.**  
 Empire, Hove  
 Studio Theatre, Newcastle  
 Empire, Rotherham

**MARCH 5th, 1923.**  
 Gaiety, Chester  
 Star, Clitheroe

**MARCH 8th, 1923.**  
 B. B. Cinema, Glasgow  
 Gaiety, Kilburn  
 Futurist, Rhyl  
 Gaiety, Walsham  
 Palladium, Ripon

**MARCH 12th, 1923.**  
 Broadway, Falming  
 George Street, Oxford  
 Olympia, Blackhill  
 Electric Theatre, Westsuper  
 Mare

**MARCH 15th, 1923.**  
 Empire, Birkhead  
 Cross Lane, Bradford  
 Elysium, Bradford  
 Scala, Birmingham  
 Palladium, Besson

**MARCH 19th, 1923.**  
 Palace, Brentwood

Picture, Millham  
 Picture House, Aberavon  
 Waverly, Shawlands, Glasgow  
 Grand Cinema, Lvesham

**MARCH 22nd, 1923.**  
 Hippodrome, Moses Gate  
 Gem, North Ormsby  
 Comedy Theatre, North Shields

**MARCH 26th, 1923.**  
 New Royalty, Brixton  
 Picture House, Melksham  
 Picture House, Street  
 Palace, Leith  
 Empire, Bury

Coop Hall, Clitheroe  
 Vernon Road, Basford  
 Malvern, Levens  
 Marlboro, Middlesboro  
 Imperial, Birmingham  
 New Palladium, Hockley

**MARCH 29th, 1923.**  
 Waldorf Picture Theatre, Birmingham

Cinema, Hale  
 Palais-de-Luxe, Wood Green  
 Imperial, Clapham Junction  
 Premier, Harringay  
 Gaiety, Froehbert  
 Empire, Newcastle

## "Son of Kissing Cup."

Produced by **WALTER WEST**.  
Leading Players **VIOLET HOPSON** and **STEWART ROME**.

**MARCH 1st, 1923.**  
 Empire, Glossop

**MARCH 5th, 1923.**  
 Kings, Ekeston  
 Imperial, Newby  
 Palace, Cheltenham  
 Cinema, Cistwellham  
 Majestic, Dewsbury

**MARCH 8th, 1923.**  
 Cinema, High Street, Leicester  
 Kings, New Ashle on Tyne  
 Cinema, Flinby  
 Imperial, Newby  
 Palladium, Pinner  
 Carlton, Gable  
 Town Hall, Mirkhill  
 Picture House, Morley

**MARCH 12th, 1923.**  
 Victoria, Colne (6 days)  
 Picture House, Southport  
 Pavilion, Leeds  
 Palace, Doncaster (6 days)  
 Picture Palace, Batley  
 Empire, Rotherham  
 King's Hall, Stamfordbridge (6 days)  
 Marlboro, Middlesbrough (3 days)  
 Alhambra, Belfast  
 Goldsmith St., Nottingham (6 days)

**MARCH 15th, 1923.**  
 Palace, Trelegar  
 Premier, Macclesfield  
 Picture House, Meadow Leeds  
 Picture House, Leeds

**MARCH 19th, 1923.**  
 Princess, Ayr (6 days)

Deansgate Picture House, Manchester (6 days)  
 Electric Theatre, Barmley (6 days)  
 Futurist, Birmingham (6 days)  
 Gaiety, Froehbert  
 Stoll Theatre, Newcastle (6 days)  
 Hippodrome, Bishop Auckland  
 St. Colmb's Hall, Londonderry  
 Palace, Stapleford  
 King's, Exmouth

**MARCH 22nd, 1923.**  
 Paragon, Grimsby  
 Palace, Stratford-on-Avon  
 Cosy Cinema, Maesteg  
 Picture House, Bangor  
 Empire, Southbank  
 Majestic, Dewsbury  
 Lyrn Picture House, Leeds

**MARCH 26th, 1923.**  
 Hippodrome, Blackpool (6 days)  
 Picture Hall, Colwyn Bay  
 Futurist, Scarborough  
 Central, Reelair  
 Playhouse, Wakefield  
 Grand Cinema, Evesham  
 Coliseum, Abercromby  
 Picture House, Coletraine  
 Imperial, Clapham Junction (6 days)  
 Majestic, Clapham

**MARCH 29th, 1923.**  
 Cinema, Ystradmynach  
 Empire, Earlstown  
 Town Hall, Conway  
 Empire, Rotherham  
 Pavilion, Shipley

## "Scarlet Lady."

Produced by **WALTER WEST**.  
Leading Players **VIOLET HOPSON** and **LEWIS WILLOUGHBY**.

**MARCH 1st, 1923**  
 Princess Pavilion, Walthamstow  
 Town Hill, Seaton  
 Vanaville, Colchester  
 Theatre Royal, Ryde  
 Cinema Royal, Epsom  
 Princess Cinema, Malton  
 Picture House, Great Harlow  
 Picture House, Scarborough  
 Coop Hall, Chopwell  
 Gaiety, Conyngs  
 Gaiety, Longparish, Farnham  
 Picture House, Garsington  
 Picture House, Garsington  
 Picture House, Garsington  
 Picture House, Garsington

**MARCH 5th, 1923.**  
 Lyceum, Huddersfield  
 Picture House, Cramack  
 Palladium, Burslem  
 Lyrn, Clitheroe  
 Picture, Edworth  
 Imperial, Lyne Dock  
 Sixty, Epsom  
 Hayhouse, Abingdon  
 Lyceum, Belfast  
 Victoria Theatre, Tamworth  
 Electric, Walsby  
 Theatre, Newcastle  
 Picture House, Weymouth  
 Majestic, Northampton

**MARCH 8th, 1923.**  
 Arch, Clitheroe  
 Victoria, Clitheroe

Broadway, St. Ives  
 Hippodrome, Milton  
 Pavilion, Chelmsford  
 Theatre Royal, Deal  
 Bijou, Shoreham  
 Pavilion, Metchick  
 Scala Theatre, Thackwell  
 Picture House, Holchester  
 Picture, Glasgow  
 Grand Theatre, Barnsley  
 Picture Theatre, Dunderberg  
 Grand, Belfast  
 Royal, Weymouth  
 King's Hall, Weymouth

**MARCH 12th, 1923.**  
 New Central, West Gorton  
 Cosy, Hildes  
 Kings Hall, Eke

Palace, Stockbridge  
 Palace, Tinsley  
 Picture House, Belworth  
 Grand, Whitehurst  
 Queen's Rooms, Hexham  
 Cinema, Haverton Hill  
 Seaside, Belfast  
 Malton Hall, Newport  
 Victoria, Duffield  
 Gainsboro, Salisbury  
 Conyngs, Hackney  
 Walsby, East Grinstead  
 Elysium, East Grinstead  
 Picture House, Baxenden  
 Kings, Stratwood  
 Empire, Kettering  
 Cinema, Leicester

Other pictures where showing in March 1923, include "The Scarlet Lady," may be seen on application.

# BUTCHER'S FILM SERVICE LTD

CAMERA HOUSE, FARRINGTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.4.

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*Sara Kimball Young*





**WILLIAM DESMOND**

*Bill is an Irishman, hence that irresistible smile. On the stage he starred in "Quo Vadis" and "The Bird of Paradise." His screen successes include "Bare-knuckled Gallagher" and "The Broadway Cowboy."*

# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

## THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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# Our March Movie Calendar



1. - IMITATIONS of Chaplin first taught by post, 1924.

2. - English Mary Pickford discovered at last, 1925, at Hitchin.

3. - French, not to be outdone, discover French English Mary Pickford at Paris, 1926.

4. - Spanish English Mary Pickford discovered Madrid, 1927.

5. - Formation of British Tragedies, Ltd., 1930. Archbishop of Margate thinks its programme greatest thing yet. Paid £100 by British Tragedies Advertising Dept. Lord Mayor of Looting thinks B.T.L. only bright spot in film trade. Paid £100. Baroness Miff thinks B.T.L. is backbone of Britain. Paid £150.

6. - First trade show British Tragedies. Producer apparently not paid to think anything.

7. - Bill Hart takes holiday on Mt. Ararat, 1927.

8. - Japanese professor says there are no new ideas under the sun, 1930.

9. - American Pacific Peril vanishes, 1930. Americo-Jap Alliance.

10. - Lapland professor claims that new ideas can be found with effort, 1930.

11. - America declares war on Lapland, 1930.

12. - Hefton Eyewash produces "Reincarnation," fifteen reels, 1940.

13. - Eminent scientist says reincarnation idea false and film should be suppressed. Hefton Eyewash willing to bet £100 idea has scientific foundation. Taken on by eminent scientist.

14. - Hefton Eyewash produces "The Tempest," by W. Shakespeare.

15. - Strange noises heard Stratford-on-Avon, 8 a.m. 7 p.m. Eminent scientist loses his hundred.

16. - Pauline Frederick deserts screen for stage, 1924. Deserts stage for screen, 1925. Deserts screen for stage, 1926.

17. - D. W. Griffith claims "Intolerance," one picture with four stories, is still world's record, 1940.

18. - Hefton Eyewash's claim re four films with no story not admitted.

19. - Swedish Biograph release first comedy, 1999.

20. - British Tragedies, Ltd. commence breach-of-copyright proceedings against Swedish Biograph

21. - Topical Bits issued without launch of

liner, and review of Boy Scouts, first time, 1980.

22. - First American picture British life minus monocle, 2002.

23. - First American picture of British life, 8025.

24. - Death sentence abolished England exception of picture palace pianists, 1941.

25. - Fifteen schools at which Chaplin received education erect tablets, 1954.

26. - Five hundred schools at which five hundred eminent film producers didn't, don't, 1954.

27. - Ten-millionth American photoplay shown in Portugal, 1927.

28. - Oil painting Cristofer Columbus Lisbon Town Hall, removed and burnt, 1927.

29. - American producer has revolver discovered in a cupboard instead of in a drawer, 1922.

30. - Author of Movie Calendar fired for lack of ideas, 1923.

31. - Author of Movie Calendar sails for Hollywood, 1923.



D. W. GRIFFITH.



MARY PICKFORD.



GEORGE ARLISS AND A MONOCLE



REVOLVER IN CUPBOARD.



PAULINE FREDERICK.

HOOP-!a!

Films that deal with the sawdust and tan.



"The Four Daredevils," a popular Italian circus film



Midge Bellamy in "Ten Ton Love"

The passing of the circus has left a wistful memory in the hearts of many who look back along the path which spans the years to the happy days of youth. And sometimes it would seem that the screen has fulfilled the pleasing rôle of biographer-in-chief to the immortal traditions of the sawdust ring. For the humour, love, and drama which revolve around the many film stories of circus life embalm in the celluloid unforgettable memories of the golden season of one's earliest years.

Perhaps it is the fact that the motley of the circus is so universally familiar to both old and young, that inspires realism from producers in their reflections of life beneath the canvas roof. It would require a Daniel amongst film directors who could exhibit the courage to produce a story of the circus with the aid of painted back sheets. The populace would howl for him to be thrown to the studio lions, dauntlessly facing the collective responsibility of being accused of cruelty to animals.

In the popular circus story of the screen, the sawdust ring must be there, with its red-nosed clowns, and dainty, bespangled, bare-backed riders. The swaying trapezes must flash in the roof, with lithe acrobats gliding between the slender, glistening bars.

Eddie Polo realised the fascination of the circus for the multitude, and he was largely responsible for the realistic screen presentation of the film revolving around the sawdust ring, *The King of the Circus*.

Eddie in the days of his youth was the youngest member of Polo and Company, a famous circus troupe. He knew the grim side of the life which lay beneath the glitter and tinsel. For his father was permanently injured in an accident on the trapezes. This misfortune did not break Eddie Polo's nerve, and for many years he was a star performer on the trapezes with the Barnum and Bailey Show.

He was always ambitious to bring to the screen a true reflection of the circus, and his opportunity came in *The King of the Circus*. He had a huge circus tent erected, with a net-work of trapezes in the roof. Close to these slender supports, platforms accommodated the cameras, and the operators were presented with one of the most difficult tasks of their career. For they had to follow with the lenses the swift moving forms of Eddie Polo and his dare-devil assistants, who gave hair-raising performances on the trapezes.

For days, Eddie practised the most difficult feat of any circus performer, which consisted of a triple somersault in the air, concluding when he caught the out-stretched hands of a fellow acrobat hanging by his knees from a parachute.

Time after time he missed his hold, and fell with alarming speed into the life-net stretched some fifty feet below. Twelve hundred feet of film was wasted over these abortive attempts, but the real tragedy occurred when at last Eddie pulled off his great feat.

"Did you get it?" he shouted excitedly, as he was dragged up to safety by the acrobat who had safely caught him after his third prouette.

But a muffled groan came from the nether regions. And Eddie averted his eyes from the empty camera platform



Sova Gallone in "On With the Motley."





Evelyn Brent in "Circus Jim."

down to the net, where a disgruntled cameraman was sprawling with his tripod and camera enmeshed in the elastic cord.

"I got so excited, Mr. Polo," he apologised, "that I shoved the camera clean over the platform in trying to be sure that I got you in focus!"

It was a screen circus story that brought dainty Shirley Mason to the screen. Her first picture was *The Elephant Man*, in which the charming slip of a girl with the bobbed hair and laughing eyes captured the heart of the public with her bareback riding in the sawdust ring.

For this production a new era of prosperity was opened up for an indigent circus proprietor, whose show was hired, lock, stock, and barrel. A tent two hundred and sixty feet long and sixty feet high was erected. Five thousand supers were engaged to fill the great tiers of seats. Clowns and acrobats who had grown grey in the service of the ring presented a formidable problem to the producer. For the traditions of "make-up" in which they had been steeped for years were useless for the cameras. And the old clowns, with many sorrowful head-shakings, were at last persuaded to alter the brilliant carmine that decorated their noses, and the glaring white of their cheeks, to suit the inexorable requirements of the lenses. In the climax to the picture the huge tent was blown down by an artificial wind-storm, created by several score of aeroplane propellers. Their ear-splitting tumult stampeded the elephants in the vicinity. And five harassed cameramen had to film the

collapsing tent, with frequent furtive glances over their shoulders, as the thud of the great feet of the terrified animals sounded in alarming proximity to their stations.

For *Perpetua*, that home of merry-making, Hampstead Heath, was selected for the location of the giant circus tent used in this production. Owing to the danger of stampeding the animals, it was not possible to reduce completely the power of the arc-lamps whose beams splayed the interior of the tent. So the costly illuminants had to be kept burning, whether the cameras were working or not. In one scene in the ring, a timid artiste whispered to her fellow-player:

"Where shall we go if the elephants stampede?"

"That depends on what sort of life you've been leading," retorted the actor, with a twinkle in his eye.

When the great circus tent was erected for the filming of *The Puppet Man* (the British picture screened in the Tyrol) the cameras were forced to work only at night, for the electrical power which lit up the huge tent utilised all the local electricity required for the neighbouring town. So that it was only when the inhabitants were soundly asleep in their beds, and the factory motors had stopped running, that the requirements of the cameras could be satisfied.

There are many famous screen stars and producers who have succumbed to the circus — e.g., Mary Miles Minter in *The Little Clown*. Seastrom, the famous Swedish producer, filmed a story of circus life. And now Jackie Coogan is shortly to commence being filmed in *Toby Tyler*, a romance of the circus. P. R. M.

Mary Miles Minter in "The Little Clown."



Alan Hale and Shirley Mason in "Shirley of the Circus."





As "Mark Antony" with  
Lillian Russell  
in "Cleopatra"

His first appearance in celluloid this side of the Atlantic was in *Cleopatra*, the Fox film, in which he was "Mark Antony" (the General who "came to bury Caesar," etc.). His first appearance in person over here was also as a General; one "Innocencio Dos Santos," in "The Broken Wing," who, though he does no burying to speak of, kills a man every few minutes for sheer love of the thing. An intriguing rascal this "Innocencio," who is anything but innocent, and one who has an insatiable thirst for blood.

According to the best movie encyclopædias, Thurston Hall is decidedly fair. So that it was a little surprising when the first peep inside his dressing-room disclosed the beginning of a great, swarthy, black-haired Mexican on one chair, and the ends of him on another. He sprang to his feet in a moment, as someone announced, "You have just seven minutes before Mr. Hall is due on the stage." "Can we make it in the time?" inquired the victim, somewhat anxiously. "I'm afraid I stay there rather a long while once I get started."

"Mark Antony delivered his famous oration in a little over seven minutes, as you should know, having played him," I remarked severely. "And, having watched your disgraceful goings-on in 'The Broken Wing' last night, and noted your loquacity, I should say you could tell me the story of your life twice in about half that."

The Mexican muttered something in Spanish, picked up what looked like a large sized pepper castor from a chair, and started in to make himself artistically dusty with the contents thereof.

When I played "Mark Antony," he commenced, "I was quite new to movies. It was my first picture, and I thought everyone had forgotten it."

He played this rôle opposite the most famous of all movie vamps, and yet he wants to forget about it)

"Didn't see the beautiful Theda, excepting on the set," he confided

# Mark Antony Orates - to JOSIE P. LEDERER

Being an interview with Thurston Hall,  
of stage and screen fame.

"Those days she was very much the woman of mystery to the public, and her publicity people made her keep up the mystery business always. I had been in a play with Irene Bordoni, and I hurried out to Fox studios, and made that one film between the end of that play and the first night of a new one. I rather took to the screen work, and made up my mind to have another shot at it later."

"You're always having a shot at someone or something?" I interjected. "Killing a general in the first act of *The Broken Wing*, and disposing of—how many is it?—in the second."

"Say, I haven't always been a villain," Thurston thundered, picking up a large revolver. "My stage career was above reproach until now." So I hastily made a note of this fact, and the features of the "Greaser" relaxed into a grin that made him quite recognisable, despite his black hair and moustache.

He's right about the stage career.

This institution caught him young, when he was a little over sixteen and fresh from Winchester (Mass.) College, and has held him in its toils for the last twenty years. Thurston has played "Ben Hur" in *Ben Hur*; opposite Lillian Russell in *Wildfire*; with Marguerite Clarke, Charlotte Walker, and almost every other fair lady you can name on the U.S.A. boards. And all of his characters have been noble, up to the best standards of rectitude: for he's a great favourite and much in request as leading actor on Broadway.

With  
Wyndham Standing  
in  
"The Iron Trail"

With  
Betty Blythe  
in  
"Fair Lady."



"The movie," he mused; "lured me back to California again, to Ince's next time, where I was in many films opposite Dorothy Dalton—*The Price Mark* and *Love Letters* amongst others. Then I see-sawed between stage and screen for a few years, working each time in different studios, till I knew most everyone at Hollywood. I was in *The Exquisite Thief* with Priscilla Dean, and *The Weaker Vessel* with Mary Maclaren. Charming girls both. I was a tramp, I remember, in *The Weaker Vessel*, and Mary took pity on me and gave me a job, and finally married me.

"Then I was working with the De Milles. I know Cecil the better of the two. I went out to Lasky's for *We Can't Have Everything*, which Cecil directed. There were Elliott Dexter, Sylvia Breamer, Wanda Hawley, and myself in the leading rôles. I stayed in Hollywood a long while that trip; Dorothy Dalton had joined Ince Paramount, and we made some more pictures together: *Tyrant Fear*, *The Edge of Sin*, and *The Mating of Marcella*.

"Afterwards I met friend Dexter on the Lasky lot again in *The Squaw Man*, with Cecil De Mille directing and Katherine MacDonald as leading lady."

"Up till then he had not played any really notorious screen rôles.

"Rex Beach's *The Iron Trail* and *The Net* started me off on the road to villainy," he confessed, with an impenitent twinkle in grey-blue eyes. "And I liked it. Now, then, what do you know about that?"

He still had the revolver cocked. I said, "I know we've only two more minutes."

"Well," continued he hurriedly. "*The Iron Trail* I enjoyed exceedingly, because of the location work, and meeting Rex Beach, who was with us a good deal. I was an unscrupulous company promoter. I dyed my hair black for the occasion, and got me this small brush here," indicating his moustache, which is provided by art, not nature. "I did plenty of killing, but after the final struggle my brain gave way. I was 'loco in the coco,' as 'Innocencio' hath it, and had quite a nice bit of character work."

"*Fair Lady* was originally titled *The Seal of Cardi*. Yes; I was 'Cardi.' Maybe you've seen 'Cardi'?" I hadn't; but, after what Thurston Hall told me about him, I'm certainly going to. "Cardi" comes to a frightful end, being torn to pieces by an angry mob—which alone is worth the admission money.

"Thurston Hall starred in "*The Broken Wing*" in America, first, then brought his play to London (his first trip over) and repeated his success this side.

"Only I've ceased to dye my hair," he told me, laughing. "It turned a peculiar violet-grey, and so I had to concoct a special mixture to bring it back to its natural colour again. I have a wig these days.

"We're going all round with this play," said Thurston, in conclusion; "then I've a new one, which is equally as good. Do I kill anybody? Ah! that's a secret." We still had fifteen seconds to spare. "What are your hobbies. Quick?" I demanded.

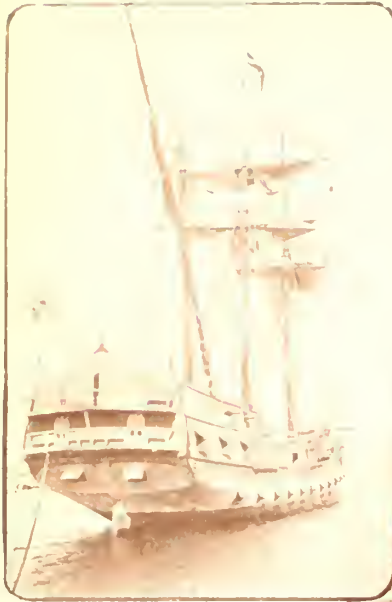
"My hobby's acting, I think," he called from the door. "I like a quiet little game of cards with Cecil and Bill De Mille and Bill Farnum when I'm in California. And I'm a model youth off the screen: don't drink, don't smoke—much. My only fault is a tendency to grow unromantically solid." Which, I should say, is a failing common to most good-natured people.

"So you're Thursty in name alone," I called after him. Thurston Hall's reply came back in Spanish. It sounded frightful, but I've looked it up, and he really meant well. As I left the theatre, I heard the sound of a shot. Thurston Hall had ended his oration, and "General Panfilio Aguilár's" stage life, and was getting down to his evening's work.

Thurston Hall as  
"Dos Santos"  
in "*The  
Broken Wing*"



# Ships that Pass in the Movies



Above and right: Two views of the galleon built for "The Son of a Buccaneer."

With the advent of the kinema, Father Neptune has regained much of the dignity of which he was so flagrantly despoiled by the stage reflections of his watery domain. For the film producer goes down to the sea, and with the salt spray sweeping over the cameras, he portrays life on—and, on occasions, below the ocean wave, as it is in boisterous reality. Seldom does the lens of the camera utilise the disrespectful "cardboard waves" and "canvas" ships whose medley of cog-wheels, laths, and varnish so often mock the majesty of oceans on the theatrical stage.

The ships that pass in the movies are invariably seasoned barks, whose keels are clustered with barnacles, almost as profuse as the sea oaths in the vocabulary of the skipper on the bridge.

There is always romance in a story of the sea; but, on occasions, still more picturesque memories of life on the ocean are revived for the cameras.

A modern sailing vessel was recently converted after many weeks of ingenious labour into a realistic representation of a seventeenth-century corsair. The stately poop, with its balconies and ornate pinnacled lamps, was modelled on ancient prints. Trap doors, through which gun barrels gleamed, were introduced into the sides of



Dorothy Dalton and Valentino in "Moran of the 'Lady Letty.'"



Eille Norwood as a sailor in "Black Peter."



Tom Moore in "Harbour Lights."

the storm-beaten hull. And when the skill of the carpenters who worked under the guidance of the studio art-director had transformed the crude hulk into a picturesque pirate ship, for the serial picture, *The Son of a Buccaneer*, it was sent adrift on the seas of location.

Something about the boisterous life of the sea seems to have its influence on even the most "drawing-room" type of artiste who is called upon to strut the deck of a ship of the movies. Rodolph Valentino, in the adventurous sea-picture, *Moran of the 'Lady Letty'*, was whipped by the ocean breezes into a hard-living, hard-fighting young man, very different from the suave, immaculate Rodolph of former memory.

So thoroughly did Valentino appear to assimilate the strenuous atmosphere of existence on the ocean wave that he scorned the utilisation of a "double" in a sensational scene that transpired on the "yard-arm." The big thrill of the picture was a fight in the rigging of a sailing schooner. After many hours of difficult work, the cameras were hauled up to the yard-arm seventy-five feet above the decks and placed on fragile platforms. A troupe of acrobats who were doubling for Valentino and his opponent commenced to fight in front of the suspended cameras.

Rodolph, watching from below the progress of the battle, was dissatisfied with the lukewarm nature of the scrap.



Hobart Bosworth and Mrs. Jack London.

"Come along, we'll show them a real fight," he shouted to his fellow artiste. The two "studio sailors" clambered up to the heights of the rigging, and then commenced a thrilling fight on a fragile spar, swaying far above the heads of the alarmed spectators on the decks. And it was this improved version of the scene that figured in the finished picture in place of the less spectacular efforts of the acrobatic "doubles."

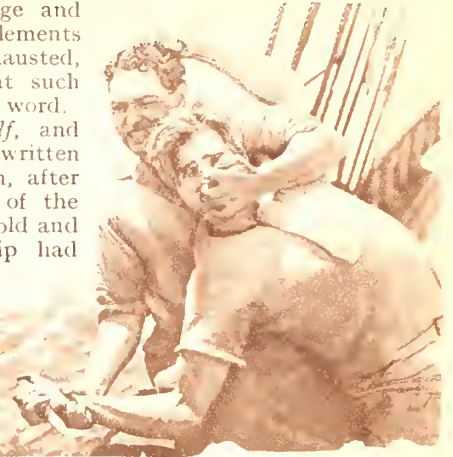
Bracing sea stories of the screen create just the correct backgrounds for accentuating the personalities of the strong, silent men of the movies. Hobart Bosworth, who brings to the silver sheet such healthy, virile characterisations of men of strength and courage, gave an inspired and powerful portrayal of the sea captain in *The Sea Wolf*. He reflected the grim, relentless battle that is continually waged between men of the sea and nature in its cruellest moods. It visualised

Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks."



on the screen that iron courage and indomitable will to fight the elements after nerve and muscle are exhausted, just as Jack London brought such epics of sea life to the printed word.

Bosworth in *The Sea Wolf*, and *Bucko McAlister*—the story written for him by Mrs. Jack London, after death had robbed the world of the master of sea stories—used an old and battered schooner. This ship had sailed over many leagues of ocean before it swung into the peaceful haven of picture production. Perhaps it was the old spirit of adventure that still lived within this



John Bowers and Robert Kortman in "Godless Men."



A forecastle scene in "All the Brothers were Valiant."

seasoned hulk which was responsible for its breaking loose during the filming of *Beneath the Surface*. Whilst the entire company, with directors, cameramen, and electricians were on board, the schooner, "Margaret C.," broke from its moorings in a heavy sea, and drifted towards the rocks of Catalina Island. The skeleton crew in charge



Harry Morey in "The Sea Rider."

of the big vessel was unable to cope with the situation. The shore, with its jagged rocks, was within a few hundred yards, when Hobart Bosworth forsook acting for grim reality. Taking the wheel from the helmsman, and shouting orders through the producer's megaphone, he succeeded in getting the sails set and bringing the schooner round under control just outside the surf line.

Sea pictures are popular on the screens of the world; but especially so in this country. Which, no doubt, is the attraction of the seascapes of the silver sheet for the people of an island home.

# The Picturegoer in Paris



Above: Picture-making in the Sahara Desert. Left: Marthe Ferrary, of the Opéra Comique, in "Les Hommes Nouveaux"

The many thousands of admirers, both in England and in France of Raquel Meller the famous Spanish singer, will greet with enthusiasm the announcement that this charming and vivacious artiste is shortly to be seen in a great new emotional photoplay which may be released shortly in England. Her first picture is entitled *Les Opprimés*.

An interesting and picturesque film record of the exciting crossing of the Sahara Desert by an expedition travelling in Citroën motor-cars fitted with caterpillar wheels is the valuable reminder of an original experiment, and one destined to be remembered in after years. I have seen extracts of this film, which is unusual only in the fact that the motor cars themselves take an active part in the various scenes; they form incongruous objects in the weird atmosphere and setting of the Sea of Sand; and the camels fleeing before their advance, together with the bewildered gestures of frenzied Arabs, is ample proof of the sensation the expedition caused.

Battling Siki, the Senegalese boxer who beat Carpentier, recently signed a one-week's contract to appear at a Paris music hall, and the contract was not renewed because, it is stated, theatre critics had differed somewhat with regard to the coloured boxer's ability on the "boards." To put it bluntly, the "turn" fell flat. This was contrary to Siki's expectations, and he was greatly disappointed. The result is that he has announced his intention of becoming a film actor, and to that effect has signed contracts to star in a number of films to be produced shortly by a Dutch company. The first is to be called *Knock Out*, and, if some slightly cynical persons are to be believed, the rest of Siki's films will have the same title.

# SHADOWLAND

MOVIE  
GOSSIP  
OF THE  
MONTH

When you see *The Prisoner of Zenda*, watch closely the work of young Malcolm McGregor. He hasn't a large part, but somehow he manages to make it stand out. His is an interesting story. The son of wealthy parents, educated at Yale, he was destined by his father for a city career. But Malcolm wanted to be either a professional diver and swimmer or a movie actor. He told father, who promptly turned him out without the proverbial shilling. McGregor spent his last few pounds on his railroad ticket to Hollywood, where fortune favoured him mightily. He found work almost at once, had a good rôle in *All the Brothers were Valiant*, and a better in *Broken Chains* (Goldwyn). Malcolm will be starred soon. His screen idols were and are Lewis Stone and Lon Chaney. Lon has been more than kind to the youngster, who is universally popular.

Ralph Graves is in Gloria Swanson's newest picture, *Prodigal Daughters*; so are Theodore Roberts and Eric Payne, a favourite Lyceum Theatre villain for several years.

Questions as to whether Mary Pickford can swim or no will be once and for ever answered now that

*Tess* is released. Mary has lost none of her old charm in this famous rôle, but the story itself has been elaborated, not always to the best advantage.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Harold married Mildred Davis, so long his real-life leading lady, but she is to fill that rôle no longer. Harold thinks home the best place for a film star's wife, so Mildred has dutifully tendered her resignation to her husband and employer.

The villainous "Ben Letts" of *Tess*, Jean Hersholt, has a still more villainous rôle in Von Stroheim's *McTeague*, second only in roguery to that worthy himself (Stroheim is "McTeague"). Dale Fuller, who won fame in *Foolish Wives*, is to be "Maria"; and Sylvia Ashton, who has done much work for Paramount, notably in *New Wives for Old*, will portray "Mrs. Steppe." It is a Goldwyn production. This organisation has just secured the services of that fine artist Victor Seastrom to direct exclusively for them. His first scheduled production is said to be *Ben Hur*. As Seastrom is an advocate of natural light for film work, it will be interesting to see how his American-made productions will compare with his

Swedish ones. But Seastrom is always interesting. His sea story featuring Matheson Lang is shortly to be trade-shown here.

Antonio Moreno has signed a five-year contract with Paramount, and will co-star with Bebe Daniels in his new film for them.

Eight producing companies competed for the services of Jackie Coogan now that his First National contract is ended. The final selection lay between United Artists through which organisation Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Griffith, Charles Kay, and Charles Chaplin and Metro. Both companies offered the small star 500,000 dollars down and sixty per cent. of the profits on every picture; but Metro also offered Jack Coogan senior the privilege of directing his son's pictures, and won. Jackie will therefore make his next four pictures in Metro studios. Buster Keaton and the Talmadge Sisters have also decided to let Metro distribute their films for the future.

Bert Lytell declares that "Rudolph Rassendyl" in *Rupert of Hentzau* was a more than double-dyed deceiver. Because his part demanded it, Bert bleached his hair for this film - not



once, but many times. His next will be a light comedy called *The Meanest Man in the World*.

Did you know that there is a Kinema Museum? During the last twenty years, Mr. Will Day, an assiduous acquirer of projectors, machinery, etc., since the very early species extant when he first became interested in films and film-making, has just presented his entire collection to a prominent museum. It is to form the nucleus of a National Museum of Kinematography, and you will find fuller particulars about it, also where and when you may see it, in "The 1923 Kinematograph Year-Book," price 5s., post free, from 85, Long Acre. This publication is something no real "fan" should be without, for it deals with every side of the industry during the past year, and gives a comprehensive account of the chief events of 1922, and some of 1923, from the screen's standpoint. There is also much personal information about the makers of British pictures, cameramen, art directors, and others who do much that the public sees and appreciates, though without always knowing to whom their enjoyment is due.

Very much to the fore this year will be Kenneth Harlan and Gaston Glass. Both have free-lanced a great deal, and many of their films will be released simultaneously.

Owing to the elaborate nature of its production, PICTUREGOER, of necessity, goes to press some weeks in advance of publication date. The news of Wallace Reid's untimely death, therefore, reached us too late for inclusion in last month's issue. The world of "fans," as well as the world of films, is the poorer for the passing of one who, had he lived,

would undoubtedly have lived down his one mistake. The embodiment, on the screen, of careless, happy-go-lucky youth, Wally's handsome face and winning personality gained him as many admirers as his clever comedy, farce and character acting.

He was buried in Los, on Jan. 20, after a very simple service at the Protestant Episcopal Church there. From 9 a.m. the church was visited by practically everybody who had known Reid, and wished to see him lying in state there. Lasky Studios closed down for the day, so that their employees might attend the services, and delegations from most of the other studios, as well as hundreds of beautiful floral tributes, went to the studios and the Reid home. PICTUREGOER readers will join us in sending Dorothy Davenport Reid (neither Bill nor Betty, his sister-by-adoption, knows as yet) very sincere sympathy.

Whether or no you still like old friends best will be seen later when a number of films starring old-time favourites will fall due for release. Maurice Costello, who had practically retired, is at work on a feature for Vitagraph; Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman have arranged to make a series of films; J. Warner Kerrigan is a member of the all-star cast of *The Covered Wagon*. Blanche Sweet Neilan has the coveted rôle of "Tess," in her husband's production of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*; and William Worthington will give directing a rest, and play an important part in *Red Lights*, for Goldwyn. Roscoe Arbuckle, also, has completed one film, a short comedy feature; Cleio Madison returns via a new Clifford Sanford production; Carmen Phillips is featured in *Temptation*; and Wally Van (of Vitagraph fame) is starring in *The Divin' Fool*.

Rodolph Valentino and his wife are touring Keith's Vaudeville Circuit, with an interesting dance turn. First the famous Tango is given, as nearly as possible to the screen representation of it in *The Four Horsemen*.

Edna Flugrath with her sisters, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason.



Micky Neilan and his bride, Blanche Sweet.

After come other exhibition dances, and Mr. and Mrs. Rudy have a special orchestra of their own with them. They are due this side shortly.

Picturegoers will be sorry to hear of the death of "Judex" (M. René Cresté, hero of so many Gaumont serials). Cresté was invalided out of the French Army during the war, and went back to his beloved filming before he was really strong enough. He never entirely recovered his health, and the strenuous time he had in serials soon

Adolph Menjou and Conrad Nagel pose for an unconventional picture "between sets."







Reginald Barker directing Anna Q. Nilsson and Craig Ward in "Hearts Aflame."

compelled him to give them up. He opened a kinema in Paris, which he managed himself until his death. He was forty one when this occurred, and his last serial was *Tigh Mink*. The *Shot of Mystery* was the last film seen this side in which he appeared.

Lew Cody plays the title-rôle in the Selznick *Rupert of Hentzau*. Elaine Hammerstein is the "Flavia," and Hobart Bosworth and Marjorie Daw are also in the cast.

Dr. Coué has lent his presence to the screen, with the object of making the world "better and better." He has made a two-reel film illustrating his curative methods, and seemed quite at home in the New Rochelle Studios. Rumour hath it that the Kliegs and arcs shone brighter than usual when the serious little gentleman with the twinkling eyes was on the set. His salary Dr. Coué is using to further the cause of Coué-ism.

Charles Ray will play "Miles" in *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, with the sweetest of "Priscilla Aldens" opposite in Enid Bennett. Charley surely has played in more film versions of famous poems and songs than any other star.

Constance Talmadge's new film is entitled *Souya* (nothing to do with the heroine of "The Merry Widow," though), with Sidney Franklyn directing.

The resurrection and refilming of popular screen stories is proceeding merrily. One of the most interesting will be *The Cricket on the*



Mae Marsh and the cameraman who filmed "Pudd,-the-Next-Best Thing."

*Hearth*, with Josef Swickard (the "Marcelo Desnoyers" of *The Four Horsemen*) as "Caleb Plummer." His support includes Fritzi Ridgeway and Virginia Brown Faire. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, filmed a couple of times by French companies, and once by Fox, starring Theda Bara, and titled *Esmeralda*, has a *de-luxe* version just completed by Universal. Lon Chaney is the Hunchback, and Raymond Hatton, "Gringoire." Then we are to have new versions of *The Girl of the Golden West*, which Lasky did some years ago with Mabel Van Buren as "The Girl," and *The Shooting of Dan McGrew*, made about the same time, but by another company. This, for some reason best known to the culprit who is responsible, is to be retitled, *Your Friend or Mine?* The refilming of *Jewel* is now finished

Douglas Fairbanks junior, who has been in Paris for some time with his mother, is about to enter the movies under the auspices of a French syndicate. He is getting quite a man these days.

Elinor Glyn wrote *All the World's a Stage*, Dorothy Phillips' just-completed film, which will appeal to everybody because it is a story of Hollywood, its people and its staple industry. "Jo Bishop," the heroine, gains fame in the movies: how, is shown in detail, thus giving spectators a chance of seeing the interior of a studio, how sets are made and unmade, and how scenes and "close-ups" are "shot." Kenneth Harlan and Otis Harlan support, and Dorothy is, for once, a patient and long-suffering wife; not, as in her usual offerings, one who takes the law into her own hands and gives her erring partner short shrift.

Phillips Smalley has just commenced his fourth film at Universal Studios. He is in *Trimmed in Scarlet*, seen on the stage this side last year; and with him are Roy Stewart, Kathryn Williams, Lucille Ricksen, and Robert Agnew.



Flova Le Breton and her dancing partner, Cecil Rubens.



The principals in "Kick In."  
Bert Lytell, Betty Compson,  
Gareth Hughes, Kathleen  
Clifford, and May McAvoy.

The serial version of *The Three Musketeers*, which Gaumont released this side in eighteen two-reel episodes, has been cut to one seven-reel film, and released in America, under the title of *Miladi*. One review of this declares that the picture is "complicated and at times difficult to follow." We're not surprised.

John Barrymore is in England, and will probably be appearing on the London stage by the time this meets your eyes.

We're going to get some "Money," whether we "want it" or no. In film titles, anyway. Three released "over there" this week are *Dollar Devils*, *Money, Money, Money*, and *Brass Commandments*; and there are worse to follow. The first-named stars Cullen Landis and Eva Novak and Joseph Downing; the second, Katherine MacDonald, who, alas! will retire from the screen after her marriage; and the third contains William Farnum, Tom Santseln, and Wanda Hawley.

Jackie and his  
roadster.



Song titles seem all the rage these days with American movie-makers. Richard Barthelmess is well in the voiceless concert with *Just a Song at Twilight*; Richard Travers is Item No. 12 on the programme with *The Love Nest*. Before which come *My Old Kentucky Home*, *Mighty Like a Rose*, the lachrymose *Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night?* and others which every fan can easily supply from memory.

Here's good news for faithful Ford-lovers (Francis, not Henry, brand!). Your favourite serial hero is producing and acting in a fifteen-episoder, titled at present *Thunder Island*, in which Peggy Day and Jack Perrin will be seen as well. Peggy has a dual rôle, and the story concerns an island where fabulous wealth in the form of pearls lies hidden. It also contains familiar friends, viz., some stolen papers, which fall into the hands of, alternately, the villain and the hero.

Ina Claire returns to the screen in *The Gold Diggers* this summer.



A Pearl White stunt in "Plunder."

One of the best-liked serial stars, William Duncan, after making many five-reel thrillers, has now reverted to type again via Universal Studios. According to William, he will, for the next twelve months, make super-serials (whatever these may be!) He, doubtless, knows, for he has had many years' experience as director and star in serials, mostly Western thrillers. Edith Johnson, who is Mrs. William Duncan off the screen, will continue to play opposite her husband. As before, Duncan will be star and director.

An original screen story, written by himself, is one of Marshall Neilan's forthcoming Goldwyn productions. It is titled *The Eternal Three*, and at the moment, "Peaches" Jackson, James Luelton (an old-timer from vaudeville), and Charles West are the newest additions to the casting director's list.

Phyllis Haver furnishes the surprise of the month for her self-revelation as an emotional actress. As "Polly Love," in *The Christian*, she gives a poignant little study of the "bad girl of the film play," and proves once again the efficiency of the Mack Sennett school for stars.

After all, Mary Pickford will leave *Dorothy Vernon*, etc., alone for awhile, and devote herself to creating "Marguerite" in *Faust*. Ernst Lubitsch will direct her. Svend Saide, a Danish art-director of exceptional ability, has just arrived in Hollywood to supervise the sets Douglas Fairbanks is on the high seas with his pirate story. They are highly coloured seas, too, for much of this film is in colour-photography.

Mae Murray has finished *Jazz-mania*, for which she designed most of the settings (it is an Edmund Goulding story), and is well away with *The French Doll*, adapted from a stage-play. Orville Caldwell opposite, and this feature is being made on one of the Goldwyn "lots."

You will like Norma Talmadge's newest, *The Love from the Minaret*. The scenario is excellent, the settings and photography, ditto, and the star and Eugene O'Brien beat their own acting records. Norma wears a different gown each scene, but this does not prevent her giving a fine performance. It is a desert picture, more or less, though there are many shots of India. This R. Hichens play makes most entertaining screen fare.



Enid Bennett and Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood."

# Artists of the Camera

by P. RUSSELL MALLINSON

If one looks beneath the science which has created the great lenses of the studio arc-lamps, the costly reflectors, the ingenious cameras, and many similar devices which enable the modern producer and camera man to juggle with light, there is a primitive human reason for such artistry. It is all an endeavour to steal from nature closely guarded secrets: for beautifying with light has its origin somewhere back in the Garden of Eden. The shaft of sunlight which slanted through the trees and softly caressed the gold in the hair of Eve was the first "spotlight" of nature. The lark clouds which drifted across the sun when the deluded Adam proceeded to consume the immortal apple provided the earliest example of harsh, subdued lighting which suggested tragedy. And the humorist might suggest that the entry of the Avenging Angel was responsible for the first "double exposure"!

Briefly, the producer of to-day, when he strives to bring artistic effects to the screen, is endeavouring to reflect nature in its most pleasing

The camera-man of to-day is an artist to his finger-tips. He paints with lenses, and the screen is his canvas.

moods, both in the direction of scenic beauty and personal charm. He seeks to hold a mirror up to life, rather than create beautiful illusions which do not suggest nature as it is in reality.

David Wark Griffith almost "paints" with light on the screen. He arranges the composition of each scene just as an artist schemes his landscape on the canvas. He searches for weeks for locations, which probably only exist as backgrounds on the silver sheet for a matter of a few minutes. Where he cannot create artistic scenic effects with the craft of the studio carpenters, Nature has to satisfy him with her most picturesque moods. In *Orphans of the Storm*, Griffith relegated to the scrap-heap an ambitious scene showing the breaking-down of the coach containing the Gish girls, outside the chateau of the Marquis de Presle, because a certain tree on the right hand-side of the picture did not come within the range of the cameras. And, according to the

Griffith philosophy, this apparently trivial omission spoilt the "balance" of the picture.

Griffith employs a small army of skilled mechanics to operate the arc-lamps of many million candle-power which simulate sunshine, firelight, or moonbeams on the faces of his characters. The turning of a switch, and his light-beams can flood a scene with the chill winter twilight of Alaska, the blazing brilliance of the midday sun of the East, the soft glow of sunset; or invest a squalid attic with the dreary light of clouded dawn.

With such treatment the harsh black-and-white effects of the early moving picture fade into soft sepia effects which possess a remarkable resemblance to what is more than an artistic painting on canvas. It is a still more realistic reflection of nature, and a suggestion of life in faces, that makes them human portrayals which it is difficult to conceive are mirrored with the aid of the mundane mechanism of the moving-picture studio.

Utilising skilfully-toned light-effects in collaboration with the cameras, to reflect on the screen emotion as it is



One of many remarkable photographic effects in "Foolish Wives."



Capturing tropical beauty in Lahiti

expressed by the eyes, the mouth, and subtle shades of expression on the features, is a speciality of Griffith's.

In many of his "close ups," he covers the lens of the camera with gauze, and after a process of careful focussing, he shifts the material so that the naked lens photographs the eyes and the mouth in sharp outline, and softens the rest of the face.

Such effects, which are familiar ones in connection with Lillian Gish, create intensively impressive cameos of horror or grief.

The picturesque battlements of the grey castles which present such striking backgrounds in *Robin Hood* brought to the screen a suggestion of romance, that appealed to the inherent love of most humans for history that time has mellowed with fable and legend.

*Robin Hood* represented the new

trend of thought in the creation of photo plays which challenges the art of the Academy painter. Before the picture was produced, a well-known American artist painted a colourful conception of each set, and on these canvases the scenery for the film was based. Much of the castle of Richard was plaster and canvas, and terraces and battlements where knights in glinting armour and fair ladies strutted amidst a panoply of splendour were erected by bricklayers and masons, who did not permit the atmosphere of romance to interfere with their calculations regarding their overtime money.

But Alan Dwan, the producer, skilfully manipulated arc-lamps and massive light-reflectors which imbued each scene with romantic realism. Draperies, cleverly painted lath and plaster, and terraces of concrete were blended photographically into an illusion of reality. The massive scenic oak trees of Sherwood Forest were splayed with light in many cases from arc-lamps situated on lofty platforms fixed amidst the topmost branches of the timber that carpentry and not nature had shaped. And thus the artificial sunshine that glinted on the steel helmets of Prince John's soldiery, and lit up the Lincoln green of Robin Hood and his Merry Men was obtained.

A hundred foot tower on which was erected a platform that supported a cluster of arc lamps, each capable of emitting beams of several million candle-power, was built solely for the purpose of casting the shadow of the King's castle on the ground beyond the moat.

It was a laborious and expensive effect.

Below: *Tom Hope and Stewart Rome in a remarkable dramatic scene in "When Great Men Meet"*



An artistic portrayal of Hope Hampton in 'The Light in the Dark.'



hat in the early days of motion pictures would have met with ridicule. But the modern producer sets small store on work if he can achieve artistic realism. The powerful lights behind the castle succeeded in casting deep shadows that left the impression that the edifice was bathed in brilliant sunlight and thus the sombre building had little suggestion of displeasing greyness.

The scene in *Robin Hood* where Douglas Fairbanks and Enid Bennett figure on a moonlit terrace and the night sky is silhouetted in a towering frescoed porch stands out as one of the most beautiful effects ever brought to the screen. It is an attractive example of how features can be modelled by light. The profile of "Maid Marian" was splayed with beams from an overhead arc-lamp until it stood out from the greyness of the background. In contrast, the hair of "Robin Hood" was touched with light as with a halo, and his face was shadowed. A smaller arc lit up the cushions on the couch, so that they were silhouetted against the rich, velvety shadows behind. Yet another arc-lamp brought out the contours of the broad stone steps beneath the porchway, and thus a barrage of skilfully directed light-beams imbued the scene with a variety of tones of light and shade which gave it the semblance of an exquisitely painted picture.

Stuart Blackton recognised in his pioneer days with the Vitaphone Company, that greater realism in moving pictures could be obtained the further that a producer got away from the suggestion of shadow forms on the screen. He sought to make each character more solid and shapely as opposed to the flat effect of figures that moved across the silver sheet like the cardboard characters of the toy theatre of childhood memories.

He studied the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Michael Angelo, and the manner in which these artists brought "life" to the canvas through the deft handling of light and shade suggested a similar adaptation on broader lines for screen work.

Blackton conceived the idea of making figures appear almost stereoscopic on the screen by bringing them away from backgrounds and arranging powerful lights behind them and directly overhead. This had the effect of making the background recede, and the attention was focussed on the figures in the foreground. Although, like the frame which surrounds a picture, the scenic effects blend without dominating the presentation.



*Above: Joseph Urban choosing colour schemes for motion-picture settings. Photographic reproductions of the various colours are given on the chart seen in the picture.*



*Below: Claire Windsor, a beautiful camera study.*

A gloomy room, the shadows of which are pierced with sharp, harsh light-rays that throw diffused patches of light and shadow on to the faces of the characters, assists in the reflection of a scene of tragedy or mystery more effectively than the green lime-light of melodrama has ever achieved in the past.

There was a picturesque example of this aspect of the craft of the camera-artist in *The Virgin Queen*, when the cavern of the fortune teller is dissected with clever lighting effects that silhouetted the sinister, misshapen faces of the eerie inhabitants of the chamber of witchcraft.

Strangely enough, it was the naked light of flaring torches that burned modest naphtha which brought to the screen one of the modest effective impressions of grim tragedy. That was during the filming of *Intolerance*, when the walls of Babylon were stormed, and the turmoil and disaster of war was reflected solely through the lights of the torches carried by the warriors. At times the picture was like some dread glimpse of the horrors of battle, distorted by the brush of a Post-Impressionist painter.

It may be that the modern tendency of motion-picture production to gravitate towards high

artistry may result in a revolution in the size and equipment of studios. For artistic effects in photoplays do not necessitate an enlargement of the mechanical aids which assist those who go down to the studios to produce pictures.

One of the most beautiful screen plays brought to the silver sheet is the photoplay version of Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat." It presents an enthralling succession of scenic effects embracing vistas of deserts and hills, mountains and plains bathed in the varying lights and twilights of sunshine and shadow. Yet these scenes were screened in a studio measuring little more than twenty-five feet square. The characters acted in front of beau-

tifully painted canvases, which, through the aid of skilful lighting and camera craft, were imbued with a vivid suggestion of actuality that made it almost impossible to realise that backcloths, and not sets of actual wood, metal, and plaster, were utilised.

The question of colour enters into production in many directions. The lens of the film camera presents a difficult problem for the producer, for it photographs red as black, blue a very light grey, and there are similar distracting diversions of the laws which govern colour as the human eye sees it. It is a usual thing for directors to have in the studios colour charts which show the primary colours, and next to them are placed the photographic reflection of the tint, as the lens records it. In scenes of pageantry, where ornate costumes move before backgrounds of splendour, the blending of colour values is a task which requires specialised study.

And so the artists of the camera are progressing towards a higher artistry in picture production, which makes the crude old-time kinema a thing of almost forgotten memory. For, like the human face and form, they have presented the photoplay producer with a formidable task in discovering their secrets of animation and beauty

# My Lady Nicotine

Smokers on the screen.

When the Powers That Be in Studioland got together and invented the Ten Commandments of Movie-makers, their first unanimous dictum was: "Thou shalt not smoke upon the set," adding, as an after-thought—"unless thou art a director." Which commendable mandate has ever since been honoured more in the breach than the observance. My Lady Nicotine plays quite a prominent part in film-land. The hero is never so appealing as when, in moments of deepest stress, he indulges in a mental soliloquy between puffs of a favourite pipe. And the villainous fashion in which Eric Von Stroheim diffuses the smoke from the elongated cigarette-de-luxe that is part and parcel of his screen personality, assuredly lends force to the sardonic grin that accompanies this feat.

Rodolph Valentino, too, knows to a nicety the value of the cigarette or pipe as an index to the character of the man he is portraying on the screen. Witness the eternal cigarette between the lips of the degenerate "Desnoyers" of the early reels of *The Four Horsemen*. Also the complicated Arabian hookah he affected in *The Sheik*. In private life Rody likes a common or garden pipe.

John Gilbert is a nonchalant cigarette-smoker in "Gleam o' Dawn."



Top: Howard Gaye as "Byron."

Circle: Harold Lloyd. Oval: Von Stroheim and his super-cigarette.

Below: Rodolph Valentino and his favourite pipe.



# A School or Stars



Theodore Kosloff gives Betty Compson her dancing lesson.



Above: Cecil De Mille's class includes Leatrice Joy and Julia Faye.

Left: Max Parker demonstrates architecture on the screen to Jacqueline Logan, Clarence Geldhart, and Jack Holt.



motion picture, will be drawn all the players for their productions. And, because the picture-going public demands "better and more pictures," all these players are to be trained to perfection in their art.

Whereas many centuries of slow development, from the primitive plays of the open-air without

Below: Penrhyn Stanlaus gives a lesson in pictorial values to James Kirkwood and his camera-man.

"Please, teacher, Tommy Meighan keeps jogging the seat!"

"Betty — ah — I mean, Miss Compson, kindly attend to the lesson; and, Tom, sit still!"

"I can't, Sir; Gloria Swanson's tipping the chair!"

"Now, all—attention, please! For home-work-to-night read, and make notes on, Chapter Six. No excuses will be taken. The class is dismissed."

Is such likely to be the scene which may confront an intruder to the Famous-Lasky Studios now that their newly-established screen school is in full swing? One may wonder!

This school, wherein stars, featured players, directors, cameramen, "extras," and, in fact, all concerned in the actual production of Paramount films, take daily lessons in the various branches of their art, has been opened in connection with the recent formation of an enormous Stock Company. From this, the first really extensive stock company in the history of the







insisting on "part-time" attendance at school!

As the classes are held during the players' spare time, between scenes, they are necessarily informal, and not exactly replicas of those stiff, formal affairs which most of us recall at the mere mention of the word school! But, at the same time, the work is far more seriously attended to than in many of our colleges, and even universities, for most of the students have already obtained a certain amount of reputation in their profession, and realise the immense opportunities which further valuable training will open up for them. The classes are, therefore, really serious, though not conducted on the conventional bench-and-desk principle. Rules are rigidly adhered to; home-work is compulsory; while marks are apportioned, and every student is desired to obtain a certain percentage!

Jesse L. Lasky, President of the Famous-Lasky-Players Corporation, is in supreme charge of the school, while Cecil B. De Mille combines the duties of headmaster with those connected with his directorial megaphone.

For the maintenance of discipline, there is a committee of prefects, a list of whose names would create a havoc of excitement in any ordinary college or school. The component parts of this body are stars of the

*(Continued on Page 65.)*

*Circle: William De Mille gives an informal lecture to Richard Wayne, May McAvoy, and Bert Lytell.*

*Below: George Melford, instructor in motion-picture history, surrounded by an attentive class.*

*Theodore Roberts and James Fawcett are instructors in the art of make-up.*

even the aid of simple scenery to the present state of elaborate artistry, have contributed to the legitimate theatre and its spoken drama, a mere decade has witnessed the meteoric growth of the picture play. This new form of entertainment rose by prodigious leaps from a plaything to a great art. But, though the technique required for the camera differs widely from that of the stage, there has been till now no real systematic training for the screen. In most film studios just sufficient instruction has been given to the new recruit, almost at the moment of filming, to enable him to "get over" the required impression.

While the picture art was in its infancy this state of affairs sufficed. All engaged in the work were pioneers and, working together, piloted the new art to its present position. Now, however, that it has reached the point where new deals are being set up and new demands made, greater achievements in artistic productions are being essayed. To accomplish the ideal, players must be trained in all branches of cinematic art, and stars of the future developed.

Directors, stars, and all the members of the Paramount Company are expected to attend a certain number of the classes. In fact, all contracts now drawn up in connection with the company contain a clause



George Dewhurst  
rehearsing a  
parrot for  
"What the  
Butler  
Saw."



## British Studio Gossip

Ivy Duke visits the  
Forum at Rome.

### Ivy amid the Ruins.

Marcus Aurelius, the man of many meditations, must have stood many times even as Ivy stands in the photograph above. But, whereas his meditations are exceedingly learned, Ivy's (so she tells me) were something like this: "So sorry we had to leave Rome because we couldn't find the right kind of villa. But Rapallo was beautiful. *Everything* was beautiful. Except the weather. That was horrible. De Vere Stacpoole's 'Starlit Garden' has made a fine film story."

### When in Rome—

"Guy went out pigeon-shooting. I'm glad I didn't go with him. He came back very much upset. Because it's cruel, and no sort of sport. The poor birds haven't the ghost of a chance. So, if ever you go to Rome, don't do as the Romans do in the case of pigeon-shooting. Then there was the affable Englishman incident. Guy *loves* this one."

### "Guying" Guy Newall.

"Whilst we were filming at Rapallo we rehearsed in the hall of the Grand Hotel there. One morning an Englishman insisted upon speaking to Guy in the middle of a rehearsal. 'I say,' he commenced, 'aren't you Mr. X. (I can't give you the name)?' 'No. I'm Guy Newall, and exceedingly busy,' said Guy. 'But, oddly enough, I was talking to Mr. X. only two days ago. Poor fellow, he's in an asylum, now.' 'I know,' remarked the persevering one. 'That's why I couldn't help asking you my first

question!' After which rehearsal was delayed for ten minutes whilst order was restored.' *The Starlit Garden* is almost finished now; the interiors were made in the new Newall Beaconsfield Studios.

### Enter Irene Norman.

The screen debut of the Countess of Queensberry was made in *The Romany*, and as simply "Irene Norman," she won favourable notices from almost every critic. In this film she has emphatically made good, and will continue working for the screen in *Tiptoes* and other Welch-Pearson productions. Undaunted by cold, pitiless wind and rain, and conditions which were acknowledged by even so hardy a campaigner as Victor McLaglen to be "really uncomfortable at times," this lady, who recently distinguished herself by driving a two-seater car from Calais across the Alps to Rome, accompanied only by a lady friend, declared she liked "roughing it." But Hugh E. Wright says he's had enough of Scotland for awhile. Anyway, he is about to return to concert-party work with "The Film Follies"; and for all who remember Hughie before he went on the screen, this is excellent tidings.

### Something that Cannot Be "Made in Germany."

The two films George Dewhurst made in Berlin are now completed, and George himself has many amusing stories of his experiences over there. "In *What the Butler Saw*," he says, "I wanted two 'flappers.' Perhaps you've been to Germany?" I hadn't, and said so. "Well, there are no

flappers in Germany. There is the 'Jungfrau,' also the 'Backfische' (the first word means "young lady," the second, "schoolgirl.") This I gathered after threatening to have Dewhurst ejected for using "langwidge." "But, seriously, there isn't a single German actress who measures up to our standards of flapperdom. So I had to import two British girls in a hurry. These were Cynthia Murtagh and Winifred Nelson. And, speaking of language, you ought to have heard what the parrot said the first time he saw our 'Butler.'" Perhaps it's as well the screen is silent.

### No Place Like Home!

The adventures and misadventures of a young wife anxious to keep her equally young husband's love are amusingly told in *Keeping Man Interested*, released this month. Joan Maclean, who plays "Geraldine" in this Quality series, has gone to America. She is not unlike Viola Dana in both appearance and vivacity, and in the scene shown opposite, which comes at the end of the film, she is hiding from an imaginary burglar, whilst friend husband, in pursuit of the same imaginary burglar, captures "him" by the hair of "his" head.

### A Movie Minister.

Wyndham Standing is back into broadcloth again. He has a decided partiality for religious rôles; and in *The Hypocrites*, which he made in Holland, he plays a clergyman. This film is adapted from Henry Arthur Jones' well-known play, and besides Standing, Mary Odette, Harold French,

and other British and Dutch players will be seen. Wyndham Standing made a picture when he went back to America last year, called *The Inner Man*, which has just been released there.

**Denison Clift's Latest.**

Hitherto known better as a comédienne and ingénue, charming, dark-eyed Nancye Kenyon, who decorates this month's cover, has a deeply dramatic rôle in *This Freedom*. She was Denison Clift's choice for "Doda," the unfortunate daughter of a too-modern mother, and the film, which deals with a problem every woman is up against some time or other, is one of the most interesting of 1923 releases. Like *A Bill of Divorcement*, most of the interest in *This Freedom* centres around mother and daughter; and though Clive Brook and the other male members of the cast (especially the sons) have distinctive rôles, it is essentially a story of women for women. Fay Compton plays "Rosalie," and A. S. M. Hutchinson has seen and approved of the film Ideal have made from his novel. Also of the one alteration the scenarist has ventured upon.



Mary Odette, Harold French, and Wyndham Standing in "The Hypocrites."

**Poor Old Joe!**

Hats off to Gertrude McCoy, who caused more tears to flow in an hour and a-half than were quite good for appearances. For, as "Josephine," in *A Royal Divorce*, she presents a study of a loving, self-sacrificing woman, that, although untrue to tradition, is true to the scenario. Gertrude, who seems to thrive on tearful rôles, laughed sagely when I asked her why she was so sad on the screen. "Poor old Joe," said she



Maage Stuart and Stewart Rome in "The Uninvited Guest," written and produced by George Dewhurst.



Irene Norman and Hugh E. Wright in "The Romany."



Sydney Folger and Joan Maclean in "Keeping Man Interested."

"Angel voices and all." No doubt you know the old nigger melody, and it is true that a subtitle in the film makes the long-suffering heroine say she heard voices calling her to go to Napoleon. Don't miss this film, it's excellent.

**Waiting For A Lady!**

Disguised as an author in a huge pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and a Turkish-looking djibbah, and knee-deep in a manuscript paper, Seymour Hicks held forth upon films and film making one night last week. "Twelve years ago," said he; "we made a comedy—Ellaline Terriss and I. We didn't know much about screen-work, and we didn't see it for ages after it was released. I also was filmed as 'Scrooge.' And now, having given the public time in which to forget those early delinquencies, we are about to do it again. Comedies—all comedies, adaptations of 'The Bridal Suite,' 'Always Tell Your Wife,' and other sketches of mine. And I'm to do the sub-titles."

**What Is A Sub-Title?**

"What are sub-titles, by the way?" said Seymour, with his best if-you-were-the-only-girl-in-the-world glance. "Just now we're waiting for a lady—for Ellaline, in fact, who has been very ill, and delayed us about a month. I very much wanted daughter Betty to deputise, but she doesn't like films, and positively refuses." These Hicks comedies will be made at the former Famous-Lasky studios. Their first release will be, *A Honeymoon For Three*, which is "The Bridal Suite," re-shaped, re-titled, and re-edited by Seymour himself.

**NITA NALDI**

*Began her theatrical career as a chorus girl, and is very proud of her rise to stellar rôles. Nita, who is best known to picturegoers for her work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Blood and Sand," is just twenty-two.*

**ROY STEWART**

*Is a screen giant, for he is 6 feet 2 inches high and weighs 190 pounds. At one time a popular cowboy star, he has been equally successful in drawing-room roles, for his films range from "The Desert of Wheat" to "Prisoners of Love."*



**DORIS EATON**

*Was specially imported from New York to play "Rosny Edwards," in "Tell Your Children," released this month. She and sister Mary are prominent members of "Ziegfeld's Follies," and Doris made her first film in America.*

**HENRY B. WALTHALL**

*A very fine actor whose screen popularity dates back to the old Biograph days. The "Little Colonel" of "The Birth of a Nation" has many fine pictures to his credit.*

**WINIFRED WESTOVER**

*Was born at San Francisco and came from convent to screen. She was a member of the mighty cast of "Intolerance," and has played opposite De Wolf Hopper, Fairbanks, Hart, Charles Ray, and Buck Jones.*



# The Screen Fashion Plate



Above: Dorothy Phillips displays a semi-sport costume with French brocaded coat, and accordion-pleated black silk skirt.

Below: Polga Negri wears a delightful creation in white charmeuse.



Oval: Claire Windsor shows a luxurious negligé of silver net worn over French embroidery on grey georgette.



Above: Mary Philbin's walking outfit has a jacket of red and white striped tweed and skirt of white duvetyn. Below: A Gloria Swanson gown of black ciré velvet with hip-bands and shoulder-straps of crystal beads.



Above: Mary Philbin's dance frock has a blouse of powder-blue velvet and skirt of light grey lace.



Raymond Hatton in "Ebb Tide."



The Star of the Month:

# Raymond Hatton

Below: With Virginia Valli in "His Back Against the Wall."



Graphologists, psychologists, and other wise 'ologists can read characters whilst you wait, but only an actor like Raymond Hatton can show the fan-in-the-street how to do it. All sorts and conditions of men are alike easy to him; for he has made a life study of human nature, and his impersonations are so true to type that any and everybody can understand and appreciate them. Raymond has suffered since his early youth from an unshakable propensity for characterisation. At the age of twelve he had left his home in Red Oak, Iowa, to tour with a travelling repertory company through the Middle West. And his repertory consisted of playing the parts of a page boy, an elderly reprobate, and a white-headed old nigger, and also acting as property and call boy. After ten years on the stage, he heard the call of the Kloegs, and served in his time with Kalem, Biograph, Keystone, Lasky, Paramount, Goldwyn, and Ince, returning finally to the Lasky fold, from whence his next release is *Ebb Tide*. Raymond is married, and his wife, Frances Hatton, has recently returned to the screen in several Fox pictures. He is blue eyed and brown-haired, with one of the most expressive faces in all screenland.

# The Bad Samaritan

JOHN  
FLEMING



Can the leopard change his spots? And, if he can, should he?

The Leopard had a name—Smith, or Tomkins, or Jones, or something else. It does not matter. He was known as the Leopard to the gang, and only the gang knew him—the gang and the police, that is. And

the police did not know him well. They knew of him, and they had their suspicions. One day they were convinced that they would "land" him, get him in the net; but they did not know him sufficiently for this achievement as yet—not as well as they would have liked.

The Leopard's name did not matter. He was known as the Leopard. Because he never changed his spots. He did not, as some of the "crooks," pose as a "straight one" when it was to his advantage. In that respect there was a streak of honesty in him. "I'm a crook," he would say. "Well, then, why disguise it? They can't get me till they've got the goods on me, and I'm too smart for that."

He lived west of the Park, in the desert of straight streets that are too dull to trouble the police. He had his haunts, and he never departed from them. He had his rules, and he kept to them.

Narrated by permission from Episode One of the First National production, *Bits of Life*.

Also he had his troubles.

Charlie came in one day. Charlie, too, had a name—a name besides Charlie—but it did not matter. He was always Charlie.

"Well, boy," said Charlie, greeting his friend with a pat on the shoulder, "and how goes things?"

The Leopard sneered.

"See this dud cheque," he said, taking it from his pocket and showing it with a flourish. "I only passed it on the butcher yesterday, and it's back already. It makes you tired. This town's getting too smart."

Charlie threw his hat on the table.

"My own view, boy," he said.

Charlie went to the window and looked out. There was a railway below, and at the very moment a train was pulling out on the first step of its long journey to the west. Charlie sighed as it drew away and vanished round the bend.

"Something on your mind?" asked

the Leopard, drawing back the window curtain to see what had interested his friend.

"A girl," replied Charlie, turning from the window. "Boy, I've got it bad."

"Must have!" remarked the Leopard.

And he took Charlie by the arm and guided him to the best chair.

"Sit down and get it off your mind, then," he said.

Charlie laughed.

"I don't want to," he said.

"Don't want to?"

"No."

The Leopard looked at Charlie, and Charlie looked at the carpet. He even blushed. But at last he went on with his story.

"Boy, she's the greatest thing that ever happened. Now, isn't that an original thing to say? I suppose there's a million other fellows feeling just the same way about a million other girls right at this minute. But I feel it, just the same. I think she's the greatest thing that ever happened, and so she is! We've had it fixed up a couple of weeks, and I've only been waiting for . . . you see, I've left the gang and cleared out of the game. . . ."

The Leopard stared.

"Going straight?"

"Yes, going straight."



*A girl," replied Charlie, turning from the window. "Boy, I've got it bad."*

"H'm! Your own affair, boy, of course. You'll find it hard."

"Here, yes. I'd find it hard, here. But I'm not going to stay here. We're going West as soon as I raise the funds. We're going right out West, where nobody knows me, and I'm going to start all over again there. It was that I came to see you about."

"Came to see me?"

"I want a hundred pounds, boy. You're the only pal left I can go to. If you could raise it for me—"

The Leopard whistled.

"A hundred? I haven't a shilling in the world, old son, at the moment. I don't see—"

"It means everything to me and—the girl," pleaded Charlie.

The Leopard began to pace up and down the carpet, staring at it in perplexity as he did so. He stroked the back of his head and frowned. In a while he whistled. And at last he seemed to get an idea.

"Put on your hat and come out," he said. "I'll raise the money for you somewhere. I've never seen a pal stuck yet. We'll go and look for things."

They went out together and along the dull straight street to where the broad avenue ran up the side of the Park boundary. Up here they turned and continued at a slow pace, chatting. It was early afternoon, still and warm; life seemed lazy and there was nobody about. A policeman, of course, stood at the corner, but he did not count. In any case, he was very nearly asleep. A bee or two buzzed across in the green of the Park. Sheep stood still. And the faint cries of children in their playing green were as drowsy as the thick summer sunshine.

"We'll find something," said the Leopard. "I always get out of tight corners trickily, you know. We'll find something. And I'm not going to see a pal stuck, anyway. Don't hurry. It's too hot."

After three streets they crossed the avenue to the Park side, and continued up beside the railings, and, as they walked, drowsily chatting about vague plans and Charlie's future, Charlie felt a tug at his sleeve and, looking up, saw that the eyes of the Leopard were upon a furtive youth who ran across the green hillocks in the quietest corner of the Park towards the rails.

"Something coming," whispered the Leopard.

The furtive youth climbed the rails and dropped to the pavement. And at once he felt himself in an iron grip, and looked up into the Leopard's face.

"You let me go!" he cried.

"Not likely!" said the Leopard. "I know your sort. I can tell your ways. What have you stolen?"

"Me?" said the youth innocently.

"Come on!" said the Leopard firmly. "Out with it!"

He twisted the youth's shoulder, disclosing a bulging pocket, and from this he took a rich red leather pocket-book. The youth made a last attempt to grab it, but the Leopard knocked his hand away.

"Hold him, Charles," he said. "I'll make the inspection."

He opened the pocket-book and made the inspection. It totalled fifty pounds, and he smiled quietly at the youth as he closed the case and tucked it away in his pocket.

"This will have to be reported to

headquarters," he said. "You look young yourself and I don't want to have you landed. Can you run?"

"Yah!" said the youth. "I've got 'em that way myself before to day."

"You see the policeman at the corner!" threatened the Leopard.

"Yah!" said the youth. "You daren't. Gimme that case."

The Leopard strode down the avenue to the corner, Charlie at his heels, and the unbelieving youth some yards behind. The Leopard awakened the law.

"This fellow behind," he said. "I've been watching him for the last ten minutes. I shouldn't say he was loitering for any good."

"Leave him to me, sir," said the policeman.

And a moment later both youth and policeman had vanished, the youth first and going the faster, but the policeman not far behind.

"I say!" exclaimed the admiring Charlie. "I like your nerve!"

"Nothing venture, nothing do!" quoted the Leopard. "In any case, I want some testimony to my honesty, in case the police should land me one fine morning. This afternoon is going to furnish that testimony."

"Oh, is it!" said Charlie. "I must say I fail to see—"

"Leave it to me, boy," smiled the Leopard. "I wasn't born yesterday."

Half-a-mile up the avenue was Mac's, a favourite resort of the Leopard's. A gathering of the boys could always be counted on in Mac's select little back room, any drowsy afternoon. Now the Leopard piloted Charlie there and installed him in a corner seat.

"Want a bit o' play?" asked Mac, coming along the counter and setting their drinks before them.

"I don't mind," smiled the Leopard. "Playing, Charlie?"

Charlie shook his head.

"Quit that, too, eh? All right. You know your own business. Anybody here, Mac?"

"A few bunches o' green, unless I don't know my men," said Mac.

The Leopard smiled again, and took from his pocket three little dice, the loading of which had made a considerable hole in the Leopard's pocket-money some years before. He fingered them lovingly.

But, before he could say more, or form any plan of campaign, a heavy man with a thick moustache came through from the little back room and laid a watch on the counter. A look from Mac appraised the Leopard of the fact that here was one of the "greens," a newcomer, one unversed in the ways. The Leopard gently nodded.

"Loan me something on this watch," said the heavy man to Mac. "The boys have cleaned me out, and I just can't stop playing."

"It ain't my way o' doin' trade," said Mac, with a shake of the head. "Sorry."

The Leopard leaned over and took up the watch, examining it carefully. "It's worth twenty quid, that watch," said the heavy man. The Leopard smiled. It was worth forty if it was worth a penny. "How much do you want?" he asked.

"I'll take ten on a loan," said the man. "You can have the money back to-morrow at a reasonable interest. Only I just got to play, and the boys have cleaned me out. I've not got a cent."

"All right," said the Leopard gently. "You're a friend of Mac's, I suppose, and so am I. We can trust each other."

He took out the red pocket-case, and from this ten pounds. Passing the money to the stranger, he tucked the money and watch safely into his pocket. Then he called for drinks round.

But it was suddenly seen that the stranger had vanished, and not into the little back room, either. The Leopard laughed.

"I thought so," he said. "Well, it's my bargain. I'm thirty pounds to the good on that deal."

As they drained their glasses, a little man came through the crowd and stood beside the Leopard, rubbing vigorously upon a ring.

"Say, fellow," he said; "a chappie tells me you can tell a good stone when you see one. What sort d'you say this was?"

The Leopard took the ring and examined it. Yes, he could tell a good stone when he saw one. This was worth, at the lowest estimate, seventy or eighty pounds. But the Leopard passed it back with a shrug of contempt.

"Genuine beer-bottle!" was his comment. "Worth ten pounds."

"What!" cried the little man. "Why, I just give a fellow twenty for t."

"Your own fault," said the Leopard. "I'll give you ten for it myself. But that's all you'll get anywhere."

So ten pounds bought the ring, and the little man vanished in the racks of the heavy man. Again the Leopard laughed.

"No questions asked!" he said. "My gain again. Well, I should say I wasn't quite so green. They're satisfied, I'm satisfied."

Then he went on: "Mac, I've thirty pounds left. I want a flutter. Keep Charlie here and listen to his advice while I slip through. I'll not be long."

Nor was he. His trusty dice of he decided bias did their work well. In five minutes he was back in the bar, and the word was going round that the Leopard had cleared the boys right out.

When the Leopard and Charlie were again upon the avenue, slowly ambling northward, the Leopard began to laugh loud and long, and at last Charlie begged to be taken into the inner circles of the joke.

"The joke, my dear Charles," said the Leopard, "is that I cleaned them out to the tune of a hundred and twenty. I can't stop laughing."

They came to where a little crowd stood about a street preacher, whose voice was raised in the story of the Good Samaritan. The spectacle moved the Leopard to more mirth, until at last the preacher came from the stand and spoke to him.

"You should not laugh," he said. "Some day, perchance, you will fall among thieves."

"Nay," said the Leopard, moving off; "I'm on the other side. I'm the Samaritan. I'm the Bad Samaritan."

At the top corner of the Park the two men stood to say good-bye.

"See," said the Leopard. "Here is your hundred to take your girl out West and start again. Here is fifty which I place in the case. I said I wanted proof of my honesty. I shall take this case at once to police headquarters and tell them how I came by it—the straight tale. The man who lost it will get it back. So we're all satisfied, eh?"

"But you?" said Charlie.

"Oh," laughed the Leopard, "I get a forty-guinea watch and a seventy-guinea ring. It's a funny world. . . . Well, good-bye, boy."

On his way down the East Avenue, a line of perplexity came on the Leopard's brow. Something the street preacher had said at the other side of the Park . . .

Come to think of it, he never had done anything for anybody—nothing, that is, without hope of reward for himself. He had been on occasions, as just now, in Charlie's case, a Bad Samaritan. He had never been a Good Samaritan. But what opportunities. . . .

And then he wondered. Why should he be thinking of this?

As he walked he passed an open space, half boarded in, that was to be a building site, and as he came to an opening in the fence he heard a groan. He looked in, and saw a man, an elderly man, fallen on the bare ground. His clothes were disarranged, and he bled from a wide wound in the temple.

At once the Leopard was by his side. The first time. . . .

"Hold up, old man," he said. "I'll get you to a taxi. There's a hospital not far."

Half-carrying and half-supporting the man, who was near the borderland of unconsciousness, he got him through the broken railings to the avenue, and here he raised his hand and hailed a taxi. And at that moment the old man came back to consciousness and raised a cry for help.

"That's all right," said the Leopard, "I'm helping you."

But the cry had brought a detective, and the detective demanded to be told the trouble.

"I've been attacked in there," whined the old man, "and my pocket-case and ring and watch have gone."

"What do you know about it?" the detective suspiciously asked of the Leopard.

"Nothing at all," said the Leopard.

"Of course not," said the detective. "But I seem to know your face a bit too well, my lad. Open your pockets."

The Leopard opened his pockets. What else could he do?

"Aha!" smiled the detective, as he looked and saw. "Better get in the taxi with us, you. This'll mean five years for you."

And it did.



"I'll raise the money for you somewhere. I've never seen a pal stuck yet. We'll go and look for things."

# The Beauties of Beaulieu



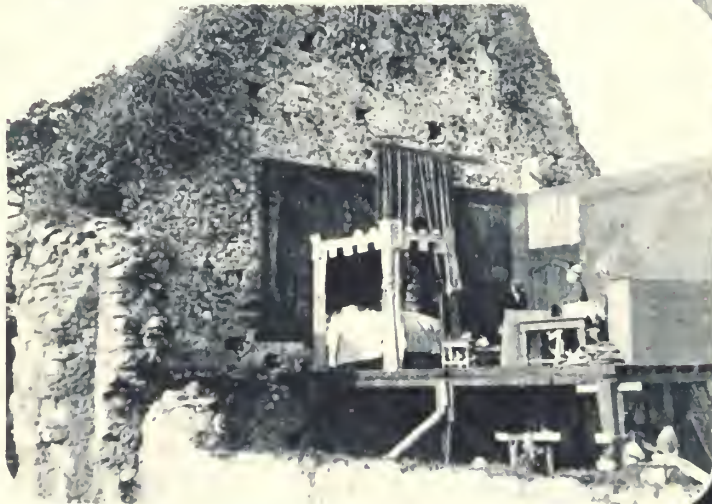
Queen Elizabeth's Coronation procession in "The Virgin Queen," filmed outside the cloisters of Beaulieu Abbey.



This motor lorry supplied the current for interiors.



Below: Queen Elizabeth's council chamber, photographed in the old entrance hall of Beaulieu Abbey.



A "bedroom set" erected amidst the ruins of Beaulieu.



Below: A bedroom scene filmed in the recreation room used by Cistercian monks in the 13th century.



J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Virgin Queen" in the Grounds of Beaulieu Abbey.



# Picturegoer Parodies

# Betty Balfour

Betty Balfour  
in "Wee  
MacGregor's  
Sweetheart."

"Down Harlesden Way": A Song of New London.

When Betty's films are "On  
the Board,"

By all who see them they're  
encored

From Vauxhall way to Harrow.  
And every "fan" is moved to  
swear

Never was star so blithe and fair,  
From Battersea to Barrow.  
All hearts she finds a way to win;  
When her sweet face is "Irisseed  
In,"

I reckon you can hear the din  
From Cornwall unto Yarrow.

*Refrain:*

There's a Violet in Chelsea,  
There's a Flora hard by Kew,  
Screen blossoms many a Walton  
lane adorning;  
But the flower I hold most sweet  
Is the "Radis Rose" I meet  
Down Harlesden way so early in  
the morning.

If Betty Balfour ever deigns  
To leave those realms o'er which  
she reigns,

And trips in fashion frisky  
Along the streets of Everyday,  
Then each one leaves his work or  
play

To form a cortège all the way  
From Baron's Court to Biscay.  
Englishmen smile and look quite  
bright,

Wild Irishmen forget to fight,  
Welshmen lose all their appetite,  
And Scots forsake their whisky.

*Refrain:*

There is cheerfulness in Chelsea,  
There is chaos hard by Kew,  
Each house and office emptied  
without warning.  
Half the world comes out to greet  
The small siren that I meet  
Down Harlesden way so early every  
morning.

Betty Balfour as the dancer in "Twinkle Toes."



# Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood

Scenes from the great film spectacle.



Left: Douglas Fairbanks and Enid Bennett (Lady Marian).

Below: A daring leap.



Below: Robin Hood, captured by his foes is sentenced to be shot.



Above and below: Robin Hood on the war-path. The film contains many thrilling fights.







The Earl of Leicester is painfully shy in the presence of the fair sex.

Robin Hood defies Prince John's men.



The portrait. A charming scene between the Earl of Leicester and Lady Marian.



Above: Robin Hood at bay.

Below: Robin and his bride.



Robin Hood invades the Castle to rescue Lady Marian.



# Directors I Have Met

by

## Nº2 ALLAN DWAN



Allan Dwan, and his giant megaphone used in directing "Robin Hood."

Most of us would be content with one perfectly good vocation; Allan Dwan has at least three at his fingertips, not to mention five or six more at which he could probably make a living, if he had to do so.

Of course, a number of people have been famous athletes, have qualified as electrical engineers, but just how many could direct a picture like *Robin Hood* and make a big success? And so Mr. Dwan has selected his career wisely.

The director to whom you are introduced was born in Canada. Though most of his life has been spent in the States, you would guess his nationality, his athletic type suggesting the North, from which he came as a small boy to Chicago. The "Windy City" appealed to the Dwans, though the stiff breezes from Lake Michigan are usually unfriendly to newcomers, who find the blasts anything but pleasant upon chill wintry days. This was the city of his boyhood, and the city which gave him his first chance in the vocation in which he was to become a prominent figure later on. Between these two come the college days at Notre Dame University, a school famous for its athletes as well as for its scholastic standing. Allan came into his own there, and was a famous

figure on the football field, playing quarter-back.

I heard of his college record while in South America. Speaking of moving pictures, a Peruvian gentleman asked if I had ever heard of his clever class-mate at Notre Dame, and told me of some of Allan's accomplishments at the University. He starred in his subject, and after graduation taught electrical engineering for a while, was the most prominent football player and athlete, shone in amateur theatricals—in fact, was one of their most distinguished pupils.

After teaching a while, he decided to try the stage, and, because of his association with the dramatic club, was chosen for a rôle in a Chicago all-star production at one of the little theatres. In the meantime, he wrote a play—the greatest in the world, he thought it—and took a trip to New York to dispose of it. How different that trip was from those he makes to-day! Then he counted his pennies. Now the best is none too good for him. When he speaks of that adventure, he graphically describes his disappointment. The play did not sell, and practically everything he possessed of value had to be sold to make the trip back to Chicago.

How many of you remember the old

Essanay pictures, with "Broncho Billy," the "Sheriff," and a lot of old familiar characters who played in thrilling Wild West pictures of one and two reels back in 1911 or '12? Perhaps you sent them scenarios—they were in the market for them—and if you received a couple of pounds felt yourself amply repaid? It was at the old Essanay Studio in Chicago that Mr. Dwan made his start with a little no-account story that pleased so well that he was asked to submit others. Soon he became a regular writer upon the staff, then wrote for the American, and journeyed to San Diego as editor and writer for that picture organization. In the California Studio he often directed one of his own pictures, and naturally drifted into the work. An excellent school, but if he had not had real genius that would probably have been the beginning—and the end—of our story.

Here are some of his pictures: *Wildflower*, with Marguerite Clark; *Panthea* (Norma Talmadge); *Cheating Cheaters* (Clara Kimball Young); three Douglas Fairbanks pictures—*Mr. Fix-It*, *He Comes Up Smiling*, and *Heading South*. Also *Soldiers of Fortune*, five other independent productions, and, very recently, *Robin Hood*, which has been pronounced by many the greatest picture of the year

# Chaplin was Wrong

"Young man, you will never be a screen star," said Charles Chaplin to Richard Dix. The joke is on Charlie.

violation of the rights of domestic peace.

I had arrived to interview a popular screen star, not to behave like a school-child scrambling through the turnstiles of the "Zoo," to see the animals feed.

"He may be an hour—and he may be longer," warned the family retainer, in a sepulchral voice. "Lunch is a prolonged affair with Mr. Dix."

So handsome Richard Dix was a gourmet, I contemplated, with some bewilderment. For although he wore a cassock in his screen presentation of "John Storm" in *The Christian*, there had been little to suggest in his lithe figure the excesses of a portly jolly friar.

"Jenkins!" A voice strangely muffled came through the verandah door. "If that is anyone to see me, send them right in."

A moment later I had been ushered into the dining-room, and a tall, handsome fellow rose from beside the table and extended a welcoming hand.

Still there was that mysterious huskiness in his voice.

"A cold?" I asked politely.

"No; potatoes," laughed Richard, as he thrust a fork into a succulent dish of "earth fruit" swimming in butter.

"Haven't tasted a potato for nearly two months," he gulped. "I had to diet and get my weight down for my part in *The Christian*. Now I'm running amok, for I'm out of the monastery for good.

"I looked too healthy for the part, and had to tone down. I lost fifteen pounds in weight in three weeks."

I dashed in with a question before another potato spoilt my chances.

"You travelled a good many thousand miles on location for *The Christian*?" I asked.

"I enjoyed the globe-trotting as much as the fascinating character-study of 'John Storm,'" enthused Dix, as a well-lubricated potato slipped unnoticed from his fork to his plate. I realised with furtive exultation that I had guided him along a path of thought that certainly had interested him.

"London was great. We were treated like royalty, although we took a good many liberties with the conventions of the city. Goodness knows how many

A grey-haired man-servant with side-whiskers which were worthy of an aged retainer of a ducal household greeted me in the porchway of Richard Dix's picturesque Los Angeles home.

"My master is at lunch," he told me.

"Then I will wait," said I, subsiding into a comfortably cushioned chair on the verandah.

Through the glass doors that led into the lounge hall I caught a fleeting glimpse of a trim maid hurrying along the passage-way with a loaded tray of steaming dishes.

The henchman saw that appetising vision at the same moment. He narrowed his eyes, coughed nervously, and then leaned towards me with an air of confidence.

"If you will pardon me saying so," he commenced, "I think it might be quicker if you went straight into the dining-room to see Mr. Dix."

I protested against such a

Richard Dix as himself and as "John Storm," with Mae Busch in "The Christian."



With Joseph Dowling in  
"The Christian."



people we kept out of bed, when we flooded Trafalgar Square with million-candle-power arc-lamps, from midnight to dawn. And when, dressed in a cassock, I made a speech to a huge crowd on Epsom Downs on Derby Day, I had a very good-natured reception, although I am sure a large number of my audience took me for a real revivalist. If they could have seen the carefully marked race card that I had concealed in my pocket they might have changed their opinion.

"I think that I have done some of my best screen work in *The Christian*," said Dix, without the slightest suggestion of boasting pride in his likeable voice. For the youthful Goldwyn star has, in his real personality, all the attractive naturalness and unaffected boyishness that the cameras have caught for the screen.

"Sir Hall Caine was a frequent spectator, and that had the effect of making me keen to live up to his conception of the character of 'John Storm.' It is something of an ordeal, characterising for the cameras a personality created by an author who is standing close by, and perhaps suffering agonies over the mutilation of his work."

"Or enthusiastically enjoying the visualisation of his cold print," I suggested.

"I ought to have made a good job of 'John Storm,'" Dix told me; "for he was the first strong character that I saw on the stage as a boy. When I was quite a youngster, my mother took me to the local town



Richard's Press cuttings seem to provide entertaining reading.

hall to see my first stage play. And, strangely enough, it was 'The Christian.'

"In those days I little thought that I should strut the stage myself in later years. I was meant for a doctor, but that profession had no appeal for me. At eighteen I went to New York, and got a small part on the vaudeville stage, and that started my acting career."

I averted my eyes from Dix's sorrowful face, as suddenly he discovered the deterioration of his delectable potatoes. I had a pang of conscience as I watched him sadly motion to the maid to carry the sorry congealed mass away. He looked like a disappointed child at that moment, and there was a fleeting glimpse of the appealing, unspoiled nature of his boyish personality. There is not a vestige of pretence about him. He does not pose, or frame words just for effect. He's the sort of fellow that might live next door, and you wouldn't think twice about leaning over the garden fence and shouting to him to come in and give a hand with laying the linoleum on the stairs.

It was Richard Dix who laughed cheerfully when Charlie Chaplin, some years ago, told him that he would never make a hit on the films.

"He said that my nose was all wrong," said Dix, when I reminded him of that false prophecy. "You can see it is inclined to be flat and spreading, and Charlie thought that the cameras would make it look really bad on the screen."

A youth less conceited than Richard Dix might have drawn himself up in the approved style of the slighted, and withered his outspoken critic with a contemptuous glance.

But Dix, who has a considerable amount of respect for the prince of screen jesters, took Chaplin's advice in a more practical spirit. Straightway he sought a method of "making up" his nose with grease paint, which would thwart the designs that the relentless lens had in its direction.

And to-day Richard Dix's growing popularity symbolises the fact that Charlie was wrong.

For there is a rugged, pleasing charm about Dix on the screen which

enables him to bring a refreshing naturalness to his characterisations. And the appeal of his likeable personality banishes from the mind any such mundane thoughts as the contemplation of the contours of his nose.

"In England," I suggested, when we were sitting on the rose-covered verandah, to which we had adjourned after the potatoes had met their Waterloo, "were you tempted to forsake your bachelor vows?"

Dix is frank to an embarrassing degree on occasions, and he did not disguise the fact that he thought the American girls were better-looking than the English. "But that is only a matter of opinion, for British women certainly have attraction and charm," he added gallantly.

"Should I ever forsake bachelorhood," confessed my host, "I ought to be pretty well versed in matters matrimonial. My many screen 'marriages' have given me the groundwork, so to speak.

"They said that the story of the shoals that exist in modern marriage, which, with Helen Chadwick, I portrayed in *Dangerous Curve Ahead*, sent husbands away from the picture theatres with a deeper understanding of what their young wives have to cope with. The story sought to show married couples how to round the danger curves of the matrimonial line without wrecking their happiness. There was a lot of real life reflected in that film, and that is the human

kind of story that I think has a greater future on the screen than all the spectacular and costly supes that are shown.

"Another of my new pictures, *The Poverty of Riches*, is a page from the book of married life, for it shows the folly of a husband who destroyed the greatest desire in the life of his wife by his lust for success in riches."

"Yes," said Richard, stretching his long legs and puffing smoke-clouds contentedly from his favourite briar. "I ought to know something about marriage—but until I meet a woman like my mother, I'll never become a Benedick."

Dix is scarcely an idealist, for he believes in looking the facts of life straight in the face, and not obscuring them with impractical dreams. But his affection for his mother has a touch of idealism. With unaffected sincerity he tells the world that what success he has achieved he owes to the frail, white-haired little lady with whom he lives amidst the picturesque plains and valleys of California.

"Mother gave to me my creative possibilities in the direction of screen work," Dix told me. "Come inside and have a look at her paintings."

Enthusiastically he showed me many delicate water-colour sketches, artistically tinted china, and musical compositions, which reflected the talent of his beloved mother.

As we turned over the faded pages of photograph albums, which contained many reminiscences of Richard Dix's youth, my host stopped with a chuckle as he came across a picture showing him sitting in the centre of a group of footballers.

"That is the young man who indirectly was responsible for my entry into the films," he said, pointing with his finger towards a particularly brawny youth who figured in the photograph.

"He broke my nose during a practice match," explained Dix. "A week after that mishap, James Neill and Edythe Chapman, who were playing in the film version of 'The College Widow,' advertised for a football player to figure in the piece. I went along with all the 'local colour' that my bandaged nose gave to me, and I got the job. And that started me on the films."

"Sport is a great tonic for a screen player, and it's better medicine for keeping you fit and not letting the cameras show the shadows and lines of indifferent health on one's face than anything that came out of the blue-tinted bottles of the chemists. And it helps you to keep level-headed and not lose your temper over things that don't matter."

Like most men with the broad, trim shoulders of athletes, and muscles and biceps that command respect should the prospect of an argument arise, Richard Dix is by nature a peaceful fellow.

To look at the youthful star with his level, unlined brows, that never seem to frown, his clear,

laughing eyes and friendly smile, is to realise that it would take a good deal to make him ill-tempered.

He admitted that once he got badly rattled, and that was during the filming of *Yellow Men and Gold*. He had a strenuous part in that picture, and he had to fight on land and water, and carry out a daring leap of a broad chasm. Then came an incident in which a "crack" cowboy sharpshooter was engaged for one of Dix's stunts.

"You've got to shoot close to Dix without hitting him," the director told the expert with the gun.

"Well," he drawled; "I'll want another twenty-five dollars if I'm going to take a risk like that."

"And he got it—for taking the risk!

"And when the shooting was over, I talked straight to that gunman, and let him know who was really risking a damaged skin."

Dix confessed to me that his greatest aversion in life was seeing himself on the screen for the first time in a new picture.

"Like most stage actors, I have been through the tortures of stage-fright," he admitted, "but that spine-chilling sensation is nothing compared with 'screen fright.'"

"For, when you see your shadow self on the screen, you recognise those little faults of acting; of character interpretation, which required just a few more subtle touches to be perfected, and similar mistakes, which it is too late to remedy."

"And all through the picture, you sit watching like a Mark Tapley, waiting for something to turn up—some fresh phase of acting which you feel reflects your best work. And still the celluloid slides through the projector, and that perfect piece of acting does not flash on to the screen. And you inwardly groan, and thank the kind fates for the darkness of the projecting theatre which hides your despairing features."



Left: *The Dix smile.*

Below: *Richard Dix and Mae Busch en route for England, where exteriors for "The Christian" were filmed.*





*Mrs. Dix finds her son an appreciative art critic.*

"One of the most vivid memories of my career was the occasion when I witnessed the first performance of *Not Guilty*, the picture which introduced me to the screen.

"I had all the thrills of a first night, only a thousand times more awful. I picked the picture to pieces the whole time that it was showing. And I felt that everyone around me was vivisectioning me in just the same way."

Before I left Richard Dix's charming old-world home, I was introduced to his mother. It is simple to see from whom handsome Richard Dix has inherited his attractive, smiling grey eyes, to whom the cameras are so kind.

For Mrs. Dix, with eyes that, despite the whiteness of her hair, are still unfaded, smiles back at one with a charm that mirrors the appealing friendship and good-nature that her famous son radiates from the screen.

She is inordinately proud of Richard, and one realises that it will have to be a rather wonderful woman who tempts Dix into the paths of matrimony. For he is looked after with a care that reflects the tenderness of mother love.

It is not so much personality that impresses one where Richard Dix is concerned. It is his absolute naturalness and unspoilt nature, despite the success which has come his way, and the popularity which his work behind the foot-lights and on the screen has brought to him. In many ways he is still a boy, with the care-free outlook of youth on life.

He told me, with almost childish glee, how he convinced everyone in his picture, *The Wall Flower*, that he was a hopeless ballroom dancer.

"In that film, you remember, I appeared as the worst dancer in town. I succeeded in blacking the satin shoes of every lady at the party to which I went with Colleen Moore.

"Then," explained Dix, as he threw back his head and laughed like a schoolboy, "we gave everyone a surprise.

"A few weeks after the film was completed, Colleen and I entered for the dancing championships in a local town

And we walked off the ballroom floor with a silver cup as the trophy of the evening."

Pot-hunting, by the way, has long been a hobby of the popular Goldwyn star. On a massive oak sideboard in his dining-room, there are ornate cups which he has won for golf, swimming, and shooting.

In connection with golf, Dix told me an amusing story. Apparently the telephone service in Los Angeles is the "worst ever." So that a popular joke in that locality, when invited by friends to play a round of golf, is to reply, "Sorry, can't come. I've got to make a telephone call this afternoon!"

Gradually Richard Dix is moving towards the stellar heights of film popularity. And not only is his growing success failing to spoil him, but he gains friends wherever his travels take him—friends who join the increasing numbers of his admirers who are attracted by the appeal of his screen personality, and those who have been fortunate enough to meet him in real life.

In the studios he has a cheery smile for everyone, from the director to the call-boy. And I felt something of the appealing charm of that good-natured smile when he extended his hand to bid me good-bye.

When I was half-way along the wooded drive that led to the entrance-gates of his old-world house, I remembered that I had forgotten, after all, to have even one good look at the nose that Chaplin predicted would become as distressing to its owner as that of *Cyrano*. Dix is such a likeable fellow that you just don't notice whether he's even got a nose at all. Yes Charlie, you sure were wrong! P. R. M.



*Richard with his mother and niece.*

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### BILL OF THE FILMS.

Bill Russell is my hero,  
The King of all the screen,  
His stunts to me are wonderful,  
I wish I were his Queen.

I like him as a cowboy,  
He keeps me all in thrills,  
When movie bullets fly around,  
Like rain among the hills.

M. A. (Kilnarnock).

### ALL THE STARS.

They tell me "Guy Newall" the time  
when "Cameron's Carr" went  
"West,"

When "Violet Hops-on" board says  
he, the "Rhodes" will do the rest.  
"Florence" will want to "Turn-er"  
side, "Doris May" wish to "Rome,"  
But "Gloria Hope"'s they soon will  
get to "Peggy's Hyland" home.

"Poppy" will go and "Wyndham"  
up while "Wyndham's Standing"  
by.

'Cause "GregoryS-cott" a shrewd idea  
the "Stars" may reach the sky.  
They said "Charles"'s lamp will shine  
a "Ray," but "Bill Hart"-ily  
laughed,

'Cause "Ivy Close"ly wrapped up  
well, "Norwood Eille" risk a  
draught

"James's Horn" was sounded loud  
and shrill, "Tom Mix"-ed a drink  
or two,

"Betty" was "Blythe" and gay as  
well, tho' "Monty" looked quite  
"Blue,"

The "Miles" they went were "Moore"  
and "Moore" "O'land" and in  
the air.

"Harry" had put the "Meter"  
wrong, the darned thing "Bus-  
ter"-ed "Fair."

So up and up the "Stars" were  
"Shot," illumming the sky,  
"Norma" looked near as "Tal as  
Madge," and "Fatty" like a fly.

They tell me these things happened  
once, I call it "Tommy" rot,  
But still I'll write and ask our  
"George," he'll tell me on the spot.

G. RHAM (Rotherham).

### TO ANY SCREEN MOTHER.

We watch her growing older,  
We see her beauty fade  
Like some delightful flower  
That's lost its richest shade.

Her eyes have lost the sparkling  
light

That in her youth she knew;  
But now there is a deeper thought  
Beneath the self-same hue.

Her smile that was vivacious  
Has changed to gentler tone;  
Her hair has lost its lustre  
In it the silver's shown.

Her childish pranks are over,  
Her ways calm and serene;  
And though now past that golden  
age,

We keep her memory green,  
D. W. (Calcutta).

### ALL A DREAM.

I'd just been reading "Picturegoer,"  
and dropping off to sleep,

I had a simply awful dream; it  
nearly made me weep.

I dreamt that Nazimova's hair was  
died a peacock blue,

And Tommy Meighan (my favourite  
star) was only five-feet-two;

That pretty dark-eyed Lila Lee was  
nearly forty-four,

And Charlie Ray had grown a beard  
and kept a hardware store.

I also dreamt that Lillian Gish, that  
lovely, petite star,

Had grown to be six feet in height,  
and served behind a bar;

That Kenneth Harlan's lovely nose  
had turned an emerald green;

He'd also bought a fried-fish shop  
and left the movie screen.

I dreamt that Clara Kimball Young,  
when going into town,

Wore red and green striped overalls  
with spots of ginger brown.

At last I woke; my "Picturegoer"  
was lying on my knee,

And in its pages were the stars, just  
as they ought to be.

A. S. (Glasgow).

[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. 216 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," PICTUREGOER, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.]

### Extra! Extra!

Katherine MacDonald, in *My Lady's Latchkey*, is asked to fetch the evening paper. She brings it in and reads it to "Widow Barnes." Large letters at the top announce that the "evening" paper is the *Daily Telegraph*. This paper has not, to my knowledge, any evening edition.—B. M. (Canterbury).

### Cinderella's Mistake?

In *Forbidden Fruit* Agnes Ayres is supposed to leave the ball-room on the stroke of twelve. On her departure, however, the clock plainly shows that it is eleven-thirty.—E. G. (Dewsbury).

### Serials Make Their Own Laws!

One episode of *The Bull's Eye*, an Eddie Polo serial, shows the boss of the ranch leaving his daughter all his property by will. But the will was not witnessed, and everyone knows that a will is not valid unless it is witnessed by two persons. M. J. (S. Africa).

### We Suppose So.

In *The Branding Iron*, when the stranger shoots the husband (James Kirkwood), he falls down "dead." The stranger then takes the "dead" man's wife into the next room, but when they come out again the husband has changed both his pose and his position. I expect he felt uncomfortable in his first fall. D. W. (Nr. Bristol).

### A Strange Case.

When "D'Artagnan" (Doug. Fairbanks) in *The Three Musketeers* goes to England to fetch the Queen's diamonds, he finds that Lady de Winter has preceded him, and cut them off Buckingham's coat during a fête. Later D'Artagnan enters Milady's cabin on board ship, and takes the studs from her. They are now in the case in which the King gave them to the Queen. But, as the Queen did not give Buckingham the case when she gave him the jewels, how did it get to England?—P. C. (Hull).

### Give It Up.

"Ruth," in *Men, Women, Love*, decides to leave the house, as she is accused by her sister of stealing her husband's love. So she collects all her belongings and goes off in a car-hatless. Can you tell me why she should remember to take her luggage but forget her hat? D. I. S. (London)



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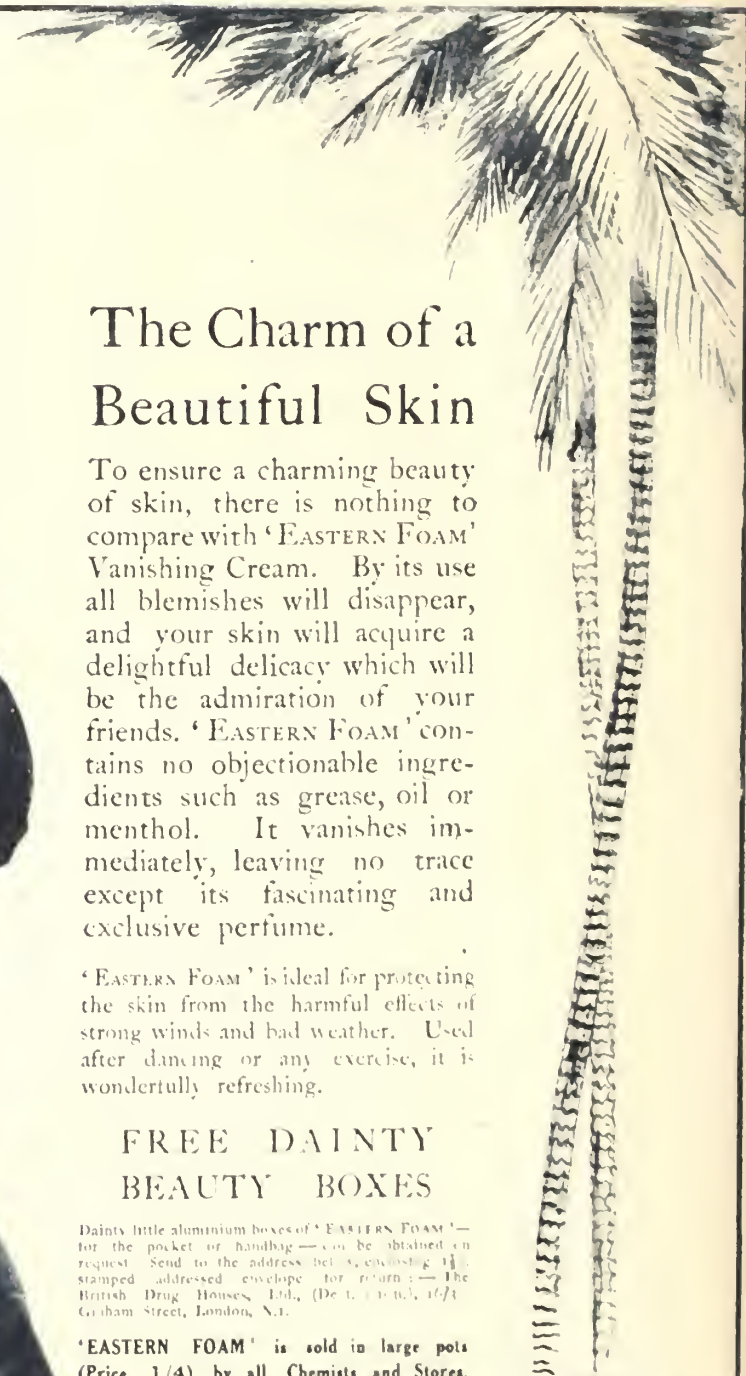
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# SCREENING A FAMOUS DRAMA



Mary Odette in "The Hypocrites."

Granger's film version of Henry Arthur Jones's famous play, *The Hypocrites*, which was first produced in New York and London seventeen years ago, provides excellent screen fare. It is a pungent story, replete with dramatic situations.

*The Hypocrites* of the story inhabit a little country town, over which the Lord of the Manor holds absolute sway. The only person

to question his authority is Edgar Linnell, a young curate, sworn enemy of hypocrisy in all its forms. Although the Lord of the Manor takes a harsh view of the misdemeanours of his parishioners, he is the first one to play a hypocritical rôle when his own son falls from grace.

The son having become entangled with a Continental dancer, his parents do everything in their power to prevent the truth being made public. Linnell incurs their enmity by befriending the dancer, and a tissue of lies is built up around his philanthropic act. Events lead up to a dramatic climax, in which the curate triumphs over the hypocrites.

The cast of *The Hypocrites* is remarkably strong. Wyndham Standing, famous for his work in *Earthbound*, *Smilin' Through*, and other screen successes, portrays the part of "Edgar Linnell"; and other favourites in the film are Lillian Douglas, Mary Odette, Gertrude Sterroll, Roy Travers, Sydney Paxton, Bertie White, and Harold French. The last-named player is better known for his stage work in this country, which includes leading rôles in "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Where the Rainbow Ends," "Twelfth Night," "The Bird of Paradise" (opposite Willette Kershaw), and "The Blue Lagoon," in which he played opposite Faith Celli. His films include *The Land of Mystery* and *Only April*.

The film was made in Haarlem, Holland, in the Granger-Binger Studios there, under the direction of Charles Giblin, better known hitherto in America. Mary Odette, whose first film opposite Wyndham Standing this is, has a more dramatic rôle, if possible, than the



Two studies of Wyndham Standing as "Edgar Linnell."



Wyndham Standing and Sydney Paxton.

one she portrayed in *The Lion's Mouse*. This clever little lady is now a familiar figure in Haarlem and along the dunes nearby. Wyndham Standing left for America immediately on completion of his work; he was due to put in an appearance there some months ago; but the lure

of a "clergyman rôle" made him stay this side. "Let me go down!" he says (in the film). "If the truth is to go down, let me go down with it. I couldn't wish for a better end." But he does not go down, as you will see when you view the screen-play.



Wyndham Standing and Vera Hargrove.

# "The Hypocrites"



"You hypocrites!"



Wyndham Standing and Lillian Douglas.



"So you are the girl."

Below:  
Harold French and Mary Odette.



The Test.

The Fine Granger-Binger Film Version of Henry Arthur Jones World Famous Play



Mother and Son.



Good Samaritans.



Pleasantries.



Circle:  
Gertrude Sterroll,  
Lillian Douglas  
and Roy Travers.

Despair.



The coward's part.



# "Dr. Mabuse"

The Great Unknown



The shadow of Mabuse.



The Countess Tolst.



The meeting.



At Schramm's.



Above: The reception. Right: Dreams of power.

Granger's to present  
a wonderful Super-production



Count Tolst.

Below:  
At the Petit Casino.



Above:  
Doctor Mabuse.



The cabaret.



Above: The betrayal.  
Left: Doctor Mabuse and Countess Tolst.



# Who is Doctor Mabuse?

A remarkable German production.

Master criminals have always fascinated the cinema public. From the Arthur Reeve creations to Moriarty, the exploits of evildoers have been watched with never flagging interest by breathless millions, and the latest recruit in the legion of the wrong 'uns is certain to find a large and appreciative public.

*Doctor Mabuse*, who will shortly make his bow to British audiences, is a German creation, a sinister character introduced by Robert Jaques in his novel, "Dr. Mabuse, the Gambler." The film version, produced by Fritz Lang, is a remarkable picture in many respects, but its chief interest lies in the wonderful acting of Rudolf Klem Rogge, whose rendition of the title rôle is one of the most wonderful characterisations ever seen on the screen. Rudolf Klem Rogge, who is a master of make up, invests the part with a most haunting realism.

The other characters are, without exception, vital and interesting. Cara Crozza, the dancer; De Witt, Chief of the Police; Count Tolst, the dreamer; Edgar Hull, young, wealthy and impressionable; and the Countess Tolst, indifferent to most things, including Dr. Mabuse.

*Produced by Fritz Lang, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolf Klem Rogge, Cara Crozza, De Witt, Count Tolst, Edgar Hull, and the Countess Tolst.*



The séance—one of many brilliant scenes in "Doctor Mabuse."





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A HUNDRED-FOLD**



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All girls and women should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings." A copy will be sent quite free if you write to R.G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.



### Afraid to Fight (*European*; March 19).

Vigorous drama, with fighting Frank Mayo belying the title. Lillian Rich and Peggy Cartwright provide the reasons for all the scrapping. Good entertainment.

### Alias Ladyfingers (*Jury*; March 5).

All about a crook whose sudden desire for reformation turns what might have been a dramatic romance into broad comedy. Bert Lytell stars, and Ora Carew, Edyth Chapman, De Witt Jennings, Frank Elliott and Stanley Goethals support. Good entertainment.

### The Angel of Crooked Street (*Vita-graph*; March 19).

Charming Alice Calhoun in a detective story suffering from an over-diffuse scenario. Ralph McCullough opposite, also Scott McKee, Nellie Anderson, Martha Mattox and William McCall.

### A Gipsy Cavalier (*Gaiumont*; March 5).

A J. Stuart Blackton production adapted from John Overton's novel. All-star cast includes Georges Carpentier, Flora Le Breton, Mary Clare, Sir Simeon Stuart, Hubert Carter and Rex McDougall. Excellent romantic fare.

### A Poor Relation (*Goldwyn*; March 19).

Weak story and poor scenario, but good direction and acting by Will Rogers, Sylvia Breamer, Wallace McDonald, Molly Malone, Sydney Amansworth, Robert de Villiers and Walter Perry.

### A Sailor Tramp (*Jury*; March 26).

A vivid and vigorous Welch-Pearson kinematization of Bart Kennedy's novel, with Victor McLaglen and Hugh E. Wright as a lovable though diverse pair of chums. Cast includes Pauline Johnson, Ambrose Manning, Bertie Wright, Kate Gurney and Mrs. Hubert Willis.

### A Stage Romance (*Fox*; March 26).

The rise and fall of the tragedian, Edmund Kean, according to William Farnum, Peggy Shaw, Myrtle Bonilas, Paul McAllister, Holmes E. Herbert, Ruth Goodwin, and Bernard Seigall. Mainly for Farnum fans.

### A Thousand to One (*Jury*; March 12).

Hobart Bosworth the outstanding figure in a dramatic if inconsistent story of regeneration. Ethel Grey Terry opposite; also Charles West, Landers Stevens, and Fred Kohler. A good melodrama.

### A Woman's Place (*Ass. First Nat.*; March 12).

Constance Talmadge standing for mayor in a multitude of Paris frocks. Cast includes Kenneth Harlan, Hassard Short, Florence Short, Ina Rorke, Marguerite Linden and Jack Connolly. Light comedy, mainly for the ladies.

### Bits of Life (*Ass. First Nat.*; March 5).

A four-in-hand vehicle driven by Marshall Neilan. Three other stories besides the one on page 35. Featuring Lon Chaney, Wes Barry, Edward Johnson, John Bowers, Rockcliffe Fellowes and Noah Beery. Unusual, therefore interesting, entertainment.

### Breakneck Barnes (*Artistic*; March 23).

Improbable but really humorous light comedy, with Johnny Hines as a slacker who braced up. Also Betty Carpenter, Edmund Breeze, George Fawcett, J. Barney Sherry, Julia Swayne Gordon, and Billy Boy Swinton.

### Devotion (*Jury*; March 29).

Or three women in search of happiness and what Fate found for them. Hazel Dawn and E. K. Lincoln star; and Violet Palmer, Henry G. Sell, Renita Randolph, Wedgewood Nowell and Bradley Barker support. Sentimental entertainment.

**Doctor's Orders** (*W. and F.*; *March 5*).

One of Harold Lloyd's best; a satirical comedy full of clever and human little touches, poking fun at a certain type of medico. Mildred Davis opposite; also John T. Prince, Eric Mayne, Anna Townsend, and C. Norman Hammond. Prescribed by Harold Roach; we recommend it.

**Don't Tell Everything** (*Paramount*; *March 12*).

The late Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Dorothy Cumming, Genevieve Blinn, Baby Gloria Wood, and the Briac twins in a breezy out-of-doors love story. Excellent comedy fare, though Reid fans may have trouble in raising a smile.

**The Forbidden Thing** (*Jury*; *March 1*).

Simple, sincere, and strong. James Kirkwood stars in this tale of love in a fishing village, well supported by Helen Jerome Eddy, Marcia Manon, King Baggot, Jack Roseleigh, Arthur Thalasso, Newton Hall, and Katherine Norton. Excellent entertainment.

**The Fall of the Curtain** (*B.E.F.*; *March 8*).

Francesca Bertini in a dramatic stage story founded on an Ohnet novel. Two actresses love the same man, with tragic results for all three. Good settings, but sombre as entertainment.

**French Heels** (*Wardour*; *March 15*).

Irene Castle dances through this fairly good romance in a fashion which will delight lovers of Terpsichore. Her partners are Charles Gerard, Ward Crae, and Thomas Murray.

**The Goddess of Lost Lake** (*Feature*; *March 19*).

Fine forest and lake scenery, a somewhat disappointing story of Indians and pseudo-Indians, and Louise Glaum, Joseph J. Dowling, Lawson Butt, Howard Mack, and Frank Lanning. Good entertainment.

**Good Heart** (*Paramount*; *March 1*).

Milton Sills and Ann Forrest in a story of a young preacher and an old-young girl. Cast includes Fontaine La Rue, May Giraci, Adolph Menjou, Robert Brown, and Winifred Greenwood. Good entertainment.

**Girls Beware** (*Unity*; *March 8*).

A story for mothers and daughters with the story of "Faust," well staged and acted, held up as an awful warning. Beatrice Michelena and Lois Wilson star, with Frances Burnham, Albert Morison, and Mina Gleason. Improving but interesting romantic fare.

**Hearts Up** (*F.B.O.*; *March 12*).

Human Harry Carey in a human little story of his own about an altruistic man. Supporting cast includes Charles Le Moyne, Frank Braidwood, and Mignonne Golden. Characteristic Western romance.

**His Back Against the Wall** (*Goldwyn*; *March 12*).

Raymond Hatton's first star picture. A one-man show in which a tailor vindicates the honour of his profession and disproves an old saw. Virginia Valli opposite. Excellent light drama.

**Is Marriage a Failure?** (*Jury*; *March 19*).

A Maurice Tourneur production treating of three marriages, with an all-star cast including Doris May, Wallace MacDonald, Hobart Bosworth, Kathleen Kirkham, Charles Meredith, and Betty Schade. Good entertainment.

**Jane Eyre** (*Wardour*; *March 5*).

An American adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's famous story of Victorian days. Mabel Ballin stars, and Norman Trevor, Crauford Kent, Elizabeth Aeriens, Louis Grizel, Emily Fitzroy, and John Webb Dillon support. Good, if somewhat morbid, entertainment.

**John Chilcote, M.P.** (*First Nat.*; *March 19*).

Guy Bates Post in an effective picturisation of Katherine Cecil Thurston's novel, and a good dual rôle. Also Edward Kimball, Ruth Sinclair, Herbert Standing, Lawson Butt, Marcia Manon, Barbara Tennant, and Kenneth Gibson. Excellent entertainment.

**Just Around the Corner** (*Paramount*; *March 22*).

Based on a Fannie Hurst story of New York tenement and underworld life. Well directed by Frances Marion, and acted by Lewis Sargent, Sigrid Holmquist, Margaret Seddon, Rosa Rosanova, Peggy Parr, and William Nally. Good entertainment.

**The Lane that Had No Turning** (*Paramount*; *March 19*).

Rather a long lane, but interesting all the way. A story of revenge and self-sacrifice, starring Agnes Ayres, with Theodore Kosloff, Mahlon Hamilton, Frank Campeau, Lillian Leighton, Charles West, and Fred Broom also in the cast. Good dramatic fare.

**The Loaded Door** (*European*; *March 26*).

Hoot Gibson in a good Western story, supported by Gertrude Olmstead, Bill Ryno, Eddie Sutherland, Noble Johnson, Victor Potel, and C. L. Sherwood.

**Little Miss Rebellion** (*Paramount*; *March 1*).

With little Miss Gish (Dorothy) as a Grand Duchess who is a democrat despite her royal birth. Ralph Graves, George Siegman, Riley Hutch and Marie Burke support. Good comedy fare.

**The Magnificent Brute** (*European*; *March 19*).

Melodramatic Western stuff, with plenty of fights. Frank Mayo, Dorothy Devore, Alberta Lee, William Eagle Eye, and Dick Sutherland providing many thrills.

**The March Hare** (*Gaumont*; *March 12*).

Bebe Daniels in an excellent farce which suits this star-piquante to a nicety. Concerns the doings of a wayward Society girl. In the cast are Mayne Kelso, Harry Myers, Helen Jerome Eddy and Sydney Brady.

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### The Milton Mystery (Vitagraph; March 5).

Stage and Society spectacular drama, with a good story, lavish settings, and excellent acting by Corinne Griffith, Kenneth Harlan, Charles Hammond, David Torrence, Regina Quinn and Dan Duffy. Good fare for all, especially the fair sex.

### Miss Lulu Bett (Paramount; March 26).

Lois Wilson in a capital character study of a drudge whose eagerly anticipated idyll turns out badly, but who finally wins through to happiness. Milton Sills opposite, and Theodore Roberts, Helen Ferguson, Clarence Berton, May Giraci and Mabel Van Buren all excellent in support. Good entertainment.

### Riding with Death (Fox; March 5).

Buck Jones in a somewhat mechanical Westerner, alternately falling in love and shooting people in each reel. Also Betty Francisco, Jack Mower, Jack McDonald and William Steel.

### The Royal Divorce (Napoleon Films; March 5).

A British super based upon the famous melodrama, starring Gertrude McCoy and Gwylm Evans, with Mary Dibley, Gerald Ames, Lillian Hall Davies, Jerrold Robertshaw and Mercy Peters also in the cast. An excellent semi-historical drama.

### Rent Free (Paramount; March 5).

A comedy romance about an artist who takes French leave, and a girl who takes charge of him. Featuring Wallace Reid, with Lila Lee, Clarence Geldart, Claire McDowell, Lillian Leighton, and Gertrude Stuart supporting. A good light feature.

### The Riddle Woman (Phillips; March 1)

Geraldine Farrar in a tempestuous drama about the exploits of a modern Don Juan, William P. Carleton opposite; also Adele Blood, Frank Losee, Montagu Love, Madge Bellamy and Louis Stern. For melodrama-lovers chiefly.

### Riders of the Night (Wallurdaw; March 10).

Shows some favourite stars in rôles quite out of their usual beat. Viola Dana pathetically tragic, and Monte Blue as a "killer"; with George Cheseboro, Clifford Bruce, Mabel Van Buren and Russell Simpson in support. Thrillful entertainment.

### Scrambled Wives (Ass. First Nat.; March 20).

Marguerite Clarke's last film to date. A slender story adapted from the stage play. Leon P. Gendron supports; also Ralph Burke, Virginia Lee, America Chidester, Emma Wilcox and John Mayer. Fair entertainment.

### The Silent Voice (Allied Artists; March 10).

George Arliss as a musician who loses his hearing, and almost his happiness. All star cast includes Ann Forrest, Ivan Simpson, Edward Earle, Miriam Battista, Ethel Shannon, Mickey Bennett, Mary Astor, and Pierre Gendron. Excellent entertainment.

### The Sin Flood (Goldwyn; March 5).

Powerful drama based on a well known human failing. Excellent acting by Richard Dix, Helen Chadwick, James Kirkwood, John Stepping, Ralph Lewis, L. H. King, William Orlamond, Howard Davies and Will Walling. A treat for the discriminating.

### Soldiers of Fortune (Gauumont; March 26).

A South American war story, with some big mob and fight scenes, and a fine cast, including Anna Q. Nilsson, Norman Kerry, Pauline Starke, Ward Crane, Wallace Beery, Fred Kohler, Frank Wally and Phil McCullough. Good entertainment.

### Strength of the Pines (Fox; March 12).

William Russell, Irene Rich and Lester Bates in a story of primitive passion and revenge in the Oregon wilds. Fair entertainment.

### Schooldays (Phillips; March 25)

Wes Barry stars in this human little story of a very human boy. Excellent character studies by George Lessing, Francis Conlan, Nellie Spaulding, Arline Blackburn, Jerome Patrick and Arnold Lucy. For the youthful of all ages.

### The Storm (European; March 26).

Rugged and spectacular North-Western drama starring a forest fire; also House Peters, Virginia Valli, Matt Moore and Joseph Swickard. Exciting entertainment.

### Tell Your Children (Gauumont; March 19).

Rather novelettish propaganda, as the title would lead you to expect. Good photography; and Doris Eaton, Walter Tennyson, Mary Rorke and Adeline Hayden Coffin.

### Trailin' (Fox; March 19).

Tom Mix in an intricate and rather "scrappy" Western, in which the star has some remarkable stunts. Supporting Tom are Carol Holloway, Eva Novak, Cecil von Anker.

### Tess of the Storm Country (Allied Artists; March 1).

Mary Pickford in a re filming of her early success. Cast includes Lloyd Hughes, Gloria Hope, David Torrance, Forrest Robinson, Mme. de Bodamere, Jean Hersholt, Danny Hoy, Robert Russell and Gus Saville. Excellent entertainment.

### Tit for Tat (Imperial; March 29).

Good light comedy about a nervous young man who is played by Henry Edwards. Chrissie White opposite; also Mary Brough and Annie Esmond in character rôles.

### Watch Your Step (Goldwyn; March 26).

Cullen Landis as a happy-go-lucky country boy in a good light comedy of American village life. Patsy Ruth Miller, Bert Woodruff, and Harry Rattenbury also appear.

### The Wonderful Story (Astra; March 5).

Lives up to its title. An exceptionally good British eternal triangle story, produced by Graham Cutts and featuring Herbert Langley and Lillian Hall Davies, Olaf Hyllton.

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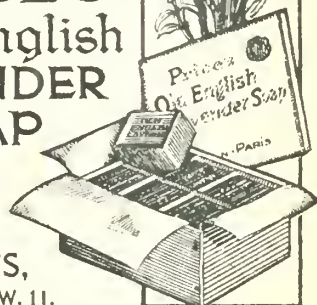
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and I like Mackintosh's Toffee most because it seems to bring most smiles. Everybody likes it... even Grandpa, and he's most times like the BIG bear! I suppose it's because Mackintosh's is so good. Mother says you can't be really happy unless you're good. And I suppose eating good things simply must make you good.

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Let George Do It!



Bull Montana

A NEW READER (W. Hartlepool).—(1) She hasn't done any film work recently. Write her c.o. Walturdaw, 46, Gerrard Street, London, and mark envelope, "Please forward." (2) They have no headquarters in U.S.A., as they only rent films, and do not produce them. That's right, N.R. The Post Office is responsible for all that kind of thing.

OLIVE TWIST (Clapham).—Remarks that she's always coming back for more. You'll get it, my lass, some day, and then you'll be sorry you came. (1) No names were given in that cast except Ora Carew's. It's an old film, so I'm afraid I can't help you; (2) Sorry to say those "yarns" were true; (3) I have been told that I resemble that actor, so, naturally, am hardly the right man to answer that one; (4) Griffiths in *The Fatal Marriage*, which is the Enoch Arden story, will be reissued next June or July. It stars Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid. *Peter Ibbetson* is a "Super"; (5) He put up a very brave fight. But try to forget all about the "yarns." (6) Yes, I'm like your sketch—i.e., I have two eyes, two ears, one nose, mouth, chin, and neck. Emphatically NOT curly hair, though.

TRIBE (Waterloo).—The prodigal reader returns! All is forgiven. (1) *Miarka* was released some time ago. (2) Ivor Novello is well known as a composer. Commenced screen career in 1919 in *The Call of the Blood*, and has played in *Miarka*, *Carnival*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and *The Man Without Desire*. Now in America with D. W. Griffith. (3) Ralph Forbes is twenty-two. (4) She plays minor rôles, Cheerio, my child! Your ambition is realised.

A RICHARDITE (Wimbledon).—(1) Richard Barthelmess has been married for about three years. He will be twenty-eight next May. (2) Mary Ha is twenty-six. (3) Lillian Gish was born Oct. 14, 1896. (4) Pearl White's plans as regards the future are rather uncertain.

C. C. (Hull).—Eric Von Stroheim married Valerie Germonprez. Write to him c.o. PICTUREGOER. It will be a refreshing change for him to hear from someone who "likes him as a hero, and he certainly ought to reward you with a signed photo.

SERIALLI (Bradford-on-Avon).—Thinkest thou that these columns be for thine especial use, importunate one? Learn, then, that "Enough is as good as a feast," or, by my hali dom, this strong right arm will smite thee to the earth. (How's that?) (1) Cast of *The Count of Monte Cristo*—Edmond Dantes—Count of Monte Cristo, "Leon Mathot"; "Mercedes," Nelly Cormon; "Fernand Mandego," M. Garat; "Danglars," M. Colas "Villefort," Albert Mayer; "Caderousse," M. Dalleui. (2) "Tons o Money" will probably be filmed this year. (3) When Mary Pickford does (4) Douglas Fairbanks junior is about fourteen years old. He has been in Paris for some time and will certainly be a screen actor. Vitagraph and Fox produced *Tale of Two Cities*. Dustin Farnum and Jewel Carmen in *The Spy*.

J. S. (Sloane Street).—The printer is the culprit. Jack Holt is married and has three children, as you say. Jack Hobbs is the bachelor. (1) Two of Pola Negri's pictures—*Sumurun* and *Carmen*, are over here at the present time, but no release dates have been fixed. Charles de Roche will be seen in *The Spanish Jade* over here later on

FAITHFUL READER (Sheffield).—Letter duly forwarded. Send along any others you like. (1) It's rumoured that Mary Miles Minter is engaged to be married. (2) Her latest release is *Don't Call Me Little Girl*. (3) Billie Rhodes isn't working just now. She's twenty-eight. I'm sending you our latest Postcard list.

JACK KERRIGAN'S ADMIRER (Honor Oak Park).—(1) Cast of *Nero*: "Nero," Jacques Gretillat; "Horatius," Alexander Salvini; "Tullius," Guido Trento; "Otho," Enzo de Felice; "The Apostle," Neor Bernardi; "Hercules," Adolfo Trouche; "Galba," Felice Carolenuto; "Gracchus," Amerigo de Giorgio; "Garth," Alfredo Calor; "A Roman General," Fernando Cecilia; "A Roman Captain," Enrico Kant; "Poppaea," Paulette Duval; "Acte," Edy Darclea; "Maria," Violet Mersereau; "Julia," Lina Galba; "First Handmaiden," Lydia Maguinto; "Second Handmaiden," Marcia Marchiali. (2) René Maupré was "Andreas" in *Theodora*. (3) All back numbers are obtainable from our publishing department. Thanks for bouquet which, you say, "in imagination you present me." The scent of our roses fills this office (also in imagination).

STUART ROME'S STAUNCH ADMIRER (Dublin).—There's no limit to the fertility of the G.P.O. Sure and it early blighted me young life. (1) Stuart Rome came back from Germany, but went to Egypt. (2) *When Greek Meets Greek* was released last month, *Son of Kissing Cup* will be released next April, and *The Great Gay Road* was released over a year ago. Can't say when you'll see these in Dublin. (3) Herbert Langley did play in Ireland in "The Lady of the Rose." (4) Clyde Fillmore has played on the stage and screen. His biggest film was *the Devil's Passkey*. Satisfied?

VERA (West Bromwich).—(1) Conrad Nagel born 1896 in Des Moines. He fair, with blue eyes. Page plate August 1922 PICTUREGOER, obtainable at Publishing Department for 1s. Nagel's married to Ruth Helms, and as a baby daughter. Address him c.o. PICTUREGOER.

ANON (Paddington).—(1) Evelyn Brent and Lewis Willoughby played *Trapped by the Mormons*. (2) *Married to a Mormon* released May 29, 1922. (3) Hilda Bayley's British. (4) No photos of George Wynne.

C. J. C. (Bray).—(1) Fannie Ward will not do any more film work. (2) Gretchen Lederer is still filming, but not very often these days.

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Cocoanut Oil Fine  
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If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Many soaps, prepared shampoos and shampoo powders, contain too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this cannot possibly injure the hair.

Simply put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup with a little tepid water. Then moisten the hair with water and rub the Mulsified in. It will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, lustrous and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo from all chemists, perfumers, handdressers, and leading toilet goods departments. It is inexpensive, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure you get Mulsified. Beware of imitations—look for the name Watkins on the package.

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TRADE MARK  
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



ELAINE (Birmingham).—(1) I stand corrected. Gareth Hughes born 1897, not 1891. (2) Art plate of Guy Newall in PICTURES April 1922. (3) One of Ivy Duke in PICTUREGOER May 1922. (4) Guy and Ivy interviewed together in PICTUREGOER March 1922. (5) They're married to each other now. (6) Mary Pickford starred in *Less than the Dust*.

G. A. S. (Kingston-on-Thames).—I am forgiven. The sun shines once more! (1) Manning Haynes played in *Three Men in a Boat*. (2) Of the Parum family Dustin is the eldest. Thanks for kind offer to send more queries! If I answered all the present ones I'd have to make a special edition of PICTUREGOER for you. Still, with initials like yours— - Let's mutually forgive.

C. S. (London).—(1) Diana Allen is a blue-eyed blonde, 5 ft. 3 in. in height. Age not stated. (2) Eddie Polo certainly hasn't given up serials. I'm prepared for anything since I joined the Boy Scouts.

CARMEN (Doncaster).—Most people call me "George," misguided people call me "Sir" (I wish they wouldn't), but nobody ever calls me "What." (1) Georges Carpentier is 5 ft. 11 in. in height, and is about twenty-eight years old. His first screen experience was in *The Boxing Cavalier* (a French film); then came *Jack Johnson's Adventures in Paris*, *The Wonder Man*, and *A Gypsy Cavalier*. (2) Jack Dempsey is 6 ft. 1 in. tall.

J. K. (Carlisle).—(1) Letters to film artists, if sent to PICTUREGOER, are always forwarded. There's nothing on my conscience, so you must blame the G.P.O. or the film stars themselves if you haven't had an answer. (2) Nobody doubled for Gordon Griffith in *The Son of Tarzan*. (3) We can't give secrets like that away. (4) American films are often so long that they have to be cut before they can be shown—that's why some of the stills from *Pollyanna* reproduced in PICTUREGOER were not shown in the film when you saw it.

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### A SCHOOL FOR SCREEN STARS

(Continued from page 25)

first magnitude—Agnes Ayres, Lois Wilson, Sylvia Ashton, Thomas Meighan, Conrad Nagel, and Theodore Roberts; and it is their duty to enforce the rules which have been drawn up by the students themselves.

The teaching staff is composed of men and women who are all world-renowned as experts in their particular branch of the new art; and most of them had acquired fame in their speciality even before pictures claimed them.

As it is the desire of the organisers to give the players an opportunity to broaden their technical education so that their training may embrace a knowledge of all phases of picture production, the curriculum of the school is so planned that each scholar may study other sections of the art of film production besides the technique of acting before the camera.

Just figure to yourself the kind of work which members of the Stock Company have now to engage in during their "off" time! The syllabus contains, among such ordinary subjects as physical exercises, ballet dancing, and stage training, items such as: scenario history; the art of scenario

writing; "the analysis of photo-drama"; "photo-drama theory and practice"; "photo-comedy"; "the history of the motion picture"; "the history of costume"; and "physical expression and pantomime"!

Lectures on the theory and practice of photo drama are conducted by William De Mille, one of the best-known directors, and famous as a dramatist long before he entered screenland; while his celebrated director-brother, Cecil B., holds classes on his branch of the art, in which the megaphone plays so important a part.

Another famous director, George Fitzmaurice, is in charge of the classes for the teaching of acting before the camera; George Melford, one of the oldest producers in the service, who has been connected with films since the days of Edison's flickering experiments, lectures on the history of the motion picture. Pictorial value and art on the screen is discussed by Penrhyn Stanlaws, who was one of America's well-known artists before he temporarily neglected the brush for the megaphone; and James Cruze, also a Paramount director, gives the necessary training for the expression of light comedy on the celluloid sheet.

## ON OTHER PAGES

### Free Wedding Presents for Readers.

Because all the world loves a lover, those happy people who are engaged often find that the interest of humanity in their romance is on occasions embarrassing. The ordeal of buying the wedding ring, for instance, is a trying one, for there are always curious eyes looking on at the ceremony, which in reality is rather sacred to those intimately concerned. The excellent idea of the well-known Northern Goldsmiths Company, which consists of a novel method of choosing a wedding ring in strict privacy, is something of an inspiration. All you have to do is to write for a "Felicity" Wedding Ring Brochure. It will be sent to you free of charge, and it illustrates in natural colours and in a realistic life-like way nine different styles of wedding-rings. The lowest price is 25s., and the highest £3 5s. A size-card which accurately measures every finger size is enclosed. Apart from the excellent value of the 22-carat gold wedding ring, the Northern Goldsmiths Company make the generous offer of a solid silver hall marked jam-spoon as a free gift with every "Felicity" wedding ring purchased. Here is a wonderful opportunity that you should not miss. Write to the Northern Goldsmiths Company, New-castle on Tyne, England, to day.

### A Screen Star's Secret.

The screen star, who so largely relies on her beauty to retain her popularity with the picture-theatre public, cannot afford to neglect any aid to attractive appearance. It is for this reason that so many film favourites

use "Decoltene," the well-known depilatory, which is absolutely harmless and odourless. This liquid hair-remover has been scientifically produced for the purpose of easily eradicating superfluous growth. It operates in a few minutes, and can be used while dressing for the theatre or a dance. A postal order for 3s. 6d. will obtain you a supply of this invaluable toilet accessory from Robartes, Ltd., Dept. P.G., Hazlitt House, Southampton Buildings, London, W.C.2. Or any perfumer or chemist will supply you with "Decoltene." Diadem Complexion Wax is another well known asset to the dressing-table of the woman who values her complexion. A 2s. 6d. jar of this effective beautifier will soften and smooth your skin whilst you sleep.

### The Thrills of Ski-ing.

The picturesque scenery of the Alps has figured in many screen locations; but seldom have the chief players amidst the snow and ice presented so thoroughly happy an appearance as the Bonnyville boys who have been holiday making at Wengen in the Bernese Oberland. These happy youngsters, who hail from the well-known English chocolate and cocoa making centre, were accompanied by Mr. Paul Cadbury, of the famous firm of the same name. They demonstrated the characteristic love of sport which is latent in every healthy British boy by learning to skate and ski with remarkable adaptability. And no doubt Cadbury's famous cocoa helped to keep out the cold of the climate that favours a low thermometer.

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# The Strangest Love Story in the World

## JOHN CHILCOTE M.P.

featuring

### GUY BATES POST

in his epoch-making dual role



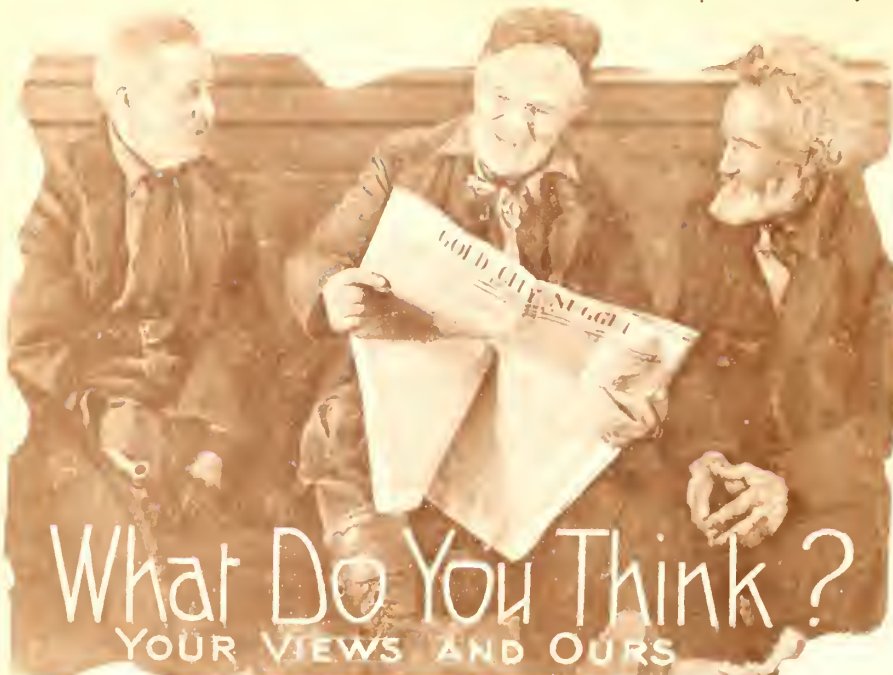
When Katherine Cecil Thurston's remarkable novel first appeared as a "Daily Mail" serial it created a big sensation; in book form the story was a best seller; as a stage play "John Chilcote, M.P." met with an enthusiastic reception in this country and in America. But all these successes will be overshadowed by First National's film version of this remarkable drama, which promises to be one of the screen triumphs of 1923.



The pictures on this page show Guy Bates Post in his wonderful dual rôle of "John Chilcote, M.P." and "John Loder." The film is replete with tense moments, and the all-star supporting cast includes such first-rate favourites as Ruth Sinclair, Marcia Manon, Barbara Tennant, Lawson Butt, Herbert Standing, and Kenneth Gibson.



# A First National Picture



# What Do You Think?

YOUR VIEWS AND OURS

**T**HIS paragraph being For Ladies Only, male readers of THE PICTUREGOER are requested to pass it by. Now then, Ladies,

Would you like a presentation pair of silk stockings?

Elsewhere in this issue you will find particulars of an attractive offer to our readers. We are giving away silk stockings of lustrous beauty and shapely elegance to those of our readers who are willing to help THE PICTUREGOER. If you want to learn how you can qualify for this delightful gift, turn now to page 65 of this issue.

**O**H! how you girls love Rodolph! Out of the hundred odd eulogies crowding my desk, this is a representative specimen. "I believe I have found

where Rodolph Valentino's 'fascination' rests—'tis his adorable

smile. With one or two exceptions, all film actors' molar displays are so obviously 'just-that-minute-made-to-order' grin, and remind one of a death's-head combined with Urial Heep. 'Rudy,' on the other hand, makes his spontaneous (really, he might have been one of Murillo's models), it's so half-lazy—sleepy—pathetic—humorous—tolerant—varmint-street-arab-y, with just a suspicion of spiciness—in truth, it's a human smile. I'm not given to hero-worship, but I do think Rodolph has supplied a long felt want: how, I don't quite know."—*Hercules (London)*

**S**O far, so good. This morning's post brought one dissentient voice all the way from Balham, S.W.12. Signing himself or herself

"A Nagel Fan," the owner holds forth as follows:—

"In my opinion, the reason why Rodolph Valentino is not, and probably will never be, very popular over here, is because he is so foreign-looking, and in the eyes of the average Englishman the foreigner finds little or no favour. Again, Valentino is not quite artist enough to hide his overwhelming conceit in his good looks. I have seen him in *The Four Horsemen*, *The Sheik*, *Blood and Sand*, *Camille*, and *The Conquering Power*, and think that any other actor with the 'dash of devilry' that your Birmingham correspondent admires so much, and a minimum of good looks, could have created the rôles equally well. Conrad Nagel (American) and Clive Brook (British) are my favourites, and I would rather see these two than any other so-called 'star' in the whole of the film firmament."

**A**FTER an attack upon serials even more slashing than usual, C.A.B.S. (*Edinburgh*), one of my regular thought-registerers, wants to know "Why

should we allow German films to enter the market

now? Surely we have enough good films of our own without encouraging trade with our late enemies. They may be good, but I would far rather see our own film producers flourish and feel that I am putting my money

into the pockets of British or American stars than that I was helping to pay Germany's way into world trade again. Must stay my hand now, though I am still bubbling over."

[I disagree entirely. Art has, or should have, no nationality; therefore good films, no matter what their place of origin, should not be barred from British screens. What do you think?]

**S**OME of you are sending me, besides lists of the twelve best films of the year, lists of the twelve best individual

performances. *Too Much of a Good Thing*. Prithee, cease being so wholesale,

and confine yourselves to one only, else I shall have to prohibit any more voting contests. Some very good lists have arrived; so far, three films have appeared in all of them. These are: *The Four Horsemen*, *A Bill of Divorcement*, and *Orphans of the Storm*, in the order they appear above. A recent discussion amongst producers elicited the sad statement that there can be no screen-play "having universal appeal." What do you think?

**L**ITTLE mention has been made of reissues," writes A. D. (*Kettering*). "I can remember many old films I liked much better than these silly matri-

monial problem screen-plays that surround us to-

day. Here's my list of old favourites I should like to see again: *The Robbery of the Lyons Mail*, *The Fiend of the Throttle*, *As the Sun Went Down*, *Peg o' the Ring*, *A Dustman's Wedding*, *The Fatal Fingers*, *Through Turbulent Waters*, *The House of Temperley*, *The Incorruptible Crown*, *Eugene Aram*, *The She-Wolf*, *Harbour Lights*, and *A Deadly Hate*."

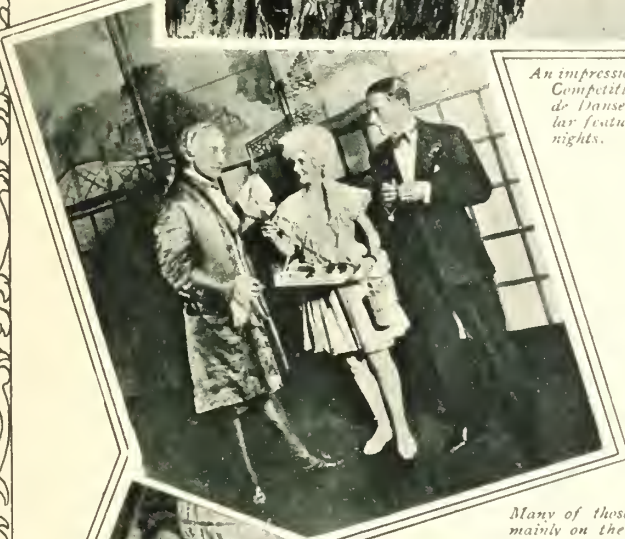
What do you think? Better let sleeping films R.I.P. You might lose some of your enthusiasm if all these were reissued, because, technically, at any rate, we've made great strides of late years. Two on your list would bear re-examination, though.



The Thinker.



An impression of a Fox-Trot Competition at the Palais de Danse, one of the regular features of all special nights.



Many of those who "live" mainly on the silver screen, materialise at the Palais de Danse. Miss Fiora le Bretton, always ready to help a deserving cause.



The Palais acknowledges no dance season. Ice stacks and scientific ventilation make the Palais the most desirable retreat in the heat of summer.

Think what a gathering of 2000 dancers must mean, half in fancy costume and half in evening dress, and all armed with the latest and cutest carnival novelties, in the ample interior of a Fairyland like the Palais at Hammersmith.

To the misanthropic it may suggest a vast foolishness, but to the healthy-minded, and to those of willing spirit, it is just the truest and purest form of mental and physical recreation.

Experienced management, superb music, and a floor of the finest fettle, have made the Palais a constant and ever popular feature in the Brighter Life of London.

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**No Pretty Girl Will Miss This.**  
*N.B.—We say nothing about it below, but for those who send in the coupon at the foot of this page early—there is a delightful “extra” surprise.*

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*has taken our readers by storm!*

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# WHERE TO SEE BUTCHER'S SELECTED PICTURES

## "Son of Kissing Cup." Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROMP.

**APRIL 2nd.**  
Empire, Bury.  
Coronation, Surbiton.  
Coronet Cinema, Birmingham  
Surrey Theatre, Blackfriars  
Palladium, Croydon.  
Imperial, Chelsea.  
Cinema, Newbury.  
New Gallery Kinema, Eastbourne  
Premier, Haringway.  
Futurist, Rhyl.  
Coliseum, Wolverhampton.  
Park Cinema, Pontypool.  
Cinema, Wevelscombe  
Grand, Edgware Road.  
King's Hall, Lewisham.  
Gaiety Theatre, Southampton.  
Royal Hall, Haringate.  
Cinema, Cumber  
Electric Palladium, Camber Town

**APRIL 5th.**  
Majestic, Smethwick.  
Empire, Camberwell.  
Grand Cinema, Porth.  
Palace, Urnston.  
Court, Tottenham Court Road  
Palladium, Ripon.  
Kinema, West Faling.  
Electric Theatre, Newington Butts  
Picture House, Buckley.  
St. James Picture Theatre, Victoria  
Picture House, Onagh.  
Palace, Wandsworth.

**APRIL 9th.**  
St. George's Hall, York.  
Exchange Cinema, Northampton.  
Electric, Nelson.  
Prince's Hall, Smethwick.  
Picture-drome, Birmingham (Stratford Road).  
Pentridge, Burnley.  
Church Institute, Burnley.  
Winter Gardens, Morecambe.  
Electric Palace, Notting Hill Gate.  
Empire, Oldham.  
Blue Hall, Islington  
Olympia, Ogmere Vale.

**APRIL 2nd.**  
Victoria Picture Theatre (Small Heath), Birmingham.  
Corona Cinema, Ilford  
Gaiety Picture Theatre, South Norwood.  
Lyceum, New Ferry.

**APRIL 5th.**  
Alcazar, Edmonton.  
Grand Theatre, Leek.  
Royal, Wallsend-on-Tyne.  
Elysium, Eastbourne.  
Central Hall, Kingston.  
Picture House, Moreton.

**APRIL 9th.**  
Electric Palace, Putney.  
Portwood Palladium, Southampton  
Hippodrome, Hyde.  
Central Hall, Northallerton  
Cinema-de-Luxe, Lewes.  
Pictorium, Ammanford.

**APRIL 2nd.**  
Tolcross Cinema, Edinburgh.  
Palace, Bridgewater.  
Empire, Goldthorpe.  
Coliseum, Leigh on Sea.  
Cinema, Selmouth  
Northern Pictures, West Hartlepool  
Electric Theatre, Weston super Mare  
Star (Maryhill), Glasgow  
Bow Lane Cinema, Birstall.  
Palace, Wellesbury  
Borough Theatre, Hinkley  
Picture House, Stafford  
Regent, Bruxton  
Cine-drome, Plympton

Hippodrome, Greenwich.  
Victoria Picture House, Leeds (York Road).  
Olympia Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne  
Picture Hall, South Elmsall.  
Ionic Cinema, Golders Green  
Tower Picture House, Hull.  
Palace, Bientwood.  
Royalty, Richmond.  
Pavilion, Mardstone.

**APRIL 12th.**  
Savoy Cinema, Birmingham (Spark-hall).  
Kingsland Empire, Kingsland.  
Apollo Theatre, Stoke Newington.  
Marlboro', Holloway.  
Victoria Picture Theatre, Walthamstow.  
Pavilion, Ashton-under Lyne.  
Palace, Erdington (Birmingham).  
Palais-de-Luxe, Wood Green.  
Grand, Clitheroe.  
Grand Cinema, Benwell (Newcastle-on-Tyne).  
Brighton Theatre, Newcastle on Tyne.  
Park Cinema, Aberlare.  
Empire, Oswaldtwistle.  
New Royalty Kinema, Brixton  
Picture House, Larnie.  
Empire Cinema, Long Eaton

**APRIL 16th.**  
Central Cinema, Woking  
Picture-drome, Widnes.  
St. George's Cinema Theatre, Bexhill-on-Sea.  
Wellington Picture House, Stockport.  
Grand Hall, Bromley.  
Grand Hall, Finchley.  
King's Theatre, Sunderland.  
Corona, Ilford.  
St. George's Cinema, Canterbury.  
Picture-drome, Warrington.  
Empire, Great Harwood.  
Victoria Picture Theatre, Victoria Park.

## "The Lilac Sunbonnet." Produced by SIDNEY MORGAN. Leading Player—JOAN MORGAN.

Central Picture House, Musselburgh.  
Victoria Hall, Ulverston.  
Birchfield Picture House, Birmingham.

**APRIL 12th.**  
Pavilion, Rochdale.  
Grand, Fulham.  
Regent, Blackpool.  
Floral Hall, Leicester.  
Electric Theatre (Caversham), Reading.  
Scala, Pendleton.

**APRIL 16th.**  
Savoy, Burnley.  
Grand Pavilion, Bridlington.  
Grand Palace (Westbourne), Bourne-mouth.  
Palladium, Peterboro'.  
Victoria Picture House, Leeds.  
Gaiety, Tottenham Court Road.  
Alhambra, Middlewich.

Grand, Whitechurch.  
Arsenal Cinema, Nantwich.  
Lyceum Theatre, Taunton.  
Temperance Hall, Yeadou.  
New Savoy Theatre, Glasgow.  
Picture-drome, Darlaston.  
Sandro Cinema, Belfast.

**APRIL 19th.**  
Cinema, Leigh.  
Hyde Park Picture House, Leeds  
Picture House, Wolverhampton.  
Grand, Fulham.  
Clarence, Hackney.  
Purple Picture Palace, Camberwell.  
Tredegar Hall, Newport.  
Star, Clayton-le-Moors  
Royal Concert Hall, St. Leonard's  
Castle Cinema, Carrickfergus.  
Empire Cinema, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
Palladium, Palmer's Green.

**APRIL 23rd.**  
Myrtle Cinema, Bingley.  
Picture House, Birmingham (Ash-ton Y.).  
Bamboro Theatre, Byker.  
Heath Picture House, Birmingham  
Victory, Tooting.  
Junction (Hulme), Manchester.  
Picture Palace, Kensal Rise.  
Regent, Eccles.  
Pavilion, Rochdale.  
Kings, Rochdale.  
Savoy Picture House, Bradford.  
Prince's Picture Theatre, Hoyland.  
Cinema, Bermondsey.  
Broadway Garden Cinema, Walham Green.  
Electric Palace, Putney.  
Empire, Streatham.  
Royal Electric, West Hartlepool.  
King's Hall, Birmingham.  
Picture-drome, Sleaford.  
Electric Theatre, Deptford.  
Grand, York.  
Rink Cinema, Swindon.  
Grove, Stratford.  
Queen's Road Cinema, Bayswater.

Palace, Bedlington.  
Borough Theatre, Wednesbury.

**APRIL 19th.**  
Town Hall, Seaton.  
Palladium, Burslem.  
Wolsley Cinedrome, Devonport.  
Pavilion, Chingford.

**APRIL 22nd.**  
Casino, Sheerness-on-Sea.

**APRIL 23rd.**  
Cinema, Thruscoe.  
Wellington Picture House, Stockport.  
Palace, Tredegar.  
Louvre (Parkhead), Glasgow.  
Palace, Tredegar.  
Electric Theatre, Muswell Hill  
Empire, Great Harwood.  
Variety Theatre, Eastleigh.  
Central Hall, Catford.  
Rosevale Empire, Mutley.

**APRIL 26th.**  
Olympia (Ladypool Road), Birmingham.  
Cinema, Seven Kings.  
Alcazar, Hounslow.  
Coatsworth Hall, Gateshead.  
Playhouse, Morpeth.  
King Edward, Blackpool.  
Empire, St. Annes.  
Tower Picture House, Skegness.  
Palace Theatre, Gateshead.  
Elysium, Eastbourne.  
Rivoli, Southend-on-Sea.  
Cinema-de-Luxe, Northampton.  
Strand Picture House, Hull.  
Borough Theatre, Wednesbury.  
Alhambra, Barnoldswick.  
Electric, Burton-on-Trent.  
Picture House, Maitby.  
Gaiety Theatre, Limerick.  
Picture House, Teddington.  
Palace, Bideford.  
Electric Palace, Littlehampton.

**APRIL 30th.**  
New Royal, Openshaw.  
Era Picture House, Birmingham.  
Victoria Cinema, Cambridge.  
Theatrec Theatre, Norwich.  
Shaltesbury, Lonsight.  
Grand, Stalybridge.  
Cinema Hall, Hale.  
Cinema (George Street), Oxford.  
Gaiety Cinema, Tottenham Court Road.  
Comedy Theatre, North Shields.  
Empire, Highgate.  
Coliseum, Harrow Road.  
Queen's Cinema, Sittingbourne.  
Palais-de-Luxe, Liverpool.  
National Electric Theatre, Chatham  
Grand Picture House (Sattley), Birmingham.  
Empire, Wanstead.  
Regent, Keighley.  
West London Picture House, Garniffaith.  
Electric Theatre, Wisbech.  
Poly Cinema, St. Albans.

**APRIL 26th.**  
Imperial, Belfast.  
Hippodrome, Greenwich.  
Cinema, Newbury.  
Empire, Wigan.  
Grand, Levenshulme.  
Ashton Cross Picture House, Portobello.  
Cinema, Ystrad Mynach.  
Gaiety, Poplar.

**APRIL 30th.**  
Cinema, Seven Kings.  
Park Hall Cinema, Cardiff.  
People's Hall, Denton.  
Queen's Hall, Enfield.  
Coronet Cinema, Wealdstone.  
Royal Cinema, Kensington.  
Palace, Truro.  
Electric Theatre, Stourport.  
Cinema Palace, Oswestry.  
Central Hall, Stamford.

## "Scarlet Lady." Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and LEWIS WILLOUGHBY.

Arcadia, Salford.  
Coliseum (Heeley), Sheffield.  
Electric Theatre, Stourport.  
Picture House, Askara.  
Picture House, Lisburn  
King's Picture House, Ilkeston  
Empire Theatre, Easington.  
Picture House, Hoddesdon.

**APRIL 4th.**  
Picture House, Portrush.  
Pavilion, Carligan.

**APRIL 5th.**  
Picture House, Hebden Bridge.  
Electric Palace, Littlehampton  
Coventry Hall, Bradford.

Empire Palace, Denaby.  
Operetta House, Edinburgh.  
Picture House, Larkhall.  
Palace, Chesham.  
Picture House, Leatherhead.  
Globe Picture House (Lawrence Hill), Bristol.  
Palace, Ottery St. Mary.

**APRIL 9th.**  
Pavilion, Blyadon-on-Tyne.  
Alexandra Theatre, Swadlinote  
Tivoli, Edulburgh.  
Picture House, Holywood.  
Pavilion, Shaw.  
Imperial Cinema, Crawley.  
Cinema-de-Luxe, Haverfordwest.

Palladium, Bideford.  
Assembly Picture Palace, Garvan,  
Empire, Tring.  
St. Julians, Guernsey.  
Electric Cinema, Bagshott.

**APRIL 12th.**  
La Scala, Alloa.  
Portwood Palladium, Southampton  
Electric Theatre, Sheringham.  
Picture-drome, Elgin.  
Empire Electric Theatre, Uxbridge.  
Palace Theatre, Wingate.  
Scala, Stony Stratford.  
Palace, Ashfield Plain.  
Palace, Shirebrook.  
Star Picture Palace, Leicester.

Particulars of other places where showing on April 16th, 19th, 23rd, 26th, and 30th of the above picture, "Scarlet Lady," may be had on application.

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Hope Hampton

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### NANCEY BENYON.

The promising star who delighted London World, met by the premiere of "Romantic Comedy" in this year's English production, is again well known to picturegoers, this time in "The House" - who played in Richard Mansfield's story "The House" she played the leading role.



# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Our April Movie Calendar



**ANNIVERSARY**  
birth Author  
Movie Calendar.

2.—Witness in law case declares has been picture palace pianiste for twenty years. Local police suspended pending enquiry into allegation of graft.

3.—Von Stroheim sends himself autographed photographs of himself to keep his hand in during slump.

4.—"Playful Jane," Ramsgate, writes for autographed photo Author Movie Calendar.

5.———— Sends it back.



"Doug."

times at last, 1980.

8. American Novelties Inc. produce film with no stars, 1999. All-star cast. Scottish Photoplays Inc produce film with no actors.

9. Drought in Bedford Cable to Bill Hart.

10.— Old Lady in Edmonton reaches 120th birthday. Declares never seen Douglas Fairbanks.

11.—First "slow motion" Italian emotional drama, 1930. Many deaths.

12.—Walter Sludge, eminent lunatic, escapes Colney Hatch, 1923.

13.———— Buys kinema.

14.— Turkish Problem finally settled, 1924. Constantinople given to British. One hundred picture palace pianistes given to Turks.



LOUISE FAZENDA

15.— First moon men land on earth, 2002.

16.———— See Louis Fazenda.

17.———— Go back to movie.

18.— First American Photoplay played by actors, 1998.



WALTER SLUDGE

19. Chinese first used as Chinese super in Oriental films, 1915.

20.— Walrus first used as

Scotch supers, 1925.

21.—First picture shown in which heroine appears to be wet after being rescued from the sea, 1923.



VICTOR SEASTROM.

22.—Dean Inge offered lead in Swedish farce.

23.—German tragedy star offered lead with Mack Sennett.

24.— Telescopes first supplied to super-kinemas, 1976.

25.— Woolworth Building, New York City, first appears in Suess domestic drama, 1912.



26.— "Beauty Spots of Britain" filmed at Hollywood, 1923.

27.— Five reel dramas first appear in five-reel drama, 1999

28.— Author Movie Calendar could be hung up if this was February

29.— Catechism in Sheffield (film can remember that Catechism films was like 1922)

30.— Revlon still been discovered in drama, 1987.

# What's YOURS ?



Thurston Hall and Betty Blythe.

**K**ipling was wrong. Despite the last verse of "Mandalay," it is *not* necessary to be "shipped East of Suez" in order to "raise a thirst." Not in these days. Emphatically not, if you're a film fan. Society screen-plays say it with champagne in every reel. If the characters belong in a humbler sphere of life, then they say it with something less pretentious but equally stimulating. In any case and in every film they



Violet Hopson and Gerald Ames.

staged. What some unfortunate American actors have to swallow now is their secret. Or their secret sorrow. No doubt, Pussyfoot would like to "cut it right out," but this cannot be done. Where would the "Western" film be



"Good health!" A thirsty moment in "Monte Cristo."

arrives on the scene and proceeds to turn him inside out—the cowboy film couldn't exist without *him*, and he seldom deviates from this habit by one hair's-breadth.

Over his glass of what looks like wine, the screen villain either scowls or leers at the lady of his choice—in the drama of high life, that is. And the fascinated gaze of the hero meets the inviting optic of the bold bad vamp much in the same fashion. Once in a way it is "Drink to me only with thine eyes," but not often. And it is an immutable law of the movies that all unsophisticated heroines shall duly taste of their first glass of champagne, shudder over it, grimace over it, then shut their eyes, polish it off, and fall asleep on the nearest shoulder. Out of five hundred heroines personally seen by the writer,

*It would seem that "the cup that cheers" doesn't; judging by Tom Meighan's expression in "The Conquest of Canaan."*



Dirty work at the bar in "Son of Kissing Cup."

say it with something—to drink. So that a very fine imitation of a thirst, if not the real thing, steals o'er the spectator before he is aware of it. A good angle for those whose business in life it is to decry the kinema, but one which they seem somehow to have missed. Allah forbend that they should read this article!

In the days before Prohibition, wine flowed like water on the "sets," when banquets or similar scenes were



Three's a crowd!

without the bar? Where would the screen cowboy stage his most picturesque arguments, and where and how could William Shakespeare Hart possibly be a good-bad man? The Western bully, too—he who swaggers in with revolver and holds up a host of trembling habitués until the hero





"Whisky for two, handcuffs for one"—Tom Reynolds and Haidee Wright in "A Bachelor's Baby."

only one failed to do this. It wasn't Leatrice Joy in *Saturday Night*.

Of the sinister plots hatched across a bottle of something or other, it is best to say as little as possible. The film could not run its five or more reels without them, and they are usually paid for over a bottle of the same. But, although *Broken Bottles* was a very successful film, likewise *The Bottle* and *The Bottle Imp*, it isn't all bottles in Movieland. Sometimes it is cups. Containing coffee, drugged or otherwise. Sometimes containing tea. Poisoned tea, as in *Mr. Wu*, or just tea. There have been occasions, too, when the troubled film hostess solemnly and unwinkingly pours out nothing from a handsome silver teapot, adds nothing from a ditto ditto milk-jug, and hands an empty cup to another character, who agitatedly "drinks" it. Apropos of tea, breathes there a fan with memory so poor that he can't recollect at least ten close-ups of heroes so much in love that they pour hot liquid from a teapot into a cup long after it is filled to the brim?

In Charles Ray's small-town idylls the lover takes his lass into the chemist's and buys her an ice-cream soda. Verily, had it not been for these films, ice-cream sodas might never have become as popular over here as over there. Seated opposite each other at the tables for two, the pair emit gurglings of delight



Above: Jean Angelo, George Melchior, Abdel and Mohammed, in "Atlantide."

Left: Howard Gaye in "A Prince of Lovers." Below: Priscilla Dean in "Under Two Flags."

thirst-quenchers. Of late he has taken to depicting characters who first degenerate, then regenerate, and he is a regular screen-consumer of anything, from "square-face" on board ship, to cocoa in bare, cheerless lodgings—or even coffee from a coffee-stall, as in *Manslaughter*. Stay, though. He didn't drink it. He pushed it away untasted, and went home and fought out a private

battle with a bottle of screen whisky. Of course he won. Genial William Farnum is another good screen tankard-tosser. The classic occasion upon which he used a mug with a glass bottom (*If I Were King*) made movie history, inasmuch as nearly every picturegoer felt bound to write to the papers about it, and did so.

Atmosphere can be suggested by a collection of bottles and glasses. There is much of this in *Dr. Mabuse*, whose victim, "Count Tolst," is shown time and again almost entirely surrounded by these things. At length the poor man sees several editions of himself at once, plays a game of cards with them, and then puts an end to his existence,

(you must have noticed it yourself), and the shy swain becomes eloquent of glance, if of nothing else.

Certain actors evince preferences (on the screen) for certain kinds of liquid refreshment. Take the case of that compleat Cockney, Hugh E. Wright, and his ever-present beer-bottle. His "Mr. Hopkins" in the *Squibs* films would not be himself without his favourite "beverage." Whether bemoaning its loss when someone knocks it out of his hand, or peacefully sleeping with it (uncorked, mind) beneath his pillow, "Hopkins" and his beer-bottle are inseparable allies.

Gerald Ames is cosmopolitan in his screen tastes: he tosses off something out of a tankard in a costume romance, or anything out of a glass when he's a modern villain, with the same air of devil-may-care insolence. Tom Meighan, too, is catholic in his choice of film



Cullen Landis in "Where is My Wandering Boy To-Night?"



# Meet Milton Sills

There are moments when one sighs for the privileges of youth. If during one's heyday a circus clown had tumbled around the sawdust ring with only the red nose of his calling, and the droll trills of tradition replaced by drab broadcloth, youth would have raised a shrill protest.

When I met Milton Sills, beneath the rose covered verandah of his picturesque Californian house, I, too, longed to shout "Impostor!"

Not that my handsome host was physically reminiscent of a circus clown. But his lofty, impressive

removed from the popular conception of the intolerant highbrow. He is too human.

Milton Sills smiled as he noticed my swift glance at the weather-stained tweed cap which he held in his hand.

"You expected to discover me in the mortar-board of the professor, and a student's gown, instead of comfortable tweeds," he bantered. "The indiscretions of youth shadow one as persistently as the income-tax collector."

"Indiscretions?" I questioned.

He laughed good-humouredly.

"My earliest interest in philosophy



Milton Sills and Florence Vidor.



Above and Below - Milton and his car.

forehead, so suggestive of the highbrow, was symbolical of the ornate nose of the pseudo-jester. For beneath his broad brow were the kindly, reflective eyes of a man who faces the realities of life; there was the sensitive mouth of the idealist, in close sympathy with human nature. Milton's forehead draws one on a false scent. In reality he is far



A studio portrait.



called it philosophy. But it lacks the red blood of realities—the enlightening knowledge that close contact with human nature brings."

"And you found that on the stage and screen?" I suggested.

Milton nodded. He certainly has the head and features of a Rodin statue when he is serious.

"Characterisations on the screen reflect the practical side of philosophy," he claimed. "The shadows of the silver sheet with their subtle change of emotion and delicacy of feeling are studies in psychology which everyone can understand."

In the studios I am teaching such science a good deal more effectively than I could ever have done at a university. All that some very highbrow," apologised Milton with a self-conscious smile. "I've got to explain somehow why I came to be a Varsity professor at the screen. You see, I am the only member of my family's generations who has been associated with acting. I have gained my knowledge of human nature through the study of human nature in its intimate phases."

A twinkle crept into his expressive grey eyes as he settled back contentedly in his chair, puffing at his favorite pipe.

"I once rose to great heights in screen production," he said reverently. "No, this isn't more highbrow philosophy," he hurriedly explained with the anxious air of a man who is strong to live down his past. "Some Day I was dragged to a lecture

and science at the Chicago University. I placed under such a heading my endeavour to study human nature from dusty books and within the grey walls of college. In the lecture-rooms they

of five hundred feet on the end of a rope attached to an aeroplane. It was during the prison-escape scene, when I jumped from the roof of an express train and hung on to the swaying lifeline trailing from a hundred-miles-an-hour aircraft."

"What branch of philosophy were you reflecting at that moment?" I asked.

"Physiology would be a better word," grinned Milton. "For when you are swaying like a human fly at the end of a rail rope betwixt heaven and earth, the problem of life becomes one of acute importance."

Milton Sills is intensely interested in the artistic development of the kinema picture; but he does not let his theories shadow his natural gift of humour.

He chuckled over the discomforts of his intricate make-up as "Bud Doyle" in *Skin Deep*, when his evil, misshapen face was converted by plastic surgery into that of an Adonis.

"To build up my new nose and cheeks, and to suggest the cauliflower ear of a pugilist, I utilised putty; and chewing-gum aided me materially in producing an underslung lower lip and bulging jaw. And all the time that I was in front of the cameras, I was inspired by a secret fear that the heat of the arc-lamps would melt my complicated facial appendages."

Milton Sills told me that he had acted behind the footlights as leading man with Melasco, Schubert, Brady and Frohman, before he came to the screen.

"In those days I used to act a stage part right after night, until I discovered the somewhat alarming result that I was tending to repeat my lines and carry out the same gestures with a parrot-like silliness. That was one of the influences which attracted me to the films. For screen acting consistently calls for the best work in an actor. Because he lives

his character but once, his freshness and enthusiasm does not wane. Strangely enough, I have just commenced work in *The Spoilers*, Rex Beach's virile story, in which I am playing a character rôle which has already been acted on the screen by another artist. The film has been thought to the silver sheet before. But, even in the rare event of my playing the same part twice before the cameras, there is no comparison with the deadly repetition that so often accompanies one's work behind the footlights."

Milton Sills stepped straight from the theatrical stage to stardom.

"I was fortunate in making my



Milton adopted a remarkable make-up in "Skin Deep."

he insisted that I inspected his smooth green lawns bordered with beautiful blossoms which he had cultivated. For Milton's greatest hobby is horticulture.

"There is the greatest treasure of my garden," he said softly, as a dainty sweet-faced girl waved a greeting from the door. And I saw that Milton Sills has chosen his life partner with that unwavering appreciation of beauty which inspires his love of flowers and of screen artistry.

Milton Sills in "Behold My Wife."



"Between Sets"—Charles Ogle, Milton Sills, James Neill, and George Fawcett.

screen début in company with so talented an artist as Clara Kimball Young," confessed Milton. "For I came to the studios with the characteristic faults of the stage actor: too expressive gestures with arms and hands, and not sufficient facial elasticity. When I saw myself on the screen for the first time—" My host's voice trailed away, and his expressive grey eyes swung upwards in an expression of mock horror.

Before I bade Milton Sills good-bye,



# Scotch Reels

"Bonnie Scotland" has been featured in many movies, a large number of which have been "made in America," which proves beyond all quibble that the kinema really is a cosmopolite institution.



Lillian Walker in "Kitty McKay."



May Allison and Wyndham Standing in "The Marriage of William Ashe." Victor McLaglen and Malcolm Todd in "The Romany." David Hawthorne in "Rob Roy."



Phyllis Haver as a Scotch Bathing Girl, invented by Mack Sennett.



Left: Alice Calhoun in Vitagraph's "Little Minister." Below: Betty Balfour in "Wee McGregor's Sweetheart."

Tradition has it that the Scotsman who emigrates to the business world of the South only goes back to his native land to fetch his brother. One can imagine the British producer who journeys North with his film cameras being still more canny. He might reasonably be expected to wire for all his Southern relations. For not only is Scotland rich with picturesque and colourful locations for photoplays, but the kinema artistes who visit the land of Robbie Burns are greeted with the characteristic hospitality associated with Scots in their own country.

There is a still more human reason for the enthusiastic reception accorded to moving picture producers by certain belligerent members of the Gaelic race. For the requirements of many of the scenarios, reflecting the romance and adventure of Scottish history, necessitated fierce fights that revived the traditional love of battle still surviving in the true Northerner.

When W. P. Kellmo produced *Rob*

*Roy*, amidst the picturesque braes and heather, he had an inspiration. He assured the success of the big battle scene by enlisting temporary armies from Stirling and Glasgow. Over a thousand dour and determined Scots waged a fierce battle, that became so realistic, through the influences of local rivalry, that claymore and dirk wrought havoc which ambulances had to repair. At sunset, special trains steamed out of the wayside station of Aberfoyle with battered and bruised

Scots on their way home to Glasgow and Stirling. And there were no happier Scotsmen in the Highlands or the Lowlands that night.

The filming of *Rob Roy* was an event in the lives of the villagers and townfolk who witnessed the film cameras at work. They gathered in hundreds to view the reproduction of the life of their national hero. When David Hawthorne as "Rob Roy," and Gladys Jennings as "Flora Macdonald," were registering emotion in a love scene at Stirling Castle, even a Scottish sergeant-major on the neighbouring drill-ground lost his voice. He stood staring in open-mouthed astonishment at the unexpected invasion of the historic edifice. The storm burst, however, when he swung round and found his squad of recruits gaping at the screen artistes.

"Shun! Eyes right, every mother's son of ye," he roared. "And I'm tellin' ye that I'll not have the Scottish Army ruined by a lot of play actors in tinsel kilts!"





Joan Morgan and George Foley in "A Lowland Cinderella."

understand why these artistes of the screen should struggle to control their voluminous skirts in the stiff sea breezes, when kilts would have been so much more comfortable to wear.

One kindly old fisherwoman sidled up to Mercy Hatton, and, in an almost unintelligible accent, suggested that her boy Donald "had a fine kilt, that he'd lend any of the lassies." And with a sympathetic glance at the polished high hat that Stewart Rome was wearing, according to Victorian custom, she mumbled, "And that pair lad would be more comfortable, I'm hinkin', with a Glengarry on his pate."

Scotland has an

Circle: Florence Turner and Rex Davis in "The Shepherd Lassie of Argyle." Below: Betty Compson in "Paramount's 'Little Minister.'"



When the picturesque Scottish fishing village of Auchmithie was utilised to provide appropriate backgrounds for *Christie Johnstone*, the primitive inhabitants were treated to the delectable spectacle of pretty British screen stars in crinolines. For the story was imbued with an early-Victorian atmosphere in which horse-hair couches, antimacassars, and ornamental glass prism stands, described by the cynic as decorative icicles, figured. The poke bonnets and crinolines of Mercy Hatton and Mrs. Hayden Coffin puzzled the simple fisher-folk. They could not



Gaveth Hughes in "Sentimental Tommy."

impressive scenic beauty of its own, and he is a bold producer who endeavours to substitute any other background for a screen story of Gaelic origin. Beside the Bonny Brier Bush, *The Romany*, *W'ee McGregor's Sweetheart* were filmed amidst the heather and braes of bonny Scotland. Love of country on several occasions has inspired the Dukes of Montrose and Argyll to loan their picturesque estates as locations for photoplays. For the average Scotsman delights to see his own country reflected on the screen, and he will

Oval: Stewart Rome and Gertrude McCoy in "Christie Johnstone." Above: Leatrice Joy in "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Left: Mary Glynn in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

open his ancestral treasure-chests to provide period costumes, or historic pictures, for the assistance of producers.

The many Scottish screen stories which have been produced in Los Angeles may savour of sacrilege. For no true member of the Gaelic race will admit that even the highest artistry of the studio-producer can create the true atmosphere of the land that lies over the Border. But photoplays such as *Bunty Pulls the Strings*, *Sentimental Tommy*, *The Little Minister*, the backgrounds for which might be described as "Scotch" considerably more than "thirty under proof" have a widespread appeal. For they contain many human sidelights on the Scottish character, and even in studios it is possible to reveal those attractive character-studies that live so vividly in the books of Barrie and Crockett.

The quaint picturesque village of Thrums, which was constructed for the filming of *Sentimental Tommy*, was something of a triumph for the scenic artist, with its tiled cottages and narrow streets. Which suggests that the enterprising American producer can bring everything that is Scotch to the screen except the whisky debarr'd from a dry country.



Ann Forrest and the studio staff indulge in a little sing-song.

#### A RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in "Gregory," but not in "Scott,"  
 My second is in "Lydia," but not in "Knott,"  
 My third is in "Olive," but not in "Toll,"  
 My fourth is in "Henry," but not in "Sell,"  
 My fifth is in "Alice," but not in "Howell,"  
 My sixth is in "David," but not in "Powell,"  
 My seventh is in "Josephine," but not in "Earle,"  
 My eighth is in "Conway," but not in "Tearle,"  
 My ninth is in "Alice," but not in "Terry,"  
 My tenth is in "Norman," but not in "Kerry,"  
 My eleventh is in "Charles," but not in "Ray,"  
 My twelfth is in "Doris," but not in "May,"  
 My thirteenth is in "Lillian," but not in "Hall,"  
 My whole is the name of the best star of all.

Answer: Gloria Swanson  
 B. S. (I.O.W.)

#### AN ODE TO MY FAVOURITE.

There is a girl that I admire,  
 Of all her films I never tire.  
 She's so lovely, and so clever,  
 I could see her act for ever.

Not like she were once unknown,  
 Now the name are on the throne  
 Of fame—a laurel, which needs win-  
 ning,  
 By hard work at the beginning

Many a time dwell upon this island,  
 And her name is Peggy Hyland.  
 Long may she portray her powers  
 In the great big world of ours

M. H. (Crawshawbooth).

# Kinema Carols

#### THE BETTER WAY.

A learned judge the other day  
 Schemed how to make wrongdoers pay.  
 He thought: "Their ill-deeds they  
 shall rue;  
 I'll make them read the Classics  
 through."

But though that punishment is hard,  
 'Twill not their erring steps retard.  
 A better way, I think, would be  
 To give them "George's" job—then  
 see!

The next day's paper would contain  
 The news that, "Driven quite insane"  
 By "George the First's" enormous  
 post,  
 The wretch had given up the ghost!  
 C. S. (Ealing).

#### TOM MEIGHAN.

I like his eyes,  
 So straight and true.  
 I like his smile  
 When he laughs at you.  
 Just natural,  
 Sincere, a free 'un,  
 Is handsome, rugged  
 Thomas Meighan.

F. G. (London).

#### IN PRAISE OF PRISCILLA.

This dainty maid, too seldom seen  
 In England on the movie screen,  
 Is proud, vivacious, winsome, keen.  
 The Universal claims her Queen  
 Of artists, and in every scene  
 She justifies that claim, I ween.  
 Helen of Troy's a plain "Has-been"  
 Compared with sweet Priscilla Dean.

F. I. S. (Cambridge).

#### 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.]

#### London "à l'Américaine."

In *Pilgrims of the Night*, "Lorri Ellingham" (Lewis Stone) lives at No. 11, Cavendish Square, London. When we see him on his front door step preparing to enter his car, "By Ben" and the Houses of Parliament are in a prominent position on the other side of the road. No need to say this is an American film!—P. T. (Honor Oak Park).

#### Generous!

The attorney in *The Great Moment* hands "Nadine" his fountain-pen with which she signs a paper annulling her marriage with "Delaval." "Nadine" then hands the paper to the attorney, who looks it over, and walks out of the room, leaving his pen on the table.—C. C. (Tooting).

#### The Elusive Letter.

When Mary Glynné gives a letter to the butler in *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, he turns to put it in the letter-rack, but lets it fall to the ground. When he is asked for it later, he picks it up from behind the table. How did it get there?—S. W. S. (Birmingham).

#### The Mystery of the Missing Ring.

When the reporter, in *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*, climbs a ladder to spy through the window, the last but one rung is missing. On his descent the rung is there; but when, after time, he again climbs the ladder, the rung is missing once more. How do you account for this?—H. S. (Cardiff).

#### The Handcuff Trick.

In *Isobel*, featuring Jane Novak the handcuffs are placed on the villain's wrists. He glares at them and at the hero, and walks towards the waiting sledge. On his way he stops and picks up his hat, and it is noticed that his hands are then unfettered. What happened to the handcuffs?—D. (Leicester).

#### Whose Stuckfast?

In the Tom Mix picture, *Cups Round Up*, the heroine's two portmanteaus are placed in the open end of a four-wheeled trap, while the heroine sits in front. The horse then bolts, and, after the trap has been several times almost capsized, it stopped in the nick of time by a tree. When once more at a standstill, the portmanteaus are still in the centre of the back portion. Were they glued on?—D. P. (Johannesburg).





# COME to the Palais de Dance

dance with Britain's foremost screen stars at the forthcoming Kinema Carnival.

No the artistic producer of the screen, the suggestion of animation and irrepressible joy of is most effectively reflected by a vivid and colourful ballroom scene. Many thousands of pounds have been expended in radiating from the silver screen the irresistible appeal of the dance; not a few famous screen stars have tripped lightly along the paths of Terpsichore to the hearts of the public.

In bringing dancing to the screen its most attractive aspects, astute directors are in reality holding up a mirror to life. For the traditional art of dancing exists in greater or lesser degree in everyone. And the genuineness of modern life has succeeded to increase the vast host of devotees who flock to the ballrooms. How our ancestors who danced the stately gavotte would marvel at the spectacle of the famous Palais de Danse, the renowned Hammersmith rendezvous which pioneered dancing for the masses! On the vast ample floor, one of the largest in the world, hundreds sway rhythmically to the lilt of the Fox-Trot. Picturesque light beams spray the scene in animation with a swirl of colour. The syncopation of strumming banjos and sonorous saxophones seems to have solved the secret of perpetual motion. For when the notes of one orchestra die away, a second group of skilful musicians continue the melody.

The Hammersmith Palais de Danse heralded the passing of the

A few of the famous stars of the screen and dancing world who will attend next month's Kinema Carnival Ball: Mercy Hatton, Cecil Rubens and Beryl Evett, Gertrude McCoy, Hilda Bayley, and Victor McLaglen. A complete list of artistes will appear in our next issue.

"wallflower." No one need feel the greatest loneliness of all—the loneliness of a crowd that passes by. There are dainty lady dancing partners, who include amongst their ranks a world champion. Immaculately attired gentlemen instructors are waiting to "take the floor" with lady patrons. Here is spontaneous happiness which is rarely seen beyond the Continent. No longer can one believe that the English take their pleasures sadly.

Dancing makes for gracefulness and beautified movement, and for this reason, apart from the joy that it brings, the universal pastime is indulged in by many famous screen stars. Such popular film favourites as Mercy Hatton, Gertrude McCoy, Madge Stuart, Hilda Bayley, and others, will visit the Palais de Danse on an evening early in May. Victor McLaglen, Bromley Davenport, and many more will be present at the Film Fancy-Dress Ball in aid of charity.

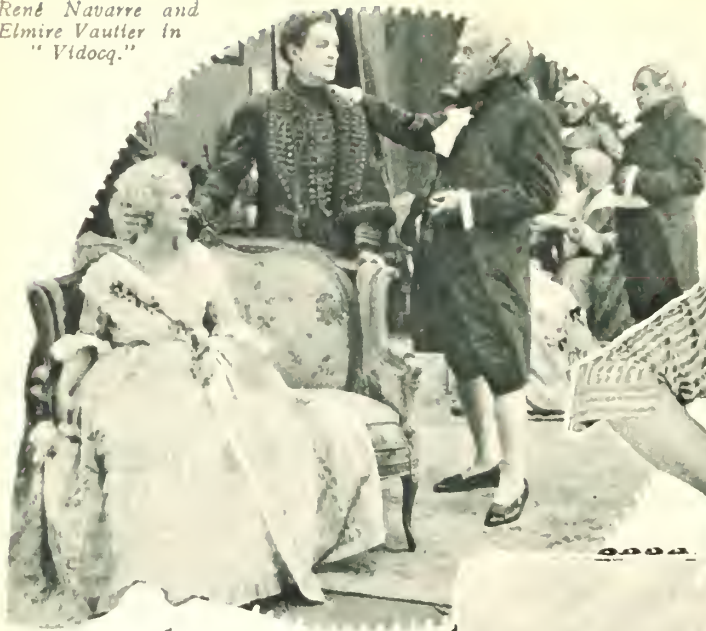
The Editor of The PICTUREGOER will present a prize value five guineas, and there will be prizes for the best impersonation of Betty Balfour and other popular stars. J. Stuart Blackton, the well-known producer, will assist in the judging.

There are a limited number of flower-girl costumes modelled on that worn by Betty Balfour in her well-



known screen characterisation "Squibs," available. They are at the disposal of those readers of The PICTUREGOER, who make the earliest applications. Prizes will be given for the most original fancy dresses, and also for the best exponents of the fox-trot in the dance competition.

René Navarre and  
Elmire Vautier in  
"Vidocq."



## The Picturegoer in Paris

The biggest cash expenditure for any one French film, although a serial of ten episodes, has resulted in a photoplay that is as picturesque and romantic as the true story around which it is woven, and the finished film is one likely to go down in kinema history as one of the great achievements of the French film-producing industry. At the time of writing, *Vidocq* is having stupendous success in the French capital. Elmire Vautier in the part of "Manon la Blonde," and René Navarre as the intriguing character known as "Vidocq," surpass themselves in the sincere characterisation of their respective rôles.

Vidocq is that queer personality of a man who does big things although surrounded by insurmountable obstacles and innumerable enemies—men and women in the last stages of despair who think naught of taking the life of all who attempt to thwart them in their criminal efforts to attain their nefarious ends. Vidocq, from being a cracksmán, forger, prince of robbers, and a man condemned by the civil court to the *bagne* for life, finally became Chief of the Paris Sûreté Police from 1809 to 1827. Then, as Chief of Police, comes his wonderful and merciless fight, a great little of wits and knives, against "Les Enfants du Soleil," a notorious

M. Henri Baudin in "Sarati  
the Terrible."



setting it up, we sent out 'S.O.S.' signals. Imagine our consternation when we perceived on the horizon ships—lots of them—all sending back encouraging messages! We had not realised the possibility of anyone 'listening-in,' and it was only the timely arrival of the company's wireless telegraphist that saved the situation. He immediately flooded the ether with the word, 'Kinema, Kinema, Kinema,' and the 'shooting' of the film continued with no other untimely interruption holding up the good work."

An important Aubert release announced for public show in a few weeks is *Sarati le Terrible*. The domineering and harsh owner of the Sarati restaurant at Algiers

is a striking screen personality splendidly acted by Henri Baudin, a man who, in this picture, puts fear into the heart of all but his little daughter Rose, whom he loves dearly. His brutality and bullying nature vents itself on everyone, but when *la petite* Rose appears on the scene, the result is a whimpering and pitiful individual. It is a sincere and attractive story, and there are some very beautiful Algerian scenes in this photoplay, especially some of the exteriors, which are more like paintings than pictures projected on a silver sheet. Arlette Marchal is "la Petite Rose," and the other leading rôles are taken by Gnette Madde, and M. Feramus.

So astonishingly realistic are some of the scenes of *La Roue* ("The Wheel"), written and produced by Abel Gance, the celebrated French *metteur-en-scène*, that it is extremely difficult to realise that they were made to order, and are not true incidents photographed by the cleverest of kinema reporters for their topical budgets. *La Roue* is a modern tragedy of a prologue and six chapters, and in the first part there is a train smash, the greatest masterpiece of realism ever seen on the screen. It is safe to say that Griffith or Ingram has never even attempted such a thing, and there are such scenes throughout the six parts.

I understand that Sarah Bernhardt has signed a contract with a well-known French kinema producer to star in a number of films at an early date. The Divine Sarah, who has recovered from a very severe illness, is I am told, eager to start work on her first photoplay under this contract.

OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.



Gabrielle de Gravone in "The Wheel."

gang of cutthroats; the interest in the film is heightened by the extraordinary but triumphant part played by "Manon la Blonde," Vidocq's charming wife.

Realism is sometimes dangerous, and may lead to direful consequences, as the following amusing little story shows. It was told me by a leading artiste in the film, *L'Île sans Nom*: "We were on location in Brittany, and in one of the scenes a party of us were shipwrecked on some rocks entirely surrounded by water. Fortunately we had a wireless outfit with us (this is all in the film, please), and,

# Vibrating the Heartstrings

by P. RUSSELL MALLINSON



Tears :  
Conway  
Tearle in  
"The Referee."



Film producers  
play on human  
emotions as a skilled  
musician upon a violin.

Tears : Shirley  
Mason can cry  
beautifully.

A prodigal producer may bring to the screen a lavish photoplay, rich with picturesque pageantry and ornate splendour. He may drain the coffers of the studio exchequer down to the last dollar, and the telegraph wires of the world may hum with the news of the record-breaking salaries which he is paying to his leading men and women. But his picture will never crowd the kinemas unless he has woven into the fabric of his story the elusive and indispensable necessity, heart interest.

Look behind the magnificence which Griffith brings to the silver sheet, and analyse the more subtle artistry of the mind-arresting characters which he has created. And, although his characteristic, massive, and colourful settings and his vivid screen reflections of powerful personalities intrigue the mind, it is the emotional appeal in his stories that makes them live in the memory.

Gradually creating emotion by means of suspense is more difficult than handling great crowd scenes for the film cameras. Reflecting for the screen the pathos of sensitive lips, the forlornness of anguish, the realistic fluttering of fingers in moments of tragedy, often requires greater patience and artistry than the more directly sensational fight scenes, fires, or grim disaster.

The progress of the art of depicting emotion on the screen has been a process of evolution. Way back along the path of kinema history, it presented a problem that caused many people to shake their heads and pro-

phesy a restricted popularity for the moving picture. In those days, the pioneer artistes of the screen acted at a measured distance away from the lenses, and until the advent of Griffith, this practice continued to restrict the emotional possibilities of the players.

With the introduction of the "close-up" came a revolutionary innovation where the reflection of sentimental appeal was concerned.

Faces five feet long were flashed on to the screen as the cameras were moved up to within a few feet of the actors and actresses. Eyes a foot or more in length flooded with tears that represented the largest output from human ducts that were ever intended to vibrate the heart strings. Mouths that in the past one associated with the giants of Gulliver

twisted their emotional lengths into wistful smiles. Vast expanses of smooth cheek dimpled into shadowy craters, and realistically suggested the spirit of laughter.

Although there may have been a touch of crudity in the earliest "close-ups," to-day this form of camera artistry is a realistic reflector of emotional values. The trickery of the lens is forgotten. The magnified faces of the shadow screen can create laughter and tears at will. Skilfully handled, such effects are often more impressive than those associated with the theatrical stage; which, considering the fact that the sister art of the theatre has the advantage of the human voice as a medium for conveying pathos over the footlights, is by way of being a triumph for the kinema.



*Dramatic moments are intensified by the introduction of a grotesque character. Scene from "The Remittance Woman."*

With the evolution of the "close-up" came an inevitable demand for artistes whose features presented a natural ability to radiate emotion from the screen. The wistful mouth, the reflection of sadness in a face, and eyes that could express the extreme emotions of love, fear, or hate, became to be even more valued than histrionic ability. For the latter might be taught, but the former, never—with the possible exception of rare artistes such as Lon Chaney, whose skilful make-up, bordering on plastic surgery, distorts his features into a grim mirror of dramatic values.

Without detracting from her undoubted ability, the fact remains that Lillian Gish owes a great deal of her success to her remarkable ability to sway the emotions with her heart-breaking smile. Griffith has magnified the natural pathos that lurks in her face. He suggests through the lenses that dumb patience with

which she suffers pathetic physical and mental torture. She inspires a shadowy pity for her image on the screen which, as long as the projectors hold out, must continually repeat its poignant performances nightly.

Lillian Gish provides a striking example of the new trend of emotion which the screen has created. Place her behind the stage footlights, and only the spectators in the first few rows of the stalls would observe the light and shadow, the sadness and tragedy, which the subtle shades of expression on her features portray. Here is essentially a product of poignant artistry, which only the magnifying



*The charm of soft-focus is exemplified in the picture of Jackie Coogan shown on the left.*

*Right: Porter Strong and Irma Harrison in a tense moment in "One Exciting Night," produced by D W Griffith, that master-musician on heart-strings.*



possibilities of the screen can realistically reflect. Griffith plays on the heart-strings in such a way that his close-ups bring every member of a kinema audience in intimate touch with his heroes and heroines.

The border-line between camera-craft and acting art is a narrow one where the expression of screen emotion is involved. The most brilliant photography, and

*Eloquent use of the hands is depicted in this close-up of Frank Mayo.*





Mary Carr in a "mother rôle." A screen mother can always vibrate the heart-strings.

fame as great human pictures had the "close-up," with its power to paint an intimate portrayal of mother love, not existed. The innocent blue eyes and sweet, pouting mouth of Mary Miles Minter, in the strict practical sense, are grist to the mill of the producer who creates human film stories. She brings to the silver sheet the spirit of happy childhood.

It is scarcely fair to the studio director, however, to suggest that the raw material that comes his way in the form of wistful eyes, poignant mouths, or sad expressions can be transferred to the screen without passing through a refining process. The mills of the movies grind both slowly and exceeding small. Mary Miles Minter, despite the gifts which nature has given her, has to be treated very skilfully by the studio arc-lamps, the great reflectors, and similar mechanical devices which accentuate personal charm, as a diamond-cutter effaces the crudity of a jewel.

Her face has to be bathed with light which is sufficiently subtle in strength to avoid unbecoming shadows on her delicate features. The fairness of her hair has to be accentuated by indirect lighting, else it may photograph almost black; because the gold in her tresses is akin to red, which the lenses reflect in a hue akin to ebony. In *Youth's Endearing Charm*, in which Mary Miles Minter played the part



C. H. Croker-King in a study illustrating the powerful and bizarre effect obtained with shadows.

of a blind orphan child, hours were spent in discovering the correct lighting which suggested that her eyes were sightless. The arc-lamps had to shadow her naturally brilliant pupils with an artificial dullness. All of which demonstrates that the personal element and the mechanical effects of the studio are closely allied in the mass production of heart-stirring screen emotion.

A Chamber of Horrors thrill: Doris May in "Up and At 'Em."



Rehearsing Louise Glaum for an emotional close-up.

the cleverest director could not have inspired the natural sadness that is reflected in the appealing face of Mary Carr—the Queen of Screen Mothers.

She radiates the spirit of mother love with a touching realism which artificiality could never achieve. Her sad expressions, and the kindness that lurks in her soft eyes, can dominate a simple story so effectively that it fills the kinemas as successfully as a super production costing twenty times the money. *Over the Hill* and *Silver Wings* might never have come to the screen, and achieved





The instinctive sympathy one feels for blind people heightens the dramatic intensity of the stories in which they appear. Dorothy Gish, in "Orphans of the Storm," was a classic example.

Jackie Coogan's expressively pathetic face has inspired the creation of specially written and costly screen stories. This child-genius of the films demonstrates the value of sentiment in picture productions. His fleeting expressions form the basis of ambitious screen plays, with lavish settings, the co-operation of high-salaried stars in the film firmament, scientific cameramen and directors

earning a salary that a Prime Minister might envy. Such painstaking work and prodigal expenditure are justified by the face of a rare child, whose big brown eyes look out from the screen with appealing sadness. If the hand of time should smooth the pathos from Jackie Coogan's face, then the vast organisation that has been built around him will collapse like a cardboard castle.

Compared with the more subtle process of stirring the emotion with skilful reflections of facial expression, the mirroring of tears on the screen is a cruder deviation of such artistry. Yet Lillian Gish, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Norma Talmadge, Katherine MacDonald, and many others have effectively cried their way into the hearts of the picture-theatre public. With highly emotional and temperamental artistes, tears for the screen can generally be inspired at will. For less sensitive players, eyes are bedewed, for the purpose of imbuing scenes with invaluable sentimental appeal, with the aid of the unromantic onion. Many tear-drops, it must be confessed, have been manufactured in the studios with glycerine and vaseline.

It is in the direction of vibrating the heart-strings through screen reflections of tragedy or thrilling drama that the mechanical factor largely enters. Camera-craft which enables a face distorted with gripping emotion to be brought out from a crowd with an almost stereoscopic effect, when the faces behind are softened by soft-focus effects, is largely utilised. Lighting effects can accentuate tragedy on a face and imbue the surroundings with haunting eeriness. Grotesque shadows, similar to those so effectively used in *Moriarty*, which flicker across walls, are all part of the magic of the fear-inspiring magicians of the modern studio. Even huge close-up pictures of hands are utilised to reflect the emotions which pass through their

owner's brain. Artistes such as Frank Mayo, Norma Talmadge, and Richard Barthelme can make the dumb show of twisting fingers almost as eloquent as the spoken word.



Two diversified studies of Norma Talmadge. A great movie actress must be a mistress both of laughter and of tears. Below: Sessue Hayakawa in "The First Born," showing the effect obtained by focussing strongly on one figure in a crowd.



# The White Faced Buck

by  
**NIGEL BARRIE**

Nigel Barrie wrote this little story for us during his brief visit to London. He is now in Egypt playing with Wanda Hawley and Pedro de Cordoba in *Fives of Fate*, produced by Tom Terriss for Gaumont.

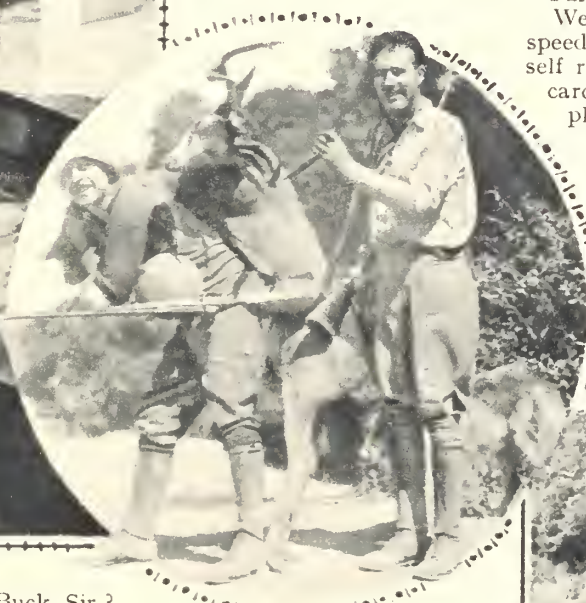
I shouted in triumph. "I reckon my aiming was fine. My bullet went clean through his body." But Stuart said: "Pardon me—*mine*."

We tore down the slope at full speed, Sir, each anxious to prove himself right; but when we examined the carcass, ah, bitter indeed was our plight! *One bullet had ended that Buck, Sir. One bullet had killed him—but whose?* Said I: "You'll admit that you missed him." But Stuart replied: "I refuse."

There was only one thing to be done, Sir. A com in air soon was tossed. To settle



*Nigel Barrie at home.*



*Nigel Barrie, Stuart Holmes, and the White-Faced Buck.*



*The Buck is sighted.*

Shall I tell you the tale of the Buck, Sir? The Buck of the Maliboo Range? 'Tis a tale of amazing ill-luck, Sir. Sad, wonderful, truthful, and strange. Stuart Holmes was the cause of the trouble; he suggested a co-partnership to hike to the Maliboo Mountains, on a holiday deer-shooting trip.

Our guide, Pete the Ranger, informed us, the White-Faced Buck of Maliboo,

had baffled a thousand keen hunters, and surely would baffle us too. We smiled as he told us the story, and made up our minds right away, before the sun set on the mountains, that Buck would be marked for our prey.

I took up my stand on the hill-top and focussed my gaze on the pass, till suddenly down in the valley, I spotted that Buck through my glass.

"Get ready!" I shouted to Stuart. Two shots woke the echoes o'erhead. And when the smoke cleared from the valley, we saw the Buck lying here—dead.

"We've got him!"



the problem before us, we tossed for the Buck—and *I lost*.

Oh, sadly I watched Stuart taking the head and the antlers complete. Said he: "I'll be kind to you, Nigel. I'll make you a gift of the feet!"

And, so in the hall of his mansion, the head of the Buck hangs to-day. The feet do *not* hang in my hallway. What use are the feet, anyway?

# The Career of Clare

by DOROTHY  
OWSTON-BOOTH



*Centre: Clare West, the famous dress-designer, who designs the gorgeous dresses for all Cecil De Mille's productions.*

*Left and right: Two Clare West creations, displayed by Gloria Swanson and Pauline Garon.*

As I sat waiting in the lounge of the Savoy Hotel, I wondered. "What," I pondered, "would a famous designer of magnificent screen gowns be like? Would she be just an ordinary woman like any of the others walking aimlessly about in the vestibule or sitting idly chatting in groups? Or would she be some rare, exotic, "ultra" personality?"

Interrupting my cogitations, there came towards me, with a half-smile, a tall girl, clad in an extraordinary saffron-coloured gown, with a marvellous "confection" upon her head, decorated by a massive pearl-and-brilliant ornament, which looked for all the world as though she had mistaken the time of day and come to the hotel to tea in her diamond tiara! Seconds before she had realised

that I was not, after all, the friend she was seeking, I had decided most forcibly: "This is not Clare West!"

Clare West, who designs the gowns for Cecil B. De Mille's productions, famous as much for their sartorial artistry as for their screenic art, clad in such a gown and crowned with such a hat? Never! "Twere not within the bounds of the humanly possible!"

At that moment, there entered the lounge from the residential regions of the hotel—Clare West!

I knew her immediately! An artist in dress from the toes of her American shoes to the tip of her dainty lace-veiled hat!

As I afterwards discovered, Miss West had made a special study of costuming to suit personality, and, certainly, her own artistic temperament—as well as her inborn sense of perfect good taste—announced itself in the soft folds of black charmeuse.

Later, over a cosy tea-table, Miss West confessed that she had always loved clothes, and had been professionally designing since her early 'teens.

"When I was quite a child," said

De Mille's special designer, "I used to invest each of my dolls with a peculiar temperament. Then my chief delight would be to deck each of these docile models in some quaint or wonderful creation to suit its particular personality and the 'great occasion' which my imagination had concocted.

"And all the time I had definite intentions of making clothes my career! Even my ambitious spirit, however, did not foresee the Paramount wardrobe department, with my one hundred and fifty assistants!"

I suppose I opened my eyes widely at the mention of such a staff in a mere section of the studio equipment, for Miss West continued, laughing:

"Oh, yes! I need every one of them, in spite of the fact that I design every costume and every accessory myself, and even—in the case of some very special gowns—do a good deal of the actual stitching."

"What do you consider has been your biggest costuming effort so far?" I asked.

"My first big film was *Intolerance*, for which I designed every costume used. For this picture I had the unusual experience of having to make duplicates, and even triplicates, of





A corner of the wardrobe store-room at the Famous-Lasky studios.

practically every garment. You see, the screening of such a masterpiece necessarily takes a long time, and in this case we were working for two years before the great film was complete. You can imagine that clothes worn over and over again in many scenes soon lost their freshness, and new ones had then to be made, which, of course, had to be exact duplicates. Then, in some of the very difficult and strenuous scenes, there was needed so much rehearsal before the camera-men could commence operations that costumes began to look frosy before being translated to celluloid. My assistants and I were therefore kept very busy copying our own models. This is the only time when I can remember making the same design twice.

"After *Intolerance*, I became Cecil B. De Mille's own special designer, and have been responsible for the sartorial effects of all his pictures since my introduction to his studio.

"Why *Change Your Wife?* *Something to Think About*, *The Admirable Crichton*, *Forbidden Fruit*, and his two latest releases, *Fool's Paradise* and *Saturday Night* have been some of De Mille's biggest productions, and each one gave me splendid scope for exercising ingenuity and imagination of design and colour."

"Colour?" Again I showed surprise, for, though the Cecil De Mille pictures are famed the world over for their sumptuous costumes and gorgeous settings, the screen has so far only reproduced them in neutral blacks, whites, and greys.

"Yes indeed; colour is a vastly important part of the technique of the camera. Colour value must be thoroughly studied, in fact, by the designer of screen clothes before all else. One must know exactly how a certain shade will appear when transferred to the screen, just as one must be able to tell at a glance which tones will bring out to the best advantage all the beauties of the star."

I asked Miss West whether business or pleasure brought her from sunny California to tour the Continent.

"This is a serious business trip," Miss West assured me; "I am visiting nearly all the capitals of Europe, and probably other towns as well, in connection with designs and materials for Mr. De Mille's next 'super' production. This same picture, I can assure you, will be a magnificent—a colossal—affair, which will astonish even the hardened picturegoer."

I gathered that, among the many stars whom Clare West has dressed, Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Dalton, and Agnes Ayres have particularly endeared themselves to their designer. Each of the

three, declared Miss West, has a personality that makes designing "worth while"; while each has also her own peculiar charm of figure.

"Is it true," I asked, "that stars are terribly temperamental in the studio, and refuse to wear gowns which they do not like?"

"Indeed, no!" Miss West championed the movie folk with her deep blue eyes flashing quite excitedly. "They rarely see a dress before they are required to don it for a scene; and I have never yet designed for any actress who was not perfectly content to leave the dressing entirely to me."

"How is it that your designs are always absolutely up to date, although films take months to produce, and then are not released for quite a long period?"

"We always work on ideas months ahead of the fashions, and are in close touch with dress experts in London, Paris and New York."

"Talking of Paris," continued Miss West, "I was so agreeably surprised on my arrival in London to see that English girls are every bit as well dressed as Parisiennes! I just think English girls positively charming, and dressed in such perfect style and taste."

And as I emerged from the hotel, I wondered whether Clare West had seen the ugly saffron gown with its tiara crown!

Seamstresses and expert dressmakers at work in the wardrobe department.

Below: A corner of the millinery branch.



# British Studio Gossip



Above: *Dezma du May.*

Top: *Clive Brook in "Through Fire and Water."*

## Back to the Stage.

The rôle of the red-haired "Mamie" in "A Little Bit of Fluff," which was revived at the Ambassadors' Theatre, London, a few weeks back, was charmingly played by Peggy Hyland. Peggy, though she is best known as a screen star, has made several successful appearances on the stage. "Because a fortune teller once assured me that I was a born actress and should lose no time in seeking a stage engagement I took her advice," Peggy told me. "Did I want to be an actress? Oh,



*Peggy Hyland, who returned to the stage in "A Little Bit of Fluff."*

dear me—doesn't every girl, at some time or other?"

## How She Commenced.

"I didn't get an engagement at once, of course. In fact, I sometimes wonder whether I ever would have made a start had it not been for my unshakable belief in my own private and particular fortune-teller. With which belief I infected others, notably the late George Edwardes (or maybe it was to get rid of me), who allowed me to be in the chorus of one of his productions. I didn't stay there long, though. I was soon promoted to small parts, and then I left musical comedy and played in 'The Little Café' and 'The Yellow Jacket.'" Peggy Hyland's return to the stage is only a temporary one, though; she will be screening again shortly, and has just finished the scenario of her next film.

## Tinker, Taylor—

Alma Taylor is her simple, lovable self in *The Pipes of Pan*, one of the current Hepworth releases. This is her first picture since her return from America, and the attractive kiddie seen with her in the photograph on this page is little Leslie Attwood. The story concerns a travelling tinker (John McAndrews) and his daughter Polly (Alma Taylor), who make a



*Alma Taylor and Leslie Attwood in "The Pipes of Pan."*

sudden entry into high society. But they are robbed of their money, and are both glad to take to the road again. A delightful interlude is the scene wherein tiny "Derek Hulme" summons the fairies of the woodland by playing on his Pan pipes. They are shown dancing amid the mist upon a silvery lake, over which large trees droop their foliage. The many woodland scenes are up to the best Hepworth standards. One is almost always sure of some such glimpses of English rural beauty spots in the productions made by Ceel Hepworth.

## Our Busiest Brook.

Last time I saw Clive Brook he hinted darkly about certain American producers who were trying to lure him over the water. But he hasn't allowed himself to be lured, for he has found all the excitement he wants in his new rôle. Clive is playing the adventurous hero of *Out to H'in*, the play that was so successful in London about a year ago. The screen version will be a Denison Clift production, with Catherine Calvert as the heroine. Many exciting scenes that were of necessity only described in the stage version will be shown in the screen-play; and, of course, the action will be very much speeded up throughout.

## Quantity and Quality.

Several new one and two reels have been completed in Quality studios. *Pearl for Pearl*, which is an adaptation of a "Pan" story, has a South Sea Island setting, which was made in three days in the studio itself. It is a romantic tale of the struggles of two pearl traders for a particularly fine specimen, involving a fair Kanaka girl in the deal. To her and her lover pearls mean less than nothing, and,



Joan Morgan listens-in.

after the two traders lose their lives quarrelling over the booty, the Kanakas leave it lying on the ground when they seek happiness together. Dezma Du May makes a pretty South Sea Islander, and A. B. Imeson has a distinctive rôle.

**Satire on the Screen.**

More in the vein of *The Letters* is another of the Quality bunch, *Finished*, which concerns an elderly French Count who tries to forget his years. Jerrold Robertshaw, whom you probably saw as "Talleyrand" in *A Royal Divorce* last month, plays this nobleman, and gives a characteristic performance. He specialises in studies of super-aristocrats of the costume school, and is at the moment the elegant "Count Scharnorff" at the Lyric in "Lilac Time." But this well-known actor has been twice round the world, and was paid the doubtful compliment of being summoned to Australia especially to play "Mephistopheles" in "Faust" there. He is fond of sea voyages; but only when it is a real sea. Recalling early days of stagecraft, Jerrold Robertshaw has an amusing story of "The Unknown," a melodrama which was the *pièce-de-résistance* of Sarah Thomas' Stock Company many years ago.

**Sing Ho! for the Life of a Sailor!**

"The Vanbrughs, Arthur Wontner, and several other now-prominent folk were with us then," says Robertshaw; "and we had one glorious scene in which our boat 'sailed' into the stage. Well, the 'water' was, of course, simply cloths; the 'waves' were made by extras assisted by what were called 'water rows.' These structures materially assisted the illusion. One night our vessel capsized too soon and in the wrong place. Flip-flop! Down went the wooden 'water rows,' and we found ourselves sitting on the ocean, which, I may tell you, voiced a protest in several keys and in language none too mild. The worst of it was this: The 'water rows' were hopelessly out of place, and so prevented the other boat coming along to rescue us. Our play was a dead failure that night!"

**A Voice on the Radio Wave.**

Joan Morgan is very much interested in wireless these days. She not only "listens-in" with great regularity to anything that is being transmitted, but has tried her hand (this should read "her voice," I think) at transmitting for herself. It is possible that, at some future date, the first showing of one of this popular little star's pictures may be preceded by a message from her. Many kinemas now have their radio sets, and wireless music is a regular feature of the new one at Hendon.

**Flora's Fall from Grace.**

Sad, but true. After ornamenting many screen-plays in *ingénue* rôles, Flora Le Breton has become a crook. Aided and abetted by Gerald Ames, she is alternately breaking safes and breaking hearts in *God's Prodigal*, at Alliance Studios. Between helping Ames crack cribs, Flora sings "A-vamping we shall go," between shots, and practises smoking cigarettes with the aid of a long holder. Considering her youth, she's doing very well, so far.

**An Involuntary Film Star.**

"She's the worst woman in screenland—but I simply loved playing her." That's Edith Bishop's opinion of "Helga," in *The Prodigal Son*. "Helga" certainly is a vain and selfish woman, but Edith Bishop's characterisation is an extremely clever one. Edith herself, though she likes film work now, declares that her entry into screenland was unsought by her. She had accompanied a friend in search of a part, and as she happened to be a "type," she was immediately seized and borne off to a studio. "I was one member of the audience in a theatre scene," said Edith; "and we started work at 10.30 a.m."

**But She Liked It.**

"We went on almost without a break on 'takes,' and 'retakes' and I could hardly believe it when someone said, 'Why, it's midnight—we'll have to do the rest to-morrow.' It was the shortest day I've ever known, and I promptly put my name down as a 'crowd' worker." Her first parts were in A. E. Coleby films, *The Peacemaker* and *Long Odds*, in which she was a chorus girl. *The Prodigal Son*, which stars Henry Victor, Stuart Rome, and Collette Brettel, is the longest British film ever made, and will be released in two parts. It was made in five different countries, and for once "fan" grumblers cannot complain of alterations.



**Englishmen Abroad.**

Lewis Dayton, seen on this month's screens in *Shifting Sands*, opposite Peggy Hyland, is now in America. He has just signed on to appear opposite Dorothy Phillips in her new film, *Slander the Woman*. And G. K. Arthur writes us as follows from Hollywood: "I had only been here three days when I signed up to play in a Fox film, *Red Darkness*. My part is something like the one I played in *Paddy*."

Left: Jerrold Robertshaw.

Below: A scene from "Pearl for Pearl," based on the "PAN" story.





### EDITH ROBERTS

*began her stage career at the age of six. Has appeared in many Universal productions, including "Lasca," "The Adorable Savage," and "The Fire Cat." She has light-brown hair and brown eyes*



### LEWIS DAYTON

*The popular British star who is now picture-making in America. His films include "The Shadow Between," "The Mystery of Bernard Brown," and "Broken Souls," released this month.*

**GEORGE ARLISS**

*This fine actor is a Londoner by birth, with thirty-three years' of stage work to his credit. His best-known pictures are "The Devil," "Disraeli," and "The Ruling Passion."*



### MILDRED DAVIS

*Harold Lloyd's leading lady in so many of his pictures recently became his leading lady for life. Mildred, who is a beautiful blue-eyed blonde, was born at Philadelphia.*



### WALLACE BEERY

*His face is his fortune, and Wallace doesn't complain, because he is one of the screen's foremost character actors—witness his work in "Robin Hood," "Behind the Door," and "The Four Horsemen."*



# The Screen Fashion Plate



May McAvoy displays a summer ermine cape of champagne shade.



A gorgeous mandarin robe worn by Dorothy Phillips.



Agnes Ayres wears a charming brocade evening gown.



Esther Joy's afternoon dress of black crepe, with long sleeves and skirt.



Above: Anna Nilsson's fur-trimmed velvet suit. Left: A Norma-Talmadge creation.

# Directors I Have Met

by ELIZABETH LONERGAN



An electric megaphone for crowd scenes.

Rex Ingram was born in Dublin, educated at the University, and destined for the Bar. Unfortunately for his family's happiness, he decided that his career was art, and so ran away and came to America. That was eleven or twelve years ago, and in so short a time he has made an enviable record. But, of course, it did not come overnight. He worked in the freight-yard of one of the big railroads, and when he had money enough, enrolled as a student in the School of Fine Arts at Yale University. He studied sculpture, as well as other branches of art, and his cleverness is illustrated in portraits of his work. It is easy to recognise Eric Von Stroheim in the caricature reproduced above. That art experience has been most helpful in putting on pictures. The average director is a matter-of-fact person to whom the practical rather than the artistic appeals. Mr. Ingram combines the two qualities to a marked degree, and his pictures clearly demonstrate this.

You will be interested in some of his novel ideas about picture making and picture acting. I asked if he considered stage experience necessary for screen acting.

"Stage experience often tends to produce the best players," he said, "though there are times when an actor has become very stilted and mechanical, then, of course, he is of little use in screen work, unless he is particularly adaptable. But where one is clever, his work is a great delight to any director because it is not necessary to instruct him, and the time saved can be used to good advantage by the busy producer. I consider that a man like Lewis Stone, well known on the English and American stage before he went into pictures, is an example of this sort."

Just as the English director finds inspiration in pictures of another country, so does Mr. Ingram enjoy European pictures, seeking in them something different from the usual sort of offerings.



His dream, to produce in Europe, is to be realised. At the completion of his next picture, he plans to sail immediately for England, and will go location-hunting. A little later his company will follow, and a number of pictures will be made in England or on the Continent. This will be in May or June, depending entirely upon the completion of *Scaramouche*, which will be started as soon as he returns to the coast.



Rex Ingram in action.

# Whither Wilt Thou Wanda?



to have clothes which exactly expressed her personality, I studied her hard all the while I was on the ocean, and thought out just what she ought to wear.

"Then as soon as I could, I set out to find what I wanted here in London. And, believe me, it took all of two days and three hundred pounds, English." Sports clothes, tourist's ditto; hats, boots, shoes and fans were duly described and dilated upon; also "Dorinne's" eight evening gowns, which range from the demurest of black silks to one which

**M**ake it 'Whither hast thou wandered?' Please do," begged Wanda Hawley, so prettily that only the thought of spoiling a bright title could have made me steely-minded enough to refuse. She had just given me (amongst others) a picture of herself in *Miss Hobbs*, partially surrounded by geese, informing me the while that she reckoned nine thousand miles in three weeks was not such bad going, all things considered.

Pardon our pun, but as Wanda Hawley has joined the ranks of the Wanderers, the opportunity was irresistible. Wanda is now in Egypt playing in Gaumont's film version of "The Fires of Fate."

What did I think? What, in the name of Pelman, could I think, save as above?

"Well, then, so far as I know, it will be Paris, Marseilles, Port Said, Cairo, and Wady-Halfa. Upstairs and down steps, and into Tutankhamen's tomb, if he will give me audience. Also to the Pyramids, the Second Cataract, and the Soudan—all for *The Fires of Fate*. There! Now let's talk sense."

We talked frocks, which is the next best thing. Wanda is an expert on this subject, as befitting a De Mille leading lady, and always likes to choose her own costumes whenever possible.

"I was perfectly thrilled at the prospect of playing over here," she smiled. "And because I wanted 'Dorinne'



Wanda's negligé was designed by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

Wanda called "real vampy and sleazy." Which is Americanese for striking.

It is a crystal and orange-beaded affair, calculated to make the occupants of an hotel lobby turn and stare, according to Wanda. "And I had some trouble before I found it."

She likes French models always, and told me, in confidence, the name of a Hollywood store, the only one in the town, where these things may be purchased. She also likes England, and has decided to take a house and settle down this side for a year or two.

"Seriously," she said, in that husky whisper of hers that is oddly fascinating, "I haven't travelled very much. I've been to Canada, crossed the ocean from Seattle to Vancouver once. Now, don't tell me you saw me in Montreal at the opening of a new movie theatre there. Because three other people have said that, and I've never been to Montreal in my life."



Wanda Hawley and Rumsay Wallace - a picture taken at the studio "between sets."



A novel flower-basket dress.

"The fact is, I was supposed to appear on that occasion; but as I was miles away on location, somebody 'doubled' for me."

She is a very dainty little lady, this fluffy-haired, dimpled Pennsylvanian. One usually associates this part of America with Quakers; but, though she can look demure enough at times, there's far more roguishness than Quakerishness about Wanda.

Doubtless, all good movie fans know that Wanda Hawley was born Selma Pittack. She confessed as much. Selma was all a Selma ought to be. She was very ambitious, terribly learned (graduated with honours from a Washington college), and Grand Opera was her goal. Maybe sister Ormi's example inspired her.

"Anyway, she—I mean I—left my home town, Seattle, and went to New York for more singing lessons. When I wasn't practising, I was posing. Oh, yes; I was once a magazine-cover girl, and through that I nearly

became a Folly. Ziegfeld wanted me, but I wanted to keep on studying.

"An 'understudy' to one of the principals in 'Chun Chin,' I didn't disdain, because that meant singing," Wanda continued. "But fate was against me, and I had some kind of laryngitis, and lost my voice. Also had an operation which everybody thought would restore it. No use, though. But I don't let it worry me overmuch.

"We were all musical at home. My brother was a concert violinist, and I was his accompanist on one of his tours. I played for Albert Spalding too: he's quite well known this side and ours. And," laughing gaily, "Pedro de Cordoba, our villain in *The Fires of Fate*, vows I shall accompany his violin-playing some time. He's got his instrument of torture concealed in his cabin-box; but, so far, I've been adamant, and he hasn't dared bring it out."

Her first film in America was made at Fox studios, after Norma Talmadge introduced her to William Farnum.

"It occurred after I'd had two years at Washington College," she declared. "I was terribly highbrow then. But after a week or two on the set, I acquired quite a reputation as an expert in slang, studio and otherwise. I also acquired Pettit instead of Pittack as my surname, and I think both changes were for the better. The film was *The Derelict*, and Stuart Holmes was the star. I was in several of his films, though only in small parts. My first lead was in *The Heart of a Lion*, opposite William Farnum. He's awfully nice. Do you know, my last picture before I sailed was *Brass Commandments*, opposite him again, and he said he remembered perfectly well how scared I used to be of him."

After eight months at Fox's, Wanda (I mean Selma) joined Arcraft as Doug Fairbanks' heroine in *Mr. Fix It*. This worthily fixed upon her name at once, and, in his energetic fashion, soon persuaded her to become "Wanda." It was "Wanda Hawley" Cecil De Mille directed in *Old Wives for New* and *We Can't Have Everything*.



Beauty—two varieties.

Wanda at work on a painting. She is an accomplished artist.



Pedro de Cordoba, Wanda Hawley and Nigel Barrie, principals in "The Fires of Fate."





Above and below: Two portrait-studies of Wanda Hawley.



Wanda Hawley in "The Outside Woman."

"'Kedzie Thropp' in that film," mused Wanda, "was a real saucy little salamander. Not a sub-deb like Marguerite Clarke's 'Babs,' nor an *ingénue* like Mary Pickford. Just a salamander."

Unwilling to confess my ignorance, I agreed that "Kedzie" undoubtedly *was* a salamander. If I remember rightly, she was the young lady who belied the title and did have everything, including a ducal husband, played by Elliott Dexter. Leads with Bryant Washburn, W. S. Hart, Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, and Robert Warwick followed. One of her cherished day-dreams had been to work



It's "Hobson's Choice" for Wanda in that crinoline.

with the Talmadges—Norma is Wanda's ideal screen-actress. She did make one picture with Constance, *A Pair of Silk Stockings*. One of her best rôles was that of "Betty Hoyt" in *For Better, For Worse*, also a De Mille production. This war-time story starred Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter, but Tom Forman and Wanda Hawley ran away with the honours. Tom, you remember, was the young soldier who returned on the day his wife was about to marry her old sweetheart. And Wanda was the nice girl who had loved him all the time, and who consoled him for

his sufferings.

Incidentally, Wanda remarked that a sincere rôle like that one was a delight to her, though she's versatile, and tackles comedy, farce, costume, or character parts quite easily.

"My best part," she said, rather wistfully, "no one will ever see. I mean 'Peg,' of course. Oh, you don't know how I loved playing 'Peg.' (In *Peg o' My Heart*.) It was my first star picture, and everybody was so interested in it. Laurette Taylor wrote to me, and promised to come down. John McCormack *came* down. We had *such* a cast, too. Tom Meighan was 'Jerry' (the only time I ever played with Tom, though I know him very well). Barbara Castleton and Mayme Kelso were the two English ladies. Then, after we'd quite finished, the blow fell.

"The author, Hartley Manners, had sold the play to Oliver Morosco, and he disposed of the film rights to Famous-Lasky. Neither knew that this wasn't allowable. Anyway, there was a law-suit, which Famous-Lasky won. But the matter was taken before a superior court, and, as after happens, the judgment was reversed, and the film copyright of 'Peg' reverted to the author. And no one was sorer than 'Peg' herself, Laurette Taylor, who sent me the sweetest of letters."





a Realart star. About the clever "exterior" that are not exterior at all, but paintings on glass, photographed at a certain distance from the camera, and their positions adjusted, of course, to the *n*-th degree. Of Penrhyn Stanlaws, too, who directed her in *The House That Jazz Built*, and who also super-

Wanda in "Held by the Enemy."



cheerfulness and laughter, and everybody's darling wherever she goes.

She's a many-sided little person too, drives her own car at home in America; rows, swims, and delights in demonstrating the fact that her mother taught her to cook really well. She also quotes Latin with disconcerting ease and effect, and owns to a never-ending thirst for knowledge.

She was "Beauty" in *Everywoman*; also one of the "affairs" in *The Affairs of Anatol*, which we hope yet to see this side. Besides several Realart-Gaumont star pictures, Wanda will be seen this year in *Thirty Days* (Wally Reid's last film), *Nobody's Money*, with Jack Holt; *Masters of Men*, with Earle Williams; *The Snob*, a college picture; and, of course, the Gaumont *Fires of Fate*, for which she came all the way from Hollywood, and was going all the way to Egypt.

"It's adapted from a terribly tragic Conan Doyle story," she told me. "But the play is much nicer, I think. And my part, that of an American heiress, is a very sympathetic one. And it's quite easy to be sympathetic over Nigel Barrie. He has

Although she looks and acts the part of a shy, clinging, mid-Victorian damsel with side curls, poke bonnet, and mittens all complete so well, Wanda likes modern rôles best.

"Baby-vamps, yes," she said, decisively. "Because though she's a tease and a flirt, and likes to be thought the least little bit wicked, it's all on the surface. Sweet and genuinely womanly, beneath, is the baby-vamp."

A pretty good description of herself, I think. For Wanda, is decidedly "peppy." Far more so *au naturel* than in most of her screen rôles.

She told me many interesting studio details whilst chatting of her work as

vised her surprising make-up in that film. "I didn't fatten up for the part," she laughed. "Though, I believe I could do it very easily. In fact, I'm sure I gained pounds and pounds coming across, because I took a holiday from dieting, for once in a way. No. There were red and white 'high lights' under my eyes, making them look quite puffy, and all around my chin and neck. Even on my hands. But it was great fun."

Most things are "great fun" to Wanda, who is a dimpled bundle of



Outside her tent dressing-room during the filming of "Burning Sands."

Telling Tully Marshall to beware of brunettes.



promised not to do as Jack Holt did. Jack Holt is the worst man in the world to play opposite. He has a cast iron countenance, you know, and instead of keeping to his part, he likes to whisper all sorts of funny things when you're supposed to be dreadfully upset. If he can make you laugh, he's quite happy; but the director isn't. Of course, Jack never moves a muscle himself, and it's impossible to be angry with him."

# Fairbanks Junior Makes His Bow

by OSCAR M. SHERIDAN

With a generous sweep of his hand, the *maitre d'hôtel* indicated an open door; if he said anything, I did not hear him, nor did I hear the mother of Douglas Fairbanks junior greet me. All I could hear was the crash, rattle, and booming of an improvised ragtime infernally-jazz band under the unique direction of Douglas himself. In a corner of the brightly-lit and cheerful apartment a gramophone was trying to make itself heard; but Doug. junior wouldn't let it. Not him! "Bang, ooooooeee, crash-honk-honk!" said Douglas to me.

"Not at all!" I shouted above the din, with a cheerfulness I surely did not feel. "Zoomph, pong, hoot, zing, crash!" The last sound, however, was only Douglas falling off his stool of neatly piled magazines, the traps, drums, and other paraphernalia of a Parisian jazz-band collapsing over him. Gracefully extricating himself from the débris, flushed but smiling, he rose and extended his hand, saying: "Not bad for a jazz band, is it?"

The first thing that strikes one when introduced to Douglas Fairbanks junior is the fact that he has completely inherited his father's famous smile. Doug. junior is of medium height, athletic build, and has fair hair brushed back from the forehead in exactly the same style as his father. He is, naturally, strikingly handsome, and has a charming and bewitching personality.

Douglas has the gift of free and easy conversation; he is extremely witty, and is never

Doug. junior's impressions of himself and his father.



at a loss to answer whatever question one may put to him. He has a vast repertory of amusing tales of his life out in California, and he has just that knack of bringing out the best point about them.

"One afternoon," he was telling me, "I and a few friends organised a Wild West show, with lots of hosses and attractions. We sent



Fairbanks junior—a portrait and a camera-study.

out invitations broadcast, and when everything was ready, and the show about to begin only three people turned up!"

"Only three?" I echoed.

"Yes," he sighed reminiscently; "but then they were my cousins!"

They each paid fifty cents, and said afterwards that they enjoyed the show. . . . As for us. . . ." his pause was most eloquent.

"What do you do with your time now?" was my next question.

"I like boxing, I play a lot of tennis, and my hobby is every sport," was his enthusiastic rejoinder. "I am very fond of the gym, and I am especially keen on our national game—namely, baseball. I do quite a lot of painting and sculpture. I play the jazz band (heavens,



yes!). I go to the theatre and kinemas and—"

"Only?" I asked interrogatively.

"Oh, no, that is not all," he replied, with no little concern; "I swim, go for long walks, and am hardly indoors. Most instances I'm out riding in the Bois de Boulogne, and when back home, on the Californian plains. I am interested in amateur theatricals and, oh! lots of other things!"

"I am returning to the States on May 2, when I will appear in two films directed by William Elliott, the scenarios and settings of which are in preparation now. The first scenes will probably be shot in the beginning of June."

But before leaving the presence of Doug. junior, I was able to elicit an interesting little bit of information, which was to the effect that his rôles will be similar to those of his father; and as Douglas is, as I hear, a finished athlete, I fear that Fairbanks senior will have a very formidable rival.

"By the way," said my victim, as I was just taking leave, "you might tell them through the 'Picturegoer' that my age is—"

"Yes," I queried hoarsely. I had a presentiment that I was about to experience a shock.

"I am not seventeen," he said, slowly, preparing me for it; "nor am I eighteen; while sixteen is still incorrect. I was born on December 9, 1909; therefore, my correct age is THIRTEEN."

# Film Stars Charles

Mr. and Mrs.  
Charles Ray.



Charles Ray indulges in a romp on the lawn with his little niece and his dog Whiskers.



Below: Director Joseph de Grasse gives Charles an impromptu trim-up before their departure for the studio.



Charles Ray and his father at the star's private swimming pool.  
Below: Charles Ray in his dressing-room at home.





# at Home Ray



Tea-house and swimming-pool in the grounds of Charles Ray's home.



Charles Ray and Whiskers. The little dog is in close attendance on his master both on and off the screen, and the star would feel lost without him.



Charles Ray and wife—a close-up and a long-shot.



The fountain in the grounds of Charles Ray's beautiful home at Beverly Hills, California.



# The Luck of Richard Barthelmess



Gladys Cooper visits Richard Barthelmess

Are you one of those people who believe in LUCK? If so, listen to this story, and see if you do not agree that Richard Barthelmess has started this new year with the very best of good fortune. First, there was the trip to Cuba, to take some of the scenes of *The Bright Shawl* (a trip which the company, as well as the star, enjoyed from start to finish!); then, early in February, little Miss Mary Hay Barthelmess came to town, the handsomest, cutest and best baby in the world; and the third wonderful thing that is due to happen almost any day, is a glorious trip to England, where scenes will be shot for a play about the period of Oliver Cromwell. Certainly his lucky star is in the ascendant.

We were watching a few of the last scenes being taken for *The Bright Shawl*, and discussing pictures, "fans," plays, and a dozen other things. I was particularly interested in hearing about the first character in which I ever saw him, that of the Chinaman in *Broken Blossoms*. To me it had always stood out as a wonderful bit of character work, a tribute to the handsome actor who was willing to sink his good looks into an Oriental make-up. And then I received a



Dicky Barthelmess and his lifelong friends, Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

surprise. When I asked about the way he chanced to get such a fine slant to his eyes, the typical Chinese walk, and other details that are often overlooked in pictures, he replied, "Why, I used hardly any make-up. I did so—" He pulled his forehead up until it seemed half its usual size, and with the change came a difference in facial expression.

The eyes became slanted, the other features were different, and, behold! an Oriental.

This part, and that of the hero



Two studies of Barthelmess in his fine picture, "Tol'able David," released this month.

of *Tol'able David*, are Dicky's favorite rôles. His latest release in the State is *Fury*, which has been described as "the sea epic of the screen."

If his plans work out right Richard Barthelmess will be in London in the spring, and looks forward with great pleasure to meeting his many friends, known and unknown. I have promised a gala welcome because I know of his popularity with English fans, which equals his standing in my own country. A star of the educated, athletic type he will appeal to you all and you will like him. He is quiet and well-mannered, a gentleman to his finger-tips, a star who reflects credit upon his own country, and who will give a good impression wherever he goes.

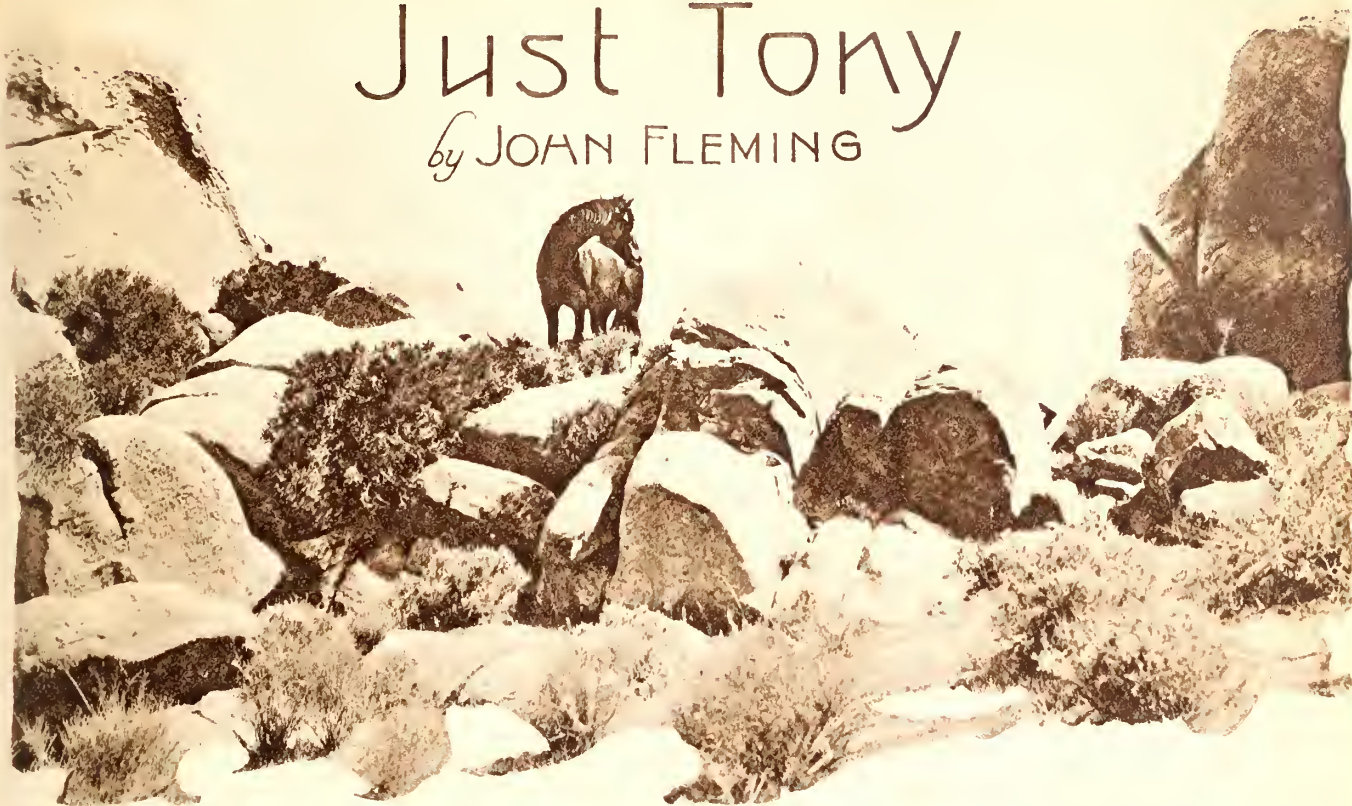
You will recall his pretty little wife in *Way Down East*. Mary Hay also appeared in the stage version of "Pomander Walk," a couple of seasons ago, in which she was featured with Peggy Wood and Lennox Pawle. Before that she was in *The Follies*, but plans now to devote herself



entirely to Home, Husband, and Little Daughter. I asked about the latter, and am able to tell you that she looks like them both, which ensures a wealth of beauty and cleverness. You can judge when you meet the Barthelmess family soon in England! E. L.

# Just Tony

by JOAN FLEMING



Marianne Jordan was in "town" for the annual sports and cattle sale. "Town" was about six houses, a stable, and a place for drink and cards, styled "hotel." It could house perhaps twenty people at a squeeze.

There were to-day present, however, a good couple of hundred. All the ranchers had cars and could ride in from their ranches and back after the sports before nightfall. The cars they parked round the course and the arena, making a temporary enclosure, and the roofs of these would serve as grand-stands. It was on top of the Jordan family Ford that Marianne now sat, awaiting the beginning of the great race.

It meant a great deal to Marianne and the ranch, this great race. Five mares from the east were entered, and a wild thing of the name of Tony, captured in the desert by a half-breed Mexican. The five eastern mares were known to be runners, and there was likely to be much bidding for them in the event of the defeat of Tony. But should Tony win, then the eastern mares would be had for a mere song, and a mere song was as far as Marianne was authorised to go by her father. The Jordan ranch was passing through times none too rosy, and the pence were having to be carefully watched. On the other hand, what with break-aways and horse-stealers, it was most essential that the blood-stock be increased at some very early

date, and no better opportunity than this of the annual sports would recur for a year at the very least.

Jim Perris, a strolling cowboy, never anywhere for long, was standing beside the Jordan Ford when one of the ranchers came along with his news.

"Missie, they're saying that the Mexican has a pot of money on this

Jim heard without hearing the girl's exclamation. He heard without hearing that if Tony lost and the price of the eastern mares went up, it might mean ruin to the Jordan ranch. What did it matter what he heard to the Jordan ranch? Jim had never heard of the Jordan ranch. But Tony's reputation—Tony's pride—

Before the thought had formulated Jim was across the track, and had paid his entrance fee for the race and was at the starting line beside the other six. He knew that he had no hope of winning, but . . . but he could at least save Tony from disgrace.

Bang!

They were off, and at once it could be seen that the Mexican was pulling the horse and holding it back, so that the others from the east were already drawing away and gaining the lead. Jim put on a spurt and came alongside, and grinned in the eyes of the half-breed and drew in and waited his moment.

It came. With a sudden slash he drew his knife across the Mexican's reins, and, free from restraint, the wonderful horse of the desert shot forward. With a snarl the Mexican turned on Jim, and then sought to regain a grip on the trailing reins, but it was now too late. Nothing could stop the wonderful animal. He shot forward, with nostrils distended and ears flat, round and round, lap by lap, and soon a great roar from the stands told that all was over for the eastern mares and that Tony had won.

#### CHARACTERS:

Jim Perris	- - -	TOM MIX.
Tony	- - -	HIMSELF.
Marianne	- - -	CLAIRE ADAMS.
Oliver Jordan	- - -	J. P. LOCKNEY.
Lew Hervey	- - -	FRANK CAMPEAU.
Cordova	- - -	DUKE LEE.

*Narrated by permission from the Fox film of the same title.*

race, and is going to see to it that Tony doesn't win."

Jim Perris started. Came a memory of long nights on the prairie and the desert spent in vain attempts to track the glorious Tony. Never had there been its like before. It was the finest horse, the most intelligent, the swiftest runner, in all the history of those parts. It was the leader of vast herds; a king. And Jim Perris had vowed that some day Tony should be his. Not just his horse—his comrade, his friend. And here he was now, the property of a half-breed, a Mexican, who, for money, was to smash his great reputation, and—



*In less than a minute the little drama was over. The Mexican lay in the middle of the enclosure.*

Jim strolled across the enclosure to hear the news, and learnt that the owner of the eastern mares had sold out at the price offered by Marianne Jordan, and had been glad to. Then he strolled back to where the horses were tethered behind the "hotel."

A sudden snarl and a quick whimper set him running, and when he came to where Tony stood roped in a little hurdled space, he saw that which made his blood boil and his fists involuntarily clench. The half-breed held the mightiest whip that ever Jim in all his experience had seen, and with it he was "teaching" the wonderful horse, to the best of his ability, not to win!

"I vill teach ze to lose my money for me! I vill teach ze to run and run and win! You like zat!"

He brought the stick of the whip across the animal's snout, and the great horse plunged and kicked with pain, and lashed out with its quick hoofs that were only just not quick enough. And then Jim bounded to the fence, and was about to spring over, when suddenly, with one gigantic heave, the animal had snapped the rope that bound him, and was free. A scream from the Mexican, a yell for help from Jim, a lightning turn from Tony, and in less than a minute the little drama was over. The Mexican lay battered to death in the middle of the enclosure, a fence was kicked in, and Tony was back once more to his freedom on the desert.

Marianne had witnessed all from

her window of the hotel, and when it was over she called to Jim, and he came to the window.

"You saved a lot for us," she said. "And you were the only one with a kind thought for Tony. Will you come back with me to my father's ranch and be our foreman? Things are not too well there, and we could do with one like you in command."

Jim shook his head.

"The pay will be good enough, I reckon," said Marianne. "We could arrange it, anyway."

"It's not that," said Jim. "I'm not short of money. And before I take on another job there are two things I've sworn to do. I say I'm the best shot in a hundred miles. But once a man shot me, crippled my leg for weeks. He shot me when my back was turned, when I wasn't looking, when I was not thinking of him. Well, you can't do that with Jim Perris and get away with it for ever. I don't know where he is, but I'll find him, and when I find him, the fur's going to fly. That's one thing. The other is Tony. I'm going to get Tony. He's the finest horse I've ever seen, and I want him for a pal. When I get him, and the man who once got me, I'll be free to talk."

He made a sweep of his hat, and leapt to the saddle.

**T**ONY that day declared a vendetta against Man. Man was his enemy. Man saddled and shod

him and took him from his beloved desert and beat him, beat him, beat him!

Tony declared a vendetta, and went to work with the intelligence that had always raised him high above the herd of his fellows. First he waited for nightfall, when men slept, and then he galloped in to where the ranches were, and looked over the ground.

The herd had thinned lamentably in Tony's absence in civilisation. The better horses had been captured and harnessed by Man; the poorer ones scattered or shot. It was a depleted kingdom over which Tony had returned to rule, and his first thought was to bring it back to the numbers and the proud position of old.

The first ranch to which he came on the night of his return was the Jordan ranch, and here, sure enough, were a good score of his followers of old, corralled and captive. Tony snorted and got their ears, then stepped proudly to the fence that separated them, and called to them to watch the

opportunity.

His captive days with Man had taught him many things, and of these many things the chief was familiarity with the things that Man called fastenings, the things that made the gates of the corrals to open and close. Tony had watched.

Now with his nose he pushed aside the fastenings of the corral on the Jordan ranch, and in a moment the score of his captured followers were free, and the thud-thud of hoofs was telling of the speedy return to the wild. Marianne and the men of the ranch were awakened, but too late, and all that met their eyes was the little cloud of dust far on the moonlit horizon, where Tony and the band were vanishing from sight. But Hervey, the foreman, had powerful field glasses, and before Tony had completely disappeared, he had been recognised.

"It's that darn wild horse that killed the half-breed!" snapped Hervey.

"It must be caught!" cried Marianne. "And as soon as possible, if we are not to be ruined."

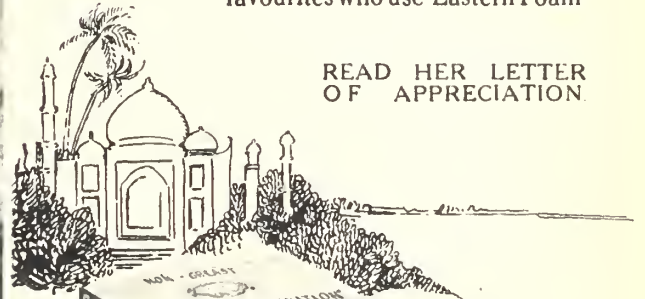
Hervey smiled. In truth, he might have told more than he did of the depletion of the Jordan stock. There was a steady market over the hills for good horses that were also cheap, and Hervey knew well that there were no horses cheaper than those that cost nothing. Many a night had he journeyed to the markets with a horse or two from the ranch, and many more times would he have done this but for the fear of eventual discovery. Now here was his best excuse. Tony! If in the future horses

*Continued on Page 46.*

# Thelma Murray

— the well-known British film actress, starring in "Creation," etc., is one of the many film favourites who use 'Eastern Foam'

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THE CREAM OF FASCINATION

were missing, it could all be blamed on Tony. Tony must be caught? Well—perhaps not!

But he said, "Yes, Miss," and made obvious preparations.

Marianne's father was away from home, and the ranch nominally in his daughter's management. When, therefore, at the end of a week, when all Hervey's "efforts" had failed to effect a capture, and Jim Perris rode up to the place, it was as master of the ranch that the girl finally appealed to the cowboy.

"You know the desert better than any of us," she said. "Accept employment until Tony is captured. Capture him for us."

"I will capture him," said Jim, "for myself. All right, I'm one of you till then."

Hervey took his intimates aside.

"This feller's got to be finished," he said. "Let him loose and our game's up. And once Tony is captured, our best excuse is gone. Finish 'em both."

Jim set a trap for Tony far out on the desert, and for many days watched day and night. And at last he won the prize. Roped by every leg, and by his slim, proud neck, Tony at last fell captive. But, to his vast surprise, captive to a man far different from the others.

"Lie still, old man," said Jim, patting the horse's neck. "I ain't going to hurt you. We're going to be pals, you and me, Tony. Rest up while I get the saddle on you."

But the breeding of generations made it difficult for Tony to submit at first. He was saddled and promptly mounted by Jim, but then he tried every means to unseat his new master, and at last he succeeded. Jim fell, his head striking a stone, and lay unconscious.

Tony knew not what to do. This new man had been a friend. He had been kind and good to Tony. And now he was lying still and quiet. How could Tony help?

Hervey came, and his men, and gave a whoop of joy when at last they found the rival in their power.

They took him across to a rough hut in the hills, and tied him to a chair.

"Leave him with me," said Hervey. And the others went.

Soon Jim came round and saw his plight and the cold eyes of Hervey.

"You're causin' trouble, so you're goin' where there ain't no more," he said.

"I should have been goin' from the ranch when Tony was caught," said Jim.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" sneered

Hervey. "D'yer think I ain't seen? You love the boss's daughter. But I reckon I'd be doin' you a favour to finish you. There'd be complications, y'see. The feller you're after for shootin' you in the Lane Duck Saloon up in Nevada is—the girl's father! Bit of a mess, eh?"

"I'd—I'd forgive him anything for Marianne!" said Jim.

"Only you won't have time!" said Hervey, flashing his gun.

Suddenly it was struck from his grasp, and he found himself staring down the barrel of the revolver of Marianne Jordan.

"Quick!" she cried. "Unstrap him!"

Hervey unstrapped him, and they ran for their saddles and away. Tony, watching in the bushes, moved round and followed at a safe distance. And when Hervey thought they were too far to shoot he strode to the door of the shack and whistled to his men.

"Head 'em off at Sleek River!" he said. "We got to finish 'em there."

Sleek River was wide and muddy at the bend, and the going was always slow and bad. Marianne got across, but was unsaddled at the tip of the treacherous bank. Jim's horse was shot from under him halfway across the river, and he was forced to wade.

"We got 'em!" shouted Hervey.

Jim gained the bank and stood by Marianne's side. To think of escape was madness. The wide prairie stretched ahead, and before they could hope to do a hundred yards they must be overtaken. Already Hervey and his men were well across the river. They could

only wait in each other's arms for death.

When suddenly, like a streak of ebony lightning, something shot across the stream and climbed the bank. One who knew Sleek River better than any man—Tony!

He stood snorting beside the only man who had ever shown him kindness.

"Tony!" cried Jim, springing for the sleek black back and hoisting up Marianne behind. "Good boy, Tony! Away!"

The horse shot forward across the prairie, and by the time that baffled Hervey and his band reached the tip of the bank he was already a little black speck in the distance.

Jordan himself was at the ranch when the pair returned on Tony.

"I'm willing to draw now and shoot it out," he said, with a proud glare at Jim. But Jim shook his head.

"I reckon I couldn't shoot my own father," he said. And Jordan started to find them hand in hand.

"My boy," he said, "I never had a chance to explain. Hervey kept me out of sight—for his own ends, as I know now. I was in drink at the Lane Duck, years back, or you may be sure it wouldn't have happened. Still—"

They shook hands

One thing remained—to unlatch Tony and give him the freedom that he had so well earned. But when Jim cast the ropes aside and pointed to the wide prairie before them, Tony merely walked to the rise and stared at it coldly. Then he came back to Jim's side.

"You're causing trouble, so you're going where there ain't no more!"



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# My Fiercest Film Fight

by REX DAVIS



The fighting coster and his gal.

The popular British screen star and athlete has fought many famous film fights since the days of "The House of Temperley," but he surpasses himself in his latest picture, *The Knock Out*.

black opponent, and wondered whence he got his dazzling dressing-gown. A moment after, Mr. Eugene Corri climbed into the ring, and my seconds, whose names were pugilistic household words, began to look after me. It seemed almost dreamlike, for all were so genuine. I alone felt I was the make-believe.

Mr. Corri, the Prince of Referees, was to manage this film fight; my opponents were the actual artists of the



A dramatic moment in "The Knock Out."

It was Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 13 (oh! ominous date!), and no pancake ever had a hotter time than the hero of Samuelson's film, *The Knock Out*.

That the atmosphere, the environment, the details should all be correct, the National Sporting Club and its staff had all been engaged; and so, well before 10 o'clock, I passed through Covent Garden to begin my longest film day. Already many had arrived, and on my way a fruit-seller called out: "Hurry up, mate, you'll be late," at which I smiled, for I was like the man going to be hanged—they could not begin without me. On arriving at the famous boxing theatre, a pugilist, bearing all the marks of his trade, came up to me and said: "Are you having a go with the coloured fellow to-day?" I said: "I thought so," to which he replied: "Well, I hope it will keep fine for you! He's got a dig like the kick of a mule, and sometimes he gets scatty in the ring. You don't mind my telling you?"



Soon after I got into the ring, our great sunlight arcs and the huge lighting installation were all driven by powerful dynamos on lorries outside, and the vast, white glare lit up the rows and rows of artists concerned. I took a look at my huge

noble art, and my seconds were all on the N.S.C. staff. Next came the instructions of Mr. Butler, the director: I was to be defeated—to be hit low, and as I staggered to my feet the coloured gentleman was to fell me with a jolt on the jaw. As I left my corner and faced my formidable film foe, I wondered vaguely if this would be one of his "scatty" days. I felt there was a kind of "there you are, then," look about him—and I soon found his taps jolted and hurt. First, we got out of camera range, or our punches were on the blind side of the camera, or I fell wrongly, or the lights were not right—each time it meant a repeat, and, sore and dissatisfied, I would try yet again.

Rex and Lillian Hall Davis.

Then Rocky (and he *was*!) thought it would be injurious to his professional career to deal a foul film punch, and there were long discussions on this. At last it was settled, and the cameras brought close up to register the jolt on the jaw. This time they enjoined him seriously to let it be seen. It was!—seen, and FELT, for as it jolted on my sore jaw, I saw the Northern Lights climb slowly over Aurora Borealis.

Towards evening, I saw, without a single regret, the departure of my ebony friend—and soon after, Bill Manner, a clean, healthy British type of pugilist, took up the running; or I should say, I felt like taking up the running! This time I had to win, but not before many more pugilistic protests had been lodged on my weary face and frame. About 10 o'clock at night, when I was told I'd some more scrapping, one of my seconds turned to his mate and said: "Gaw blimey! if *this* is a film actor's life, no wonder they takes to dope!"



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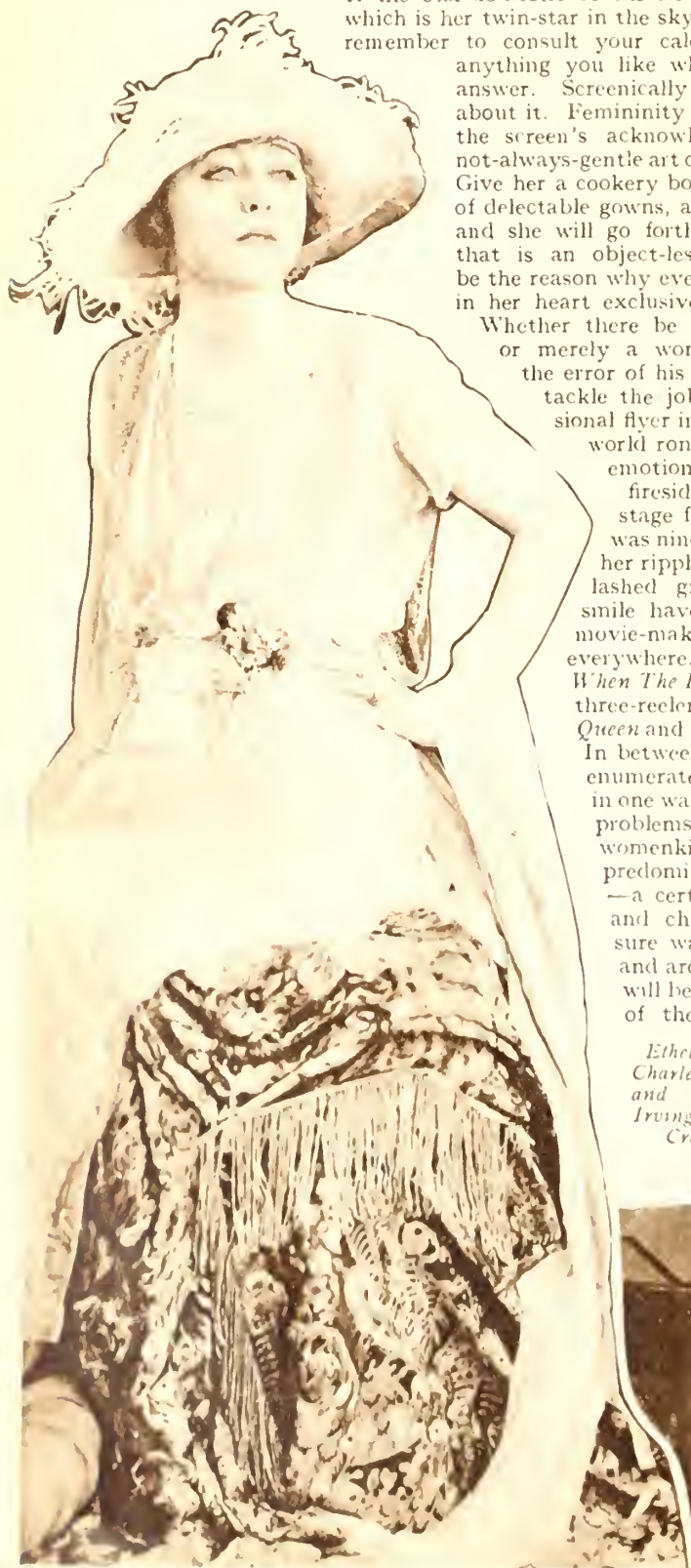
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## The Star of The Month

# Ethel Clayton

A charming studio portrait  
of popular Ethel Clayton.



Most of the stars in the heavenly constellations have their counterparts in the kinema firmament. Inasmuch as their attributes are concerned, that is. Hence the following exercise for would-be astronomers. If the star-domestic of the silver sheet be Ethel Clayton, which is her twin-star in the sky? Take your time over it; remember to consult your calendar—and award yourself anything you like when you've worked out the answer. Screenically speaking, there is no "if" about it. Femininity personified is Ethel Clayton, the screen's acknowledged past-mistress in the not-always-gentle art of wielding woman's weapons. Give her a cookery book and a cradle, or an array of delectable gowns, and a few loveable little airs, and she will go forth and conquer in a fashion that is an object-lesson in itself. Which may be the reason why every girl-fan has a corner in her heart exclusively reserved for Ethel.

Whether there be "vamps" to conquer, or merely a woman-hater to be shown the error of his ways, she is the girl to tackle the job. She takes an occasional flyer into "melos," or under-

world romances; but her forte is emotional drama seen from the fireside angle. Ethel left the stage for the screen when she was nineteen; and for ten years her rippling, red-gold hair, long-lashed grey eyes, and elusive smile have endeared her to the movie-makers and movie-takers everywhere. Her first long film was *When The Earth Trembled*, a Lubin three-reeler; her latest, *If I Were Queen* and *The Remittance Woman*. In between come too many to enumerate here. But all deal in one way or another with the problems that confront womenkind; and Ethel's predominant characteristic—a certain quiver of lips and chin, which is her sure way of expressing and arousing emotion, will be found in each of them.

Ethel Clayton,  
Charles Meredith,  
and Mary Jane  
Irving in "The  
Cradle."



In "Her  
Own  
Money."

# SHADOWLAND

MOVIE  
GOSSIP  
OF THE  
MONTH



Reginald Barker directing Anna Q. Nilsson in "Hearts Aflame."

We greatly regret that, owing to an engraver's error, Nancey Kenyon's photo which adorned last month's cover was captioned "Nancey Benyon." It is Nancey Kenyon who plays the leading rôle in Denison Clift's great picture, *This Freedom*, Nancey Benyon being a leading light of the legitimate stage, although she is well known on the screen too, for her work in *The Beetle*. We offer sincere apologies to both ladies for any confusion that may have been caused by this mistake.

Jack Pickford has been busy with the pen. He has written the story for his next film. It has a South American setting, and is a blend of adventure and melodrama. Marilyn Miller (Mrs. Jack Pickford) may co-star with him.

Some of the most thrilling scenes in *Under Two Flags* were entirely unrehearsed. When some seven thousand Arabs and four thousand soldiers of the Foreign Legion (*pro tem.*) got together there was bound to be some excitement. However, it lent added realism to the film, so nobody minded very much. The clever effect of the savage-looking Arabs apparently leaping out of the screen towards the onlooker was secured by cameramen hidden in a trench. The top of this was sand-bagged, with the cameras

where the guns usually are. When the horsemen charged they leaped the trench, and the cameras caught them at very close range, with excellent effect. Only one horse leaped short and fell into the trench, causing one of the photographers forcibly to desert his post.

Early in 1924 Universal will star Virginia Valli in *Naughty Marietta*, *The Pretty Sister of José* (already filmed with Marguerite Clark in the title-rôle), and *The Co-Respondent*. The last was one of Elaine Hammerstein's early successes. *The Acquittal*, a powerful drama, is to be made, with Priscilla Dean in the leading rôle.

The mantle of Theda Bara seems to have definitely settled itself upon the shapely shoulders of Estelle Taylor, also of Fox film fame. Estelle is the vampire of vampires (1923 brand), and her pictures lead her from bad to worse. In *Desire*, her current film, she has a splendid supporting cast in John Bowers, Marguerite de la Motte, David Butler, Noah Beery, Ralph Lewis, Hank Mann, and Edward Connelly.

Back again in Hollywood, Wyndham Standing has recommenced work with Emile Chautard, a former Famous Players director. Chautard directed *Out of the Shadows* and *Paid in Full*, in which Pauline Frederick appeared,

with Wyndham Standing opposite. *Eyes of the Soul* and *The Marriage Price*, with Elsie Ferguson, were made under Chautard's guidance also. The new film is *Daytime Waves*, for F.B.O., and Standing is cast opposite Anne Perdue, a new beauty whose first prominent rôle this is.

The clever four-year-old who is seen with Charles Chaplin in *The Pilgrim*, is known as "Dinky Dean" in the studios. His own name is Dean Franklin Reisner.

Rex Ingram has commenced work on *Scaramouche*, from Rafael Sabatini's French Revolution story. The hero, played by Ramon Novarro, is a revolutionist, who joins a band of strolling players and becomes their "Scaramouche." His adventures look like spreading into twelve reels, and some faithful pictures of France under the Terror may be expected. Alice Terry will play opposite Ramon. Ingram's last production was a South Sea story, with the same two, Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry, in the principal rôles.

Lewis Dayton is appearing in Clara Kimball Young's next picture-play, *Cordelia the Magnificent*. Huntley Gordon, another favourite this side, has also a leading rôle. Dayton plays an Englishman—complete with monocle.

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## HEADACHE & NEURALGIA



A thrilling scene from "Quincy Adams Sawyer," showing the rescue of Blanche Sweet by John Bowers. The breaking of a cable added an unorchestrated sensation to this incident.

Fame or fireside is the theme of several new pictures both sides of the Atlantic. Fred Niblo's *The Famous Mrs. Fair* is a study of a Major Nancy Fair's Red Cross activities, which leave her no time for her home and family. War stories are somewhat belated; but this one shows very little actual warfare, dealing more with the aftermath of war work for women. The eight "buddies" accompanying Mrs. Fair (Myrtle Stedman) are all former stage favourites of Broadway. Drama, musical-comedy, and vaudeville each have a representative, though they have only very small parts.

Mary Pickford has changed her mind and her motion picture yet again. First it was to be *Dorothy Vernon*, next *Faust*, now neither of these, but a fifteenth century Spanish story, all about a dancing girl. Ernst Lubitsch will direct it, and Mary will play "Rosita," and may possibly be seen in a dark wig, for a change. The change of plans is, in part, owing to the hundreds of letters the World's Sweetheart received, begging her to let *Faust* alone, and not to grow up.

Having, apparently, exhausted the subject of "Wives" in filmland, Louis Gasnier is turning his attention to *Mothers-in-Law*. That's the title of his new picture, anyway.

With his *White Rose* company, which includes Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello, D. W. Griffith went South for location work on this film. He was in New Orleans for the Mardi Gras carnival, and may shoot scenes for his next production there. Griffith, a Southerner himself, has a confessed fondness for the picturesque South,

with its negroes and its charming scenery, as a background for drama. Ivor Novello, who plays the young priest in *The White Rose*, may take a brief holiday in England after its completion. His mother and sister, both celebrities of the musical world, have been in America for many months, and both are keenly interested in Ivor's studio activities.

The Pharaoh, "Amenes," in *The Loves of Pharaoh*, may not be everyone's idea of a Pharaoh, but he is an excellent and impressive actor. He is well used to monarchical rôles, for he played "Henry VIII." in Lubitsch's much-discussed *Anne Boleyn* film, which has not been publicly shown here as yet. Jannings played the title-rôle in *Othello*, another German production only just released in America. This was not directed by Lubitsch, but by Dimitri Buchowetski.

Tony Moreno plays Rodolph Valentino's scheduled rôle of "The Spanish Cavalier" in *Don César de Bazan*, which stars Pola Negri.

There is a epidemic of pen-chewing in Chicago. Douglas Fairbanks has promised to give his bow and arrows (used in *Robin Hood*) to the writer of the best essay on Archery. Doug. is keenly interested in the Boy Scout movement, and since he became an archer himself has strongly advocated this ancient sport from a health point of view for everybody. The bow, which is on view in Chicago, will need a well-developed youth to draw it. It is a worth-while trophy, though, and every Fairbanks fan in the city is entering for the contest.

When John Barrymore returns to the screen, which will be this autumn, he will be starred in *Deburau* and *Beau Brummel*. Both are stage plays. The first is a French drama; the second a melodrama by Clyde Fitch, author of *The Woman in the Case*. Barrymore went straight to Paris from America, and to date it is uncertain whether he will visit London, which was anticipating his "Hamlet," or not.

Quite a lot of movie stars are changing their working addresses. George Walsh has gone to Goldwyn on quite a long-term contract; and Conrad Nagel will soon be seen there too. His Famous-Lasky contract will not be renewed.

That Chaplin can be serious when he chooses, parts of *The Kid* showed us clearly. In his first ten-reel production for United Artists, *Public Opinion*, Charlie makes his bow as author-director of a new type of problem drama. Speaking of this venture, Chaplin says, "I believe *Public Opinion* will be the most important work of my career. I am trying to portray an intelligent and sincere story, and there will be originality in both treatment and acting." Originality is Chaplin's middle name, anyway. The film stars Edna Purviance, and many of its scenes are laid in France. Adolphe Menjou and Malvina (late Malveen) Polo head a strong supporting cast.

Good tidings for Farnum fans and others! Fox's are having new prints made of many former successes, and among the first on the list for reissue are *Tale of Two Cities*, *If I Were King*, and *Les Misérables*. Besides these, *Evangeline* and the four

fairy-tale films featuring the Fox kiddies will once more see the light. These are *Jack and the Beanstalk*, *Ali Baba*, *Aladdin*, and *The Babes in the Wood*. This is in U.S.A., but doubtless they will sooner or later cross the Atlantic again.

In a coming Paramount production entitled *Hollywood* almost every well-known star will be seen in minor rôles. "The Only Girl" will be played by a hitherto unknown young lady who is the director's (James Carey's) "find," and A. G. K Arthur plays opposite her. It is the story of a girl who wants to break into the movies, and who, contrary to film plot traditions, does not succeed. The novelette from which the scenario was made is by Frank Condon, and was called "Hollywood and the Only Girl" in its original form.

The original screen version of *The Spoilers*, though good of its kind and of its time, did not boast of a cast like the present one. In this Anna Q. Nilsson is "Cherry," the heroine; Milton Sills, "Glenister"; Bryant Washburn, "The Attorney"; Wallace MacDonald, "The Broncho Kid"; Noah Beery, the villainous "McNamara"; Mitchell Lewis, "Vorhees," and Ford Sterling, "Slapjack Simms." Alec B. Francis, Kate Price, and Louise Fazenda make up the tally.

Gloria Swanson is playing the title-rôle in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, under Sam Wood's direction. It is an adaptation of the successful play of the same name.

The demon dentist, "McTeague," in *Greedy Wives*, will not be played by Von Stroheim after all. Gibson Gowland fills this rôle. "McTeague,"

The cast of "The Marriage Chance"—Henry Walthall, Alta Allen, Milton Sills, Mitchell Lewis, Irene Rich, and Tully Marshall.



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**“Curry Head.”** After washing your hair, uncover them, “curry” with earth mixed with orange powder. I think you will find that this will help.

**“Beauty’s Checks.”** Some face creams have a tendency to induce a growth of down on the face. You can be on the safe side by avoiding such creams, using instead the natural mercuric wax. It will protect your face in hot sun, and holds the powder perfectly. It is the last word in smart, effective toilet luxury.

**“Beautiful Lashes.”** The character of the eyebrows and lashes certainly has much to do with the beauty of the face. Get about an ounce of mescaline and apply a little at night, brushing gently in the morning. This will bring about a decided improvement to the texture of your eyebrows and lashes.

**“Washing Hair Brushes.”** Scrupulous cleanliness of the brushes is necessary if you wish to keep your hair in good condition. The best way is to use cold water and a little household ammonia in warm water. Let the brushes soak for a short time, then wash them thoroughly. Rub as dry as possible and air on the sun.

**“Velvet Skin.”** Just out of several layers of face cream or powder try a solution of klematis. Get an ounce dissolved in four ounces of water and bath the face with the solution, rubbing it quite dry. You will have a “knit like velvet” effect that will last for hours.

**“Sandy Locks.”** Flat, glossy coils of your own hair need a long time to brushing and scalp massage and a good deal of hair time to keep to hair healthy. The best and simplest tonic is beer made into a shampoo. Get about an ounce of beer mixed with a small amount of water, mix it with a pinch of cayenne. This will keep off any dandruff and materially aid in procuring the desired result.

**“Lessening the Blackheads.”** This is the formula. Grind a few small tablets from the chemist, and immerse them in a cup of hot water, after the water has boiled. Submerge the face, using a cloth to hold the water. The result is quite startling. This is especially so if you forget. Use every day it will close the enlarged pores and prevent wrinkles.

**“Beauty of Hair.”** The use of rouge, if obvious, is contrary to fashion. You can get over the difficulty and still have your hair look very well by using powdered red hair cream. Use a small tin and apply a little with the tips of the fingers. It is quite harmless, and its perfume is very fragrant. Use every day it will close the enlarged pores and prevent wrinkles.

**“The Hair Growth.”** I do not know of any safe way to induce a growth of hair, but you can get over the difficulty by using a small tin of hair cream. Use every day it will close the enlarged pores and prevent wrinkles.

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according to Norris, was a very big man physically, which Eric decidedly is not. Gibson Gowland, best remembered by his study of “Silent Sepp” in Von Stroheim’s *Blind Husbands*, will be seen in *Shiftless Sands*, one of this month’s releases.

Creighton Hale is to play one of the chief roles in *Ten—With a Kick*, a new comedy drama now being made at Fine Arts Studios. He will leave character rôles alone for a while and play a straightforward juvenile lead.

Laurette Taylor plays Vera Gordon’s part in the dramatisation of *Humoresque*, running now at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York. Of the clever cast who made the film so popular everywhere, Sidney Carlyle is the only one whose name figures upon the programme of the spoken version. He plays the same part as in the film, that of the hero’s brother.

Mary McLaren, having spent nearly all last summer in Honolulu, is just beginning to like travelling. She has visited also Japan, Siberia, China, and Bermuda, and plans a trip to England and France this summer.

Most of the popular male stars in screenland have been Norma Talmadge’s leading man at one time or another. But now Norma announces that for the rest of this year of grace, 1923, she will have the same man, Jack Mulhall, opposite in all her productions. Mulhall is one of those dashing young actors who has had several narrow escapes from stardom. He looks a little like Eugene O’Brien, and is a capable and versatile player. He is at work on *Within the Law* at the moment and after that will have the rôle of the hero in *A Heir of Revenge*, a romance of old France. The third story, please note, of old France scheduled to date.

A “special dispatch” to a leading USA movie newspaper announces as follows: The first production of Associated Authors will be a Woods screen version of Scott’s *The Talisman*, with Wallace Beery in the title rôle. We’ll allow Wallace is a versatile fellow, but we can’t, somehow, see him playing a talisman, and we pity the film *Salahin*, if this dreadful rumour be true.

In *The Rustle of Silk*, now being screened, Betty Compton and Conway Tearle play the leading parts, Conway that of a politician, and Betty the girl who loves him.

Very seldom does the same film star play in two versions of the same story. Conway Tearle is one of the few who can boast of this distinction. He was the artist-lover

opposite Clara Kimball Young in Selznick-Select’s first production of *The Common Law*, and he is one of the three co-stars of this organisation’s new production of Robert W. Chambers’ fascinating romance. Corinn Griffith plays the unconventional heroine, and Elliott Dexter is the third in the trio of stars. It is altogether grander production this time, and Doris May, Phyllis Haver, Miss Du Pont, Hobart Bosworth and Bryant Washburn are other names on the studio pay roll.

The title-rôle in *Ben-Hur* is still unfilled. Is it possible that they are waiting until Jackie Coogan is tall enough?

Kenneth Harlan is the most likely candidate for stardom in *The Broken Wing*, which will be directed by Tom Forman. Tom is taking his cast to Mexico for location work, as he declares nothing so good in the way of storms could possibly be made in a studio as the ones which are of frequent occurrence on the spot.

Ten years ago the name of Yale Boss was quite well known to movie lovers. This youngster was seen in films starring Viola Dana, Gladys Hulette, Mary Fuller, etc. He retired after about four years in filmland served with the U.S. Shipping Board during the war, and then continued in office for some while after the fight was over. He has now decided that movies are the best game after all, and returns to the screen in *Souls for Sale*. Yale has now attained the ripe old age of twenty-three.

Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky will play together in *Souls for Sale*, a story of the movies, by Rupert Hughes, which has had a big sale in novel form.

Cosmopolitan are planning a big Elizabethan costume film for the autumn. Starring Marion Davies, of course, and with Julia Arthur, a famous and beautiful stage star as “Queen Elizabeth.”

The musical play, “Irene,” which introduced Londoners to the delightful Edith Day, is being filmed with Marie Prevost in the title-rôle. This Cinderella story of a little New York tenement lassie should make an appealing movie, on comedy-drama lines.

Joseph Schildkraut, whose mail has considerably increased in weight since *Orphans of the Storm* was released in Great Britain, has been playing the title-rôle in “Peer Gynt” in America. He is due to appear in celluloid again later, and his first film will be *The Dance of Life*.



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# Picturegoer's Guide



Rodolph Valentino and some admirers in “Moran of the Lady Letty.”

**A Fool There Was** (Fox; April 30).

A crude but exceedingly well-acted version of the oldest screen story in the world; with Lewis Stone, Mahlon Hamilton, Estelle Taylor and Irene Rich at the head of the cast. Unedifying entertainment.

**A Fool's Paradise** (Paramount; April 23).

Love amongst the crocodiles. Beautifully staged and produced by Cecil De Mille, and acted by Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris, Conrad Nagel, Theodore Kosloff, Julia Faye, John Davidson, Kamuela C. Searle and Jacqueline Logan. Excellent dramatic fare.

**A Perfect Crime** (Jury; April 2).

Monte Blue as a timid bank clerk in a sympathetic and novel romance. Also Jacqueline Logan, Stanton Heck and Haidee Kirkland.

**A Prince There Was** (Paramount; April 2).

Tom Meighan in a slight but pleasing story about a millionaire who took lessons in life at a boarding house. Mildred Harris, Nigel Barrie, and Peaches Jackson support. Romantic entertainment.

**Back Pay** (Paramount; April 23).

How one girl sowed her wild oats. Written by Fannie Hurst, and directed by Frank Borzage. Featuring Seena Owen, with Matt Moore, J. Barney Sherry, Ethel Duray, and Charles Craig in support. Fair entertainment.

**The Bridge of Sighs** (L.I.F.T.; April 9).

Medieval romance, with a jig-saw plot, made in Italy. Stars “Sansonia the Strong,” who works exceedingly hard and looks exceedingly magnani-

mous. Also Caroline White, Antoinette Calderari and Agostino Borgato. A thrilling movie.

**The Broadway Peacock** (Fox; April 30)

Pearl White in a stagey stage story about an episode in the life of a cabaret dancer. Joseph Stryker, Doris Eaton and Elizabeth Garrison support. Beautifully costumed. For uncritical Pearl White fans only.

**Cast Not the Stone** (Orient; April 2).

A foreign-made problem drama, concerning a woman's mistake, with a finale that will remind you of *Flames of Passion*. Acted by Olive Dare, Paul Bennet, Harold Jackson, Owen Sanderson, Sybil Tremayne, and John Blundell. Somewhat sordid fare.

**The Chicken in the Case** (Pathé; April 30).

Owen Moore borrowing trouble when he borrowed a wife to gain an inheritance. Cast includes Katherine Perry, Vivian Ogden, Edgar Nelson, Teddy Sampson and Walter Walker. Farcical entertainment.

**The Child Thou Gavest Me** (Moss Empires; April 9).

The story of a tragic honeymoon. Social drama, starring Lewis Stone, William Desmond and Barbara Castleton, with Winter Hall, Adele Farrington and “Itchie” Headrick in support. Well produced and acted.

**The Colonel's Orderly** (Walturdaw; April 9).

A French adaptation of a Guy de Maupassant story, with hopeless tragedy as its keynote. Excellent acting by M. A. Coles, Paul Hubert, Nathalie Kovanko and M. Svoboda.



**The Cup of Life (Jury ; April 9).**

Filled with pearl poachers, Orientals, night scenes and suspense. All-star cast includes Hobart Bosworth, Madge Bellamy, Niles Welch, Tully Marshall, and May Wallace. Good South Sea stuff.

**Darlin' (Goldwyn ; April 30).**

Slight but delightful Irish comedy about an impetuous colleen's alarms and excursions. Featuring Colleen Moore, supported by Ralph Graves, J. Farrell Macdonald, Florence Drew, and Kate Price.

**Dead or Alive (U.K. ; April 19).**

Jack Hoxie, Marin Sais, Joseph Girard and Evelyn Nelson in a vivid Western story about a chivalrous cow-puncher.

**Don't Shoot (European ; April 2).**

The reformation of Herbert Rawlinson, in five reels and one fight. Good acting by the star, Edna Murphy, Wade Boteler, Margaret Campbell, Tiny Sandford, Duke Lee and William Dyer. Impossible, but entertaining.

**Desperate Youth (F.B.O. ; April 23).**

A Cinderella story in a South American setting, with plenty of atmosphere, beautiful backgrounds, and Gladys Walton, Louis Willoughby, Harold Miller, J. Farrell McDonald, Jim Blackwell and Lucy Harris. Wholesome entertainment.

**The Education of Elizabeth (Paramount ; April 16).**

Billie Burke in a good comedy romance showing how a chorus-girl and a highbrow exchange characteristics—with amazing results. Donald Cameron opposite; also Lumsden Hare, Frederick Burton, Edith Shayne, Helen Dahl and Kay MacCausland.

**Extra ! Extra ! (Fox ; April 9).**

Johnnie Walker, Edna Murphy and Wilson Hummel in an effective story of American newspaper life. Fair entertainment.

**The Fear Market (Gaumont ; April 9).**

Blackmail versus brains, and an over-intricate plot, made interesting by the presence of Alice Brady, Frank Losee, Harry Mortimer, Richard Hatteras and Edith Stockton. Fair social drama.

**Fifty Candles (Wardour ; April 5)**

Mystery melodrama with plenty of excitement, Oriental intrigue, and a good cast, which includes Marjorie Daw, Bertram Grassby, Ruth King, Dorothy Sibley, Edward Burns, Wade Boteler and George Webb. Effective entertainment.

**The Fighting Lover (F.B.O. ; April 9).**

Frank Mayo, the out-of-doors star, in a Society romance with an undercurrent of satire. In support are Elinor Hancock, Gertrude Olmstead, Colin Kenny, Jacqueline Logan, Jean Calhoun, Jackson Read and Ruth Ashby. Good entertainment.

**Fires of Innocence (Butchers ; April 16).**

Joan Morgan in a simple, unpretentious little story of English village life. Also Arthur Lennard, Francis Innys, Nell Emerald, Madge Tree, Violet Graham and Bobbie Andrews. Good entertainment.

**Five Days to Live (Jury ; April 16).**

Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki in an excellent Chinese drama of self-sacrifice that ended in happiness. Supported by Goro Kino, Misao Seki, Toyo Fujita and George Kuawa.

**The Fox (F.B.O. ; April 2).**

A kind of super-Western, with a thrilling story, battles, a sandstorm in the desert, and Harry Carey, Gertrude Olmstead, Betty Ross Clark, and Breezy Eason. Good entertainment.

**The Galloping Kid (European ; April 30)**

Pleasing, if far-fetched, cowboy romance, starring Hoot Gibson, with a good fight or two and some amusing situations.

**The Girl from Nowhere (Pathé ; April 16).**

Elaine Hammerstein in a fair romantic drama about a hasty marriage that did not lead to repentance at leisure. Supporting Elaine are William B. Davidson, Huntley Gordon, Louise Prussing, Colin Campbell and Warren Cook.

**The Grey Dawn (Wardour ; April 16).**

San Francisco life during the gold rush, according to the novel by Stuart Edward White. The long cast is headed by Robert McKim, Claire Adams, George Hackathorne, Snitz Edwards, Carl Gantvoort and Claire McDowell. Good entertainment.

**The Golden Snare (Moss Empires ; April 16).**

Adventures in the frozen North. Grim at times, but picturesque, with excellent characterisation and acting by Lewis S. Stone, Wallace Beery and Ruth Reneck.

**Grandma's Boy (W. and F. ; April 2).**

Harold Lloyd in an extremely human comedy about an experiment in self-confidence. Mildred Davis opposite; also Charles Stevenson, Dick Sutherland and Anna Townsend. Excellent entertainment.

**Guarded Lips (Gaumont ; April 2).**

A Swedish biograph production dealing with the Russian Revolution and an exiled princess. Excellent story, production and acting by Jenny Hasselqvist, Carl Nissen, Karin Svansson, Ivan Hedqvist, Nils Olin and Lars Hanson.

**Her Own Money (Paramount ; April 19)**

Cheerful light entertainment, with Ethel Clayton as a typist who marries but has to return to work. Cast includes Warner Baxter, Mae Busch, Clarence Burton, Jean Acker and Charles French.



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#### His Own Law (Jury; April 19).

Hobart Bosworth in a good drama of friendship amongst men. None too much action, but plenty of atmosphere; also Rowland V. Lee, Jean Calhoun and Mary Jane Irving.

#### Iron to Gold (Fox; April 23)

Western drama, very wild and woolly indeed, starring Dustin Farnum, supported by Eileen Sedgwick, C. W. Williams, and Robert Kentman. Not for the critical.

#### Island Wives (Vitagraph; April 2).

South Seas, sharks, spectacular thrills, and Corinne Griffith, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Ivan Christy, Edna Hibbard, Barney Sherry and Charles Trowbridge. Good dramatic fare.

#### Just Tony (Fox; April 9).

An exceptionally good Western story written around a horse; starring Tom Mix, supported by Claire Adams, J. P. Lockney, Duke Lee, Frank Campeau and "Tony." Turn to page 43 and read it for yourselves.

#### Kindred of the Dust (Ass. First Nat.; April 9).

Miriam Cooper in a colourful romance of the North-West, adapted from a Peter B. Kyne story. In the cast are Ralph Graves, Eugene Besserer, Lionel Belmore, W. J. Ferguson and little Bruce Guerin. Good entertainment.

#### Kitty Mackay (Vitagraph; April 23)

A reissue of a pleasing story of a Scotch lassie of the crinoline period. Lilhan Walker stars, and William Shea plays the chief supporting rôle.

#### The Little Minister (Gaiety; April 30)

A well produced screen version of Barrie's famous romance, featuring Betty Compson, supported by George Ha Leithorne, Nigel Barrie, Edwin Stevens, Guy Oliver, Fred Huntley, Robert Brower, and Mary Winkinson. Good entertainment.

#### The Little Fairy (Gaiety; April 19)

A well produced screen version of Barrie's famous romance, featuring Betty Compson, supported by George Ha Leithorne, Nigel Barrie, Edwin Stevens, Guy Oliver, Fred Huntley, Robert Brower, and Mary Winkinson. Good entertainment.

#### The Love of the Duke (Gaiety; April 19)

A well produced screen version of Barrie's famous romance, featuring Betty Compson, supported by George Ha Leithorne, Nigel Barrie, Edwin Stevens, Guy Oliver, Fred Huntley, Robert Brower, and Mary Winkinson. Good entertainment.

#### Lord Arthur Stanley's Crime (Gaiety; April 19)

A well produced screen version of Barrie's famous romance, featuring Betty Compson, supported by George Ha Leithorne, Nigel Barrie, Edwin Stevens, Guy Oliver, Fred Huntley, Robert Brower, and Mary Winkinson. Good entertainment.

#### The Message of the Mouse (Vitagraph; April 9)

A reissue of an ingenious detective story featuring Anita Stewart and L. Rogers Lytton. Good entertainment.

#### Moran of the Lady Letty (Paramount; April 9)

Well-acted seafaring melodrama, in which a young "softy" is turned into a seaman. Stars Rodolph Valentino and Dorothy Dalton, supported by Walter Long, Maude Wayne, Cecil Holland and George Kuwa. Good entertainment.

#### Mother Eternal (Anchor; April 2)

Pathos and sentiment galore, but effective drama and contrast, and good acting by Vivian Martin, Earl Metcalfe, Thurston Hall, Jack Sherril, Vivian Osborne, Baby Ruth Sullivan, Pearl Shephard and J. W. Johnston. Tearful entertainment.

#### My Old Kentucky Home (Wardour; April 26)

Evolved from the famous old song, with the added attractions of a Race-Monte Blue, Sigrid Holmqvist, Lucy Fox, Arthur Carwe, Julia Swayre Gordon and Frank Currier. Fair entertainment.

#### Paid Back (European; April 16)

Gladys Brockwell, Mahlon Hamilton and Stuart Holmes in a somewhat artificial story of blackmail and the tropics. Fair entertainment.

#### Polly of the Follies (Ass. First Nat.; April 16)

Or how a country maid became a Ziegfeld Folly. Constance Talmadge as the maiden. Light entertainment.

#### The Prodigal Son (Stoll; April 9)

Britain's longest yet. Released in two five reel parts. A faithful adaptation of Hal Cain's story, acted by Savart Rome, Henry Victor, Aileen Houghton, Constance Bratté, Fotheringham and Peter Upsler.

#### Restless Souls (Gaiety; April 16)

From Williams, Françoise Blumenthal, William Matton and Arthur Hays is a good comedy of feminine follies.

#### Rob Roy (Gaiety; April 9)

Scotsman's splendid romance based on the story of the life of the Marquis. All the best features David Fairbanks, Gail Patrick, Jennings, Sir Seymour Green, Walter, Beso, Art, Murray, Eric, Lawrence, Roy Kellie, Arthur Hays, Philip Mann and Max Newhall. Excellent entertainment.

#### Running Water (Stoll; April 21)

A British interpretation of A. I. W. Mason's story, featuring Mabel Stuart, Lillian Royce and Lewfield Davison. Good entertainment.

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**KAL** The names of the following British Film Stars are on the list of 91 in by 11 1/2. Also a list of 100 in by 11 1/2. Also a list of 100 in by 11 1/2. Also a list of 100 in by 11 1/2. Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Waller West directing James Knight and Nora Swinburne in "Hornets' Nest."

**Shifting Sands (F.B.O. ; April 30).**

A British-made desert drama, with many realistic scenes taken in the Libyan Desert. Featuring Peggy Hyland, supported by Lewis Wiloughby, Mlle. Valia, Gibson Gowland, Tony Melford. Excellent dramatic fare.

**The Skipper's Wooing (Artistic ; April 30).**

British-made comedy of seafaring life adapted from a W. W. Jacobs yarn and featuring Bobbie Rudd, Gordon Hopkirk, Johnny Butt, Tom Coventry, Ernest Hendrie, and Cynthia Murtagh. Good entertainment.

**Smiles are Trumps (Fox ; April 2).**

Fast-moving fisticuff melodrama starring "Lefty" Flynn, supported by Ora Carew, Hershel Mayall, Myles McCarthy, and Kircke Lucas. Good railroad romance.

**Son of Kissing Cup (Butcher's ; April 2).**

A worthy successor to *Kissing Cup's Race*, and a thrilling Turf drama in which appear Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Mrs. Hayden Coffin, Cameron Carr, Judd Green, Arthur Walcott, and Lewis Gilbert.

**Suspicious Wives (Stoll ; April 6).**

Domestic difficulties capably attacked by Mollie King, Holmes E. Herbert, Ethel Grey Terry, Rod La Rocque, Frank De Camp, Gertrude Berkeley, and Warren Cook. Fair entertainment.

**Tol'able David (Ics. First Nat ; April 6)**

Won a medal in U.S.A. as the best film of the year. A rugged story of the mountains starring Dick Barthelmess, supported by Miriam Abbot and Gladys Hulette. Don't miss this one.

**The Truth About Husbands (Mss Impius ; April 30)**

An ornate American version of Pinero's well-known play "The Profligate," in which Anna Lehr, Max McAvoy, Holmes E. Herbert, and Joe Dawson appear. Good entertainment.

**Two Kinds of Women (Jury ; April 16).**

Pauline Frederick in a colourful story of a Society girl who goes West for a husband. Tom Santschi, Charles Clary, Jean Calhoun, Dave Winter, Eugene Palette, Otis Harlan, Billy Elmer, and Jack Curtis support.

**Under Two Flags (European ; April 16).**

An excellent refining of Ouida's colourful novel. Spectacular settings, and good acting by Priscilla Dean, James Kirkwood, John Davidson, Stuart Holmes, Ethel Grey Terry, Robert Mack, Albert Pollet, and Burton Law.

**The Unkown Wife (F.B.O. ; April 16.)**

Edith Roberts in a sentimental story about a reformed convict. Carson Ferguson, Spottiswoode Aitken, August Philips, William Quinn, and Mathilde Brunage support. Fair entertainment.

**The Wallop (F.B.O ; April 30).**

First-rate Western fare, starring Harry Carey as the true-blue hero whose breezy personality and speedy action dommate the film.

**The Wages of Sin (Eclipse ; April 30)**

Olaf Fonss in a complex but entirely respectable story of a man with a mission in life. Good photography, but exaggerated acting which causes unintentional amusement.

**Wee McGregor's Sweetheart (Jury ; April 30)**

Betty Balton in a Welsh Pearson adaptation of two J. J. Bell novels. Supporting cast includes Mabel Archlall, Bryan Powley, Minna Gray, Cyril Percival, Marie Ault, Nora Swinburne, and Buntie Fosse. Don't miss this one.

**What Do Men Want? (Int Cin Corp ; April 16)**

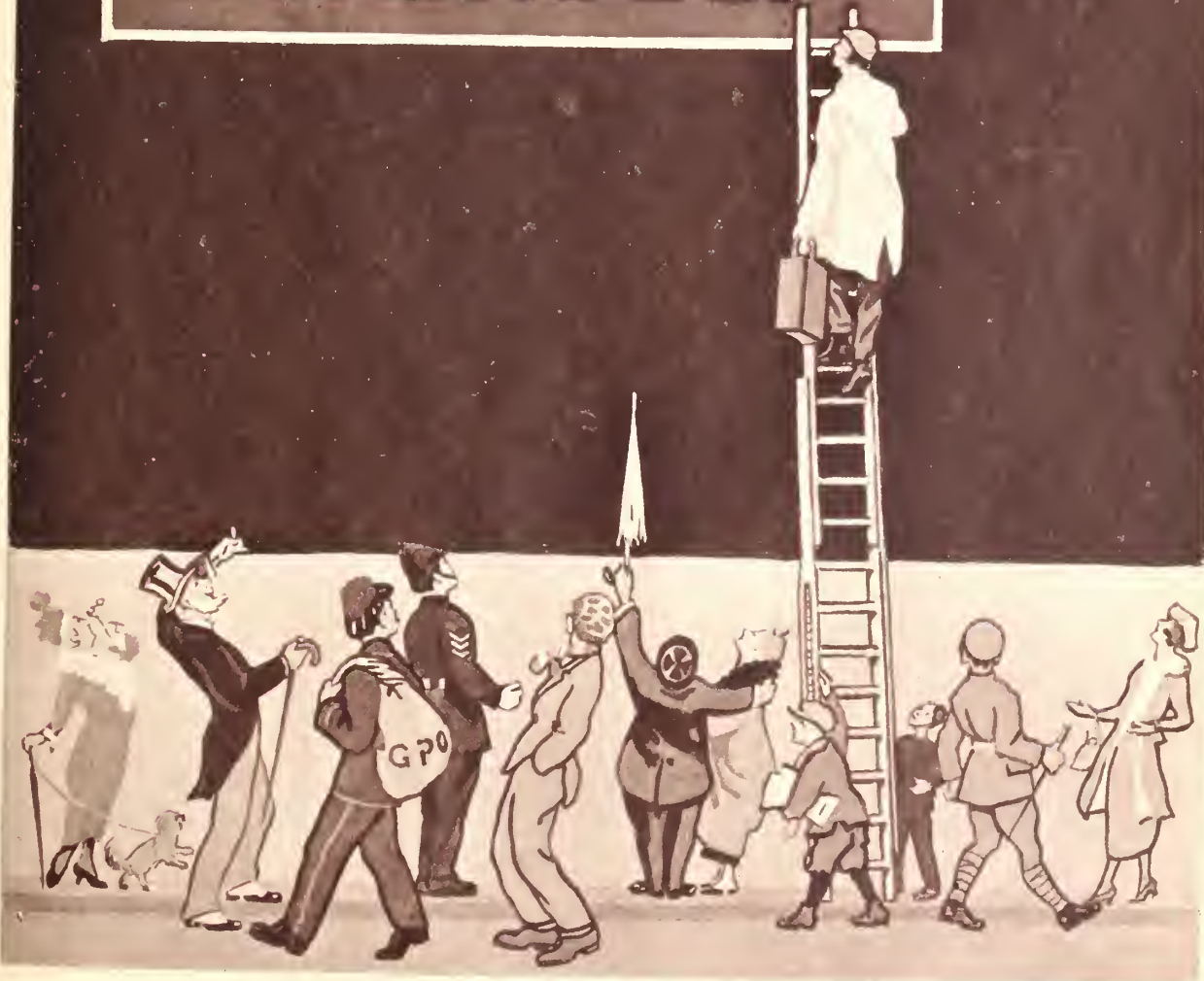
A terrible lot, if Luis Weber's production is believable. Domestic near-tragedy lavishly produced, and well played by Clara Windsor, J. Frank Glendon, and Edith Kessler.

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**NORA** (Lichfield).—(1) Cast of *The Greatest Love*: "Mrs. Lantini," Vera Gordon; "Mr. Lantini," Bertram Marburgh; "Francesca Lantini," Yvonne Shelton; "Lorenzo Lantini," Hugh Huntley; "Mr. Manton," W. H. Tooker; "Dorothy Manton," Ray Dean; "Richard Sewell," Donald Hall; "Mrs. Sewell," Sally Crute; "Tommy Murphy," Bobby Watson. (2) Yes, the rumour has been confirmed.

**ADMIRER OF CLARA K. YOUNG** (London).—Walturdaw does not release Clara K. Young's pictures now. Glad you find the "Guide" helpful.

**MURIELLE** (Liverpool).—(1) Cecil Humphreys' latest is *Dick Turpin*, (2) He's married to Gladys Mason, and has a little boy. (3) Lewis Willoughby, Gladys Jennings, George K. Arthur, Teddy Arundel, and Lewis Gilbert play in *The Lamp in the Desert*. (4) How do I do it? On page 23 of *PICTUREGOER* November 1921, the process is explained at full length. (5) Hand-writing is nothing to go by. Someone had mine analysed for me the other day, and the result gave us all the shock of our lives.

**A NEW READER** (West Hartlepool).—Address Yvonne Shelton, c.o. *PICTUREGOER*. Your pen certainly seems to have been behaving badly, but I accept its apologies.

**BRITISHER** (Scornier).—Georges Carpentier's latest is *The Gipsy Cavalier*, in which he plays with Flora Le Breton. You won't get an art plate of me, so worry on.

**NATALIE** (Honor Oak Park).—(1) Art plate of Warren Kerrigan in *PICTURES*, Aug. 14, 1920. Articles on Tom Meighan in *PICTUREGOER* March 1922 and *PICTURES* June 18, 1921. Pathé Film Co., Wardour Street, London, will probably let you have a photo.

**A. B. C.** (Colchester).—You should have written the last part first if you wanted it to be really effective. (1) Lewis S. Stone and Jane Novak played in *The Rosary*. (2) The Dolly Sisters (known as Jenny and Rose) played together in *The Million Dollar Dollies*. Rose had previously played in a film with Lillian Gish called *The Lily and the Rose*. (3) Alma Taylor played the dual rôle in *Anna the Adventuress*. (4) Some of Owen Nares's films are: *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor, The Last Rose of Summer, Pamela*, and *The Faithful Heart*.

**M. B.** (Leeds).—Mae Marsh has not given up film work. She played in *Paddy the Next Best Thing*. (2) Cast of *The Golden Dawn*: "Nancy Brett," Gertrude McCoy; "Dick Landon," Warwick Ward; "Mrs. Briggs," Sydney Fairbrother; "Mrs. Powers," Mary Brough; "Jim Briggs," Charles Vane; "Henry Warville," Frank Petley; "Charles Proctor," Charles Pelly; "Detective Martin," Philip Hewland.

**AMATEUR CRITIC** (Hull).—I thought there was a catch somewhere. You're "not dying to go on the films," but "you would love to criticise them." Well, criticise as much as you like, but don't do it aloud in your local

picture palace, or someone will strafe you. (1) Jack Holt was born at Winchester, Virginia, on May 31, 1888. He's married (not to a professional), and has three children. He's 6 ft. tall, and some of his latest pictures are *All Souls' Eve*, *Conjuror's House*, *Ducks and Drakes*, and *Nobody's Money*. (2) Agnes Ayres was born in Chicago on April 4.

**E. P. L.** (Emsworth).—(1) Some of Edith Roberts's films are: *Lasca*, *The Adorable Savage*, *The Five Cat*, and *Pawned*. (2) Elmo Lincoln's principal films are: *Elmo the Mighty*, *Elmo the Fearless*, *Tarzan of the Apes*, *The Adventures of Tarzan*, *The Flaming Disc*, *The Lightning's Eye*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, *The Beachcomber*, and *Quincy Adams Sawyer*.

**SCOT** (Aberdeen).—I was well in the middle of my best blush of embarrassment when I read your first sentence and stopped halfway. We can now talk as man to man, Sunny Jim. (1) Ruth Roland started on the stage at the age of three. Her first film was a Western Indian drama made by the Kalem Western Company. She has played in other feature films, some of which are *Comrade John*, *A Matrimonial Martyr*, *The Red Circle*, *The Fringe of Society*. She was born in 1893. (2) Corinne Griffith was born in 1899. (4) Betty Balfour is not twenty yet. Her birthday is on March 27. Write her c.o. *PICTUREGOER*.

**MOVIE PIANIST** (York).—Look in last month's replies and you'll see what you want regarding Rodolph Valentino. (2) Elsie Ferguson was born in New York on Aug. 19, 1883. She is 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with golden hair and blue eyes. Elsie's married to a banker. Some of her films are: *Sacred and Profane Love*, *The Rise of Jenny Cushing*, *Eyes of the Soul*, *The Lie*, *Footlights*, *Barbary Sheep*, *Lady Rose's Daughter*, *His House in Order*, *A Society Exile*, *Peter Ibbetson*, *Footlights and Outcast*.

**E. J. F.** (Bayswater).—Did you fish these six-syllabic words out of the dictionary especially for me, or does it come naturally to you? Anyway, I'm quite a simple fellow, and small words suit me very well, if it's all the same to you. "Fan" is certainly an abbreviation of "Fanatic" in some cases. Thanks for good wishes.

**E. J.** (Manchester).—Letter has been forwarded. Apologise to Cecil, not to me.

**LUCIA** (London).—I can't believe my eyes. Two pages and not a single question. Togo Yamamoto's name shall head my next list, Lucia, token of my gratitude.

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VERA (Tasmania).—(1) Quite likely poor Helen got lost in the post. (2) Tom Meighan is married to Frances Ring. They have no children. (3) Elmo Lincoln starred in *Tarzan of the Apes*. You're wrong about the snow. Nothing but rain here just now.

BONNIE SCOTLAND (Forfar).—Release date not fixed yet. I'll do my best for you, but I can't make any promises.

BEATRICE (Isle of Wight).—Article on George B. Seitz, with photo, in "Pictures" for June 25, 1921. It's quite likely he will let you have a photo if you write him. This George is adamant against appeal of that sort though.

M. D. (Loughborough).—Pardoe Woodman took the part of "Bernard Brown" in *The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown*. Write to him c.o. PICTUREGOER; he'll probably let you have a photo.

ANGELA.—(1) The hero in *A Tale of Two Worlds* was J. Frank Glendon. (2) Cast of *The Puppet Man*: "Joey," Harry Paul; "Signora Lilli Lotti," Hilda Antony; "Jenny Rose," Mollie Adair; "Bobbie," John Reid; "Alcide Le Beau," Hugh Miller; "Bimbo," Leo Fisher; "Little Bimbo," Marie Belocci.

A SYMPATHISER.—Cast of *Bride 13*: "Ruth Stornois," Marguerite Clayton; "Bob Norton," John O'Brien; "Lara," Greta Hartman; "Lieut. Morgan," William Lawrence; "Stephen Winthrop," Lyster Chambers; "The Mahdi," Edward Roseman; "James Stornois," Frank Beemish; "Eleanor Stornois," May Christenson; "Whitney," Arthur Earle.

W. S. H. (Rhanuss).—Go and shout to your labour leader about that; he's the man to put it right.

INTERESTED (Bristol).—Try W. and F. Film Service, 62, Frith Street, W.C.1. Gordon Griffith is about 14 years old.

ISABELLE (London).—Glad you've got over your "film fever." (1) Douglas Fairbanks doesn't wear a moustache in the ordinary way. He grew one when he was appearing in *The Three Musketeers*, but shaved it off directly he had finished the film. (2) Roscoe Arbuckle was born in 1887. (3) I'm very shy of the photographer, Isabelle; anyone who has seen me will tell you why.

NELL (Middlesbrough).—Letter duly forwarded.

T. P. C. (Aberdeen).—You're welcome to follow that half-crown to South Africa and collect it, my lad. It's beyond my province now.

IDA (Kensington).—Clyde Fillmore is well known on the American stage and screen. Some of his films are: *Millionaire Pirate*, *Fir Flingers*, *Sundown Trail*, *The Devil's Passkey*, *Nurse Marjorie*, *The Outside Woman*, *The Soul of Youth*, *The City Sparrow*, and *Sham*. (2) Earle Williams' latest are: *Lucky Carson*, *The Man from Downing Street*, and *Fortune's Mask*. Grumble on, little babbler; I'm used to it.

## MISS DU PONT

*The Beautiful Star of "Foolish Wives"*  
*How She Keeps Her Hair Lustrous*

### Careless Shampooing Spoils the Hair

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Many soaps, prepared shampoos and shampoo powders, contain too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

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## MULSIFIED

TRADE MARK  
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



M. H. G. (London).—Send in as many carols as you like. One prize doesn't disqualify you from winning others.

POSTSCRIPT (Blackpool).—Welcome to these columns, new reader. So you're a "Rave-over-Rudy" too. Here's all about your favourite. Born in Castellaneta Italy, May 6, 1895; has brown eyes and black hair, and is 5 ft. 11 in. in height. He's married to Natascha Rambova (Winifred Hudnut). He started as a professional dancer, and later went into musical comedy before he finally decided that the screen couldn't do without him. His hobbies are gardening, dancing, riding, hill-climbing, and dog-breeding. No Artplate so far, but there's a nice illustrated interview in PICTUREGOER for January 1922.

J. P. (London).—Thinks it a great pity the British public doesn't care for Rodolph Valentino! Step down into the witness box, my judicial friend, and help sort the evidence. In other words, go through my morning's mail with me—then you won't make that statement again. Agnes Ayres' birthday is April 4. At present she is "wedded to her art." Send letters to stars, c.o. THE PICTUREGOER, and they will be forwarded for you.

GRATEFUL (Stepney).—You win! Quite a number of films of the Boer War were taken at the time, and in one of these the late Lord Roberts was shown at the head of the soldiers.

### Secrets of Screen Dress.

There is one very interesting lesson which the screen teaches, and that is the power of dress to express personality. The artistes of the shadow screen, who are robbed of the appeal that lies in the human voice, have developed the possibilities of artistic and carefully selected raiment with which to enhance their characterisations. Away from the screen, the influence of dress can be cultivated in similar directions. Personal charm can be accentuated by tasteful selection of one's clothes, and this is the principle which underlies the production of the well-known "Luvisca" material, which serves a variety of purposes in every-day life. Made from genuine artificial silk, "Luvisca" possesses an attractive and refined appearance. And because it combines charm with durability and strength, it is ideal for blouses, shirts, collars, or pyjamas. The charm of "Luvisca" is permanent and does not disappear at the laundry. Courtland's, Ltd., of 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, the manufacturers of "Luvisca," will send you the name of the nearest retailer if you have any difficulty in securing this remarkable material.



LIKEWISE the Spring poet-poetess, beg pardon, C. R. (Maner Park), who bursts into song thuswise: "Your Balham reader

seems to think Rodolph will never be popular over here because of his foreign look. This is an asset more than a drawback, because where any other actor must needs 'make up' to look the part, Rodolph is 'the goods.' Therefore, I say any other actor with a ton of devilry could not make good in his rôles. The following lines express my thoughts:

Some like Rudy natural,  
There's a few may think he's flat;  
But this sharp reader's out of tune,  
When he strikes a note like that."  
Meaning, of course, that hostilities have not yet ceased]

THE first three in the film popularity contest remain unchanged, so far. But after that opinions are as diverse as the postal addresses of the critical readers who are on the jury. Which reminds me. We're going to count your votes very soon. So, hurry up and let me know which you think deserve the most praise. This is one reader's selection—(1) *The Four Horsemen*, (2) *Way Down East*, (3) *Orphans of the Storm*, (4) *Robin Hood*, (5) *The Penalty*, (6) *The Sheik*, (7) *Through the Back Door*, (8) *Jesus Call Me Jim*, (9) *The Temple of Dawn*, (10) *The*

*Ace of Hearts*, (11) *The Branding Iron*, and (12) *Nomads of the North*. It was sent by M. E. C. (Walthamstow), whose letter also contains a very convincing Valentino vindication.

IN the far-off days of my youth, a favourite game of the period was "How, When, and Where Do You Like It?" Perhaps it's still in existence, in a more up-to-date form. Certainly selecting the year's best films is one variation of it. But when you don the thinking cap this page provides for your use, what, exactly, do you take into consideration when making your choice? Are you severely technical, valuing excellence of photography, niceties of lighting, etc., etc., above everything else. Is it the acting, the star, the story, or the director? I'd like to know not only what you like, but why you like it.

"WHAT Do I Think?" writes *Eyes of the Reader*, (Balham): "I'll tell you. The majority of films are full of death-bed scenes, murders, suicides, burglaries, child-beating, and unhappy marriages. This continual thrusting of misery films down our throats is perfectly sickening. It keeps a large percentage out of the kinemas. Why are brighter pictures so few and far between? I cannot under-

stand why film companies do not try to keep away from these gloomy subjects. British films are the worst offenders, but many of the American films are the same. What do you think?"

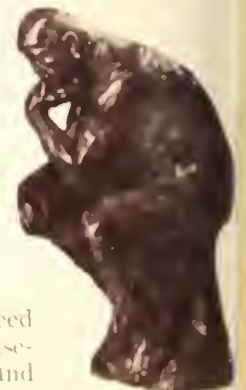
Depends on whether you like your film fare true to life or whether those eyes of yours are clamouring for rose-coloured spectacles. In that case, it's up to you to keep away from anything stronger than comedy-drama.]

"I HAVE not seen many of the latest films, but those I have seen have disgusted me. To my mind, Mary Pickford is ridiculous in child rôles, and *A Film her curls don't suit "General Post."* her. If she had dark, straight hair, drawn high off her forehead, she would make an excellent vamp. Douglas Fairbanks is far too short for 'Robin Hood,' and too much on the wrong side of forty. He ought to take 'old man' parts. But then, of course, most of the film stars of to-day are much older than they like to own. I think Richard Barthelmess is more of a Charlie Chaplin type, and the only thing I like about Bill Hart is the way he cries. He can't ride for toffee. I could cite a lot of other examples, but I guess you'd get 'fed-up,' so I'll say no more. Of course, all your readers mayn't think the same way, but you do like us to say what we really think, don't you?"—*Fed Up (Tooling)*.

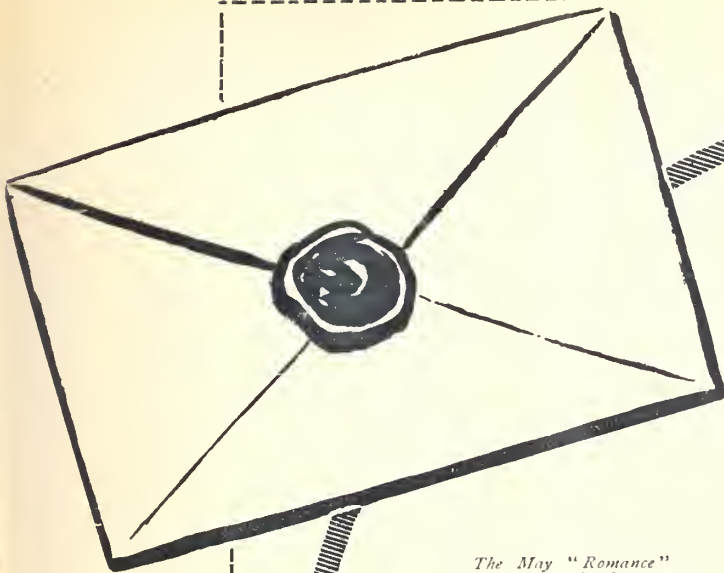
REFERRING to an article on "Doubles" in a back number of THE PICTUREGOER, a Surrey reader soliloquises: "Why should stars employ 'doubles' to perform their risky stunts? I think that a 'double's' life is worth just as much as that of a star. I do not think it necessary or right that anyone should run great risks just for the amusement of the public. Is it not possible to fake scenes that look like the real thing, so that there need not be this senseless risk of life and limb?" What do you think?]

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*The Thinker.*



*The Thinker.*



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# WHERE TO SEE BUTCHER'S SELECTED PICTURES

## "Son of Kissing Cup." Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

MAY 3rd.

Cinema-de-Luxe, Hastings.  
Palace, Slough.  
Vaudeville, Reading.  
Royalty, Cowes.  
Royal Cinema, Kensington.  
Palace of Variety, Kings Norton.  
Pavilion, Blackheath.  
Empire, New Tredegar.  
Hippodrome, Salford.  
Empress, Burnley.  
Tivoli, Burnley.  
Picturedrome, Kensington.

MAY 7th.

Star, Bury.  
Palace, Preston.  
Coliseum, Barrow.  
Griffith Picture House, St. Helens.  
Princess, Bolton.  
Premier, Rotherham.  
Oxford, Knebly.  
Theatre-de-Luxe, Bradford.  
Balsall Heath Picturedrome, Birmingham.  
Park Hall, Cardiff (6 days).  
Gaiety, Poplar.  
Montpelier Walworth Road.  
Queen's St. Cir., Maudenhead.  
Imperial, Forest Gate.  
Regent Theatre, Chelmsford (6 days).  
Imperial, Highbury.  
Electric Theatre, Burnham.  
Empire Cinema, Staines.  
Coronet Cinema, Wealdstone.  
King's Hall, Penge.

MAY 10th.

Cinema, Villiers Street.  
Picture Theatre, Walthamstow.  
Gaiety, South Norwood.  
Theatre Royal, Ryde.  
Variety Cinema, Hoxton.  
Central, Kingston.  
Electric Theatre, Bournebrook.  
Bedford St. Picture Palace, Leamington.

Pavilion, Helton-le Hole.  
Empire, Chester-le-Street.  
Pavilion, Fleetwood.  
Picture House, Falkirk.  
Empress, Oldham Rd., Manchester.  
Hippodrome Lancaster.  
Picture Palace, Ardwick.

MAY 14th.

Hippodrome, Moses Gate.  
Imperial, Werneth.  
Picture House, Birkenhead.  
Carlton, Bradford.  
Burley Rd. Picture House, Leeds.  
Sherburn, Hull.  
Birchfield, Perry Bar, Birmingham.  
Palace, Durham (6 days).  
Wallow, Ashington.  
Palladium, Mile End Rd. (6 days).  
Empire, Cleethorpes.  
Cinema, New Malden.  
Picture House, Banbury.  
Grand, Westbourne, Bournemouth.  
Central, Ipswich (6 days).  
Electric Theatre, Muswell Hill.  
Majestic, Stepney.  
Rink, Sydenham.  
Palladium, Peterboro'.  
Blue Hall, Hammersmith.

MAY 17th.

Grand, Levenshulme.  
Palladium, Seaforth.  
Super, Watford.  
Globe, Plumstead.  
Princess, Brighton.  
Gariorth Cinema, Kentish Town.  
Gaiety, Westminster Bridge Road.  
Picture House, Winsom Green, Birmingham.  
Haymill and Yardley Picture House, Birmingham.  
Workman's Hall, Mountam Ash.  
La Scala, Grangemouth.  
Casino, Aberdeen.  
New Cinema, Nelson.  
Glynn, Chester.

Trocadero, Rusholme.  
Pavilion, Royton.  
Palace, Harrogate.  
Picture House, Castleford.  
Picture House, Leeds.

MAY 21st.

Palace, Aintree.  
Glynn, Wrexham.  
Empire, Eccles.  
Star, Warrington.  
Princes, Llandudno.  
New P. P., Rothwell.  
Central, Elland.  
Ladywood, Birmingham.  
Lyric, Birmingham.  
Picturedrome, Aberavon.  
Empire, Shotton.  
Empire, W. Stanley.  
Palace, Dunfermline.  
La Scala, Paisley.  
Pavilion, Motherwell.  
Picture House, Beaconsfield.  
Empire, Uxbridge.  
Central, Catford.  
Grand, Gillingham.  
Cinema, Gravesend.  
Cinema-de-Luxe, Lewes.  
King's Hall, Sidcup.  
Picture House, Cheshunt.  
Imperial, Commercial Road.  
Picture House, Stoue.  
Empire, Kettering (6 days).

MAY 24th.

Kosmo, Tunbridge Wells.  
Cinema, Dartford.  
Grand, Canning Town.  
Imperial, Portsmouth.  
Imperial, Crawley.  
Empire, Rugby.  
Highgate, Birmingham.  
Victoria, Ammanford.  
Palace, Bedlington.  
Hippodrome, Shildon.  
Laurie, Parkhead.  
Palace, Rock Ferry.  
Palace, Liscard.

Empire, Bamber Bridge.  
Palace, Horwich.  
Hippodrome, Bradford.  
Picture House, Idle.

MAY 28th.

Cosy, Bacup.  
Hjyou, Reddish.  
Bedford, Liverpool.  
Picture House, Huddersfield (6 days).  
Grand, Normanton.  
Elite, Bradford.  
Palace, Stockbridge.  
The Square, Walsall (6 days).  
Park Cinema, Cwincarn.  
Globe Theatre, Stockton.  
Palace Theatre, Aunfield Plain.  
Cinema, Wislaw.  
Palace, Edinburgh (6 days).  
Picture House, Eastbourne.  
Central Hall, Stamford Hill.  
Cinema, Broadstairs.  
Variety, Eastleigh.  
Coliseum, Leigh-on-Sea.  
Central, Woking.  
Vauxville, Bath (6 days).  
Electric Theatre, Torquay.

MAY 31st.

Picture House, Leatherhead.  
Park Cinema, Shepherds Bush.  
Alcazar, Edmonton.  
Palace, Dunstable.  
Cinema, Newbury.  
Central, Weston-super-Mare.  
Grand Theatre, Leek.  
Victoria, Newmarket.  
Castle, Caerphilly.  
B. B. Cinema, Glasgow.  
Pavilion, Hawick.  
Picture House, Crowboro'.  
Pier Pavilion, Lytham.  
Savoy, Sale.  
Runworth, Bolton.  
People's Hall, Denton.  
Coliseum, Bridlington.  
Picturedrome, Bradford.  
Cinema, Thurnscoe.

## "The White Hope." Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

MAY 7th.

Apollon, Custom House.  
Victory, Luton.  
Scala, Crawdon (6 days).  
Palace, Cheltenham.  
Imperial, Clapham Junction.  
Surrey Theatre, Blackfriars.  
Midland Picture House, Belfast.  
Gaiety, Southampton (6 days).  
Marlborough, Middlebro' (6 days).

MAY 10th.

Victoria Coln.  
Public Hall, Colwyn Bay.  
Imperial, Huddley.  
Scala, Birmingham.  
Victoria, Cambridge.  
Royal Electric, W. Hartlepool.  
Empire, Newcastle.  
Cinema, Middlesbrough.  
New Royalty, Brixton.  
Cinema, Plawton.  
Opera House, Kingsway.  
Grand, North Finchley.

MAY 14th.

Carlton, Huddersfield.  
Grand, Kibblesworth.

Kinema, Cambridge.

Premier, Enfield.  
New Picture House, Exmouth.  
Hippodrome, Buxton.  
Central, Gifford.  
Grand, Evesham.  
Picturedrome, Darlaston.  
Park Hall, Cwincarn.  
Raby Hall, Byker.  
Princess, Accrington.  
Glynn, Chester.  
Regent, Keighley.  
Picture House, Hebdon Bridge.

MAY 17th.

Regent, Nelson.  
Temple Cinema, Dudley.  
West End Cinema, Belfast.  
Grand, South Shields.  
New Savoy, Glasgow.  
Blue Hall, Edgeware Road.  
Empire, Highgate.  
Royalty, Richmond.  
Court Theatre, Brighton.  
Domes, Worthing.  
Central, Kingston.  
Central, Stamford Hill.  
Cinema, New Mallon.  
Pavilion, South Shields.

MAY 21st.

Tower, Hull (6 days).  
Electric Theatre, Gaversham.  
Cinema, Bournemouth.  
Central, Gifford.  
Grand, Evesham.  
Picturedrome, Darlaston.  
Park Hall, Cwincarn.  
Raby Hall, Byker.  
Princess, Accrington.  
Glynn, Chester.  
Regent, Keighley.  
Picture House, Hebdon Bridge.

MAY 24th.

Co-op, Hall, Chichester.  
Playhouse, Wakefield.  
Empire, Strathmore.  
Coronet, Small Heath.  
Buffalo, Ashington.  
Empire, Bradford.  
Flea, Palladium, Camden Town.  
Picture Palace, Kensal Rise.  
Cinema, Seven Kings.  
Star, Tonbridge.  
Savoy, Bristol.

Imperial, Highbury.  
King's Hall, Penge.

MAY 28th.

Palace, Bedford.  
Palace-de-Luxe, Wood Green.  
Gaiety, South Norwood.  
Imperial, Commercial Road.  
Cinema, Hoxton.  
Imperial, Kingsland Road.  
Strand, Grimsby.  
Wicker, Shetfield (6 days).  
Olympia, Birmingham.  
Palace, Blackpool (6 days).  
Tower, York (6 days).  
Princess, Hoyland.

MAY 31st.

Scala, Leeds.  
Palace, Erdington.  
Coliseum, Wolverhampton.  
Home, Golders Green.  
Car net, Notting Hill.  
Cinema, Dartford.  
Gaiety, Westminster Bridge Road.  
Alcazar, Romford.  
Gaiety, Tottenham.  
People's Palace, Tottenham.  
Tivoli, Grimsby.

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CLIPPER



### CHARLES CHAPLIN

*Though lost to sight (almost) yet still to memory dear. The picture above shows Charlie in his latest release, "The Pilgrim." Recently Charlie has been directing Edna Purviance.*

# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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## Our May Movie Calendar



1.—MAY Day. Author Movie Calendar may get new ideas for this month. May not.

2.—Speaking pictures invented

again, 1924. Sudden disappearance of many stars. Rumoured gone to school.

3.—Certain company claims to make first "all sub-title" film, 1931.

4.—Eighteen other companies enter junctons.

5.—Umbrellas first provided with e-issues, 1940.

6—Buster Keaton's baby smiles for first time, 1925.

7.—British Film Retaliation Society formed, 1945. Battle of Bunker Hill filmed with Southend Pier in background.

8.—Topical Bits does not show boy Scout review, 1999.

9.—First film stars to celebrate Golden Wedding, 5555.

10.—Eminent custard-pie comedian mysteriously disappears, 1923.

11.—Eminent detective claims will find him.

12.—Eminent detective found lynched.

13.—Moving Pictures invented at Littlehampton, 1930.

14.—Somebody sees point of last subtle joke, 2009.

15.—Income Tax returns due. Telescopes turned on film stars' contracts.

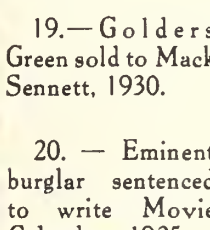
16.—Chaplin declares that he is too poor to marry Pola Negri, 1923.

17.—Pola Negri's Press-agent demands an increase in salary, 1923.

18.—Subtitle "LATER" makes millionth appearance, 1924.



POLA NEGRI.



PEARL WHITE.

19.—Golders Green sold to Mack Sennett, 1930.

20.—Eminent burglar sentenced to write Movie Calendar, 1925.—Eminent murderer sentenced to read it.

21.—Pearl White retires into another convent, 1927.

22.—British Surefire Films Ltd. claim to have bought rights Wells' next ten novels before written, 1923.

23.—American Misfits Inc. claim to have already produced same.

24.—Anniversary Battle of Ifit, 78 B.C. If inventor Motion Pictures had been killed in this battle there would not have been any Motion Pictures.

25.—But he wasn't.



JACKIE COOGAN. Coogan elected President of U.S.A., 1940.

26.—West End premiere has music specially write by Mendelssohn, 1923.

28.—Great enthusiasm over Italian comedies at Great Miffledon Picture-drome, 1923. Not shown there.

29.—First release of Foolshead comedies, Littlehampton, 1980.

30.—Cecil B. De Mille starts work on expensive film version of "The Seven Deadly Sins" 1927, but admits misgiving that seven is a small number for a producer of his calibre.



CECIL DE MILLE.

31.—De Mille's "Seventy - Seven Sins" released, 1928.

# Baby Mine



Pearl White in "Any Wife."

Above: Alice Joyce and Harold Dan Comfort in "The Sporting Duchess."  
Oval: Shirley Mason in "Little Miss Smiles." Below: Barbara Castleton, Mary Forbes, and Richard Headrick in "The Child Thou Gavest Me."



I am the motion picture's one best bet. I am the bid for sympathy that has never been known to fail. I am the director's joy (in theory), and the bane of his life at times (in practice). I am the backbone of the motion-picture plot. I am the movie baby.

Whenever there is melodrama to be found, there also you will find me. I'm well in evidence in *Way Down East*, you'll notice. I gave Lillian Gish the opportunity for a wonderful display of anguish when I died in that film, not to speak of the misery my existence caused the poor little girl.

Directly I appear on the silver sheet, sounds of "Ah!" "Ooo!" "Isn't it sweet?" or "Isn't it pitiful?" as the case may be, are heard from amongst the audience. Especially from the feminine section; for it is to them that I make my most direct appeal. Very few women can resist me, but I, alone and unaided, can resist the united efforts of a whole studio



staff. I have done it on many occasions. Once when they wanted me to look up at the villain and smile. Well—I didn't like that villain's face. I told everyone so at the top of my voice, but they didn't understand my language. Even my own mother didn't seem to get my point of view. They sent for dollars' worth of toys, but I wasn't to 'be cozened by any cheap devices like that. So I was sent home for the day, and in the end they had to cut out the smile business altogether.

I caused one elderly bachelor to write a letter of protest to a newspaper when *Flames of Passion* was released. "It's cruel," he complained, "to cause suffering to a helpless infant, and make 'close-ups' of its crying, for the amusement of the multitude. Making a baby cry is sheer cruelty." By this he showed that he knew very little about babies. I seldom have to be "made" to cry. It's usually the other way about, and most human babies are like me in that respect, if in no other.

But they do some funny things with me on the screen. For instance, I'm often born at least six months old in





Victor Seastrom in "A Man There Was."

the movies. Usually with a tooth, sometimes with more than one. I don't grow, either. I stay the same right through the movie, though years may pass. And I'm seen with all the favourite movie stars at one time or another. All of them coo sweetly to me when the cameras are clicking. All of them don't when they've stopped.

I was in my element in *Bootles' Baby*; had a glorious few weeks and made poor "Bootles'" hair stand on end many and many a time. But



Tom Reynolds in "A Bachelor's Baby."

Barbara Castleton in "What's Wrong with Women?"

he was really very fond of me. So was I a pronounced success in *The Manxman*. Fred Groves as "Pete" had a great deal to do for me and with me. He did it as to the manner born, and we became the greatest of friends. I rather enjoy myself in comedies, too, though my appearances aren't very many. I've reposed in an ash-heap several times, once in *Daddy Long-Legs*; and in *The Kid* it was a dust-bin.

I cause a good deal of trouble in movies, by appearing when I am not wanted, and having to be concealed, or passed off as someone else's; but, even then, I'm a very valuable means of reviving interest when all else fails.

I can't remember how many times I've been

kidnapped, or how often I've been the means of reconciliation between my estranged parents. There is great pathos connected with even my tiny garments. One of my wee shoes, plus a weeping screen heroine, has made many an effective fade-out, and my broken toy or shiny rattle is often requisitioned for this.

I usually drop in at the end of the film, if it's a happy ending, and a domestic drama. I used to loom very large in Norma Talmadge's plays at one time. Now there's a real live Talmadge baby (Norma's niece), so



Natalie Talmadge Keaton and Baby Buster.

my poor nose is out of joint. I think I excelled myself in *A Bachelor's Baby*. The film was splendid; but you only have to mention the word "baby" to the makers of it, and—you'd be surprised! I taught the hero several things about babies he'll thank me for later on. But there, some people are never satisfied.

J. L. Arthur Pusey and Molly Adair in "The Blue Lagoon."



# Ivor Discovers America



Ivor  
Novello in  
"The White Rose."



A tender  
moment with  
Mae Marsh.

**H**uman nature is the same, whether it is concerned with Cabbages or Kings. Had Ivor Novello in reality discovered America, in place of Columbus, he would have ranked as one of the most popular figures in world history. For his handsome Celtic features would have brought a welcome charm to the dryness of history books; his classic profile would have lived through the passing years, and the realm of exploration would have gained the distinction of possessing a hero akin to a "matinée idol."

Time has reserved for Ivor, however, a brighter America than the mist covered shore which Columbus knew. The boy with the face of a Greek god has "hit" the lights of Broadway, and because he possesses that bubble reputation and has much personal charm, those fickle beams are shining brightly upon him.

On the other side of the Atlantic Ivor Novello is the rage. Even with high Society Griffith is a power, and the limelight which he has turned on the youthful stage and screen star has ensured the inevitable honing that follows in the train of popularity and favour in the bohemian quarters of New York.



Yet his enthusiastic reception in America has not tended to spoil him. When I found him beneath the vast expanses of glass-fretted roof in Griffith's New York studio, he still had the same likeable, boyish smile, the almost childish enthusiasm over the new scenes and faces which had come within the ever-widening circle of his fresh experiences.

His fine dark eyes looked a little wistful when I told him that I had heard that his loss to the British screen was widely mourned in his own country.

"I, too, was sorry to leave England," he said, his face a little troubled as he rested his chin on his long, shapely hands.

"I secured release from every existing contract that I had in England to join Griffith. Everyone was willing to free me, for they realised what it meant for me to carry out creative work for the screen with so great a master of dramatic values and sweeping effects."

As we sat at the side of a typically colossal Griffith set, whilst Mae Marsh was posing for "close-ups" in front of an unfamiliar camera,

plete with many mysterious screens and intricate shutters, Ivor told me how Griffith discovered him.

The famous producer, not knowing Novello, was attracted by the classic charm of his features at a social gathering. He asked to be introduced to him, and a more intimate study of the young British stage and screen star still further convinced Griffith that this handsome youth had a perfect screen face for his particular photographic treatment. Griffith went back to America, and months passed. But he had not forgotten the dark-eyed youth with the arresting personality. And eventually there came a letter from America which made Ivor's greatest desire an accomplished fact.

He admitted to me that he was sometimes a little homesick, despite the fact that Society has given parties in his honour, and in Florida the houseboats, yachts, and summer residences of American aristocracy welcomed him as a privileged guest.

"But I feel that I am helping to make in *The White Rose* a picture that England will enjoy," he told me. "We have secured some wonderful natural backgrounds. It is a mistake to believe that Griffith is almost entirely a creative worker, where his settings are concerned. He has an amazing sense of beauty where the reflection of landscapes and old buildings is involved. On location, we have visited Mississippi, New Orleans, Alabama, and Georgia. In southern Florida, I worked on rivers whose surface was rich with floating water lilies. We secured some beautiful shots under the boughs of stately old oaks, festooned with vines and strange tropical flowers."

Ivor Novello and Mae Marsh in "*The White Rose*."



Two studies of Ivor in his rôle of clergyman.

He spoke with a far-away expression in his luminous eyes, and there seemed to be a new dreaminess in his voice. Unconsciously one wondered if Griffith's extraordinary personality was tending still further to develop the love of mysticism and deep emotion in Ivor Novello.

There was a flash of the old Ivor as he enthusiastically denied the rumour that he was giving up music, now that he had been enveloped in the vortex of American film production on the grand scale.

"On the contrary," he explained, "I am busy writing songs on this side of the Atlantic. For shortly I



shall be returning to England for further film work, and my present arrangements, I hope, will enable me to spend one half of each year in the States, and the other in the country of my birth."

An oyster is communicative compared with a Griffith player who is asked to disclose some details of the film in which he is appearing. For Griffith carries his sense of climax to the length of concealing as far as possible the stories of his pictures until they flash on to the screen, completed to the last full-stop in the sub-titles.

In addition to Novello and Mae Marsh, Carol Dempster, Charles Emmett Mack, Neal Hamilton, Lucille La Verne, Porter Strong, and others will appear in *The White Rose*.

When I left Ivor Novello, at the door of the mystery studios, he smiled a farewell, just like the natural unaffected boy that the British audiences know. For success under such a master producer is never likely to spoil Ivor Novello.

# Defying Doctor Watts

Some of the fights of filmdom would horrify the reverend Doctor.



Frank Mayo in "Afraid to Fight."



Lon Chaney lashes out in "All the Brothers were Valiant."

Right: Clara Kimball Young in "The Woman of Bronze."



Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature so," wrote the good Doctor. "But children you should never let your angry passions rise; your little hands were never meant to tear each other's eyes."

That was in the year 1710 B.M. With the coming of the movies we have put pious Doctor Watts away with the back numbers, where he belongs. "Let Dogs Delight" as revised by Great God Kmema reads as follows: "Film stars delight to scrap and fight, for 'tis their nature such. If they forebore we'd see no more of folks like Doug. and Hutch."

Life for some screen stars is just one fight after another. Nor is scrapping confined to the sterner sex. Several stars like Ruth Roland and Pearl White can always be trusted to give a good account of themselves in historic affairs. Ruth Roland estimates that she has delivered nearly two thousand knock out blows in the course of her screen career.

Just on my list entitled "People I Should NOT care to Annoy," you will find the name of Eddie Pope. When Eddie made his debut with



George Walsh gets busy in "With Stanley in Africa"

the Universal Company he brought with him a troupe of trained acrobats to play at human innepms with him; and the way he knocked his little friend about made me long for a society for the prevention of cruelty to screen stars. When he wasn't hitting them playfully over the heads with chairs or tables, he would be throwing them down stars or out of windows, or standing well back to see if they could get up as fast as he could knock them down—which they couldn't. Some fighter, Eddie, and the boys could never get their own back with him. The best

Rodolph Valentino had so scrapping in "Mohan of the Letty."



they could do was to keep him busy buying shirts between sets. Whenever Eddie appeared on a scene wearing a new shirt, his gang used to rush at him and tear it into ribbons. *The Broken Coin* must have cost Eddie a fortune in haberdashery.

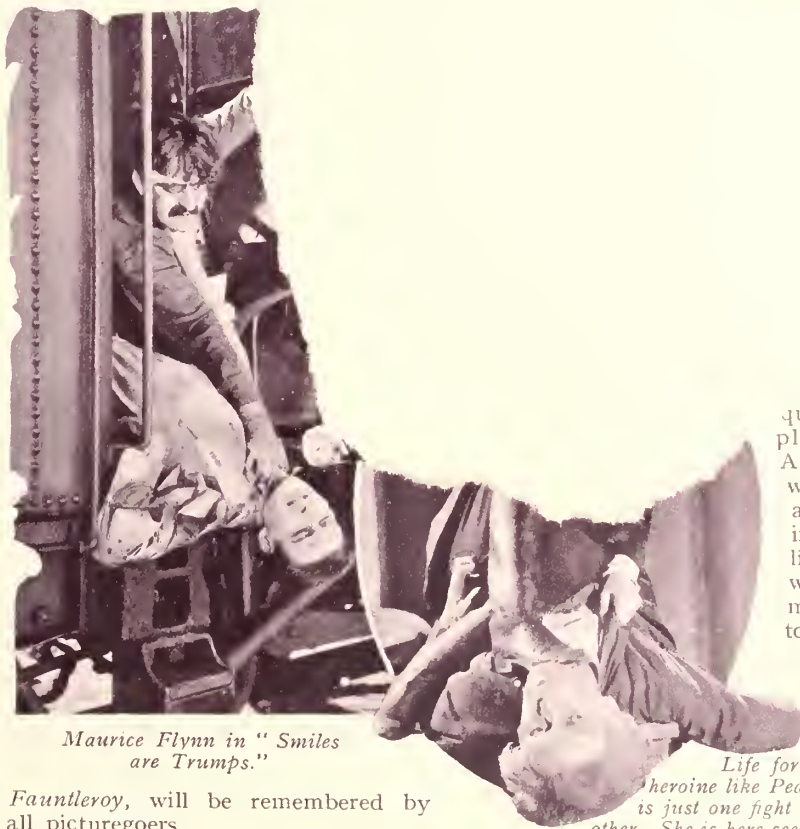
Warned by Eddie's fate, Elmo Lincoln usually operates in a singlet, and when you consider what happens to Elmo in most of his films, you must admire his foresight. In a "rough house" Elmo is rather more than instinctively useful, and he wanders through each screen story leaving a trail of knock-outs behind him.

Charlie Chaplin's screen fights are things of beauty and perennial joy. His encounters with the tough in *Easy Street*, and with the robbers in *The Shopwalker*, are comedy gems. Charlie's impersonal way of fighting, in his "very-sorry-to-do-what-I-shall-have-to-do" manner, would make a pacifist laugh. Delicious, too, was Mackie Coogan's fight in *The Kid*, which Charlie refereed in his own inimitable fashion.

Douglas Fairbanks refuses to take his screen fights seriously, and latterly has become too fond of clowning. His hop-skip-and-jump methods seem out of place in many of his pictures, particularly so in *Robin Hood*, where his volatility is carried to ridiculous extremes. *Robin Hood* is, of course, a very great picture, but if Doug. had shown a little more restraint in his acting, it would have been infinitely greater.

In the course of her extensive screen career, Mary Pickford has had a rich variety of fights, and, oddly enough, she has not once suffered even a minor injury. This is surprising, because most of her screen fights have been unrehearsed dust-

ups with children, who are apt to get excited and hit out in real earnest. The screen Mary is a truculent little soul who believes in getting in the first blow; also the second, third, fourth and fifth. Her fights in *Rags*, *Fanchon the Cricket*, and *Little Lord*



Maurice Flynn in "Smiles are Trumps."

Fauntleroy, will be remembered by all picturegoers. Quite apart from its usefulness in

ine-  
ere  
qually un-  
pleasant.  
A fight  
without  
a stunt  
in it is  
like beef  
without  
mustard  
to Hutch.  
L J.

Life for a serial heroine like Pearl White is just one fight after another. She is here seen disposing of an enemy in "Plunder."



The fire and explosion thrill in "La Revenante."

two that the plot of the film is woven. It is shortly to be released in London and Paris.

Lucy Doraine, a French film actress, greatly distinguishes herself in *Le Sixième Commandement*—like *La Roue*, another of the modern tragedy films, but one in which the ancient note is very effectively combined. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah is here shown in full, contrasting with a similar incident in modern life, the scenes of which are laid in the fashionable world of Paris salons, with men in

immaculate evening dress. It is a Viennese film released by a French company, Eclair, and cost twenty million francs. It took two years to make, and has a cast of fifteen thousand.

M. Louis Feuillade, the famous French *metteur en scène*, is a hard taskmaster when it comes to realism and detail in films. Recently when he required a vessel for his latest film, *La Revenante*, he went all the way to Spain, where he made his purchase, and then returned with it to Nice. A terrific explosion occurs, and the vessel is entirely destroyed. I am told that a new actress possessing dramatic talent of exceptional value has just made her debut in a film called *Corsica*. She is the Comtesse Rosella del Turco, and is a beautiful young woman with dark hair and flashing eyes, and a certain vivacity of expression that is particularly attractive. I understand that she is now at work on another film, both of which are to be released shortly in England.



Left : Lucy Doraine.  
Below : Comtesse Rosella del Turco.



an  
mediu.  
admired  
picture can.

On account  
film in which si.  
produced at her  
room known as the "con."  
was converted into a studio. At  
first there was some difficulty as  
regards lighting, but two lorries  
outside the house in the Boulevard  
Pereire fed the small arc and other  
lamps by means of electric cables,  
and for seven weeks the filming of  
the French actress continued.

The story is a sad one, and depicts  
the life of a clairvoyant who, besides  
living in poverty in a garret, is  
paralysed. She has, however, a  
faithful companion, Jacqueline, a  
very human chimpanzee, and it is  
around the loving friendship of these



The methods of Marion Davies (above), and of Pola Negri (below) are as the poles apart. But both are irresistible.



# Wielding Woman's Weapons

by P. RUSSELL MALLINSON

It is customary to speak glibly of the sixth sense of the lens—that subtle, inexplicable trick of the camera which gives fleeting, intimate glimpses of the real personalities of the artists of the silver sheet. But although this vagary of photography, through the medium of a smile, a mannerism, or a passing gesture, reveals the individual beneath the studio motley, it has its limitations.

The film cameras, with all their relentless analysis of those who move beneath the arc-lamps of filmdom, have not yet succeeded in solving the problem of the eternal feminine. Woman still remains the elusive, complex, and bewildering creature who through the centuries has carried on the traditions of Eve. She has not yielded up her secrets to the cameras, and they have had to remain content in reflecting on the screen those vagaries which for generations have proved to be the most deadly weapons in her armoury of feminine wiles.

And so film history is interwoven with a fascinating host of screen vampires, sirens, ingénues, and other fair daughters of Eve, who reflect real life in their ability to subdue mere mankind.



*Bébé Daniels can roll a wicked eye with the best of them*

As ever, women are omnipotent. In presenting their charms on the screen, producers strive to create more power for dimpled elbows. Costly settings are contrived for the purpose of accentuating the beauty of screen daughters of Eve. Luxurious raiment, drains the studio exchequers for the glorification of their elegance and grace. And then some screen Adonis, deep-dyed villain, kindly uncle, or vacillating father is paraded before the cameras to be sacrificed on the altar of women's wiles. Yet, because it is all part of that subtle thing, human interest, beautiful women rise to stardom on account of their skill in inveigling helpless man. And screen entertainment continues to thrive on such dietary.

The million-candle-power arc-lamps which illuminate the fascinating charm of Mae Murray in the studios, the atmosphere of scents, silks, and cushioned divans which surrounds her, and the gossamer creations provided for her by an understanding producer, are all a frame for her irresponsible femininity.

She is symbolical of the beautiful "butterfly" who pouts and weeps her way into the sternest hearts. Her mass of flitty golden hair, and childish blue eyes, are dangerous weapons. Through thousands of feet of celluloid she has utilised such charms to inspire the desire in masculine hearts to succumb to her desire to be pampered and petted.

Mae Murray surrounds herself with exotic splendour on the screen, but it is her womanly charm which is her most valuable possession. It is this which represents the greater part of her film personality.

Her pouting lips—bee-stung, as they are described by the materialistic Americans—bring to her expressive face a fascinating feminine appeal. Her deep shadowed lashes sweeping over wistful blue eyes provide heart-stirring close-ups which wreak havoc with many more males than those whose shadow forms flicker across

of a beautiful woman. For although the most decorative girl in filmdom stands unrivalled in her ability to subdue mankind with effervescent allurements, hers is an art that cloaks an art. She works for hours in collaboration with her producer-husband, Robert Leonard, beneath the tiring heat of the studio arc-lamps, creating, after wearisome rehearsal and repetition, just those subtle feminine wiles that appear to be so deceptively natural.

Constance Talmadge's irresponsible "glad eye" has shattered a hundred screen homes. She has brought to the screen lessons in flirtation which are models of feminine strategy. She tames the members of the male sex, with her sparkling, buoyant personality, riding roughshod over conventions, as only a



*The gentleman in the centre is about to die for love of Nazimova. The vampish Salome would appear to be saying: "It's a pity, but it can't be helped."*

the screen. Mae Murray has fostered since her dancing days with the New York Follies the exotic appeal of beautiful femininity. It is a frequent occurrence for her to rehearse time and again the subtle movements of her shapely hands, which she has imbued with remarkable powers of expression. When, in *Peacock Alley*, she ran her manicured fingers over the smooth, sleek hair of Monte Blue, her screen husband till the end of the reel, she reflected an irresistible coaxing charm which would have inspired pity for any modern St. Anthony. There is much to suggest the butterfly on the reel in Mae Murray's screen artistry. For artistry it is, and not merely the camera posings



*Constance Talmadge, queen of screen hussies, can twist any movie hero round her little finger. Above she is seen indulging in a characteristic fainting fit. Left: When a star like Ethel Clayton weeps, mere man is forced to capitulate.*





pretty women is privileged to do. To Constance "you've just gotta hand it," to use the American vernacular. She has all the wiles of fascinating femininity at her finger-tips, and around them she twists the Adonises of the screen with delightful ease.

In reality, the charm of Constance Talmadge is a tribute to the power of the camera to reflect real life personalities. For the tomboy of the screen radiates from the silver sheet the spirit of irresponsible and happy girlhood. Her vivacity is an expression of her natural temperament, and it has inspired her strenuous screen rôles from her earliest appearances before the cameras. It was characteristic of her dynamic personality that her début



Eileen Percy in "Whatever She Wants." The screen ingénue always gets whatever she wants.



Mrs. Henpeck in action. A scene from "Brothers Under Their Skins."

eyes, her jet black hair, sweeping back from a forehead suggestive of white velvet, her beautiful white hands with lustrous pink nails which flutter in expressive emotion, create a magnetism which brings men in the pride of manhood, and those in the autumn of their lives, pleading at her feet.

fascination seldom brings her happiness. As "Madame du Barry," in *Passion*, she visualised the tragedy of those beautiful women who are destined to lure men to destruction, and to end their lives in grim disaster, just as the guillotine descended on the fair neck of the Court favourite of Louis XV. She will make an ideal "Bella Donna" for the screen, a rôle in which she will shortly be seen.

In these days of lavish photoplays, the lure of clothes is within the reach of the screen beauty who seeks to obtain her conquests through the aid of sartorial charm.

on the screen took the form of a wild drive in a chariot in Griffith's *Intolerance*. Some may see a symbolism in this spectacular entry of the queen of screen flirts into film-land. For ever since she has "harnessed" susceptible males with the subtle bonds of her irresistible charm, and has driven them to distraction.

This swayer of men's destinies, who was once a shop girl, reflects the love and passion which is a part of real life.

On the screen she is the siren who inspires pity rather than contempt. For her

Constance Talmadge's power to subdue the helpless males who cross her screen path is an art which internationalises flirtation. In *East Is West*, Britishers, Orientals, Americans, "Fifty-fifty Chinamen"—what the locals term Eurasians—lose their hearts in swift succession to the fascinating "Ming Toy."

Shirley Mason displaying some of the weapons in woman's armoury.



Pola Negri brings to the screen devastating love, on the heels of which tragedy lurks. She inspires passion in the hearts of her lovers, which burns with a fierce flame until it consumes them. Hers is the type of love which has created the tragedies of history, overthrown monarchies, and ravaged kingdoms.

The wistful sadness of her dark blue



Viola Dana disposing of Lover Number Fourteen in "The Fourteenth Lover."

Gloria Swanson, although she presents the clinging, essentially feminine type of woman, relies very largely on her wardrobe to win her the hearts of men.

Gloria, has solved the secret of expressing personality in dress. The flash of a shapely bare arm, through silk or satin, the fascination of a silk-clad ankle, and the angle of a hat which throws becoming shadows over her eyes, are all weapons in her store of womanly wiles.

Beauty adorned has brought her more screen-lovers than all the arts of unsophisticated and shy girlhood could ever have done. Her film conquests are an enlightening parable on the weakness of mere man, who succumbs to the dazzle of fine feathers, as the impressionable husband in *Don't Tell Everything* capitulated, when his wife beat a vampire at her own sartorial allurements.

In selecting her weapons against the peace of mind of mankind, Lilhan Gish has relied on tradition. The girl who inspires in masculine hearts the spirit of protection has won her myriad admirers through the centuries. And even in these days of woman's emancipation it is a sure recipe for success in the game of love.

The most persecuted of all screen heroines wins hearts with the wistful sadness of her eyes, the suggestion of frailness which creates the desire in every man's heart to gird on the symbolical armour of a Sir Galahad.

It may be that the modern man is wiser in his generation, or that screen artistry has reached a higher level; but the fact remains that the old time vampire has passed. The

languorous, exotic siren with luminous eyes and intriguing smile, who spread her silk-clad voluptuousness over tiger-skin couches, has been displaced by a more subtle wrecker of hearts.

Nita Naldi represents the new order of vampires. She plays on the susceptibilities of her victims with a deftness which penetrates the chinks in the armour of mankind. And her calculating, expressive eyes, in whose depths lurk a deceptive inno-

*Talking about woman's weapons—here's the surest way to a man's heart, if the ladies did but know.*



cence, her tasteful clothes and refined manners, bring in her trail a host of "fools" whose folly and misdirected prayers are no less disastrous than those of Kipling's poem.

Precisely which one of Nazimova's thousand moods plays the greatest havoc with male hearts is an unanswerable problem. Probably it is the irresponsible combination of her fleeting humours which constitutes her irresistible charm. When her face is alive with animation, her eyes are flashing, and even her short brown curls seem to bristle with personal magnetism, she reflects an extraordinary suggestion of vivacity and life. In everything she is expressive. A shrug of her slim shoulders, a gesture of her long, narrow hands, the lifting of her finely arched eyebrows, and—she gets her own way. For she is very like a spoiled child, who bends everyone to her will, through the appeal of the unquenchable spirit of youth.

Love-making with Nazimova is a specialised form of

attack on male strongholds. From her vast repertoire of moods, she selects the one which is most likely to appeal to the temperament of her victim.

Perhaps it is in comedies that one gets nearest to human nature, where the reflection of woman's designs on the opposite sex are involved. For here is a swift succession of angry wives endeavouring to regain the wandering affections of their husbands with methods which savour of the bludgeon rather than the rapier. And so the eternal feminine triumphantly continues her bewildering progress across the screens of the world.



John Gilbert looks pretty firm in the above picture, but if we know anything about screen technique, he'll have to weaken before the end of the reel.

# In Reply to YOURS— by "GEORGE"

Will the two-thousand-and-six inditers of epistolatory enquiries concerning Rodolph Valentino, Benedick, read, mark, learn, and then for evermore save their stamps, and leave me to a peaceful old age? You've declared him a charming fellow—talented, handsome, etc., etc. I agree. He deserves it. Tell him I said so. But, for pity's sake, don't keep on telling me—at the rate of fifty effusions per diem. Reading your admiring missives I find much curiosity there. So, to satisfy all comers, and spare father's stamps, I hasten to gratify it with full details about Rodolph.

He stands five foot eleven inches tall, has black hair, and dark-brown eyes.

(Fourteen correspondents declare "Rodolph has a devil in his dark-brown eyes"; twelve call it a glint; and the others define it as a dangerous gleam.) I'm neutral.

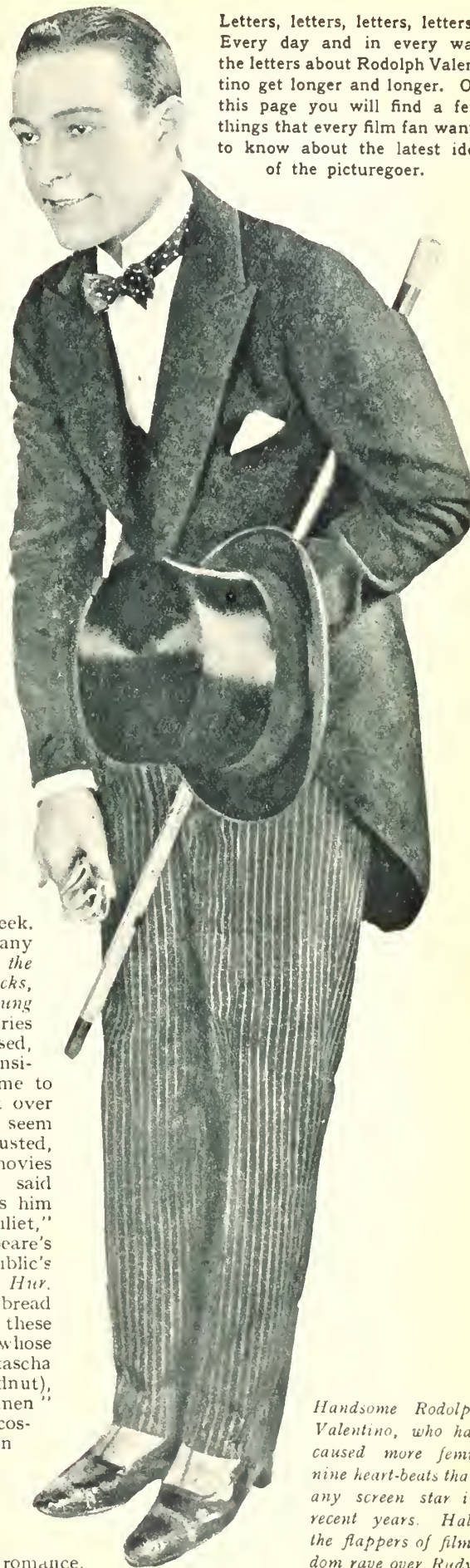
He was born at three o'clock in the morning of May 5, 1895, at Castellaneta, a small Italian village, and christened Rodolpho Alphonso Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmo di Valentino d'Antonguolla.

Not an only son, *Maybelle* (*Wigan*); Rudy has a brother, Alberto, two years older than himself, also a younger sister, Maria.

Our hero was rejected by the Italian Navy when he was fifteen, so turned his attention to scientific armoring, studying at Santa Ilario figure, near Genoa. Took honours, but preferred taking flyers to Paris, Monte Carlo, etc. He played leading rôle in a version of "The Prodigal Son" when he returned home absolutely penniless, after one of these excursions, whereupon the family shipped him to the U.S.A. to seek his fortune there. He wrote the story of his adventures in America, with a view to making a film of it; but it was rejected as being too impossible. Rodolph tried his hand at a number of things, finally becoming a professional dancer and gaining a certain amount of fame thereby. He started in movies as an extra, and worked for many months without recognition and without any outstanding rôles. You may have seen him in, amongst others, *The Married Virgin*, *The Big Little Person*, *A Delicious Little Devil* (he played an Irishman in this!),

*All Night, A Society Sensation*, and *A Rogue's Romance* (in which he staged and performed an Apache dance) Rudy played in *Out of Luck*, with Dorothy Gish, and was considered for the rôle Barthelmess later had in *Scarlet Days*. *Once To Every Woman* and *Passion's Playground* (a Katherine MacDonald picture) came next, then a "heavy" rôle in *The Great Moment*, which starred Mme. Namara, and *The Fog*. After this came Rudy's great moment—when he was offered the rôle of "Julio" in *The Four Horsemen*, in which he conquered completely the fancy of the film fans. His other Metro pictures were *The Conquering Power*, *Uncharted Seas*, and *Camille*; after which Paramount finally purchased an option on his screen services at the rate of a thousand dollars a week. His films for this company were *The Sheik*, *Moran of the Lady Letty*, *Beyond the Rocks*, *Blood and Sand*, and *The Young Rajah*; and because the stories were not all that was promised, Rodolph realised his responsibility to his public, and came to loggerheads with Paramount over it. Unless—and it does not seem likely—the difference is adjusted, he will make no more movies until 1924, although 'tis said that Norma Talmadge wants him to play "Romeo" to her "Juliet," in a screening of Shakespeare's romance. He was also the public's favourite candidate for *Ben Hur*. He is earning his daily bread and butter by dancing again these days; he and his wife, whose professional name is Natascha Rambova (born Winifred Hudnut), dance "The Four Horsemen" Tango, and several other costume dances on the American vaudeville stage. Besides his unique personality, good looks and grace of movement, Valentino is an excellent actor, shining alike in modern drama or costume romance.

Letters, letters, letters, letters! Every day and in every way the letters about Rodolph Valentino get longer and longer. On this page you will find a few things that every film fan wants to know about the latest idol of the picturegoer.



Handsome Rodolph Valentino, who has caused more feminine heart-beats than any screen star in recent years. Half the flappers of film-dom rave over Rudy.



Handsome  
Herbert Rawlinson.



A unique  
silhouette  
portrait.

## Brighton's Best

**I**f Herbert Rawlinson ever goes back to Brighton, where he was born, a sad fate will surely overtake him. He will be unceremoniously hustled by the Mayor and Corporation—the latter not necessarily in the physical sense—to the local publicity offices of London-by-the-Sea.

There he will be forced to pose before a canvas background depicting the most golden sand and the bluest sea that ever flanked Father Neptune's domain. For the eternal glory of Brighton, a camera will register his six feet of healthy, virile manhood. And, as relentless as time itself, the hour will come when he will figure on one of those poignant posters of familiar memory which announce to a jaded world that "Slocum-on-Sea," or some similar delectable resort "is so bracing"!

It was Herbert Rawlinson's typically healthy British face which smiled at me in the lounge of the Los Angeles Sports Club, that inspired this philosophy in my mind.

His appearance of superb fitness certainly justifies his reputation as one of the finest athletes in the film colony of California.

Although the somewhat painful grip of his muscular hand, as he greeted me, made me sigh for the less disconcerting symbols of welcome practised by the gesticulating natives of Borneo.

"No need to ask you how you're feeling," I remarked, diplomatically providing my tender fingers with welcome refuge in the safe precincts of my coat pocket.

My host stretched himself, as he lay

The  
Rawlinson  
smile.



back in his chair, with that reflection of wellbeing with the world and humanity which splendid health brings.

"I've got to keep pretty fit for the especial type of screen work to which the producers have somewhat inconsiderately called me," he chuckled.

"During the past eight years I have engaged in an average of six strenuous film battles a year. I have only worn gloves in three of those scraps; the other forty-five being fought with bare fists. The average rounds for each fight was six, and altogether I've fought about three hundred hard rounds before the cameras."

"Any casualties," said I, thinking of the other fellows.

"Rawley," as he is nicknamed amongst his friends, began to tick off an alarming succession of mishaps on his big fingers.

He told me that his screen realism had cost him one broken leg, two broken fingers, three broken ribs, and enough black eyes to have used up all the available raw beef on a respectably sized cattle ranch.

"Still," laughed Rawley, "I don't look like a screen veteran, do I? I'm sure lots of people who hear that I have been on the films for over ten years imagine that I am on the way to a long white beard, and crow's-feet wrinkles round my eyes. One humorist wrote to me a short time ago, and suggested that I had been so long on the screen that my teeth must be beginning to fall out, and it was fortunate that I was in the silent drama, otherwise I could only talk 'gum Arabic.'"

The popular star, like most good sportsmen, does not mind a joke against himself. His expressive dark-blue eyes have humour lurking in their depths, and there is a happy philosophical smile which is all his own, both on and away from the screen.

Neither is he superstitious: for it was in his thirteenth year that he left the breezes of Brighton to journey to Canada.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor—actor"—there you very nearly have my early days in brief before I came to the stage," laughed Rawlinson.

"My first vocation in life was as an acrobat in a circus; afterwards I became a rolling stone in earnest,



An unpleasant moment for Herbert Rawlinson in "The Wakefield Case."

and, true to tradition, I gathered insufficient moss to decorate a self-respecting rockery. My adventures in those days included sailing, factory work, making lawnmowers, and controlling a fleet of pleasure boats.

"I had a brief period on the stage, and to let you into a secret," said Rawley, with a burst of confidence, 'they tried to turn me into a handsome juvenile. My curly hair and blue eyes started the trouble. So I regained my self-respect by deserting the footlights and entering the films as a stunt performer, in serials.

"Then came my chance in the old-time screen serial, *The Exploits of Elaine*, in which I played the part of Craig Kennedy, the super-detective."

"And then you began to track down a handsome salary in addition to screen crooks," I suggested.

"It wasn't so easy in those days," Herbert Rawlinson assured me. "I have seen many changes in filmdom, but the growth of salaries is one of the most revolutionary ones. Picture work to-day may be more exacting, but it is carried out with a degree of comfort for the artist which was probably undreamed of ten years ago. I can remember the bare, comfortless studios of the old days, with the nerve-tying delays, when the lights failed at critical moments, or the sun unexpectedly disappeared behind a cloud and ruined an exterior just as we had worked up a stirring climax."

Ten years ago Herbert Rawlinson told me that he directed a stock company, in the ranks of which were such notabilities as Hobart Bosworth, Lew Stone, Frank Camp, and others.

Certainly the Brighton breezes have gifted this famous star with an insight into the secret of perennial youth. For it is still a very young and handsome face, and one that reflects buoyant youth, which now gazes back along the paths of

kinema history. He became reminiscent as he talked of his work in his memorable pictures, *Flirting with Death*, *The Flash of Fate*, *The Man Trap*, *Smashing Through*, *The Turn of the Wheel*, *Good Gracious Anabelle*, *A House Divided*, *Passers By*, *Chief Flynn of the Secret Service*, and *The Substitute Millionaire*.

In many directions Herbert Rawlinson is a puzzling personality. For his love of strenuous outdoor sports is almost a craze with him. Yet almost in the same breath that he talks of his ambitions to reduce the standing records on the running tracks, he diverges on to intricate reflections on film artistry. He was especially pleased with a subtle effect for which he was responsible in *Passers-By*. In one scene May McAvoy was sitting near an open window gazing at a scene which was meant to depict the awakening of Spring in the mountains. Rawlinson suggested to the producer that he should photograph the effect of light and shadow passing across the youthful star's face, as the sun shone through the leaves of a wind-blown tree.

"So realistic was the effect," he told me, "that you could almost imagine that the breezes of Springtime were drifting through the window." M. R.



Off for his morning swim.



Swimming keeps Herbert Rawlinson fit.



Florence Turner and James Knight in "Hornet's Nest."

Calvert; she is a Kashmiri Queen and warrior, this "pale-hands-I-loved" lady, according to Sinclair Hill (who wrote the scenario, and is producing), and her name is "Vashti-El-Habibeh."

**An Indian Period Romance.**

Very beautiful Eastern costumes will be used for this production, for the period is not modern, but some time in the reign of the Great Mogul. The exteriors will be made abroad, and the company are already well forward with them. A special musical scenario will be written to accompany the film, in which the songs themselves will appear in their correct order, and their melodies wind in and out at various times between other Oriental and native music.

**Happenings in Egypt.**

The *Fires of Fate* company, visiting Luxor and Mena, have had several and uncommon opportunities



Warwick Ward and Violet Hopson in "The Lady Owner."

# British Studio Gossip

**Stoll's Indian Love Lyrics.**

Everybody will be anxious to know what kind of a film story has been evolved from the world famed "Four Indian Love Lyrics." These songs are universally and deservedly popular, and the poems which form the words are taken from a collection of eighty-four, published under the title of "The Garden of Kama." They were written by Laurence Hope, a sister of the novelist, Victoria Cross; and the musical setting of the four which form the song cycle by the late Amy Woodforde Finden has also been acquired by Stoll's.

**About the Characters.**

The film will be a seven-reeler, and the setting Northern India (Kashmir), where the people are almost white. The hero, to be played by Owen Nares, is "Prince Zahurudin," heir to a little kingdom in the Plains. A sultan's daughter, "Princess Nadira-El-Din," is the heroine, and Maryna Longfellow is to have this rôle. The "vamp" of the story will be enacted by Catherine



Left: Forrester Harvey in "The Man Who Liked Lemons," a film version of the "Pan" story, "Untold Gold."

and adventures. Some scenes were taken inside a mosque, for the first time in history; a dervish entertainment was staged and photographed, parts of which were too realistically true to type for the peace of mind of Wanda Hawley, the star, who went into hysterics. These dancing dervishes work themselves up into the wildest frenzies, mutilating themselves savagely at times, and the spectacle of a big and fearsome-looking specimen suddenly striking a knife into his cheek, quite close, as surely enough to give any star "nerves."

**Afar in the Desert.**

Later on in the same week, the Sheik of Mena invited the company to an Arabic desert feast one evening. It was served in tents pitched some miles out beyond the Great Pyramids, and the guests travelled there on camels by moonlight. Only native dishes formed the menu, and those included a sheep, stuffed with dates, chestnuts and spices, and roasted whole, many varieties of pastries and sweetmeats, and native coffee, which is different from the European blend. After coffee came hookahs for everybody; whilst an Arab orchestra gave forth strange music from exceedingly strange instruments, and native girls danced. The fight scenes for the story were taken in the desert, and five hundred dervishes participated in them.

**"Early Birds" on the Screen.**

Adapted from the very successful music-hall sketch, a three-reel film called *Early Birds* has been made, with Fred Karno in his original rôle. Others will follow, including "The Mummie Birds," in which Chaplin first learned the art of miming.



Irene Norman (Lady Queensberry), who appears in "Tip-Toes."

**More Romance.**

Hugo Rumbold, the well-known stage producer, is about to enter the film field. With Louis Mercanton, a version of "The Queen's Necklace" will be commenced very shortly. This story has, of course, been screened before; but it is an uncommonly interesting one, on account of the period, and of the many famous characters who figure in it. In the story, one meets Marie Antoinette, Cagliostro, and Du Barry, amongst others, and there are more picturesque incidents than will go into one film.

**Screen Fisticuffs.**

James Knight puts a genuine punch into the final scenes of *Hornet's Nest*, which you will not see for some few months yet. Forbes Dawson, who received the full benefit of it, can testify that Jimmy was in condition, for his souvenirs of the occasion numbered, among other small things, a black eye and a badly cut lip. *Hornet's Nest* is remarkable for some pretty countryside settings, and, besides Florence Turner, and the other principals, an excellent study of a seaman on Captain Kettle lines by Fred Wright. James Knight is co-starring with Violet Hopson in Walter West's new production, *Beautiful Kitty*.

**In a Dickens Play.**

An interesting stage performance given at King's Hall, Covent Garden, last month was Clive Currie's eight-episode version of "Nicholas Nickleby," the cast of which included many screen players. Ivan Samson was "Nicholas," Sydney Fairbrother, "Smike"; Sidney Paxton, "Snawley"; A. B. Imeson, "Verisopht"; Marie Ault, "Mrs. Squeers"; and Gertrude McCoy, "Tilda Price." It is strange

Joyce Gaymon, who appears with Charles Hutchison in "Typhoon."



Ivy Duke with "Nobla," the foal she reared from birth.

that "Nicholas" has never been screened; it possesses its full share of kinematic possibilities.

**Two Moriartys.**

In *The Final Problem*, the concluding episode of *The Last Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, "Moriarty" makes his appearance. The casting of the terrible Professor worried the director, George Ridgwell, a good deal, and he finally decided to play the rôle himself.

**"Squibs" in Splendid Attire.**

The Welch Pearson film, *Tip-toes*, is completed now, and will probably be running at a West End theatre by the time these lines are in print. It cost £20,000, it is said, and is on a far more lavish scale than any of Betty Balfour's preceding photoplays. Betty wears some stunning gowns, when she graduates from a slum maiden to a famous dancer, and her head-dress in the cabaret scene is almost as tall as herself. Betty Balfour is a delightful dancer, though she has had little opportunity till now to show her prowess; she usually dances in her films, but only a comical little pironette or two, just to express extreme pleasure.



### DOROTHY GISH

*Discovered by D. W. Griffith, who introduced her to the screen in the old Biograph days. Dorothy and her sister Lillian are now with Inspiration Pictures. Dorothy has been playing opposite Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl."*





**RODOLPH VALENTINO**

*Judging by our letter-bag, Rudy is the one-and-only film star these days. Telegraphic address: Damsels Delight, New York. And the question of the hour is: "When IS he coming to London?"*



### CARLYLE BLACKWELL

*Started his screen career with Vitagraph long years ago, and then played opposite Alice Joyce in many of the old Kalem Productions. His most recent pictures are "Bulldog Drummond" and "The Virgin Queen."*



### ENID BENNETT

*The charming Lady Marian of "Robin Hood" is an Australian by birth. She played opposite Charles Ray in his latest picture, "The Courtship of Miles Standish."*



### CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

*Commenced her stage work at the age of three, whereby she has been enabled to encompass a very long and varied professional career. Some of her best known films are "Eyes of Youth," "Cheating Cheaters" and "Mid-Channel."*

# The Screen Fashion Plate



Above : Anna Q. Nilsson displays a velvet gown of novel design.  
Right : Flora Le Breton's dance frock has a soft green ninon foundation with skirt of silver net.



This remarkable gown worn by beautiful Gloria Swanson is made entirely of ermine tails. Oh, to be a screen star!



Carmel Myers in lace and chiffon with ostrich feather trimmings.



Left : Myrtle Stedman's evening cape of ermine ornamented with ermine tails.  
Above : Leatrice Joy's gown has a foundation of satin, with silk embroidery on the bodice and apron over-drape of georgette crepe.



# Enter RAMON NOVARRO

"Si: como no!" he replied, which means in English that he was perfectly delighted to send greetings across the Big Pond.

Mr. Novarro is of medium height, slender and extremely good-looking. His manners are charming—the Latin of good family always shows it in his well-bred ways—and those eyes about which the girls in the States rave are as handsome off the screen as when seen in *The Prisoner of Zenda* or *Trifling Women*.

"About myself," he said. "I was born in Mexico, but from the time I was the merest youngster, I decided that some day I would go to America, and make my fortune. And so, six years ago, I came—without the consent of my parents and not well-equipped with money; but I had the firm resolve



Ramon Novarro as "Rupert of Hentzau."

to succeed, and the intention to work as hard as I could towards that end. You know how natural it is for the people of my country to dance! Well, I had no difficulty in making a living during the dance craze, which reached New York about the same time that I did. I attracted the attention of the Marion Morgan Dancers, and joined their organisation.

"I left the Morgan Dancers because I decided that I did not wish to make a reputation solely as a dancer, and joined the Majestic Stock Company in Los Angeles, playing small rôles, then bigger ones, and I was stage manager for a time. It was while I was at the Majestic that Mr. Ingram became interested in me, and offered me work at the Metro Studios. The parts were small—just bits at first—but I knew he believed in me, and would give me a chance when he considered that I was ready."

"How do you like the picture 'fans'?" was asked (and his reply is a rebuke to some American lovers of film stars—probably English ones are more discreet!).

"Many of them are such liars," he replied. "Why, I have had letters from the Canary Islands and Honolulu telling me that I was their ideal actor, and asking for my photograph! And yet my films have not been booked in those places yet!"

"Of course," he continued; "this description does not fit them all. I quite enjoy many of the letters."

Mr. Novarro, of course, hopes to come to London some time, but until he does, you will have to make his acquaintance *via* the films. He is well worth meeting, and I only wish you all might have been with PICTUREGOER and me that delightful Saturday morning.

E. L.



With Alice Terry in "Trifling Women."

A copy of PICTUREGOER was my letter of introduction to Ramon Novarro, the handsome young Mexican who has been hailed as the successor of Rodolph Valentino. To the Metro offices I journeyed one Saturday morning not long ago in search of some new and attractive pictures for my friends across the sea. A good-looking couple were examining some photographs, and I judged that possibly they, too, were in search of material for some other photoplay publication. They only remained a moment, and as they left I heard someone say, "Miss Terry," but it was too late for me to see whether it was the divine Alice, or someone of the same name. Pretty soon the good-looking young man returned, and I realised that it was Mr. Novarro. He picked up PICTUREGOER, and commenced looking through it. Of course, that was my cue, and I introduced myself, telling him how very anxious English kinema devotees would be to hear something of himself.

"Quiere Vd. hablar un porquito conmigo y enviar un mensaje a sus amigos en Londres?"



Ramon Novarro, the handsome young Mexican who appears in Rex Ingram's productions, "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Trifling Women."

# The Voice from the Minaret

by  
**JOAN FLEMING**



**L**ord Leslie Carlyle, Governor of Bombay, raised his glass high, and turned a mocking smile in the direction of the woman by his side.

"To my wife!" he sneered, drinking the wine at a gulp. The Countess La Fontaine laughed a sneering laugh that matched his smile, and came closer to his embrace.

"If your wife knew about—this!" she said.

"Well," drawled Lord Leslie, putting down his glass, "she doesn't. And, even if she did—what matter?"

The place was called "The Club of the Seven Flags," but its name did not reveal its significance or its real character. It was decorated like an Eastern harem, and it was the gathering place for most of the white people of Bombay. There were whispers about it, here and there, but they never reached to a shout. The authorities were supposed to blink at it. Lady Adrienne, wife of Sir Leslie, knew, of course, that her husband was a frequenter of the resort; but, then, so many of the best were its frequenters too. Political plots were hatched here, things were to be heard—as well as love. . . . A man of Lord Leslie's position just must drop in occasionally.

"She doesn't know," the Governor growled again, giving his moustache a twist. "She thinks I come here to overhear what plots are afoot. Well—let her think!"

The Countess was silent for some moments, absently staring into the

smoke of her cigarette, keenly thinking of a way to use the Governor for the fulfilment of her scheme. It was the desire of her life to be "in" the best society of the city; but, despite her title and the fact that she was extremely popular with the young officers and others not over-particular in their acquaintances, the *élite* of the

The Story of the First National Film. Based on the play by **ROBERT HICHENS.**

CHARACTERS:	
Lord Leslie	EDWIN STEVENS
Lady Adrienne	NORMA TALMADGE
Andrew Fabian	EUGENE O'BRIEN
The Countess	CLAIRE DU BREY

place—the "four hundred" of Bombay—were careful to look the other way when they found her in their presence. Now through Lord Leslie she imagined she had found a loophole.

"Introduce me into your set," she pleaded, "and then there will be no further need for these hole-and-corner meetings. I can meet you on the best ground, and nobody will suspect. I could meet your wife, and she would not suspect. . . ."

He laughed. "I cannot very well ask my wife

to meet anyone just now," he said. "The subject is under a cloud for the moment. As a matter of fact, I am playing truant myself in order to be here with you now, and there is the very deuce of a row boiling because of it."

"The Gilberts are giving a dinner-party in honour of the young priest, Andrew Fabian, who is staying over in Bombay on his way to join a pilgrimage in the Holy Land," he went on to explain, "and I was invited as Governor. A priest! And you! Well, I knew where to make my choice. I refused the invitation—rather curtly, perhaps—and my wife is awfully hit about it. Calls it an unpardonable affront! As if I could sit through the chit-chat of an apprentice parson when I'd got—you!"

"Your wife does not know you've got me," said the Countess. "What excuse did you give?"

"I'm afraid I gave none!" laughed Lord Leslie.

The Countess tossed away her cigarette and drew closer.

"Leslie," she said, "why do you not consent to a divorce and come away with me? We are—"

But he shook his head, and a hard frown settled on his face.

"No," he said.

"And why?"

"No Carlyle has ever been divorced!" he said. "I have the family name to consider. There is the reputation of the Carlyles. . . ."

"Honour," laughed the Countess, "is a funny thing. Well, well. Perhaps some day, if Lady Adrienne should get to know. The town gossips, you know. Everybody sees. If someone should repeat—"

"Bah!" cried Lord Leslie. "She suspects nothing. She knows nothing. If she heard, she would refuse to believe. She——"

Across the room a door opened, and the moonlight in the night sky showed in silhouette a moment the frail form of Lady Adrienne Carlyle, as she stood looking down on the embrace of her husband and the lady who was not received in the best circles. She did not suffer the slightest tremor to betray her feelings at what she saw. She waited until they had drawn apart, and then she said, in a voice even and cold:

"I came to plead with you, Leslie, to reconsider your affront to Lady Gilbert. I came to ask you not for this night to put politics before all else. I see—it is not politics."

The door closed and she was gone.

The boat that took Andrew Fabian from Bombay to Damascus took also Lady Adrienne Carlyle. There was no explanation for her departure, and she offered none, unless it were the dead stare of her eyes.

Andrew Fabian looked into them once, and thought that he understood.

"You go back to England?" he asked.

"I go back to England," she said with a nod.

"Shall you be returning to India soon?"

"I don't think I shall ever return to India," she replied.

He pursued the matter no further for a moment, and she, too, was silent. But when he looked at her again he saw that the tears were coursing down her cheeks, and her head was bowed. Suddenly, at his glance, her grief overcame her and she sobbed bitterly; and at this Andrew's quick sympathy reached through the wall of her pride.

"Can I help you?" he asked tenderly. "Can I do anything at all? You have only to ask me——"

"Who can help me?" she cried bitterly. "Nobody! Nobody!"

"Surely it is not so bad as that?" he asked.

"It is so bad," she replied, "that I am going back to England to get a divorce."

He led her to a seat far from the other passengers, and she sat and poured out the story of her tragedy.

"It has gone on for years," she said. "You must have heard something of it. How long have you been in Bombay? A month. But in that time you must have heard. Every-



Again the Muezzin's cry from the tower across the town. Again the Voice from the Minaret.

body knew. Everybody thought I knew nothing, and they were careful to keep me from knowing. But I suspected. I thought. . . . And then I knew. I found him with that loathsome outcast, the Countess La Fontaine. There must have been many others. . . . I have guessed from his manner. He has made my life unbearable for years. And now it is over. I have torn out that part of my life and trampled it under foot. I have left him. I shall divorce him. It is the end——"

Andrew listened with the deepest sympathy until she had concluded. Then he turned to her with a sigh.

"The world is a hard place, and a cruel place, and an unjust place," he said. "As you have found it, so have I. And for that reason I am entering the Church and renouncing the shams that are all the world can offer. I am now, as you know, on my way to join a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. I leave the boat at Damascus. Come with me! In the Holy Land you will find peace and surcease from your sorrow. There you will meet spiritual exaltation that will lift you above material woes and soothe your soul."

Adrienne looked into his eyes and away again swiftly. What was she choosing? Even his bitterest enemies would have conceded that Andrew was handsome, and, in addition, he exuded a vibrant personality that

made him an outstanding figure in any assemblage. In Bombay on the few occasions on which she had met she had felt herself drawn towards him. He had felt confidence in his presence, and even a daring, tiny hope. And now, here he was offering the way to peace with himself a guide. She wavered, and thought, and tried to draw back, and wavered again. Back home in England there would be many awkward questions. What was she divorcing Lord Leslie? What had happened? Why? What? Why? What? . . . . And the endless ordeal in the witness-box. And the dreadful Press. . . .

And here—peace and forgetfulness and hope. . . .

"I—think I will come," she said quietly, her voice softening.

When they came to Damascus and went ashore Andrew made careful search and found for Adrienne a small Oriental hotel, himself taking an apartment near by.

"This can serve as your headquarters until we move inland," he said; and she thanked him for his soli-

citude and care. Already there was a change in her. The trip itself was helping; but over all was the sense of freedom and the joy of really living again. She was alive once more, and her youthful spirits and her youthful smile were returning to her.

They stayed some days in Damascus making short excursions into the surrounding country, when Andrew could spare the time from his studies. That love was coming to them, deathless love, both knew, but neither spoke. A short distance from where they stayed stood a minaret, and from its parapet a muezzin called twice a day the faithful to prayer—the followers to the worship of the Great God. And each call sounded like a knell of their hopes. The Voice of Conscience! The Voice from the Minaret! An alien creed, but it came to tell them constantly of their vows—Adrienne of her marriage vows; Andrew of his vows to the Church. . . .

The days passed, filled with the bitterest, sweetest moments. They tried to forget the morrow. They tried to forget all but that they loved each other, undeclared though that love might be. But at last came the day when Andrew knew the crisis must be met and when he care little that it should defeat them. The hot spell of the desert surged in the veins, the mystery of the land that had bred the mighty loves of Sheba, Salomé, Cleopatra. . . .



They were sitting before the window of Adrienne's little room in the Oriental hotel, and it was the evening hour.

"Adrienne!" whispered Andrew.

She turned and looked at him. He laid a hand on the arm of her chair; then, timidly, daringly, upon her hand. She did not withdraw it or look away. He cast about for words, suitable words, words that should hint and yet tell all, words. . . .

Words!

Suddenly came the monotonous intoning of the muezzin's command! The Voice from the Minaret! The Call! The Call of Conscience!

Springing to his feet, Andrew ran to the window and viciously flung the curtains together, as if he could thus drown out the voice of menace. Then, turning, he seized Adrienne in his arms and pressed a long, lingering kiss on her burning lips.

"I love you!" he cried. "Adrienne! Adrienne! I love you and I will not let anything ever separate us!"

She looked a moment in his eyes. Her soft hand stroked his cheek. Then she hid her face from him on his shoulder and whispered:

"And I love you, Adrienne. That is all I care about."

Again the muezzin's cry from the tower across the town. Again the Voice from the Minaret!

"I can stand it no longer!" cried Andrew. "I will resign from the Church. We will leave Damascus at once. Out in the desert we can live happily . . . away from everyone. Will you come?"

"Where you go, there will I go gladly," she replied.

And at that moment there was a knock at the door, and a visitor was announced. Bishop Ellsworth! Andrew's spiritual mentor!

"Am I in time?" the old man asked. And then he sighed tiredly and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and looked long into his eyes. Then he bade Andrew leave him a moment with the girl.

"It is only the kindly advice of an old clergyman that I can give you," he said when they were alone; "but I wish you to heed it. Do you not see that your contemplated step would do more than ruin this young man's career? It would ruin the souls of both of you. Think. Do not be hasty. But it is not only of this that I come to tell you. Your husband has been seized with a stroke since you left him. He may die. Is not your place by his side? You vowed before God—"

And as she wavered, thinking first this way, now that, again across the sun roofs of the old town came that cry of the muezzin on the tower. The Voice from the Minaret! She slowly nodded and turned from the aged priest.

If it were possible, Lord Leslie was even more sinister and cruel in his broken state than he had been before.

"So you have come back because you love me?" he sneered.

"I come back because I took my vows before God," she replied. "I come back because I am your wife."

"You love me?"

Madly she threw caution to the winds.

"No!" she cried. "I love another!"

Her husband's usually loud voice fell to a menacing snarl.

"Who is he?"

"I shall not tell."

"You shall tell!"

"I refuse!"

"Very well. Yet I shall find out. And when I find out—"

He hired spies. He cultivated gossip. He left no stone unturned to learn the name of the man who had awakened love in the woman who was his wife. But all his efforts seemed unavailing, and the weeks passed into months, and the months into years that seemed like centuries to the woman, and still that name was an unknown name to Lord Leslie Carlyle.

Three years went by. Finally Lord Leslie was relieved of his post, and they departed from Bombay and returned to their great house in London.

The greyness of their lives seemed to take on an added greyness when robbed of the tropical sunshine. One day was like another. Their life was a mockery. They went here, they went there; but they went mechanically, and they had no joy in anything. But at length, one day, a Sunday in dull November, when surely there was least excuse for such a thing, Lord Leslie surprised a smile on his wife's lips when she came in in the late afternoon. He said nothing of

it. He did not hint that he had seen. Instead he asked casually:

"Where have you been?"

"To church," she replied coldly.

"Church? Good Lord! Which church?"

"St. Matthew's. Why?"

"Nothing. I only wondered why you should go to church at all."

St. Matthew's! He learnt that there was a service there upon the following Wednesday, and to his own surprise he went to it. At first he could understand nothing. He searched the faces of all the congregation eagerly, but they told him not a thing of what he had come to know. And then his eyes alighted on the preacher, and he knew all. The man who had stayed in Bombay! The man he should have met at the Gilberts! Andrew Fabian! The man! Her man!

In a blind passion he walked home through the long streets, thinking, groping, evolving some plan. And when at last he reached home his scheme was complete. Evilly laughing, he called for a telegram form and wrote out an invitation in his wife's name, and addressed it to the Rev. Andrew Fabian at St. Matthew's Church. It was for the following night.

Andrew came, wondering greatly but suspecting not at all. Why she should want to meet him thus, before her husband, he could not imagine, but plainly she did so wish, and he obeyed her summons. Adrienne, on her part, was vastly puzzled. Why had Andrew called? What good could come of it? Why—why—why. . . .

Lord Leslie noted the uneasiness of his wife and their guest, but he

*The Voice from the Minaret came to tell Adrienne of her marriage vows.*



gave no indication of it. Indeed, both Adrienne and Andrew were surprised at his air of cordiality and high spirits. But they were both greatly relieved when the strange meal came to an end, and they entered the library for coffee.

For a little while they chatted of casual things, and there seemed nothing untoward. But suddenly Adrienne's hand quivered, and the cup that she was holding fell to the floor with a crash. And as Andrew was about to spring to her side he, too, felt a tremor run through his body, and he sank back in his chair.

And then across the wild situation came the mocking laugh of Lord Leslie.

"Prepare yourselves for death!" he said leeringly. "I have put poison in your coffee!"

"Adrienne! Adrienne!" cried Andrew, leaning forward.

And slowly came the voice of the stricken girl upon the floor.

"Speak to me—sweet-heart!"

Again Lord Leslie laughed.

"You thought you could trick me!" he cried. "Your polite questions and answers at dinner! You would not betray yourselves. You would not let me know that you loved. Had I asked I do not doubt that you would have denied. For four years, Adrienne, you have kept your secret under the closest questioning. But I have tricked you. It was not poison I put in your coffee—only a strong heart stimulant. But it has sufficed to wring the truth from you! I have got your secret at last. The parson and his married lover! Very well. Look!"

He flung open the door and ushered in a group of bishops.

"I have sent for them to witness—" he cried; and then suddenly his words broke off, and he stared wildly from the bishops to his wife, and from his wife to Andrew. His hand reached unsteadily to his throat.

"I have sent for them—" he attempted again, and again broke off.

He swung half-round, and the watchers saw a light of terror kindle in his eyes. He took a step forward, tottered, and suddenly collapsed.

Adrienne dropped to his side and took his hand. "Leslie!" she cried.

His falling hand reached up to her face, and he seemed to peer up to see her. "Adrienne!" he muttered. "I have been—"

She soothed the hard words from his lips, and then he pleaded with her to forgive. Painfully he turned to where Andrew was kneeling, and took his hand.

"See me through the dark . . . shadows that are . . . approaching," he begged. "Forgive—"

The grip of his tired hand relaxed. His head sank forward on his heaving chest and the chest ceased to heave. A moment later Lord Leslie Carlyle had passed to the Great Beyond.

For Adrienne the world seemed suddenly to reel. She put out her hands towards the forms she could see dimly around her. "Andrew—my love," she called faintly, then

the eyes focussed upon Andrew, as, his face pale, his keen blue eyes staring with a great fear, he laid the unconscious woman upon a couch.

Slowly, slowly, Adrienne lifted her heavy-lidded eyes. Andrew was holding her cold fingers; there was a sudden movement among the black-clad figures by the table. They seemed, to her excited fancy, to be hiding something, someone.

"Andrew," she cried sharply, "what happened? My husband, Lord Leslie, where is he? Ah! I remember now. He—died, didn't he, and I—we—"

The group before her parted. They were hiding nothing. There was nobody else there. One figure detached itself and came towards her. The Bishop of Ellworth spoke, gently, soothingly.

"He died," he said slowly. "We have taken him upstairs. He died, compassing another's destruction and bringing about, instead, his own. Will you let me take you to him?"

"I will go to him, now. And later, perhaps . . ." she spoke to the bishops, but her eyes were upon Fabian.

Andrew took her in his arms.

"And I must go, my beloved," he said. "For a little while. But, afterwards, I will come back for you, and we will go away together back to the East. To Damascus, the land of the Faithful. The land of the muezzin."

They left the room and left the house silently, as Lord Leslie's physician as silently entered it.

"The call to the faithful to keep their vows," murmured Adrienne, preceding him up the wide stairs.



For the Voice from the Minaret now brought only peace to their souls.

sank in a heap beside the body of her husband.

There was a confused murmuring outside. Terrified servants crowded the doorway; dignified Churchmen authoritatively bade them begone about their business. The bishop was there; Ellworth himself, summoned by a pressing note from Carlyle, as had been the other Churchmen.

The purpose of the dead man was quite plain. He wanted the Church dignitaries to overhear what passed between his wife and the man she loved. In the hope that Andrew Fabian would utter something that would condemn him utterly in the eyes of his superiors.

But there was only sympathy in

old Damascus, a spring of hope and promise. Through the quaint dun streets a man and woman walked hand in hand, smiling, happy.

They turned their steps to a quiet old Oriental hotel, and went inside and upstairs to a strange room that once they had known together. They stood side by side and watched the sun go down. As the last bright beam of the dying day shot up in defiance of the coming dark, a gaunt figure moved on a tower across the roofs and raised its hands and cried to the heavens above.

But the man and the woman looked only in each other's eyes, smiling, knowing no terror. For the Voice from the Minaret now brought only peace to their souls.



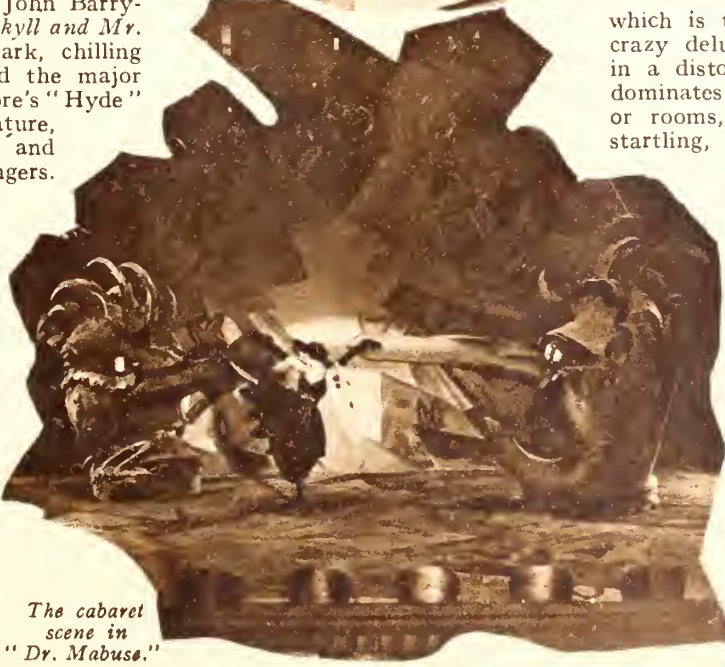
Two scenes from "Dr. Caligari."

# Macabre Movies

No better medium than the screen could possibly be desired for visualising that odd mixture of fantasy and freakishness imaged in the term *macabre*. For sheer horror, the stage Grand Guignol takes first place. But the macabre is compounded not so much of horror alone as of weirdness and strangeness; and Continental minds, far more than those of British and American producers, have grasped its significance and seized upon and sustained its atmosphere in their productions. Stray evidences of this have appeared in many movies for the past ten years. Griffith introduced touches of it at various times; notably in *Dream Street*. John Robertson and John Barrymore between them, in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, contrived a certain dark, chilling atmosphere, which dominated the major part of the film. John Barrymore's "Hyde" was an unearthly looking creature, with his long, pointed head and restless, clawing talons of fingers. Mere slits of eyes, thin lips drawn back in an eternal, sneering grin, he seemed to have stepped out of a nightmare. And the mysteriously evil-looking street down which this figure was seen hurrying and pattering helped not a little in suggesting creepiness. But the utilising of Cubist scenery and of strangely massed lights and shadows, of ugly and almost grotesque make-up, in connection with such bizarre stories, has been brought to perfection in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. Also, though in a less degree; in *Dr. Mabuse* and *The Golem*, all three made in German studios. *Caligari*,



Paul Wegener in "The Golem."



The cabaret scene in "Dr. Mabuse."

which is the story of a madman's crazy delusions, is like life viewed in a distorting mirror. Cubist art dominates the backgrounds, of streets or rooms, or even furniture, with startling, but, in a way, fascinating results. The actors, with their ghastly faces and strange, stiff movements, play their parts against oddly twisted, pointed and shadowed surroundings, exactly in keeping with the weird story. But, unlike *Jekyll and Hyde*, there is no theatricalism in *Caligari*. *The Golem* is a picturisation of a mediæval legend. Here, too, crookedly pointing roofs, narrow overhanging streets, and half-lit interiors suggest at once the dark age of fanaticism and terror to which the story, with its, to us, equally crooked and narrow outlook, belongs.

# Then and Now

Generally speaking, family albums are depressing institutions, but one finds many items of interest in the albums of popular screen stars. The photographs on this page give you a privileged peep at some pictures that will interest every "film fan."

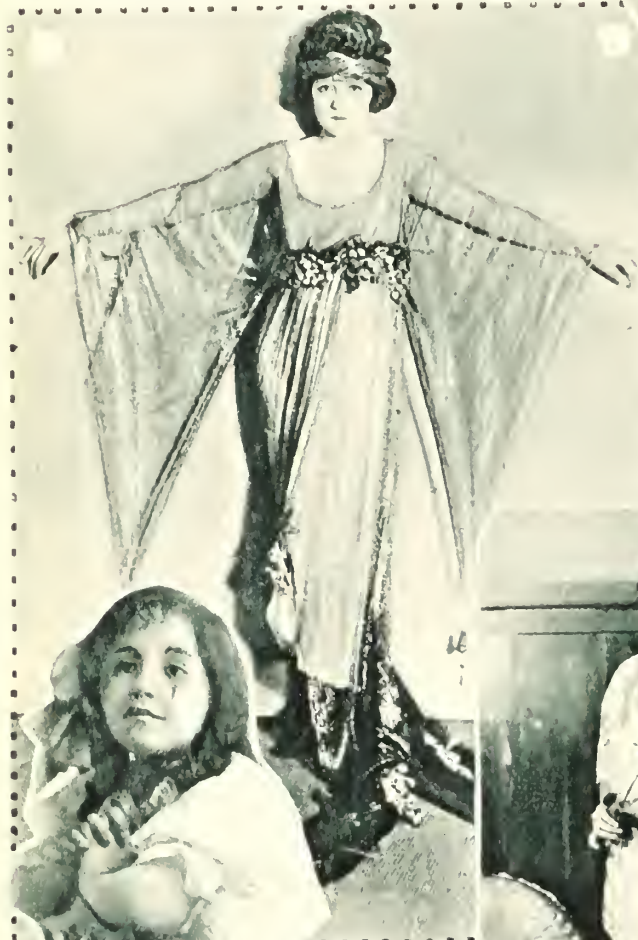
Photographs of Mary Miles Minter and Constance Binney show that the child is mother to



*The bonny babe above is Constance Binney at the age of nine months.*

*Top right: Constance Binney as she is to-day.*

According to the law of Illinois Juliet Shelley was legally too young for stage work when she made her first appearance on the boards, and so she adopted the name and birth certificate of her dead cousin, Mary Miles Minter. Constance Binney was very old seventeen in fact, when she accepted a small part in "Saturday to Monday," but once she started she didn't wait any time, and has climbed to stardom in the space of a few short years.



*Bebe Daniels now—and then, when she was appearing on the stage in "The Prince Chap."*

the woman; but who would recognise the beautiful, vampish Bebe Daniels of our screens in the solemn-faced little maiden of yesterday? Obviously Bebe has progressed on lines according to the gospel of Coué.

Bebe Daniels was only ten weeks old when she made her stage debut as the baby in that famous farce, "Jane." With this promising start, it is not surprising to learn that Bebe was promoted to a speaking part at the age of three, and that she appeared in her first comedy with Harold Lloyd before she was fifteen.



*Mary Miles Minter as she is to-day, and as a child when appearing on the stage in "The Little Rebel."*



# Mr Wu Turks Beaver

Chinaman, Italian, Highwayman, and Wandering Jew—such has been the screen career of Matheson Lang.

“Your revolver, sir,” said the dresser politely, as he laid a glinting weapon of formidable proportions on Matheson Lang’s table.

I glanced furtively in its direction, as I settled down in a chair as far away from the danger zone as the pretexts of the New Theatre dressing-room permitted.

The “Bad Man” narrowed his particularly arresting and expressive grey eyes.

“I was expecting you,” he said blandly, as he casually lifted the revolver from his dressing-table and balanced it in his hand, with the air of an expert. Only the ludicrous spectacle that I should have presented

*Signing his Swedish Biograph contract*



*Matheson Lang as “Othello” in “Carnival.”*

holding a fountain pen and a note-book above my head prevented me from immediately thrusting my hands up.

“I wish to gather a few impressions of your screen experiences,” I spluttered, consoling myself with the thought that a fountain pen works better if it is vibrated.

He nodded reflectively. And I fervently hoped that his impressions of Press representatives were not so drastic as those mirrored on the faces of the pit queue I had just seen writhing outside. Under the influence of the dirges of the street singers, the victims had gazed at the photographs of scenes from *The Bad Man* as if they desperately desired to pluck from them some of the numerous



The death of Black Bess in "Dick Turpin's Ride to York."

revolvers depicted therein. But many of the world's best intentions are born to be thwarted.

"You must have become talented in the use of firearms by now," I suggested, with a feeble smile, as memories of my host's work in the screen *Dick Turpin*, *Mr. Wu*, and other familiar dramatic rôles came to my mind.

"Adaptability is a primary essential in acting," he assured me. "Especially now that the new element—the combination of stage and screen work, has entered into the still more strenuous life of a modern player. To-day I have been acting before the cameras at the Stoll Studios, from an early hour, in the photoplay version of *The Wandering Jew*. A quick dash from Cricklewood

Maurice Elvey directing Matheson Lang in "The Wandering Jew," at the Stoll Studios.



A scene from "Mr. Wu."

to the theatre, and within an hour—most of which time I shall require for my make-up—I shall be behind the footlights characterising my part as 'The Bad Man.'

"Surely an exacting strain on your energies," I suggested.

"Physically, yes," admitted Matheson Lang; "but a strange aspect of the psychology of acting is that one enjoys the hard work that creating characterisations entails. Often when I have played the great emotional stage part of 'Othello,' it has left me physically exhausted and weary. Yet whilst I was playing, the part gripped me, and at times it

mastered me to such an extent that I found it a difficult task to restrain my words within the bounds of the lines of Shakespeare."

"Screen work," I asked, "is that so exacting in its demands?"

"In many ways I find it more difficult than stage acting," came the confession. "Behind the footlights one has the human voice with which to create expression, with inflections of tone. Before the film cameras, this drastic loss must be compensated

with greater attention to facial expression and gesture. And here one must always practise restraint. The 'close-up' is an excellent means of reflecting emotion. But the human face, when it is thrown on to the screen, often considerably larger than in real life, cannot suggest convincing and natural expressions if exaggeration is introduced by the actor. Even the flicker of an eyelid may ruin an effect that it is endeavoured to convey.

"Because I had played behind the footlights the part of 'Mr. Wu' on more occasions than I can remember, no doubt many people believed that it would be a comparatively simple task for me to reflect that characterisation on the screen. Yet this process of transference necessitated a considerable amount of additional study. It was then that I realised the big dissimilarity between stage and screen artistry. For I discovered that in many directions one has to restrain or accentuate certain subtleties of characterisation before the film cameras, because instinctively a stage actor so largely utilises his voice in creating effect. I am not suggesting that the stage 'Mr. Wu' is in any way different from the screen Oriental in the final phase. It is artistry which lies behind each separate presentation, which has to be varied.

"The final scene in *Mr. Wu*, when I am killed, had to be shot eight times, before the perfect result was obtained by the cameras, although, on the stage, I had acted in this episode on hundreds of occasions, with comparatively a small amount of effort."

As he talked, the Matheson Lang of real life slowly began to assume the bronzed and fierce Mexican, whose swaggering bravadoes and humours are the life and soul of his latest stage success, "The Bad Man."

It is said that a great deal of the convincing and gripping nature of the acting of this popular star of the footlights and the screen is due to his ability to sink completely his own personality in a part. And it seemed as, with deft fingers, he converted his clean-cut features into the illusion of a warthy Mexican, that already he was losing himself in his characterisation. The softness of his reflective grey eyes faded into a shadowed suggestion of fierceness; his mouth twisted into supercilious contours, his chin appeared to drop into a new line of determination and strength. It was a passing suggestion of the instinctive artistry of this fine character actor. For, a moment later, his customary fascinating smile flashed from beneath the grease-paint.

"There are times when I envy the film actor who devotes all his energies to screen work," laughed Matheson Lang. "For he has the opportunity of travel and getting out into



Malvina Longfellow ("Gianella") and Matheson Lang in "The Wandering Jew."

taking study of detail. With Seastrom I played the part of a rugged shipmaster, of the type which Jack London's novels have made familiar. On the screen I appear unshaven with tousled hair, and in seafaring clothes, and with bared arms, on which obvious traces of tar and engine oil are discernible. I spent many hours in perfecting that disguise. The relentlessness of the lens of the film camera requires judicious and carefully thought-out characterisations and make-up. For the screen analyses every detail even more drastically than the most critical theatre audience."

Matheson Lang declares himself a great admirer of the genius of Charles Chaplin.

"Generally speaking, I believe that there are few so gifted that they can immediately achieve success on the screen, unless they have had stage training. The latter is the best preparation for film acting."

Matheson Lang told me that he was eagerly looking forward to playing the part of "Guy Fawkes" in the Stoll film of that name, which is to be produced after *The Wandering Jew*.

"Guy Fawkes, I do not think, has altogether been fairly treated," he pointed out. "It is customary to always think of him as a common assassin. Yet I shall depict him on the screen as a rather likeable, good-natured, bad man, possessed of a well-developed sense of humour, and a sportsman to boot. Since I have been studying the history which revolves around the popular effigy of November the Fifth, I have discovered that such a characterisation



A scene from "Carnival."

the open air amidst the beauties of nature, in the pursuit of his profession. Recently I spent a delightful time in Sweden, whilst I was playing in a series of pictures produced by Victor Seastrom.

"We had exciting times on board a lugger in the North Sea, and fires and explosions. It was real hard work whilst we were in front of the cameras. For Victor Seastrom, whom I regard as one of the finest artists of the screen, is an arch-realist. He holds a mirror up to life in his creations for the screen, for he has found that true realism is only obtained by a pains-



Dick Turpin and Black Bess.

will be in reality a fair reflection of Guy Fawkes as he actually was.

There is one story which I hope to see in the film, which concerns the episode when Guy Fawkes was dragged before James of England, before he was tortured.

"Why did you endeavour to destroy the Houses of Parliament?" asked the monarch from beyond the Border.

"Guy Fawkes, with a grin on his face, answered:

"So that I could blow all you damned Scotelumen back to Scotland."

That he was a sportsman is proved by the story of his exclamation on the rack to which he had been carried after many hours of agonising confinement in a cell especially designed to cramp the limbs.

"At last I shall have a good stretch," he chuckled, when the torturers commenced to carry out their grim work."

When Matheson Lang becomes reminiscent, one realises the amazing versatility of his artistry. Not only has he figured on the stage and screen and in all manner of diverse characterisations, but, in practically every case, he has made such characters famous in the history of the theatre or studio.

It is a far cry from Shylock to Dick Turpin, both of which famous parts Matheson Lang has interpreted on the screen, with his characteristic genius for creative studies.

He has portrayed the typical, lovable sailor, the dissolute "Christopher Sly"; the memorable "Wandering Jew," a host of famous Shakespeare characterisations; and, perhaps his most celebrated screen-rôle of all, "Silvio" in *Carnival*.

Matheson Lang is justly proud of the success of *Carnival*. His work was a revelation to those who could scarcely believe that a stage actor could bring to the screen such a masterful study, despite the vagaries of film production, which in many ways are so far apart from the craft of the theatre.

He told me that with Seastrom he received one of the largest salaries ever paid to a British screen artiste. He is certainly one of the highest-paid actors on the films to-day, all of which accentuates his theory that varied stage work is the best basis for successful film acting.

Although I have appeared in many stage plays which have been adapted for the screen," Matheson Lang told me, "I still retain the opinion that plays specially written for the films are likely to be the most successful. The silent art of the screen, and the speaking art of the stage, are distinct branches of entertainment. They will help each other, but I do not believe that either will encroach on the other's popularity."

It is by nature of being a triumph for Matheson Lang that he stepped straight from the stage to the screen,

and his earliest pictures were immediate successes.

His first introduction to the screen was when Broadwest filmed his own production, *The Merchant of Venice*. Then came *The House Opposite*, *The Ware Case*, *Mr. Wu*, *A Romance of Old Baghdad*, and, latterly, *Dick Turpin's Ride to York*. *The Wandering Jew*, in which he is now playing, promises to be another great success.

He spoke reminiscently of his association with Ellen Terry, Mrs. Langtry, and F. R. Benson, in his early stage days, soon after he left St. Andrews University and came to the theatre, instead of following the career of the Church, previously ordained for him.

Matheson Lang is never likely



Top right: Matheson Lang as "The Wandering Jew."

Above: As "Dick Turpin."

Right: With Hilda Bayley in "Carnival."



to forsake his first love, the stage for the screen. But, as he stood up to bid me good-bye, a striking, picturesque Mexican, he assured me that the screen had a large place in his heart. And as I contemplated that he was about to face a strenuous night's work behind the footlights, after many weary hours in the studios, it was possible to realise how sincere his enthusiasm for the films is in reality.

P. R. M.







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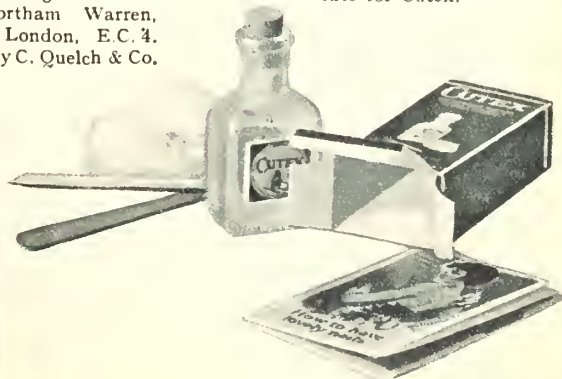
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# The Star of the Month Laurette Taylor



"There aren't many parts like 'Peg,'" said Laurette Taylor once in an interview, to which we would like to add, "And there aren't many actresses who could create a character like 'Peg,'" and then determinedly pass on to mother rôles. Laurette Taylor may or may not make other films. She has confounded the critics by making

a successful perpetuation of her stage success; though anyone who saw her "Peg" will agree that no one else, unless, perhaps, Mary Pickford, could have done it. Laurette Taylor has been on the stage since she was fifteen, in variety shows in small towns, and in stock at Seattle, where she played a different rôle every week and made her own stage dresses into the bargain. Via good plays and bad plays she eventually found fame as Luana in "The Bird of Paradise." Despite her American birth Laurette Taylor delights in impersonating racial types other than her own. She is married to Hartley Manners, the author of "Peg o' My Heart," and the producer of the stage version of *Humoresque*, in which his wife is playing now in New York.



Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," the film version of her great stage success.





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# Directors I Have Met

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## FREDERIC SULLIVAN- LONDONER

This is the story of one of the many Englishmen who have made good in pictures and on the stage. The list of "Born in England" (or in one of the Colonies) is a very long one, when applied to people of importance in the studio and theatre—and it is a pleasure to present Frederic Sullivan as one of those in whom England can justly take pride. He started life in London, appeared in many

Frederic Sullivan.



W. Ray Johnston and the late Flo La Badie in "The 6 Cent. Loaf."



William Russell, James Cruze, and William Garwood in "Cymbeline," produced by Frederic Russell in 1914.

dramatic successes on both sides of the Atlantic, and as far back as 1913 made his debut as picture director.

He is one of those about whom I can write, "I knew him when—" because one of the first pictures I ever saw directed was made by Mr. Sullivan at the Thanhouser Studio, with Florence La Badie, of *Million Dollar Mystery* fame, as the star. Some of the old pictures were reissued recently, and were highly praised, for even then his direction was good. That was in the days of shorter stories, before pictures were crammed full of extra-reel footage to make a short-reel story a five or six-reel feature, and directors had to work quickly and carefully. Mr. Sullivan did some fine pictures, with Miss La Badie featured in most of them. Only her sudden death broke up the combination, which would have been one of the most interesting director-star affiliations in the game.

Mr. Sullivan is a nephew of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and spent a number of years of his life with his distinguished uncle. His taste, however, has been on the dramatic rather than the musical side of the theatre; but undoubtedly he has real musical appreciation, though not gifted with expression. He is extremely artistic, as the magnificent production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Hollywood Bowl last summer will demonstrate. Many of the leading lights in filmdom took part in the presentation, and the London director was greatly feted because of his excellent directing of the production.

And so the announcement that he had been chosen by Charles Ray to direct his coming production of *Miles Standish* did not come as a surprise in film circles, because Mr. Ray had been frank in expressing his opinion of Mr. Sullivan's work.

*The Courtship of Miles Standish* is one of the most beloved stories of early American history, and Charles Ray should be an ideal "John Alden" whom "Miles Standish" (Fred Warren) sends to "Priscilla" (Eud Bennett) to ask for her hand.

Work is going on in earnest at the Charles Ray studio, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* promises to be one of the big events of the year.

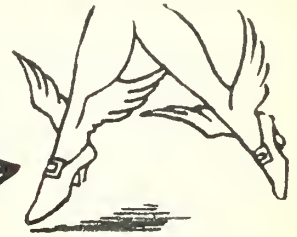
Mr. Sullivan is hard at work, and greatly enjoying his association with Mr. Ray. "A great student, a fine actor, and a loyal friend," is how he describes the favourite star, and those who know them both feel confident that the two men will work together well and produce a picture of which England and America alike will be proud.

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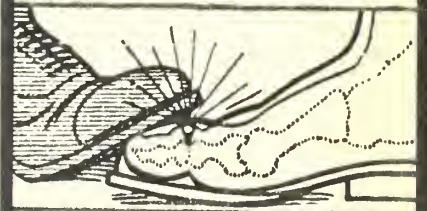
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(Signed) ROBERT WORTLEY,  
Consulting Chiropodist.

"Ooh! That CORN"



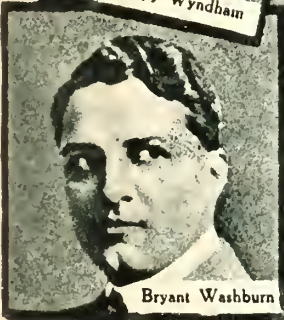
**TAKE IT OUT SO THAT  
IT WON'T COME BACK**



Leslie Henson



Poppy Wyndham



Bryant Washburn



Ivy Duke

# A Great Little Star



Miriam Battista, of *Humoresque* fame, has returned to the stage to play in "A Fool There Was" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine."



Richard Barthelmess and Miriam Battista.

Miriam Battista has returned, temporarily, to her first love, the stage! Not for long, because her newly organized company will claim her attention very soon; but in between things she accepted an engagement with a stock company over in Brooklyn, and played two very sympathetic rôles—the little daughter in "A Fool There Was," and the little sister in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," who gets locked in the safe, and causes Jimmy to reveal his identity and run the risk of a long term of imprisonment.

Miriam's dressing room was filled with visitors when I went behind the scenes. Her devoted mother was helping her remove her make up, while a group of admiring friends chatted with her. She is a charming little kiddie, very well

mannered—even English mothers would approve of her, and class her with their own well-brought-up little girls. Of course, she is pretty too, and one of her cutest points is a little freckle on the very tip of her nose, that has to be most carefully made up before scenes are "shot." I had met her before, so came in the rôle of an old friend.

When Miriam is in pictures she loves the studio better, and so I was not surprised to hear that she adores the stage! Just like a grown-up she remarked, "One misses the friendly audience in pictures; sometimes it is hard to get in the proper atmosphere. But I really love both sorts of acting, with the one I am playing in at the time as my very best. I adore acting, and I know my English friends will love my new company. There will be plenty of opportunity for me, but for the rest of my company as well, so that the plays will be really interesting."

The company, by the way, has just been organized, and work starts soon on a new story by Dana Burnett, which has a grown-up love interest, as well as much heart interest of the childish sort. Miriam, like all stage kiddies, is a busy little lady. The laws in the United States are very strict where children are concerned, and the utmost care is taken to provide every working child with an education. She has several tutors, and declares they work her harder than if she went to school with the rest of her friends.

Her devoted mother is most sensible

in bringing up little Miriam. She is an old-fashioned child with good manners, yet decidedly human (good manners are often thought stupid things, you know!)

I must tell you of the crowds that wait at the stage door after every show—men, women, and even children crowd about the entrance and follow her all the way to her car. She always has a word of greeting making everyone feel that he or she is the particular person in whom she is interested. No wonder more friends are being made all the time!

As she drove away, I heard one kiddie say: "Gee, it must be fine to be a movie actress, and not have to go to school!" and I thought of what Miriam had said about her lessons. So, you never can tell! F. L.

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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 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.]

### Flowers that Bloom in the Movies.

In *Gleam O' Dawn*, Barbara Bedford gives her father a basket of food to take to "O'Dawn" (John Gilbert), putting in a marguerite as an afterthought. When the basket has been delivered, "O'Dawn" picks up the flower to smell it, and it has miraculously changed to a carnation.—K.R. (Kingston).

### The Villain Did His Best!

In the serial, *Do or Die*, featuring Eddie Polo, the heroine is kidnapped by the villain and taken off in a car. At the time, she is wearing an afternoon frock, but the next morning she is seen in the car, after a night in the open country, wearing a check skirt and dark jumper. Provided, no doubt, by the thoughtful villain.—W. B. (Montrose).

### Safety First!

In *Mord Em'ly*, during the whole of the big fight scene, the referee remains *outside* the ring. Is this usual?—V. D. (Towton).

### Juggling with Probabilities.

In a film called *Long Odds*, "Tony Waters" takes a jug from the table and goes to fetch some beer. While he is absent on his errand a picture of the room he has just left is shown on the screen, with the same jug on the table.—E. M. (Hampstead).

### Give It Up.

In *Sunset Sprague*, "Sunset" and "Denison" have a terrible fight in "The Skyline Hotel." "Sunset," the victor, leaves the hotel with a torn shirt and badly damaged face. There is no other place beside the hotel where he can have a wash and change, yet shortly after he is seen riding towards the "Loring Ranch," wearing a fresh shirt, and with his face washed and clean. How did he do it?—W. J. H. (Brighton).

### A Night Out.

In *The Fortunate Fugitive*, "Oliver" escapes from an orphanage at night. He is seen crossing the ground in front of the house, and a few feet away, on the other side of the fence, a hen is walking. Rather late hours for a respectable hen to keep!—L. G. H. (Dumfries).

### Bullet-Proof Bad Men.

In *Rio Grande*, the Mexicans gather on a hilltop and ride down in a band to raid the village. Shots are fired into their midst from all directions, but not one Mexican falls. They must all have had charmed lives.—J. R. (Manchester).

### A TOAST.

Oh, movie "fans," pray list to me,  
I have a song to sing—  
An ode to Buck, so here's good luck  
To the daring cowboy king!  
Come, here's a toast I'll just propose,  
"Our cowboy of the West!"  
The man with pluck, the gallant Buck,  
The staunchest and the best.  
Sing on, sing on! A hearty song!  
Fill bowl and glass and cup.  
If you feel blue, what you must do  
Is—see Buck, then, "Buck up!"  
E. W. (Blackpool).

### THE BALLAD OF SESSUE.

Who is the greatest film star of the day?  
For ever convincing, soul-thrilling—I say  
It is Sessue!

My favourite paper I eagerly scan,  
Looking for news of that wonderful man  
Called Sessue.

All kinema posters I anxiously seek  
To see whether *he* will be coming this week.  
Who? Sessue.

His moments of anger with terror possess you,  
His moments of anguish with sorrow distress you;  
You gulp and you murmur a fervent  
"God bless you,  
Dear Sessue!"  
C. N. (Balham).

### KING OF MIRTH.

Now Charlie Chaplin's hard to beat;  
He made his fortune with his feet,  
His baggy "breeks" and little cane—  
He makes you laugh and laugh again.  
T. O. (London).

### SWEET CONTENT.

Now the day is over,  
Now the work is done,  
Let's go to the pictures  
And see the villain run.

I nearly had forgotten  
'Tis PICTUREGOER day;  
I'm off to the newsagent's  
To get it right away.

My favourite book beside me,  
Enthralling films to see—  
If, Reader, you'd be happy,  
Be guided, then, by me.  
T. B. (Coventry).

### ALLA BE WITH US.

N azimova's the star for me,  
A ll are charmed when her they see;  
Z ealously I claim her best,  
I n her art she beats the rest.  
M any a beauty have I seen,  
O nly to vote her my Queen  
V ivid, loving, kind is she,  
A nd the only star for me.  
M. S. (Chingford).

### PRISCILLA DEAN.

I love no other stars that shine  
Upon the silver screen,  
There's only one can hold my heart,  
And that's Priscilla Dean.  
D. F. (India).

### MAE MURRAY.

Can you guess the name of a beautiful blonde,  
Whose dances you've often seen,  
Who's always alike, yet never the same,  
When she's flitting across the screen?  
Can you guess the name of a butterfly girl,  
With eyes like the stars above?  
A wonderful kid, who deserves her fame,  
So good luck to Mae, and my love!  
E. C. (Forest Hill).



Audrey Ridgwell



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**3rd Prize—£2 2 0**

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Draw the Lady Elisabeth from any photo. in pen, pencil, or ink. Write name and address on back, and post before May 15th to "Lady Elisabeth Scholarship Competition," P.C.C., Ltd., 57, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.1.

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Have you five cinema friends—friends who perhaps adore the handsome stars whose portraits adorn the pages of "The Picturegoer"—friends who are interested in all the news of movieland? Then show them "The Picturegoer"—get them to give it a trial, and in return we will present you with a pair of Silk Stockings, which you will unhesitatingly endorse as "the real thing."

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# SHADOWLAND

MOVIE  
GOSSIP  
OF THE  
MONTH



A real old-time one-horse 'shay and a stage-coach appear in *Down to the Sea in Ships*, which was made in the ancient whaling town of New Bedford. It is a story of the long-ago and the Quakers; and as the descendants of the first maritime colony of whalers still live and work there, it was not difficult to persuade them to become actors *pro tem*. The old Friends' Meeting House still stands there, and a prayer meeting was screened; also the long-standing custom of holding a service on board a departing whaling ship was made into an interesting few feet of film. A Quaker wedding, carried out with all the observances of the Faith, was also reproduced, and the film is one of the finest of the year's sea stories.

Maurice Tourneur has chosen *The Brass Bottle* for one of his coming productions. As play and film this is well known in Great Britain. Holman Clark's "Djinni" was an excellent study. He was seen in the film version as well.

Richard Barthelme has finished *The Bright Shawl*, and work has already started upon his new one, *The Fighting Blade*. Mary Astor is the leading lady, and Lee Baker and Philip Teed are others who support.

Edna Flugrath will probably stay in California for some time, since her husband, Harold Shaw, is to direct for an American organisation,

Harry Morey has become a screen villain—and likes it. He plays the South Sea trader in *Where the Pavement Ends*, and has hidden his familiar features, for the moment, beneath an unkempt mop of hair and a "beaver." Perhaps they will let him shave before the last reel, but more likely not, for South Sea traders, especially the villainous ones, are a notoriously unshaven brigade.

Mae Murray will probably go to Paris to film exteriors for *Mademoiselle Midnight*, her new picture. It is just possible that she may visit London too; her name was mentioned in connection with the rôle of the dancer in *Woman to Woman*, which is to be filmed in Europe; but she will not appear in it, nor film in London.

It is very likely that Joseph Schildkraut will be Mary Pickford's leading man in "Rosita," the Spanish story she is commencing. He is scheduled to make two pictures in the autumn, and some rearranging of dates will have to be done if he goes West at once, for he is in a New York play. But little Mary usually gets what she wants, and "fans" will welcome an opportunity of seeing the handsome "Chevalier" of *Orphans of the Storm* in another costume rôle opposite the one and only Mary. She, by the way, plays a definitely "grown-up" part.

Milton Sills will support Priscilla Dean in that dynamic star's next Universal feature, *Five and Ashes*. It is an original story.

Now that Corinne Griffith has left Vitagraph she will star in her own company, an independent concern called the Corinne Griffith Production Company. Her first picture is to be *Lilies of the Field*, adapted from the play by William Hurlburt. It ran for many months in New York, with Marie Doro in the principal rôle, and should serve charming Corinne equally well.

New York lost two of its most faithful first-nighters when Norma and Constance Talmadge left for California. The girls invariably attended every new play, and as many new films as they possibly could, for both are devotees of the theatre. Norma's husband bought her a beautiful house at Los, and she has been altering and improving it for the past three months. She has had a swimming-pool built, and some beautifully laid-out gardens and grounds make it one of the show places of the film world.

Just by way of a change, Ruth Roland has been trying her hand at interviewing. She has just finished one of her famous stunt serials, and declared that jumping off a cliff or steering an aeroplane was tame sport to steering an interview through

# Sleeping Beauty

There is beauty, or its possibilities, in every woman's face—sometimes lying dormant, sometimes eclipsed by more or less obvious defects of contour or complexion.

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The Venetian canal setting for Pola Negri's picture "Bella Donna."

its proper channels. Anyway, she made a good start by waylaid Louise Fazenda for the benefit of an American movie journal. Ruth asked Louise all the questions she could think of, including every one with which interviewers of the past had favoured her, and duly recorded all the replies. All but one. For to the query, "Who is your favourite movie star?" Louise Fazenda replied "Ruth Roland." "I couldn't put that in my interview, now, could I?" said Ruth. "But I'll say that reply gave me a real thrill; and I thought I was thoroughly thrill-proof."

Goldwyn's have obtained the film rights of "In the Palace of the King," an excellent F. Marion Crawford romance, which was filmed about eight years ago, with Francis Bushman and Beverley Bayne in the principal rôles. It is a story of old Spain.

Mabel Normand is back home again, after several months' stay in Europe. She will commence screening again shortly, in a Mack Sennett story, "Mary Ann."

Betty Compson has been engaged by Graham Cutts to star in his forthcoming production, *Woman to Woman*, and in another film, the title of which has not yet been made public. Clive Brook plays the chief male rôle. Betty Blythe, too, will be in London some time this summer, for she is the "Zahrat" of the British production *Chu Chin Chow*, and is at Algiers now making the exteriors.

To the unsophisticated movie fan (if such a person exists!) "Merton of the Movies," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, may be a bit of an "eye-opener." But this most amusing satire is something everybody will want to see for its "true-to-life"

sidelights upon the ways of U.S.A. film-makers. The story from which it was adapted delighted none more than the film stars and directors themselves, who fully appreciated its cleverness. Tom Douglas, who plays the screen-struck hero, is a film actor from Los. Glenn Hunter, who played "Merton" in America, is to be filmed in this character very shortly.

Baby Helen Rowland and Joseph Depew, who won so many hearts in *Timothy's Quest*, have just finished a new film, *Jacqueline*, in which they appear together again. Both kiddies are screen players of experience, despite their tender years. Helen has played in *Silas Marner*, *The Empty Cradle*, *What's Wrong with the Women*, *My Friend the Devil*, *Disposing of Mother*, and *The Night Before Christmas*. Joseph Depew appeared in the two last, besides *Dream Street*, *Clay Dollars*, *The Broken Silence*, and *Jaw Head*. But the last three have not been shown outside America as yet.

Another fine "father" rôle for Dore Davidson characterises *None So Blind*, a new Arrow production with a complicated story. Maurice Costello plays a character part in this and Edward Earle and Zena Keefe are seen as an attractive pair of lovers. Zena Keefe has a dual rôle

Nell Shipman has been busy making *The Grub Stake*, at Priest Lake Idaho. This is a story of her own writing, and she took her whole movie Zoo, which includes about two hundred animals, with her. Hutts enclosures, and kennels for the forty dogs were put up, for the company stayed some months, and now Nell announces that she will build a permanent village there and make Priest Lake her home for some time, producing all her films there. Th

scenery is uncommonly beautiful, and so varied that there is no need to use the same location twice.

King Tutankhamen will be introduced into Cecil De Mille's *The Ten Commandments*. Data for the reproduction of the royal insignia were obtained from the tomb at Luxor by Mrs. Meehan, Paramount's expert antiquary, during her trip to the East.

Lovers of Baroness Orczy's romances will be glad to hear that *I Will Repay* is being screened by Ideal. Flora Le Breton plays the heroine, "Juliette Marny," and Mlle Marquisette Bosky, better known on the Continent than here, has a prominent rôle. An American director, Henry Kolker, is at the helm, and many scenes will be made in France. Of the popular "Scarlet Pimpernel" romances, only *The Elusive Pimpernel*, with Cecil Humphreys in the title-rôle, has been shown in England. *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, which was made by Fox, with Dustin Farnum, Howard Gaye, and Winifred Kingston, was shown in America in pre-war days, but never crossed the ocean. *Beau Brocade* was a pretty British production based on a favourite Orczy story.

Henry Kolker is an actor as well as a producer, for he can boast of a stage career of twenty years, before he commenced on the Metro "lot" as a film player. You have seen him with Bert Lytell in *Boston Blackie's Redemption*, with Nazimova in *The Red Lantern*, among others. He has directed Betty Blythe features, Bessie Barriscale in *The Woman Michael Married*, Vera Gordon in *The Greatest Love*, and George Arliss in

*Disraeli*. This last was very popular over here, and was a dignified and interesting production.

The play, "Lawful Larceny," is to be made into a film, but not with Pauline Frederick in the rôle she created on the stage. Hope Hampton is the film exponent, and Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody will play hero and villain respectively. Nita Naldi has the vamp rôle.

Harold Lloyd's newest is a seven-reeler, and in it he introduces a few dozen stunts more in the vein of his earliest Pathé two-reelers. It is called *Safety Last*, and thoroughly lives up to its title.

Some very massive sets are seen in *Lorna Doone*, one of which, a reproduction of Whitehall Chapel, took a month to put up. It is a fine piece of work, and looks exactly as it should in the film. Then there is Westminster Abbey (Californian edition), and the Doones' bandit village, with its ancient portcullis. This was first attempted in the Ince studio; but Tourneur, who directed, was dissatisfied, and it finally was transferred to the Southern Sierras, where a railroad company had abandoned its workings. An enormous wall of solid rock had been partially cut through, and here the studio carpenters and masons erected the ancient stronghold. Tourneur visited Exmoor, and the other Devon spots wherein the scenes of *Lorna Doone* are laid, and took many photographs before he commenced filming.

William Duncan and Edith Johnson have made their last Vitagraph serial. They will take a few weeks' holiday, and then proceed with their good work at another studio—Universal, this time.



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Picturegoer, May 1923

John Russell, author of "Where the Pavement Ends," makes a hit with Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro, to the disgust of Rex Ingram.



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Imagine it! Who would ever think that Constance Talmadge would be attacked by stage fright and miss the chance of a lifetime?

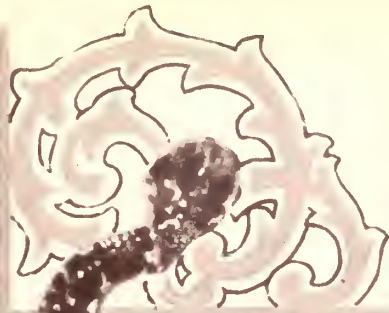
Of course she isn't a failure really—that's only part and parcel of the plot of her newest laughter special, "POLLY OF THE FOLLIES."

In it you'll see her as a stage-struck country girl who really does get a chance with the famous Ziegfeld Follies, but who makes such a bad mess of the show that the curtain comes down for ever on a brief and inglorious career.

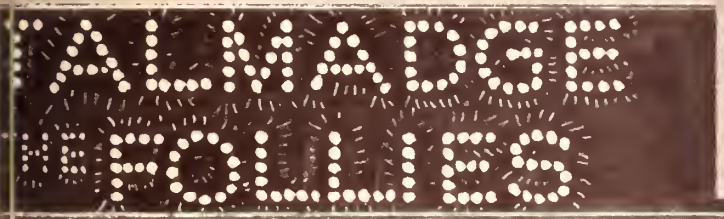
There's an unexpected twist, however, and Constance finds that there are plenty of compensations left.

Whether you see her as the stage-struck shop girl, as a budding film star in her own home-made Movie Show, or as a captivating Cleopatra in the world's biggest theatrical production, you will just love her piquant personality and amusing antics. "POLLY OF THE FOLLIES" is decidedly a show you should not miss.





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Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome in  
"The White Hope."



## Picturegoer's Guide

Norris Johnson, and Anna Hernandez support. Good entertainment.

**The Angel Factory** (*Globe*; May 10). A rich man's romantic adventures in Slumland, where he plays Cophetua to a runaway beggar-maid. A murder mystery adds action to pleasing drama. Antonio Moreno and Helen Chadwick star, and Armand Cortez and F. X. Coulan head the supporting cast.

**A Sister to Assist 'Er** (*Gaumont*, May 14).

A British screen version of the most popular music-hall sketch extant, embodying the familiar Cockney characters and catch phrases, and certain of "Mrs. May's" affairs, taken from John Le Breton's popular stories. Played by Mary Brough, Pollie Emery, John MacAndrews, Cecil Morton York, Billie Baron, and Mrs. Fred Emney. Excellent coster comedy.

**At the Sign of the Jack o'Lantern** (*Wardour*; May 28).

Betty Ross Clark and Earle Schenck star in this amusing mixture of farce-comedy and mystery, which concerns a pair of newly-weds who inherit a deceased uncle's house and fortune, but also many peculiar relatives. Support includes Victor Potel, Wade Boteler, Mrs. Raymond Hatton, Monty Collins, Newton Hall, and Luella Ingraham.

**At the Stage Door** (*Jury*; May 28). Rather a thin story of stage life, with some good back-stage settings and efficient acting by Billie Dove and Huntley Gordon.

**A Virgin's Sacrifice** (*Vitagraph*, May 14).

A "frozen north" story with an unusual plot. Humour, mystery, and a plucky heroine well played by Corinne Griffith. Curtis Cooksey, George Macquarrie, David Torrence, Louise Prussing, and Nick Thompson support.

**Action** (*F.B.O.*; May 21).

Melodrama of the familiar hard-riding, quick-shooting, and speedy action type, as befitting a Hoot Gibson screen-play. Fine photography and cast, which includes Francis Ford, J. F. McDonald, Clara Horton, Buck Connors, W. R. Daly, Dorothea Wolbert, Byron Munson, and Jim Corey.

**A Daughter of the Law** (*F.B.O.*; May 28).

A well-produced crook story about a girl who, finding her brother in the midst of a gang of crooks, tries to reform him, fails, but meets with many thrilling adventures. Carmel Myers as the heroine. Good entertainment.

**A Front-Page Story** (*Vitagraph*; May 28).

Excellent comedy-drama of newspaper life and politics in a small town. Good characterisation, settings, and acting by Edward Horton, James Corrigan, Edith Roberts, Lloyd Ingraham, W. E. Lawrence, Buddy Messenger, Mathilda Brundage, Lila Leslie, and Tom McGuire.

**Alias Julius Cæsar** (*Wardour*; May 21).

The adventures and misadventures of Charles Ray as a society youth who is the victim of a practical joke. Ray directed this. In the cast are Barbara Bedford, William Scott, Robert Fernandez, Eddie Gribbon, Tom Wilson, Harvey Clark, and Fred Miller. Very good farcical fare.

**An Amateur Devil** (*Paramount*; May 7).

How a "too good" youth tried to go to the personage named in the title, but only succeeded in becoming a popular hero. Bryant Washburn stars; and Ann May, Charles Wyngate, Christine Mayo, Sidney Bracey,

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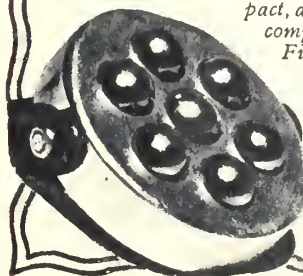
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this unique and thrilling  
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### The Bride's Play (Paramount ; May 21).

Sumptuous mediæval pageantry enacted between scenes of a slight story of a modern Irish bride. Marion Davies and Wyndham Standing head a long cast which includes Jack O'Brien, Frank Shannon, Carlton Miller, Richard Cummings, Eleanor Middleton, Thea Talbot, and Julia Hurley. A pretty production.

### The Bromley Case (U.K. ; May 17).

Glen White in a melodramatic detective story about the shooting of a rich old man, the arrest of an innocent youth, and the elucidation of everything by "Tex, a great detective." Fair entertainment.

### The Bronze Bell (Paramount ; May 24).

Courtenay Foote in a dual rôle amid daredevil adventures in India and New York. All-star cast includes Doris May, Claire Du Brey, and Noble Johnson. A thrilling movie.

### Cameron of the Royal Mounted (War-dour ; May 16).

A man-size production concerning a Scotch lad's dangerous days with the world-famous Canadian Police. Excellent exteriors made on the spot, and good work by Gaston Glass, Irving Cummings, Vivienne Osborne, George Larkin, Frank Lanning, and Joe Singleton.

### Caught Bluffing (European ; May 21).

A tense drama of character in a Western setting in which circumstance soon proves which is the better of two men. Frank Mayo stars, and Edna Murphy, Wallace McDonald, Andrew Arbuckle, Jack Curtis, Ruth Royce, and Jack Walters support. Good entertainment.

### Chasing the Moon (Fox ; May 14).

Tom Mix chasing an elusive scientist through several countries. Foolish story, but Tom's stunts are numerous and all worth watching. Eva Novak, William Buckley, Sid Jordan, Elsie Danbrie, and Wynn Mace support. Mainly for Mix-ites.

### Confidence (European ; May 28).

A fairly amusing mixture of comedy-drama and farce, containing one good idea, Herbert Rawlinson, Harriett Hammond, Hallam Cooley, Lincoln Plumer, Otto Hoffman, William A. Carroll, and John Stepping. Good entertainment.

### The Cricket on the Hearth (W. and F. ; Eclipse ; May 14).

A French version of the favourite Dickens story, featuring Marcel Vibart and Sabine Landray, simply and effectively told. Excellent entertainment.

### Dead Man's Love (Anchor ; May 16).

Mystery melodrama very cleverly produced and well acted by Bertram Burleigh, Amy Verity, Georges Jacquet, and Philip Mangin. Good entertainment.

### Dr. Mabuse (Granger ; May 3).

A master film about a master criminal, who uses hypnotism and a hundred-and-one different disguises to attain his ends; he finally causes his own undoing. Weird, thrilling, and wonderfully produced and acted. Rudolf Klein-Rogge stars, supported by Bernhard Goetzke, Oud Egede Misson, Gertrude Wecker, Alfred Abel and Paul Richter. A real "macabre" movie.

### The Foolish Age (Jury ; May 14).

Doris May, Bull Montana, and Otis Harlan in a high-speed farce about a wealthy maiden's efforts to reform the world in general, and a gang of roughs in particular. Very cheery entertainment.

### The Galloping Kid (European ; May 7).

A good Hoot Gibson feature in which a happy-go-lucky cowboy plays chaperon to a self-willed Western maid, with exciting results. Edna Murphy, Leon Barry, Lionel Belmore, Jack Walters, and Percy Challenger are in the cast. *(Continued on Page 60)*



The  
Play



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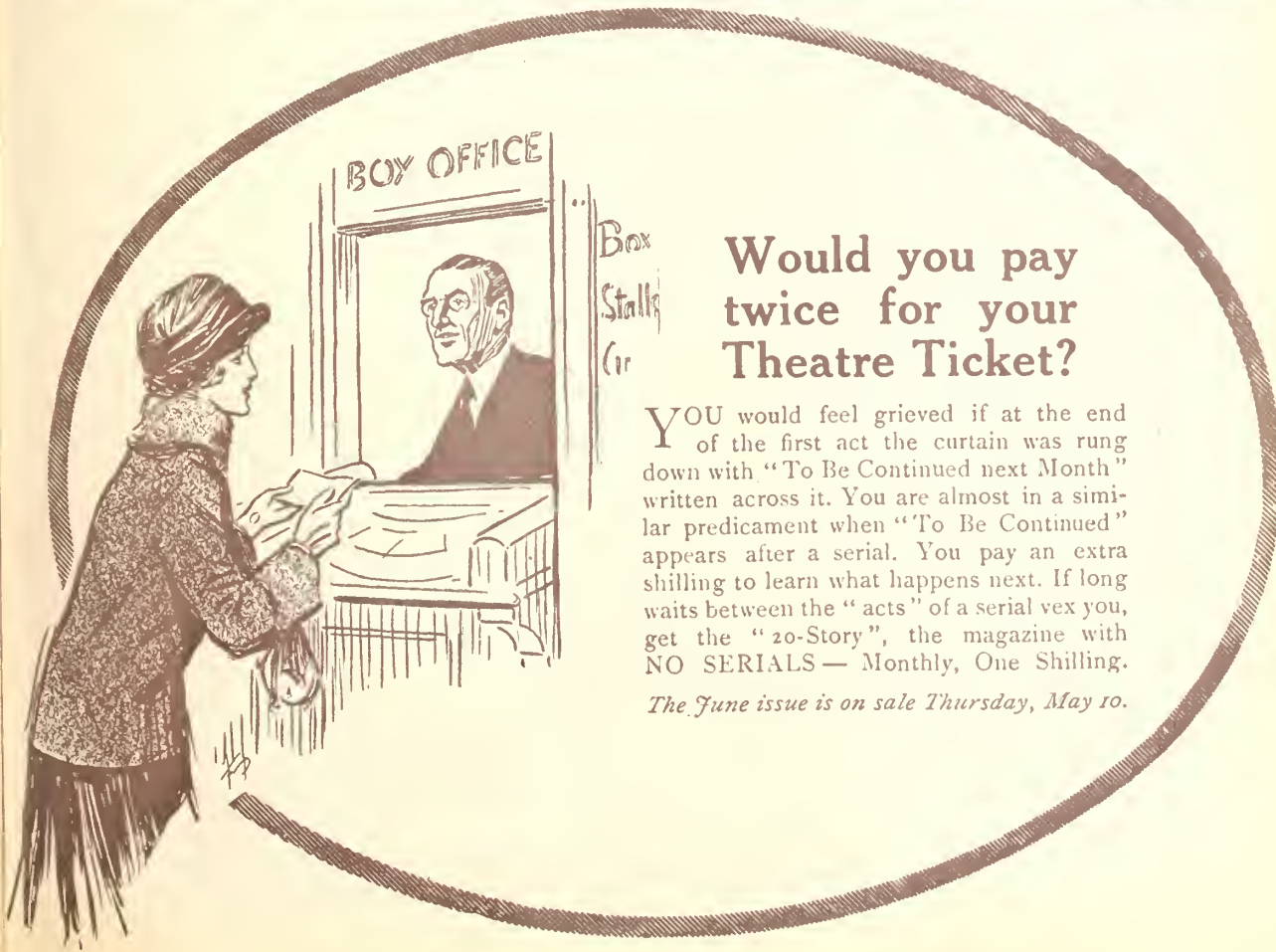
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Rodolph Valentino and Marjorie Bonner in "The Young Rajah."

### Grand Larceny (*Goldwyn*; May 28).

A variation of the eternal triangle drama, in which a suspicious husband takes an unworthy means of revenge, but is properly repentant afterwards. Claire Windsor, Elliott Dexter, Lowell Sherman, Tom Gallery, Richard Tucker, and John Cossar act well. Interesting society stuff.

### Her Husband's Wife (*B.E.F.*; May 31).

Fernanda Pouget in an Italian-made drama of a wife's jealousy. Good acting, but poor entertainment.

### Heritage (*General*; May 28).

The story of a stolen child, and how he was eventually restored to his actor parents, featuring Matty Roubert. Herbert Standing, Augusta Perry, Joseph Burke, Philip Sanford, and Adelaide Fitzallen also appear. Fair entertainment.

### His Wife (*Pathé-Selznick*); May 28).

Elaine Hammerstein and William Davidson in a domestic drama about a society butterfly who becomes a boarding-house keeper for the sake of her sick husband. Well produced and acted.

### His Sixteenth Wife (*Vitagraph*); May 7).

A re-issue of an amusing comedy-adventure story about a Kadir of many wives who becomes infatuated with an actress. Cast includes Peggy Hyland, Templar Saxe, Marc MacDermott, and George Ford.

### The House that Jazz Built (*Gaumont-Realart*); May 7).

Very clever husband and wife comedy, showing how too many luxuries nearly led to a divorce. Wanda Hawley stars, supported by Forrest Stanley, Helen Lynch, Gladys George, Helen Dunbar, Clarence

Geldart, and Robert Bolder. Excellent comedy fare.

### Homespun Folks (*Jury*; May 3).

Bears out its title exactly. A real drama with a simple, straightforward plot, and a well worked-up climax. Well acted by Lloyd Hughes, Gladys George, George Webb, Al Filson, Charles Mailes, Lydia Knott, Gordon Sackville, and Willis Marks.

### The Idle Rich (*Jury*; May 21).

Bert Lytell in a mild comedy about a rich idler who suddenly becomes poor. Supported by Virginia Valli, John Davidson, Joseph Harrington, Victory Bateman, Leigh Wynant, and Max Davidson.

### The Inferior Sex (*Walker's*); May 21).

Society comedy-drama with Mildred Harris as a wily wife. All-star cast headed by Milton Sills, Mary Alden, John Stepping, Bertram Grassby, and James O. Barrows.

### The Kentucky Derby (*European*, May 7).

Reginald Denny in a melodramatic racing drama, containing the usual crooked jockey, last-minute discovery, and final triumph for the hero. Lillian Rich, Walter McGrail, Gertrude Astor, Emmet King, and Wilfred Lucas support. Good racing melodrama.

### The Law and the Woman (*Paramount*, May 28).

Betty Compson in the rôle Pauline Frederick played in a former screen version called *The Woman in the Case*. Drama of a woman's fight to save her husband from execution. William T. Carleton, Cleo Ridgely, Casson Ferguson, Helen Dunbar, and Clarence Burton support the star. Good dramatic fare.

[Continued on Page 61]

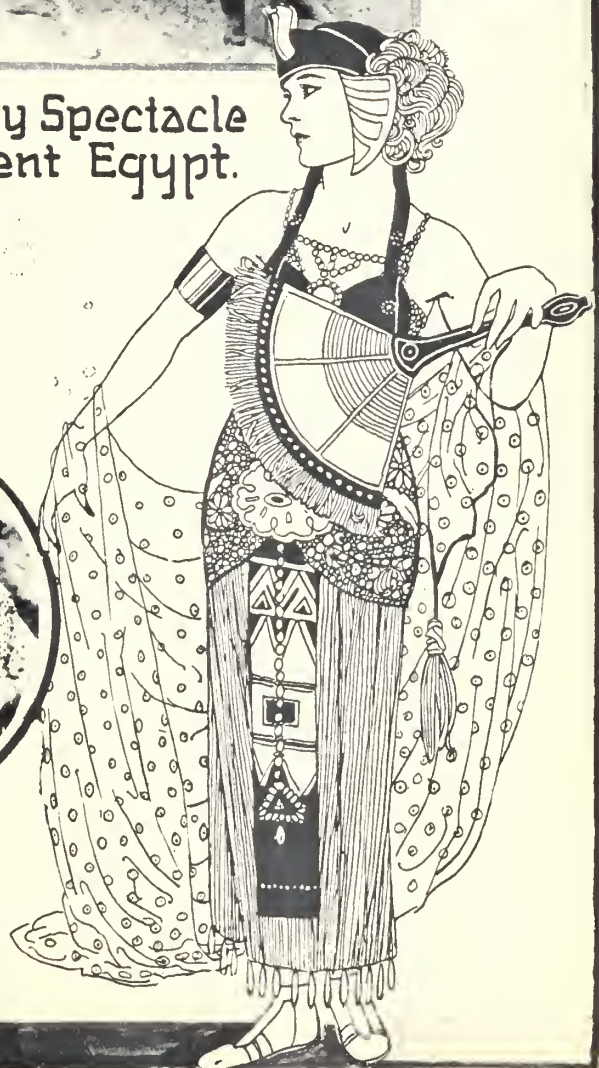
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- Daily News*—"Well worth seeing."
- Evening News*—"A wonderful example of artistic stagecraft."
- Daily Express*—"Effects of light and shade that might have been conceived by Rembrandt or Dore."
- The Star*—"Extraordinarily fine."
- Westminster Gazette*—"An effective piece of realism."
- Evening Standard*—"Stamped with sheer genius."
- Morning Post*—"Some beautiful Reinhardtian scenes which ought to be seen by all who think the film worth studying."
- E. A. Baughan in the Sunday Chronicle*—"A most impressive performance."
- Lloyd's*—"Quite the best film shown at the Scala since 'Orphans of the Storm.'"
- Daily Graphic*—"Very beautiful."
- Daily Telegraph*—"Very impressive."

## A Mighty Spectacle of Ancient Egypt.



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And make sure of seeing this unique and thrilling picture.

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Photograph by Claude Harris.

A new picture of Fay Compton, who is to play the title-role in Denison Clift's production, "Mary, Queen of Scots."

Lorna Doone (Ass. First Nat. ; May 14).

A picturisation of R. D. Blackmore's famous classic, with Madge Bellamy, John Bowers, Frank Keenan, May Giraci, Jack MacDonald, Donald MacDonald, Norris Johnson, and Charles Hatton in the cast. A picturesque romance.

Love's Crucible (Gaumont ; May 28).

A Victor Seastrom production, artistic, well acted, and beautiful. An eternal triangle story in a mediæval setting, with Jenne Hasselqvist, Ivan Hedqvist, Gosta Ekinan, Tore Svenberg, Knut Lindroth, and Waldemar Wholström in the cast. A fine romantic spectacle ; don't miss it.

The Man-Tamer (F.B.O. ; May 14).

Gladys Walton in a thrilling circus story in which a girl tames a wealthy idler in much the same way as she does her lions in the ring. Support includes William Welch, Rex de Rossell, C. B. Murphy, Roscoe Karns, Norman Hammond, and Parker McConnell.

Moonlight and Honeysuckle (Gaumont ; May 21).

How a girl with three strings to her bow decides which is the ideal husband. Mary Miles Minter stars ; and Monte Blue, Willard Lewis, Grace Goodall, Mabel Van Buren, William Boyd, and Guy Oliver support. Light and very bright.

Mr. Barnes of New York (Goldwyn ; May 28).

A good screen version of the popular if slightly old fashioned A. C. Gunter story in Victorian settings. Tom Moore and Naomi Childers star. Good entertainment.

The Ninety and Nine (Vitagraph ; May 31).

Colleen Moore and Warner Baxter in a somewhat sentimental drama containing some good fire and railway rescue scenes. Also Gertrude Astor,

Ernest Butterworth jun., Lloyd Whitlock, Mary Young, Dorothy Wolbert, and Rex Hamel.

Perpetua (Paramount ; May 7).

An interesting kinematisation of Dion Clayton Calthrop's novel, made in England. All-star cast comprising Ann Forrest, David Powell, Bunty Forse, John Miltern, Roy Byford, Lillian Walker, Amy Willard, Ida Fane, and Sara Sample. Excellent entertainment.

Peter Ibbetson (Paramount ; May 14).

An effective and delightful adaptation of Du Maurier's fantastic romance, starring Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson, supported by Elliott Dexter, Montagu Love, George Fawcett, Dolores Cassinelli, Nell Roy Buck, and Charles Eaton. Sentimental entertainment.

The Ragged Heiress (Fox ; May 7).

Shirley Mason in an improbable but sympathetic story of a young girl's trials and tribulations. Aggie Herring, Cecil Van Archer, Clara McDowell, and Edwin Stevens support. A pleasing movie.

The Rose of Nicè (Anchor ; May 28).

Rather an old-fashioned type of film with elaborate settings and some beautiful Riviera scenery, acted by Ivan Hedqvist, Suzanne Delve, Paulette Ray, Renée Carr, Jean Max, and M. Riemer. Poor entertainment.

Salome (Allied Artists ; May 7).

Nazimova in an entirely out-of-the-ordinary production of an Oscar Wilde play. The star's only release this year. In the cast are Nigel de Bruhier, Rosie Dione, and Mitchell Lewiss. Unconventional but artistic.

The Sins of the Parents (Stoll (Mayflower) ; May 3).

Typical American melodrama with plenty of sentiment, artistic settings, and fine acting by Mary Thurman, Joseph J. Dowling, George Hackathorne, Frankie Lee, Niles Welch, Frank Campeau, and Eugenie Besserer.

The Sporting Instinct (Granger ; May 21).

A story of sport in general, enlivened with much incident and many topical scenes. Lillian Douglas and J. R. Tozer star ; and Somers Bellamy, Micky Brantford, Howard Symons, Billy Vernon, Hetty Chapman, Tom Coventry, and Vivian Gosnell support. Good of its class.

The Suspect (Vitagraph ; May 21)

A reissue of a Russian spy story very well played by Anita Stewart, S. Rankin Drew, Julia Swayne Gordon, Anders Randolph, and George Cooper.

That Lass o' Lowrie's (European ; May 21).

Priscilla Dean and Wallace Beery in a well-made and characterised story of a Lancashire mining village, with an explosive finale. Effective entertainment.

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**WITH ZOX**

**Tropical Love** (*Phillips ; May 23*).

A tropical romance made on the spot, with Ruth Clifford, Reginald Denny, Fred Turner, Huntley Gordon, Margaret Fitzroy, Carl Axzell, and Paul Doucet in the cast. Good entertainment.

**The White Hope** (*Butcher's ; May 7*).

A Walter West production. Good sporting story with strong love interest, and Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Frank Wilson, and John McAndrews.

**Western Speed** (*Fox ; May 28*).

Buck Jones in an excellent Western romance of love and vengeance. Plenty of action, stunts, and fights.

**When Romance Rides** (*Goldwyn ; May 14*).

An excellent sporting melodrama with a Western climax. Claire Adams stars; and Paul Cathcart and Tod Sloan head a capable cast. Adapted from Zane Grey's "Wildfire."

**Wild Honey** (*F.B.O. ; May 7*).

Priscilla Dean in a dramatic picturisation of Cynthia Stockley's novel of South African schemings. Noah Beery, Robert Ellies, Wallace Beery, Carl Stockdale, Helen Raymond, Lloyd Whitlock, Raymond Blathwayt, and Percy Challenger support.

**The Voice from the Minaret** (*Ass. First Nat ; May 28*).

A picturesque adaptation of the Robert Hichens play, with Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien, supported by Winter Hall, Edwin Stevens, Claire Du Brey, Lillian Laurence, and Albert Presco. Story on page 31. Excellent romantic fare.



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# Let George Do It!



Constance Talmadge

A. C. (Guildford).—If ten questions is your idea of "a few," I tremble to think what "a good many" would mean. I don't generally go beyond four. (1) Paramount and Cosmopolitan productions are usually released by Famous-Lasky. (2) Never heard that they were related. (3) So far as I know, Marc MacDermott is the same as he was twelve years ago. Better write and ask him. (4) Not Pedro de Cordoba in *A Doll's House*; perhaps you're thinking of Nigel de Brulier. Kathlyn Williams has been screening, on and off, for the last two or three years, but *The Morals of Marcus* is her latest. (5) *Cost of Dr. Mabuse*. "Dr. Mabuse," Rudolf Klein-Rugge; "Cara Carozza," Oud Egede Missen; "Countess Tolst," Gertrude Welcker, "Count Tolst," Alfred Abel; "De Witt," Bernhard Goetzke; "Edgar Hull," Paul Richter.

**NEW READER** (Cricklewood).—Art-plate of Shirley Mason in PICTUREGOER, Nov. 6, 1920. Gaston Glass appeared on the cover of "Pictures," Nov. 12, 1921, price 2d. plus postage.

**THE LITTLE MINISTER** (Forfar).—Thanks for cheery letter. (1) *Bunty Pulls the Strings* was released several years ago. (2) Wallace MacDonald is appearing as "The Broncho Kid" in the new all-star production of *The Spoilers*. (3) Malcolm MacGregor's latest is *All the Brothers Were Valiant*. He's now playing in a film, as yet untitled, opposite Ethel Clayton. (4) The Paramount version of *The Little Minister* was released last month. It's uncertain whether we shall see the Vitagraph version this side, this

**FILM MANIAC** (Plymouth).—Many thanks for your sympathetic remarks. (1) Elmo K. Lincoln (whose real name is Otto Elmo Linkenhelt) started life on a farm. He didn't like it, so became an engine-driver. After ten years at this he went to the Pacific Coast, where he met D. W. Griffith, who gave him a part in *The Battle of Elder Bush Gulch*. Some of his other films are: *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, *The Beast of Berlin*, *Treasure Island*, *The Beachcomber*, *Tarzan of the Apes*, *The Romance of Tarzan*, *Elmo the Mighty*, *The Flaming Disc*. He is thirty-three years old, and is 5 ft. 11½ in. in height. (2) Madlaine Traversé—that's the way she likes her name spelt—doesn't say whether she's married. (3) Yes. (4) They're keeping it dark at present.

E. T. (Doncaster).—(1) Ernest Wynar took the part of "Donald" in *The Four Dareddevils*. (2) Stewart Rome, your "ideal screen lover," has never been married off t' screen. He was born Jan. 30, 1887.

**RED CHRYSANTHEMUM**.—Have you a home, fair flower? You don't give any address. Your letter to Rodolph Valentino was forwarded on its arrival, but you may have to wait some time for a reply, as his mail is growing "every day and in every way." Your favourite was born May 6, 1895.

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year. I think your friend was right about these two productions. By the time you read this you will have received the prize for your "Fault." Don't squander it all on haggis, will you? All the best!

M. S. (Cumberland).—I thought the question of "the best looking man on the screen" had been laid to rest these many moons. Anyway, it's all a matter of opinion, isn't it? Whom do you like best?

SLEEPY HOLLOWITE (Maritzburg).—Yours certainly must be a somnambulist town if you've only just awakened to the fact that you want that information. (1) Mary Pickford played the title-rôle in *The Good Little Devil*. It was her first film with Famous Lasky, and was adapted from the stage play in which she also played the lead. Cast of the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*: "Julio Desnoyers," Rodolph Valentino; "Marguerite Laurier," Alice Terry; "Madariago," Pomeroy Cannon; "Marcelo Desnoyers," Joseph Swickard; "Celendonio," Brinsley Shaw; "Karl Von Hartrott," Alan Hale; "Elena," Mabel Van Buren; "Dona Luisa," Bridgetta Clark; "Argensola," Brodwitch (Smoke) Turner; "Tchernoff," Nigel de Brulier; "Laurier," John Sainpolis; "Senator Lacour," Mark Fenton; "Chichi," Virginia Warwick; "Réné Lacour," Derek Ghent; "Capt. Von Hartrott," Stuart Holmes; "Professor Von Hartrott," Jean Hersholt; "Heinrich Von Hartrott," Henry Klaus; "Lodgekeeper," Edward Connelly; "Lodgekeeper's Wife," Georgia Woodthorpe; "Georgette," Kathleen Key; "Lieut. Col. Von Richthoffen," Wallace Beery; "Capt. D'Aubrey," Jacques D'Aurey; "Major Blumhardt," Curt Rehfeld; "Lieut. Schnitz," Arthur Hoyt. I am the friend of all the world, Sleepy-head, so don't be shy about writing another time.

THE TWO INQUISITIVES (Herne Hill).—What shy young things you all seem nowadays! Here are two more who have "only just plucked up courage to write me." Take heart, my children, I never bite, and very seldom bark. (1) *The Sheik* released last Jan. 22. (2) *The Great Moment* released last Dec. 11.

E. G. G. (Hounslow).—I've been dealing with "awfully inquisitive people" for so many years now that your confession moves me not. I've read your little ditty, which you hope I'll think is pretty, and in answer to your letter about this piece of verse, it might have been much better, though it might have been much worse. But pray don't be downhearted at the failure of your rhyme; get another carol started—and better luck next time! Tra-la-la! The spring is here! (1) Ethel Clayton's a widow, and her latest film is *Can a Woman Love Twice?* (2) Monte Blue isn't married now. His latest is *Tents of Allah*. (3) Cast of *Orphans of the Storm*: "Henriette Girard," Lillian

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GORDON GRIFFITH FAN (St. Pancras).—Thanks very much for the photo. It's a great idea having copies of your favourite's signed photo made for your friends. Cast of *Robin Hood*: "Richard the Lion-Hearted," Wallace Beery; "Prince John," Sam de Grasse; "Lady Marian Fitzwalter," Enid Bennett; "Sir Guy of Gisbourne," Paul Dickey; "The High Sheriff of Nottingham," William Lowery; "The King's Jester," Roy Coulson; "Lady Marian's Serving Woman," Billie Bennett; "Henchman to Prince John," Merrill McCormick; "Little John," Allan Hale; "Will Scarlet," Maine Geary; "Allan-a-Dale," Lloyd Talman; "The Earl of Huntingdon," afterwards "Robin Hood," Douglas Fairbanks.

BOBBY (Brighton).—Don't apologise. That's the right way to address me. As to my being young and handsome—

ask HELEN OF TROY (Edinburgh), what she thinks about it! (1) Cast of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* is given above in my answer to "Sleepy Hollowite." (2) Dorothy and Lillian Gish have left D. W. Griffith and are now working for the Inspiration Film Co. (3) Agnes Ayres' latest is *The Exciters*, and Norma Talmadge's is *Ashes of Vengeance*.

TWOPENNY TOSS (Queensland).—(1) Thurston Hall played "Marc Antony," with Theda Bara, in *Cleopatra*. (2) Principals in *Milestones* are: Lewis Stone, Mary Alden, Alice Hollister, May Foster, and Boyd Irwin.

S. A. (Springbok).—(1) Sorry, that cast isn't available. (2) Edmund Lowe played opposite Katherine MacDonald in *My Lady's Latchkey*. If you write as nicely to Tom Mix as you did to me, you can't fail to get a photo. I note your message of comradeship to "The Nine Mixites." But these pages have seen very little of them lately. Surely their ardour hasn't cooled already!

H. M. A. (Ringwood).—(1) More than sorry to disappoint you, fair lady, but, alas! the thing is true. Still, considering how much he has to recommend him as an actor, I think you might overlook his poor horsemanship, don't you? (2) You're right there. (3) Theda Bara's latest is *The Easiest Way*. Many thanks for all the nice things you say about PICTUREGOER.

QUOTH Longfellow some time ago, "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," etc., etc. Quoth I, when I

*You're a pen to cope  
Thoughtless with your  
Throng. cogitations,*

"Either the poet made a mistake, or you, O indolent readers of mine, must have left the days of your youth far behind in the dim distance." Nobody could possibly accuse you, as a body, of possessing "long, long thoughts." Not this month, anyway, judging by the specimens lying before me. They are distressingly short and disastrously similar.

WITH the plenitude of films all around us, there should be no lack of topics upon which to air your sentiments.

*Emulating Rise to the  
Mrs. Caudle. occasion,  
somebody,*

please, else I shall have to seriously consider offering a course of monkey-gland treatment all round. It's too early in the year for Parliament to dissolve, though I'll own our peculiar climate might make you think otherwise. Therefore, my parting injunction to you, before I bring my lecture to an end, and pass on to the month's meditations is, "Give your views a good airing." I am waiting to hear from you and this page is at your disposal.

IN somewhat pessimistic vein is this thought from a Buckingham member of the R.A.F. "The development of the British Film Industry," writes

*A Brickbat W. D. (Halton),  
for Britain. "is now practi-*

cally the topic of the hour amongst the multitude of playgoers, but yet I consider our producers have still a lot to learn. They don't seem to have the pep nor yet the talent that lies within their American brothers, and the stars they choose for the various parts are, in nine out of ten cases, mere figureheads with either a stage, boxing or Society name. The film when finished turns out a pretty fair production, whereas in the ordinary course of events, with a 'film star,' it might be a huge success. Turn to the American Press and read the various accounts of British films shown in that country.



I need not say more; I have read all, so I think you will understand. What we really want on this side is a few producers of the D. W. Griffith type, who will go out to seek the individual most suited for the required part, instead of depending on people who have earned their names in other professions, and who are more or less, as I have already said, mere figureheads in our productions. When this is done, we can hope to overtake our American brothers in the movie world, but not before."

While there's life, there's hope, "W. D.," and the British Film Industry is still a very healthy youngster!

HERE is another dissentient voice. "I have seen most of Valentino's films, and I think, though he is certainly good-looking and is a good actor, he is not out of the ordinary in any way. In

my opinion, the feminine adoration lavished upon him simply proves how neckle, changeable, and shallow in their affections most women are. Only a short time ago their idol was Warren Kerrigan, then Thomas Meighan, then someone else, and now Valentino is their victim. If I were an actor I should determine to win out by my acting, never to gain popular favour by the mystery of

my smile or the shape of my nose, or the wave in my hair."  
—Lance C. (Bournemouth).

ALL the way from Cairo comes this outburst from *Phyllira (Cairo)*. "What makes *Nagel Fan* think that

*Valentino is unpopular, when every  
Defence. magazine,*

including *PICTUREGOER*, rings with his praise? Besides, why attack one specially on the grounds of foreign appearance? Stars such as Pola Negri, Ivor Novello, Antonio Moreno, Nita Naldi, etc., are popular enough. Valentino's proud and dignified air (it is *not* conceit!), plus his good looks, comprise his special charm, and I wish *Nagel Fan* would change his or her ideas for Rodolph Valentino is one of the most charming stars I've ever known."

I THINK that the biggest disappointment in my young life is the fact that Norma Talmadge did not star in *The Christian*. Mae

*Thoughts Are Busch should keep  
Free. right on vamping,*

vamp is hard to find. And I would have preferred Milton Sills as "John."—*Pep (London)*.

EVEN the calculated clamouring of my Balham bundle of discontent raised only a very few return sallies. Here's a characteristic one: "Replying to your reader in last month's *PICTUREGOER*,"

*A Staunch your reader in last  
Champion. month's PIC-  
TUREGOER,"*

writes *Mary and Doug Adorer (Ashby-de-la-Zouch)*, "Douglas Fairbanks is not to old to play parts like 'Robin Hood.' He is well built and very athletic, as well as being good-looking. And, like all good picturegoers, I think Mary's curls suit her beautifully, and that she is just the right person for childish rôles. So long as the kinema exists there will never be two such favourites as Mary and Doug." *The Thinker.*



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Albert Cinema, Silvertown.  
Electric Theatre, Folkestone.  
Imperial, Chatham.  
Gaiety, Manchester.  
Palace, Bilston.  
Caldmore Green, Walsall.  
Palace, Preston (6 days).  
Empire, Oldham (6 days).

### JUNE 7th.

Electric Theatre, Halifax  
Alhambra, Darlington.  
Cinema, Bothwell.  
Montpelier, Walworth Road  
Queen's Road Cinema, Bayswater.  
Picture House, Beaconsfield.  
Pavilion, Chingford.  
Central, Eastbourne  
Electric Theatre, Muswell Hill.  
Park Cinema, Shepherds Bush.  
Central, Weston-super-Mare  
Newbury Cinema, Newbury  
Picturedrome, Southport

### JUNE 11th.

Picture House, Cheshunt  
Electric Theatre, Deptford.  
Crown, Walthamstow

Public Hall, Hastings.  
Cinema, Dartford.  
Scala, Stourbridge.  
Gaiety, Treherbert.  
Seamore, Maryhill (Glasgow).  
Palace Theatre, Doncaster.  
Grand, Douglas.  
City, Leeds.  
Temperance, Yeadon.

### JUNE 14th.

Grand, Normanton.  
Victoria, Leeds.  
Majestic, Patricroft.  
Model, Birmingham.  
Bedford Street, Leamington.  
King's Cinema, Pentre.  
Stanley Hall, Carlisle.  
Picture Palace, Newton Grange.  
Coliseum, Harrow Road.  
Queen's, Sittingbourne.  
Cinema, Marlow.  
Grand, Bromley.  
Casino, Sheerness.  
Kialto, Southampton.  
Laurie Cinema, Romford.  
Star, Wandsworth.  
Empire, Luton.

### JUNE 18th.

Rivoli, Southend-on-Sea.  
Biograph, Victoria.  
Super Cinema, West Kensington.

Grand, Poplar.  
Ladywood Cinema, Birmingham.  
Lyric, Birmingham.  
Kosy, Brynmaur.  
Grand, Dublin (6 days).  
New Royal, Openshaw.  
Glynn, Wrexham.  
Prince's, Hunslet.  
Oxford Picture House, Bradford.  
Pavilion, Ashton-und-Lyne (20th).

### JUNE 21st.

Griffins Picture House, St.  
Helen's  
Cinema, Llandudno.  
Domestic Street, Leeds.  
Excelsa Picture House, Lock-  
wood.  
Central, Northallerton.  
Springfield, Sparkhill.  
Empire, Longton.  
Workman's Hall, Mountain Ash.  
Stanhope Cinema, Newcastle.  
Assembly, Girvan.  
Picture House, Leatherhead.  
Palace, Chesham.  
Electric Palace, Littlehampton.  
King's Hall, Sidcup.  
Cinema, Broadstairs.  
Duke of York, Brighton.  
Exchange, Wallingford.  
Cosy Kinema, Aberdare.

### JUNE 25th.

Empire, St. Anne's.  
Empire, Tring.  
Cinema, Eltham.  
Palace, Holloway.  
Pavilion, Maudstone.  
Sweetingham, Canning Town.  
Scala Theatre, Hucknall.  
Alexandra, Swadlincote.  
Era, Birmingham.  
Pavilion, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
Windsor, Penarth.  
Palace, Durham.  
Hippodrome, Barrow.  
Cinema, Thurnscoe.  
Electric Theatre, Ackworth.  
Palace, Salford.

### JUNE 28th.

Empire, Warrington.  
Gem, Skipton.  
Birchfield, Perry Bar.  
Coliseum, Wolverhampton.  
King's Theatre, B. Auckland.  
Town Hall, Conway.  
Castle, Homerton.  
Eastern Cinema, Eastbourne.  
Playhouse, Hitchin.  
High Street Cinema, Leicester.  
Palace, Bedlington.  
Victory, Blackley.

## "SON OF KISSING CUP."

Produced by WALTER WEST. Leading Players—VIOLET HOPSON and STEWART ROME.

### JUNE 4th.

Picture House, Hailsham.  
Palace, Bedford.  
Paragon, Southall.  
Queen's Hall, Enfield Town.  
Gaiety, Poplar.  
Empire, Dovercourt.  
Palace, Ilfracombe.  
Castle, Homerton.  
Cinema Royal, Epsom  
Palace, West Bromwich (6 days).  
Model Picture House, Birmingham.  
Workman's Hall, Llanbradach.  
Tyne Theatre, Wallsend (6 days).  
Empire, Newbiggin.  
Bijou, Glasgow.  
Picture House, Troon  
Mount, Bolton  
Palace, Salford  
Pavilion, Rochdale  
Lyceum, Egremount  
Picture House, Otley.  
Electric Theatre, Halifax  
Wicker, Sheffield (6 days)

### JUNE 7th.

Atlas, Bolton  
Town Hall, Mohl.  
Hippodrome, Britton.  
Temple Cinema, Dudley  
Windsor, Penarth.  
Scala, Heaton  
Theatre, Bellshill.  
Carnegie, Workington  
Picture House, Rye  
Playhouse, Hitchin  
Duke of York's, Brighton  
Clifton Cinema, Margate

Atherley, Southampton.  
Laurie Cinema, Romford.  
Alexandra, Swadlincote.  
Palladium, Beeston.  
Playhouse, Northwood.

### JUNE 11th.

Palace, Truro.  
Columbia, Hackney.  
Palace, Holloway.  
Premier, Enfield Wash.  
Cinema, Camberley.  
Empire, Tring.  
Albert Cinema, Silvertown.  
Picture House, Devizes.  
Olympia, Coalville.  
Exchange, Wallingford.  
New Palladium, Hockley  
Queen's Hall, Brierley Hill  
Romilly Hall, Barry  
Rosevale Cinema, Glasgow  
De-Luxe, Glasgow.  
Picture House, Kirkintilloch.  
Empress, Pendleton.  
Palace, Everton.  
Princess, Moss Side  
Oak Lane Cinema, Bradford.  
Lyceum, Bradford.

### JUNE 14th.

Empire, Mexborough  
Empire, Mossley  
St. James's Picture Home, Liverpool  
Imperial, Horsforth.  
Picture House, Hebdon Bridge.  
Empire, Whitley  
Newtown Palace, Birmingham.  
Cinema-de-Luxe, Haverfordwest.  
St. George's Hall, Kendal  
Cinema Theatre, Stockton.

Assembly, Girvan.  
Picture House, Portrush.  
Cinema, St. Ives.  
Picture House, Holyer.  
People's Palace, Tottenham.  
Tivoli, Brighton.  
Electric Picture Hall, Andover.

### JUNE 18th.

Picture House, Epping.  
Palace, Chesham.  
Coliseum, Watford.  
Cinema-de-Luxe, Newhaven.  
Electric Theatre, Southsea.  
Cinema, Marlow  
Coliseum, Newport.  
Trinity, Borough.  
Coliseum, Cwm.  
Palace, Wingate.  
Gaiety, Leith.  
Marnie, Dennistown.  
Central, Musselburgh.  
Ordsall, Salford.  
Palace, Bootle  
King's Hall, Liverpool.  
Picture House, Weaste.  
Empire, Wombwell.  
Atlas, Kirkstall.

### JUNE 21st.

Pavilion, Askam.  
Assembly, Saltburn.  
Central, Shrewsbury.  
Caldmore Green, Walsall.  
Town Hall, Brynmaur.  
Alexandra, Washington  
Salon, Edinburgh.  
B. B. Cinerama, Perth.

Empire, Kilmarnock.  
Picture House, Hoddesdon.  
Empire, Hove.  
Majestic, Steyne.  
Gosport Theatre, Gosport.  
Ruak, Sydenham.  
Cinema, Mill Hill.  
Hippodrome, Blyth.  
Domes, Worthing.

### JUNE 25th.

Cinema, South Woodford.  
Pavilion, Cardiff.  
Empire, Seaham Harbour.  
Empire, Jarrow.  
Queensland, Glasgow.  
Alhambra, Middlewich.  
Picturedrome, Preston.  
Picture House, Garforth.  
Atlas, Meanwood.

### JUNE 28th.

Picture House, Openshaw.  
Waterloo, Blackpool.  
Original Picture House, Salfrey.  
Cinema Palace, Oswestry.  
Electric Theatre, Merthyr.  
King's Cinema, Edinburgh.  
Casino, Glasgow.  
Grand, Huntington.  
Empire, Biggleswade.  
Strand, Portsmouth.  
Lounge, Nottingham.  
Picture Hall, Melksham.  
Palace, Bilston.  
Dreadnought, Bathgate.  
Queen's Hall, Crewe.  
Cinema, Bethesda  
Albert Hall, Brighouse.

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*Isobel Elsom  
and  
Gordon Hopkirk*





### NANCYE KENYON

*The beautiful "Doda" of "This Freedom" who has been selected to play the rôle of Mary Fleming in Denton Clift's big picture "Mary Queen of Scots"*

PICTURES AND  
THE PICTUREGOER  
THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

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# Our June Movie Calendar



**CERTAIN** Person asks Ed. "Picturegoer" if can have Author Movie Calendar's job when he goes.

2.—Author Movie Calendar

asks Ed. "Picturegoer" if Certain Person can have it now.

3.—Statue in Trafalgar Square to man who never wrote a Scenario.

4.—Author of hundred West End movie prologues shot. 7,000,000 signatures to shooter's petition.

5.—Ten years since last feature with plot, 1924.

6.—Larry Semon sends unsolicited testimonial and photo to tooth-polish firm.

7.—Photo returned.

8.—Eminent director leaves £9,000. Arrested with other £1,000 on him.



LARRY SEMON.

9.—Pete Bludgeon gets certain millionaire to put two millions into slapstick.

10.—Letter to "Daily Yell" from Constant Reader pointing out that he has seen first cuckoo in London.

11.—Letter to "Daily Yell," from Pete Bludgeon pointing out Constant Reader's error.

12.—Rex Ingram's "Trifling Women" protest against happy-ending convention provokes avalanche of unhappy-ending films, 1923.

13.—Rex Ingram produces "Happy Endings" as protest against convention 1924.

14.—First instalment "Black Blood" serial. Producers offer £100 for solution of mystery.



REX INGRAM.

15.—Amateur author has some scenarios without endings too. Sends them to producers "Black Blood."

16.—William Farnum writes to himself for signed photo, just to see what the attraction is. Fails.

17.—"Stricken Maud" (Ealing) writes Ed. "Picturegoer" how to get on movies.

18.—"Ten Years a Film Actor" (Hollywood) writes Ed. "Picturegoer" how to get to Ealing.

19.—Public tires of American settings. Kentucky feud pictures now produced in Essex.

20.—Inventor Imperishable Films assassinated.

21.—"Ambitious" (Hove) writes Ed. "Picturegoer" how to write scenarios.

22.—Ed. sends on letter to author of two hundred successfully produced scenarios.



BILL FARNUM.

23.—Author two hundred successfully produced films says "I don't know."

24.—"Story of Robert Bruce" photographed on original web.

25.—Nobody writes for signed photo Author Movie Calendar.

26.—Anniversary of the 26th of June, 1905.

27.—Custard comedies reach Solomon Isles.

28.—Solomon Islanders reach Australia. Latest reports: "Still going strong."



THEDA BARA.

29.—City Financier says he is interested in interest films. Crowd gathers to look at him.

30.—Theda Bara goes back to vamping, 1926.

# "Doubling" the Family Album

by  
DOROTHY  
OWSTON-BOOTH



Circle: Bunty Fosse, double for Ann Forrest (above) in "Perpetua."



Top left: Thomas Meighan as "Conrad" grown up and Charles Walton as "Conrad" aged 12.

Bottom left: Mabel Van Buren and Virginia Rist, her childhood double, in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."



Not by any means the least difficult task which confronts the movie director is the reconstruction of the family albums of his stars.

This is necessary for films wherein "flash-backs" or prologues show scenes from the childhood of the characters in the story.

One would imagine that to select the "starlets" to play these rôles would be a perfectly simple matter when one considers the fact that there are child actors by the hundred from whom to choose. The casting director, however, finds the task a much more complicated affair.

The success of the film depends on every rôle being filled to the best advantage, and the little "double" must be not only a good actor, but one capable of portraying a childish version of the characteristics which his or her grown-up counterpart exhibits for the purposes of the story.

In addition to this histrionic necessity, and, perhaps almost more important in the interests of realism, the small actor must resemble his prototype in feature. The child's appearance must bear likeness to the player for whom he is "doubling," and it must also bear out the impression of what that particular movie shining light probably looked like at the same age.

If the star in question boasts a parentage that placed considerable value on portraiture as a record of childhood's progress, the family album will give the director much valuable aid. He can borrow this portrait gallery and compare the features of the little screen children who fulfil the necessary histrionic conditions, with those of his star at tender age.

Should there be no available portraits, however, he will have to use his discretion, and conjecture from present knowledge what the past edition of his movie artist must have been.

Even the most uncritical picturegoer must recall instances of careless casting in the early days of the screen, wherein, perhaps, a thoroughly snub-nosed, round-faced, straight-haired small girl "doubled" for a slim-featured star with perfect Grecian nose and wonderfully wavy locks! Such a complete metamorphosis were hardly possible, even in the most perfectly equipped "Beauty Parlour" of America! The laws which govern the progress of



growth from childhood to maturity, indeed, are generally reliable, and one is safe in assuming that a pale and weedy boy will develop into a grown-up weed; while a round-faced, big-limbed girl will, in all probability, be a "buxom wench" in her early twenties!

No, indeed, children are not chosen in haphazard fashion in these advanced days of the silver sheet; and the most captious critic would find it extremely difficult to see a flaw in the choices made, for instance, by William De Mille, in screening *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*.

"Conrad Warrener," the dreamy, romantic, adventure-loving boy of twelve, is cleverly played by Charles Walton, who bears such a remarkable resemblance to Thomas Meighan—"Captain Conrad Warrener at thirty, or thereabouts"—that "Tommy's" own homefolks would have to look twice to convince themselves that their famous star had not actually descended into the limbo of past years! Later in the story, Meighan required yet another "double," and Eddie Sutherland made an excellent "Conrad" at the age of seventeen.

You will remember that in the story "Captain Warrener" returns to England from his military career in India, fully convinced that he is an old man at thirty-seven. His lonely bachelor life, however, does not satisfy his longings, and, in imagination, he goes back to the delightful days of childhood when he and his three cousins played wonderful games of "make-believe" in the old manor house.

The business of choosing children to represent the cousins in their early 'teens was by no means an easy matter, for each of the adult cousins, on account of the requirements of the story, is of a different and particular type. Excellent "doubles" were, however, procured in the persons of Leota Winter, Virginia Rist, and Arban Angle, whose individual characteristics of face and figure are easily younger editions of Mayn Kelso, Mabel Van Buren, and Theodore Boulton respectively.

There are, surely, few children who possess such sad-sweet smiling eyes as Elsie Ferguson, nor such a sympathetic mouth as that charming star. And, when these essentials must be combined with ability to act, and an old-fashioned air, suggestive of those bygone days



Above: Alma Rubens, in "Humoresque," with Miriam Battista (right) as her childhood double.

through which "Mimsy"—in Du Maurier's story, *Peter Ibbetson*—grew from a happy childhood to the sorrows of life as the "Duchess of Towers," it will be realized what a task confronted the director!

George Fitzmaurice, however, made an exceptionally fortunate choice in little Nell Buck, who, as those of you who have already seen "Peter Ibbetson" have discovered for yourselves, is absolutely a "pocket edition" of Elsie Ferguson, the wistful "Duchess" who lives in her dreams of "What-Might-Have-Been"!

Charles Eaton, as "Gogo Pasquier," who grows up to be "Peter Ibbetson," played by Wallace Reid, is also remarkably well cast, for he is just the kind of

little fellow whom one imagines poor Wallace Reid to have been fifteen years ago. That clever child actress, May Giraci, has "doubled" for Lila Lee in one or two films; and, indeed, so very reminiscent is May in facial features of the childhood of Lila, that she has been dubbed "Cuddles the Second."



When a child "double" was required for Claire Windsor in a recent picture, the director was lucky enough to be able to employ Claire's own little four-year-old for the part.

Left: Nell Buck, double for Elsie Ferguson (below), in "Peter Ibbetson."



May Giraci, double for Lila Lee (right).





Douglas Fairbanks running a half-mile race with Bull Montana.

It is now five o'clock at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio; the echo of the whistle has hardly died down when Mr. Fairbanks ceases to be the actor he is on the screen, and in his stead we have a new Doug., a Doug. the gym. teacher, a Doug. doing stunts that have made him famous the world over.

Every night, save Sunday, at the hour of five, Doug. and the other actors having finished their day's work on the picture, the first thing that they do is to remove some of the grease-paint from their faces, and go over to the athletic field for a good hour's work out under the tutelage of the peerless and very versatile Doug.

Some, in their anxiety to get to the field on time, do not stop to take off their make-up, but proceed to the field with their bearded faces and other odd types of make-up still on their faces. To Doug. it matters not who are his pupils, or how clumsy they may be. Extra boys, prop boys, carpenters, electricians, are all welcome to join the class and to become his protégés.

He always starts the class out by saying, "Here's one for you, boys. It may look hard to you, but in reality it is very simple." He then proceeds to go through with the stunt, and the other fellows follow suit. That, is they try it, but it doesn't mean that they do it properly, or do it gracefully, if at all. For Doug., you must remember, is king around his

studio, or any other studio, for that matter, when it comes to doing stunts and tricks.

Not always does he excel his pupils (some of whom are specialists in different branches of athletics) at a stunt, but he does manage nearly always to beat them at something, be it jumping, vaulting, or something that is nothing more or less to him than a mental hazard. He may even decide on the spur of the moment to devise a stunt in order to beat them.

Due to the fact that Mr. Fairbanks is, perhaps, the most graceful of all athletes, and a champion at his stunts, the people often get the impression that he is unbeatable at any stunt, no matter who they may be or what the stunt. "It is true, though," says Mr. Fairbanks, on being questioned, "that I can excel almost any person at any stunt that is truly and originally my own—stunts that I have worked on and given my best attention to since I was a small boy in my teens."

Bob Simpson, Douglas Fairbanks, and Hamilton (the all-round champion of the world).



# Keeping Fit with Fairbanks

by  
GEORGE V. TODD

How the versatile Doug. prepares himself for his movie stunts.

Douglas's theory is the same as everyone else's should be: there is only one way to accomplish a thing that matters, and that is to give it your undivided attention, and to think of it all the while that you are doing it.

Examples of Mr. Fairbanks' theory are many. There is Charles Paddock, the greatest sprinter that the world has ever known. When he was a boy, he had made up his mind that he would develop himself into being a champion sprinter. Whenever his mother sent him to the corner grocer's, he would run all the way there and back. Then, again, there is Jack Dempsey, who would never have been the boxer he is to-day had he not given himself to studying the other fellows' weak points and taking advantage of the same.

Should an old person chance to see a session of one of Doug.'s gym. classes, it would, no doubt, recall to his mind his younger days when he used to play follow the leader with the boys of the neighbourhood, by trying to perform anything that the leader tried. But in this particular case, Doug. becomes the leader through his faculty of being more adept at doing stunts than are his pupils.

And as is the case in most schools, you have certain ones who excel the others, standing out ahead of the rest. Some of his pupils are nearly as good as Doug., their teacher. In fact, they do a thing once in a while better than he does. But in most cases they fail miserably. Mr. Fairbanks, if asked, would probably say without the slightest bit of egotism, that there are

very very few that can do his stunts. They may do one or two of them as well or better; but when Doug. racks his brain for a second, he is always able to find one that will prove to be a stumbling-block for all save himself.

Mr. Fairbanks says that there is no limit to what the people expect of him. As an example, he told me of a few experiences that he has had in that way.

"I was in a small town along the Mexican border," he said—"such a town as you would expect to see in the great cattle country, with only cowboys and their families as the inhabitants. I was met at the station by the mayor of the town and his party, and they escorted me to the curbing, where sat a Ford of very ancient days. Getting in the car, we started for the court-house square, where I thought that I was expected to make a speech. But, to my surprise, when we arrived there, the mayor introduced me to the crowd, and wound up by saying: 'Mr. Fairbanks will now ride the wildest and the buckingest broncho in the Rio Grande country.'

"Wait a minute," I said. "I beg your pardon, I thought that I was to make a speech, and I came prepared to do so. Had I come to ride, I would gladly do so."

"Oh," interrupted the mayor, "we've so often seen you doing the good riding that you do in pictures; but we want to see you do it now. You claim to be a good rider, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "but I did not come here for that purpose. I suppose that were I the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court instead of an actor, you would expect me to plead a case for you, would you not?"

Back in Hollywood one day, Doug. was busy with the class, when a very thin young man came up to him and interrupted by saying: "I am Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, and I am from the Y.M.C.A. I thought that I would drop in and play with you' chaps for awhile, if you don't mind."

The moment Mr. Fairbanks heard

*Simpson shows his skill as a jumper.  
Doug. beat this jump by two feet.*



*Doug. performs his famous stunt, "the kip."*

his name he recalled that he was known internationally for his ability as an athlete.

"Sure. Come on and make yourself at home," remarked Doug. It so happened that Fred Thompson, Fred Kelly, and Alma Richards, all well-known athletes, were on hand, so they all started in to give a few exhibitions for the class.

The young man did every stunt that Doug. and Company would do, and he began to feel rather cocky, and thought he was showing up Doug. and Company. Sensing just how the fellow must have been feeling about it, Doug. decided to do some of his own stunts—the kip, which is done by swinging for distance with the hands out in front of and from under an iron bar which is about three feet from the ground. (Doug. is the world's record-holder at this stunt), or diving head-first over the same bar, and catching the one opposite about six feet away,

*Doug. does his pole-jumping to music.*

and doing the kip from it. This took the ego out of the young man when he saw Mr. Fairbanks do it without an effort, so he decided he would retire.

"I can't do every stunt that I try," said Doug. Once, at the studio, when they were working on *The Three Musketeers*, his class included many members of the cast. One of them sug-

gested that they should try diving head-first through a window into a "set," alighting on a mat. The window was about four or five feet from the ground, two feet high, and about eight feet long. The stunt was to get through without touching the sides of it. All tried several times, but to no avail. A boy wearing spectacles and all bundled up in a heavy overcoat stepped out of the crowd of onlookers, and getting back about twenty feet he took a few short fast steps, and then dived through the window, overcoat, spectacles, and all, without even touching the sides.

Doug's curiosity was aroused; so, going over to the young man, he asked his name, and was told by him: "My name is Dick Langdon. I am from Yale. I won the high jump event in the last Olympic Games in Belgium, don't you remember?" Doug. nearly fainted.



Ruth Roland, the Interviewer.

Louise Fazenda, the Interviewed.

"Of course you love music," said Ruth Roland, the serial star, in starting her interview with Louise Fazenda. "Yes," answered Louise. "I play the gramophone beautifully. I'm very fond of operatic music, but I don't like music when I'm working. Most comedies are done to a certain *tempo* anyway— all pantomime is done by counts, and if there is another *tempo* employed that is at variance with the recognised *tempo*, it simply causes confusion."

At this point Ruth showed her originality as an interviewer. She returned to her own set on a near-by lot, changed her costume, rode a rearing horse, jumped off a cliff or two, and made a trick aeroplane flight. Then, with these little things accomplished, she returned to the Fazenda lot.

"What is your chief ambition?" asked Ruth, in her best reportorial manner.

"To make the best comedies I can. Of course, I have another. I am the ten million two hundred and twenty-eighth person who wants to write a book."

"I think your figures are low," said Ruth. "But what sort of a novel?"

"Oh, a sort of an introspective novel—in fact, I know the very woman I'd write about. I'd just lay her on a platter and serve her up."

"Who are your favourites in

pictures? Leave out Louise Fazenda and one other," suggested Ruth coyly.

"Charlie Chaplin, David Powell, and Lillian Gish."

"What do you think of when you work?" asked Ruth, peeping at a few notes.

"I think and feel just like a child—a simple little boob, if you like—but that's just it. When I act, I don't feel grown up at all. There is no sex element in successful comedy. I guess I feel like a rag doll. Of all the parts I've played I like 'Bea Corenson' in *Main Street* best."

Here is something new in interviews, a question-and-answer contest between Ruth Roland, the Serial Queen, and Louise Fazenda, the Comedy Comet. Ruth has played many rôles in the course of her screen career, but this is her first attempt at interviewing. We hope it won't be her last.

"They tell me you are something of a 'realtor'. Tell me something of your first investment in real estate."

It was evident that Louise's first investment had some humorous reactions. Louise laughed, tried to be more serious, and then laughed again.

" Gee, Ruth, it was awfully funny! You see, I rented a house from a woman for a long time, until finally I got mad at her and bought it. I just had to, for she didn't like Airedales, and told me plainly that I couldn't keep my lovely 'Terry' on the premises any longer, so I bought the old house just so 'Terry' could stay.

"I remember it was a very rainy night when I went to close the deal. She was a lady to whom a cheque was a scrap of paper. She had dealt in cash all her life, but her husband finally prevailed upon her to take the cheque. I paid her very good money, but every time her suspicious eyes glanced at that mere piece of paper with not a cent of cash money in sight, it seemed as if she was just giving me the property, not selling it. I'm sure that if I had had half the money in cash, it would have looked bigger to her than the entire amount in a cheque. Honestly, I think that's the way to buy property from a private individual—draw out the cash in bills of small denomination, top the heap with a big one, and sit tight. Well, I can sell that house right now for a great deal more than I paid for it. Its results that count, *n'est-ce pas?* No, I'm not a deep French student, Ruth; I've just been reading the 'Smart Set.'"

"Every star is supposed to have a hobby," said Interviewer Ruth. "Now, will you be radically original and tell me you haven't any?"

"My truthfulness won't allow it," answered Louise primly. "I love to cook. I mean that. I have never doffed the extreme Paris creation to slip on a gingham apron for just photographic purposes. I really am crazy about cooking. I buy all the woman's magazines every month. And lots of their recipes work. I know. I eat some of the things



Ruth Roland, complete with notebook, pays a visit to Louise Fazenda at the studio.

mother (who was considered very beautiful) on being "blessed" with such a homely daughter, but anyone who has seen Louise's blue-grey eye kindly and sparkle as she talks, or the firm lips part in a wide smile showing perfect teeth, would never remark that her nose was not classic, for her face is lighted up with that "something" that one can't define, but knows is agreeable.

She has more real charm than many beautiful women. In fact, than MOST beautiful women.

Louise Fazenda in the burlesque film, "The Pest of the Storm Country."



myself. Than which as proof nothing can be than whicher," she added.

"Say it," she added still further. "What do I think of Coué? I know you have that question in your kit-bag somewhere. Out with it."

"One more unusual question," said Ruth, unperturbed. "What do you think of Coué?"

"Now," replied Louise, "I'm not going to put on that record of how I had been thinking along this Coué line for years. At least not in those words. But honest, Ruth, I have," she added, womanishly. "I've always thought that the good thoughts of others help us, and that our own good thoughts help ourselves."

Louise's next two answers to questions were:

"No, I don't like children. I LOVE 'em. Anyone who doesn't is a mighty poor specimen of humanity."

"Yes, I like dancing, but I like better to march to the music of a band. I could follow a band all day. If I had lived in the days of the Pied Piper, I would have been shut up in that mountain, sure."

Now for the impressions one gets when interviewing Louise Fazenda. It's not rose petals on a silken shawl. It's not sensuous music from a muted instrument beside a plashing stream. It's something that has been mentioned before, and will be again. It's something simply great. It's WHOLE-SOMENESS.

Here is the art wherein the smile and the tear are blended.

Louise first made her appearance in pictures when just a schoolgirl. She managed to get a part as an extra; but as the rôle was that of an Indian, and she had no wig, she had to remain pretty much in the background.

She didn't want to play the part of a scalped Indian.

Louise Fazenda is frankness itself. She lays no claim to beauty, on or off the screen. She will tell you that people sympathise with her

Louise in "Quincy Adams Sawyer."



Louise Fazenda has (not exactly, perhaps, but what approaches it) the inferiority complex of the born comedian, whose humour is based, more times than not, on the disasters which occur to him, and make him a ridiculous and sometimes a pitiable figure.

For instance, when she says "N'est-ce pas?" she adds: "That's French, isn't it?," mercilessly "kidding" herself and her accomplishments. As a matter of fact, her intimates say that Louise has an excellent working knowledge of French, and a still deeper reading knowledge of it. To listen to her, however, one would believe her to be in the "merci beaucoup" class. In other words, Louise represses, always represses, and repression is, after all, one of the greatest assets of the artistic comedy star.

# A Movie Friendship

Bryant Washburn and Ben Turpin have been good pals since the very earliest days of movie-making.



Bryant Washburn.

The friendship of Bryant and Ben and their families dates back seven or eight years, and takes them back to Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, in the state of Illinois, far back in the days when they worked side by side at the now defunct and dilapidated old Essanay studio in the windy city, as Chicago is called, on account of the strong winds coming in off the lakes.

Ben was a married man at that time, but Bryant, who was then a very young man, was still living the life that is referred to as "single blessedness." That was before Bryant met Miss Mabel Forrest Clidester,

who is now Mrs. Bryant Washburn. At that time Ben was the featured comedian in all the Essanay comedies that had much of either the slap or much of the stick, and very little of what may be called real acting.

As for Mabel, she was what we now call an extra girl playing in some of Ben's slap-sticks for two dollars a day, and when the scenario called for someone to get hit in the face with a pie, well, then she sometimes got as much as two-and-a-half dollars for the day. That was very good for those days, considering that Ben and Bryant were not getting so very much more than that figure.

So much for the "slap-sticks." The light-comedy man was none other than Bryant. Should a scenario come in without its offering much of an opportunity for Ben to get knocked out, or made the target for a bakery edition of custard pies, the company would inject a little love story into the scenario, and would bring Bryant forth from the closet and mothballs, and turn on the cameramen and directors. The resulting picture, when released several days later, was known as a "classical comedy." The people of that day wondered not only where they got the idea of calling it "classical," but where the comedy came in.

But, anyway, time has gone along its weary road; Ben is still playing in slap-stick comedies in Los Angeles for the Mack Sennett Company; but there is a big difference between his pay-envelope of those days and the one that he gets now.

Now they are both back in Hollywood to live, and are just as good friends as they were in the old Essanay days, if not better, if such a thing is possible.

Ben is still wearing his little brown derby hat, and still possesses the long thin neck; while Bryant is still sporting the well-known dimple in his chin, and still is the same jolly and smiling young man that we have known since the days of *Skinner's Dress Suit*. This picture, it will be remembered, is the film that stamped Bryant as one of the best dispensers of light comedy on the American screen. If things turn out right in the near future, he will remake this picture on account of its making such a hit with the moviegoer in those days.

G. V. Todd.



Ben Turpin.

Bryant Turpin and Ben Washburn, and Bryant Washburn and Ben Turpin.



# Behind the Movie Screen

by P. RUSSELL MALLINSON



Here is the story of a movie within a movie—*Souls For Sale*—a picture that takes you behind the kinema screen. The story of the filming of *Souls For Sale* is a romance in itself.

The Fates gazed down from the celestial spaces on to the mighty looms of filmdom.

"Earthly mortals," said one, "are like moths who flutter around the brilliant lights of the studios. They are dazzled, and do not see the disillusion and sorrow which lurks in the shadows

beyond the glaring lamps."

"It is all very dull," yawned another. "Each day we watch foolish humans vainly striving for a place in the kinema sun. For too long the end of their endeavours has been the same. We shall lose our reputation for versatility, if always we direct the footsteps of the film aspirant along the paths of disappointment and grief."

"'Tis true," chorused the Fates. "Let us choose one from the humble by-ways of life to whom the whirr of the film cameras will spell stardom and the realisations of her dreams."

And so it was decreed that one June day Eleanor Boardman should direct her footsteps along the broad highway that led to the glittering glass roofs of the vast expanses of the Los Angeles film colony.

Many had trodden that road before, with hope beating high in their hearts. And with envious eyes they had gazed upon the luxuriously attired, bejewelled and manicured favourites of fortune who sped along that busy thoroughfare towards the golden Mecca of Movieland, out of which had come the costly limousines in which they reclined.

Like those who had gone before, Eleanor Boardman had her dreams. But they were shadowed with fears and anxiety. It was a desperate necessity that she should make good on the screen. For the stage, which in the past had brought her a meagre salary,

Eleanor Boardman.



Richard Dix, Eleanor Boardman, and Frank Mayo.

work which, even in the film studios, is akin to genius.

"Go through that door to the waiting-room," said the official curtly. "The casting director may be able to see you for a minute, and if you please him, you will have a film test."

Eleanor Boardman had seen the sweets of success snatched from one's grasp with tragic disappointment during her stage life.

She did not begin to dream of limousines, beautiful bungalows, and diamonds whilst she waited for the call of the casting director.

And she was wise enough to realise that that over-worked and distracted official was daily subjected to more wiles than Solomon.

She did not try to vamp him during the brief moments that she stood inwardly quaking in his room.

"Come in at nine to-morrow for a film

was closed to her now. She had lost her singing voice, and only a few days previously she had been discharged from a Broadway show. A very tired and disillusioned butterfly, she had been driven from the footlights of the theatre, and now she was fluttering around the arc lamps of filmdom, not because they dazzled her, but because stern necessity was a task-master who must be served.

She passed along the broad, tree-lined highways of the film colony, and the first big studio to which she came was the pretentious buildings of Goldwyn's.

The official who gazed at her through the metal bars that covered the window through which he daily stared with calculating eye at the human stream of beauty, seeking the path to screen fame, saw the prettiness and charm of Eleanor Boardman.

But it did not inspire the slightest acceleration of his heart-beats, and his pulses failed to flutter beyond the normal tenour of their way. For the girl who was pleading with big, appealing grey eyes for a film test was no prettier or charming than hundreds of others who had failed even to become insignificant grist for the mills of filmdom. Yet there was some indefinable thing which prevented him from giving the customary shake of his head, which for so many fair seekers for film fame had shattered their hopes with tragic curtness.

Then suddenly he realised that subconsciously this slim young girl, with the mass of brown hair and grey, serious eyes, was impressing him with her will to succeed. Her mouth was very straight and determined, and the tilt of her well modelled chin told of a self-reliance which reflected personality and that capacity for hard



Eleanor Boardman, the new movie star.



Frank Mayo, Richard Dix, Eleanor Boardman and Lew Cody.

test," he told her abruptly. And if her voice shook a little as she thanked him, it was because she was thinking of the few shillings which remained in her purse, and the weary round of agents' offices that lay ahead if the films had not given her a chance.

Her test in the studios the next morning was a failure. But she was so very enthusiastic, so determined to try and please, that a kind-hearted director sent her back to the dressing-rooms to be "made up" differently. The cameras were kinder to her after that. From a crowd of beautiful



girls, she was the only one selected for "Development." In the days that followed, she was taught to make up, instructed in the fundamentals of pantomime, as the cameras demand this new art of Grimaldi. She studied her first small part during every spare moment, and suggested a little more action for herself to the director.

Her first "bit" was in Rupert Hughes' *Gimme*. She pleased everyone by her unceasing effort to give of the best she had. She was given a larger part in *The Stranger's Banquet*. Hugo Ballin then selected her to play Amelia Sedley in his *Vanity Fair*. Then the crown of stardom came within her grasp. And the Fates became uneasy.

"Eleanor Boardman has sped along the path to film fame too swiftly," they whispered in their celestial council chambers. "She will encourage many foolish humans to believe that the fame and fortune of the screen is simple to grasp."

So the Fates found a way out by inspiring Rupert Hughes to star Eleanor Boardman in *Souls For Sale*. For here was a remarkable story which, with vivid realism, reflected the life of the film colony, with its disappointments, its tragedies, and its grudging successes for the fortunate few. It showed just such



Frank Mayo, Richard Dix, and Eleanor Boardman in a circus scene.

desolate "shores" of attics and starvation. As a parable on the price which has to be paid for the realisation of human hopes, *Souls For Sale* is a photoplay that will live in the memory. It is a human document of the screen.

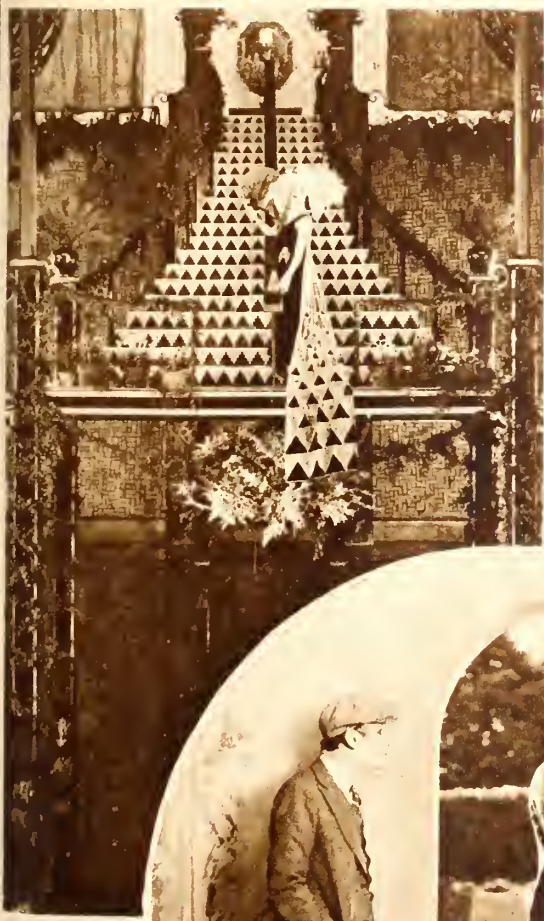
The spectator is carried behind the screen, into the vast studios, the homes of the stars, the restaurants where those who are world-famous on the silver sheet eat surprisingly sparse and modest meals, with the grease-paint and costumes of the studios still decorating them with bizarre effect. One sees the vast network of many million candle-power arc lamps, which spread above the artistes and the cameras; the giant moving-picture sets, built with a surprising solidity and painstaking effort. There are innumerable sidelights on the great and costly organisation which lies behind modern picture production. But it is not that which leaves the greater impression.

*Souls For Sale* strips the artificiality and mystery from the lives of those who go down to the studios to make pictures. The souls of the players are laid bare; their ambitions, jealousies, follies, and sacrifices are reflected on the screen. In this photoplay the lens of the film camera is like the powerful microscope of some genii who can analyse the subtleties of character or the innermost thoughts of the mind.

There are poignant pictures of film aspirants sobbing with their pretty heads buried in their arms, as they have seen the tragedy of failure on the screen; the relentless dissection of their faults and limitations, which the majority of film tests for the inexperienced produce.

And beneath the human aspect of such bitter reflections of failure, there are interesting lessons in screen technique disclosed.

"You must feel emotion; it is the thoughts of your mind which the cameras reflect," the harassed director points out as the novice in the studio continues to make faces into the lens, in the belief that this is acting. One learns that the lens records what a



Barbara La Marr.

another girl is Eleanor Boardman struggling for film fame in the vast maelstrom of the movies where so many desperately clutch at meagre salaries to save themselves from the



Lew Cody, Richard Dix, and Eleanor Boardman.



The thrilling fire scene in "Souls For Sale."

player thinks, and here is the secret of the screen success which attends those of outstanding personality.

The cruelty of the "close-up" is revealed when it is carried out with a player who has not learned the secret of restraint in facial expression, or the subtle shades of "make-up" which defeat the relentless eye of the camera in its eternal quest for faults or blemishes.

Throughout the picture there are movies within movies, the wheels of film-dom which grind so many ambitions "exceeding small" working within wheels.

There are entertaining glimpses of Charlie Chaplin producing in his studios. At such times the little jester of the screen is a dynamic personality, never still, jumping up from his seat one moment, and sprawling back into it the next minute. Continually he snatches cigarettes from his case, holds them in his mouth for a few seconds, often unlighted, and then, in a moment of excitable gesticulation, he tosses them amongst the growing collection scattered over the floor.

One sees Eric Von Stroheim, a smiling, comparatively pleasant-mannered and attractive-faced young man, fooling like a schoolboy on the set between scenes.

There is the amusing rush for the luncheon-room when the gong rings, which, for the moment, snaps the thread of illusion as one sees armoured knights inelegantly tumble from gaily festooned chargers; gossamer-clad dancers, princesses garbed in regal splendour, join with shirt-



The "Souls For Sale" company on location. Movie-making is a strenuous life.

sleeved directors in the good-natured scramble for internal requirements.

There is a dazzling galaxy of famous stars gathered together in the scenes which represent film-dom, unconven-

*Making a picture within a picture. The real cameramen are seen on the right; the actors impersonating movie-makers, on the left.*



tionally feeding at the luncheon counters of the screen colony.

"Souls For Sale" does not aim at reflecting the tinsel and glitter of film-dom. It does more than that. There is one tragic scene when a great arc lamp breaks from its fastenings and falls with grim mutilating force on to the limbs of a pretty star who is acting on the couch beneath. She is carried from the studio a crumpled butterfly, a cripple for life. And, later, we see the fallen star hobbling around the set on crutches, her beautiful eyes bedewed with tears as she gazes on the scene of her past triumphs, now things of hollowness and mockery.

There is a human picture of a famous film star, who, to the eyes of the world, would seem to have everything that makes for happiness, sobbing quietly in a corner of the studio over the memory of "Tim," who was burned to death stunting for the films in an aeroplane.

One realises during these intimate glimpses of film-dom that often screen artistes rise earlier and work later than factory hands.

The final memory of this remarkable picture is that of the rainsoaked, bleeding, and dishevelled star,

who has escaped from a burning tent, pitifully shrieking for a mirror that she may know the truth of the disfiguring scar that falling debris has torn on her fair cheek.

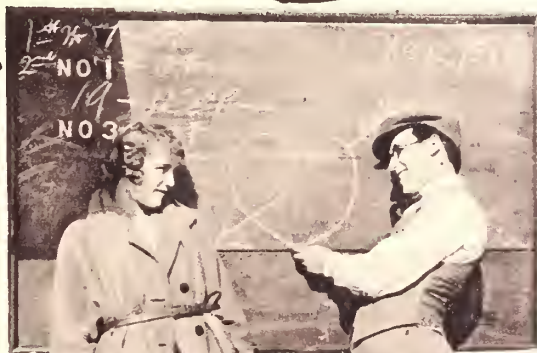
# The Romance

of

# Harold Lloyd



Harold Lloyd and his nephew, Gaylord Lloyd.



Harold gives Mildred a lesson in love.

has been an uphill fight. The spirit of youth is still in him, and he is not ashamed to tell how when he was a kid in Nebraska he used to sell popcorn to passengers on trains that passed through his town, how he sold newspapers in Denver, and how he got his first chance to act on the stage by begging a stock actor to let him do something—"any old thing, just so it's acting."

But even as a youngster Harold seemed to be bothered by what is known as "the histrionic urge." He used to make a stage of his bed and would line up all the hats—male and female—which he could find in the house, and then act before the mirror with much ado. He also began to show signs of sleight-of-hand work—something which even now is a great hobby of his.

It might be said that the toss of a coin brought Harold Lloyd to the movies, for a coin was flipped—it meant San Diego, California, or New York; and San Diego won. When Harold arrived on the Pacific Coast, he ran into an old friend and secured a job in a stock company. But things didn't go so good, and the company failed. The only future

[Continued on Page 65.]

There is little room for romance in the daily grind of turning out motion pictures to amuse a nation. Yet this is a story of romance and adventure that would put any volume of Ethel M. Dell to shame—the career of Harold Lloyd, the spectacled comedian with the winning smile.

Eight years ago Harold Lloyd was striving to make both ends meet, playing "extra" parts and character bits on the "lot" at Universal City. He had begun to think that his stage training meant nothing. He couldn't seem to get anywhere. But, all the time, an idea lurked in the back of his head that he wanted to become a comedian—a different comedian.

On the same "lot" he came in contact with a good-looking young man with an equally winning smile. The two became "buddies," and dreamed their dreams together. And then Harold's pal, Hal Roach, inherited some money. It was not much, it is true, but enough to give him a feeling of prosperity—for at twenty-two it takes but little for a man to build castles in the air.

"Will you work for me if I give you forty dollars a week?" Hal Roach asked his friend. "I am thinking of producing a comedy, and I believe you've got the stuff in you to be the comedian."

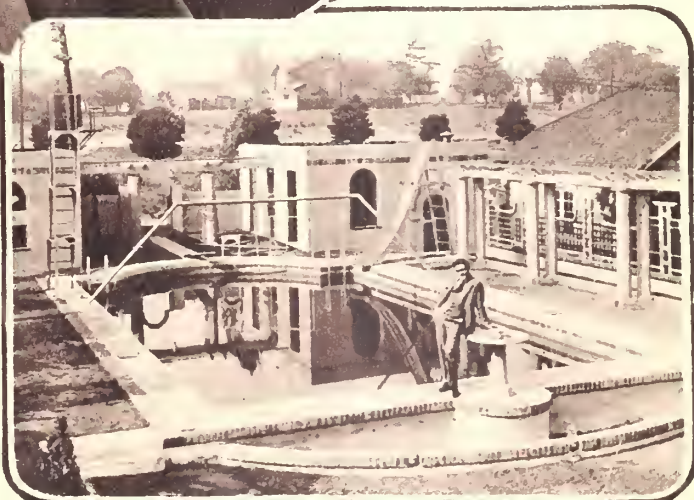
"Will I?" exclaimed Harold. "When do we start?" And that was the beginning. The beginning of a friendly association that resulted in hundreds of one-reel laugh-provokers, then two-reel ones, three-reels, four reels, and then comedy features, such as *Grandma's Boy*, *Dr. Jack*, and finally the first seven-reel comedy ever produced—*Safety Last*.

Harold Lloyd is now one of the most successful comedians on the screen. He has made history, but it



Left: Lunch-time at the studio.

Below: Harold Lloyd and his swimming-pool.





A cold courtship: Tom Moore and Betty Compton in "Over the Border."



Above: Conway Tearle in "Society Snobs."



Left: Kenneth Harlan and Dorothy Phillips in "All the World's a Stage."

Weddings will occur, even in the best-regulated movies, which is a good thing for everybody, especially the studio hands, who usually appropriate the "eats," when they are edible. Any book of etiquette will put you wise as to what should and should not be done at an honest-to-goodness affair of this sort. But there isn't a limit to the funny things they do at a movie wedding. These are not screened, though. More's the pity.

Despite its youth, the art of movie-making has already laid down some hard-and-fast rules for movie brides and bridegrooms, which are never transgressed. There may be sufficient for a book some day. One of the first ones is that the happy pair should be, if possible, strangers in real life. They are introduced on the "set," married the same morning, and, after the bride has said "I will," she does not see her life-partner again that week, at least.

# "I Will"

Then, towards the end of the five or six weeks' work that goes to making a "human drama," the wooing will be seriously gone through. This is all for the good of the production judging by the excellent results.

The loveliest gowns, the filmiest of hats and laces, are always called into being for movie weddings, and very lovely the brides always look. When the ceremony takes place in a church, although this edifice may not be all it seems to the camera, all the true-to-life adjuncts of flowers and guests, bridesmaids and pages, are very much in evidence. They have an organ (when they can get one), or else a harmonium, and what passes for a register. Usually the actual words of the marriage service are spoken. The only thing they do *not* have is a real clergyman. The director sometimes has his own ideas of what constitutes a perfect whole, and introduces a little fresh action here



Man proposes and woman accepts.

Left: Lois Wilson and Monte Blue.

Circle: Bill Hart and Jane Novak.

Right: Leatrice Joy and Matt Moore.



Marriage under compulsion: Herbert Rawlinson in "Don't Shoot."

Above: In spite of such temptations, Bull Montana has never said "I will" on the screen.

Left: Johnny Walker and Ella Hall.

Below: Bébè Daniels marries in style in "Glimpses of the Moon."

and there; but often, to him, the wedding is just a necessary evil, and he gets it over as early and as speedily as can be. Usually Mrs. Star's husband and Mr. Leading Man's wife turn up to see the fun, if they can, and the first time a movie star is "wedded" thus under the stern or mischievous eyes of his or her real spouse is always an event. But they soon get used to it, and never turn a hair after their sixth attempt.

To the movie plot there's nothing more necessary than the wedding, for upon it and around it are centred most of the screen's best material. The old-fashioned movies ended with a wedding; the new ones begin with one, and some of them have one in every other reel.



One of the most memorable weddings in celluloid was that of the crinolined heroine of *Smilin' Through*, where the quaint charm of the fanciful dresses of both men and maids formed a most attractive picture. Here the celebrations ended tragically, just before the ceremony, and the consequences thereof formed the basis of the story. The star, Norma Talmadge, is certainly the most-married

personage in filmland, with Gloria Swanson a close runner-up. Off the screen, Norma contents herself with one husband, but in celluloid she can count them by dozens. But poor Bull Montana has never said

[Continued on Page 32.]

Left: A gypsy wedding: Georges Carpentier and Flora Le Breton.

Below: Pat O'Malley wishes he hadn't said "I will" in "Brothers Under the Skin."

A Norwegian wedding. Vernon Steele and Jane Novak in "Thelma."





Alma Taylor in "The Pipes of Pan."

# British Studio Gossip

## On the Job Again!

"Old Bill" and his inseparable companions, "Alf" and "Bert," are to make their appearance once again in celluloid. In great state this time, for "Bill," who stands for the British fighting man of all time, commences operations back in mediæval ages. Battle scenes of the past will be reconstructed, long before guns, shells, and trench warfare came into being, and many hundreds of men are learning the use of the bow, the halberd, and other types of ancient weapons. There is great scope for comedy in the soldier, always. Thomas Bentley is producing the picture, for Ideal Films, and Captain Barnsfather will appear in the film as well as be responsible for the story. For the hero, Syd Walker has been cast, and Arthur Cleave is "Bert," and Jack Denton "Alf." The only two ladies in the cast are Gladys Ffolliott and Barbara Sorel.

## A Favourite Authoress Filmed.

I met Gertrude McCoy busily choosing gowns the other afternoon. "For my new film," she told me, when a simple, girlish looking frock had eventually secured her approval "I play 'Norah,' the heroine of

Mrs. Gaskell's *The Manchester Marriage*. Only it has been modernised and re-titled *Heart-strings*. The studios at Walthamstow have become part of a little northern village for the time being, and we're only waiting for one rather important member of the cast before we commence." Gertrude McCoy plays the nurse-friend of a crippled baby girl, and various homes and orphanages were requisitioned to find a suitable kiddie. Included in the fine cast are Victor McLaglen, Edith Bishop, Russell Thorndike, and Sidney Fairbrother; and Gertrude McCoy

at it down at the new Beconsfield Studios. Thus far, Victor McLaglen has managed to keep up with his rôles; but what will happen when he is wanted in both places at the same time remains to be seen.

## The Titles Are Similar.

In *Woman to Woman*, which Graham Cutts is producing, Betty Compson is the star, and many of the theatre scenes were made one afternoon at the Aldwych Theatre. A large crowd applauded, or disapproved, obedient to the producer's commands, and Clive Brook, as the man two women loved, looked on from his box. Another film, with the title *Man to Woman*, has also a melodramatic story. This is being made at St. Margaret's, and has a very strong cast. Hilda Bayley, back in England once more, and Mlle. Valha share the leading rôles, with Stewart Rome and Gerald Ames opposite. Ivo Dawson is another favourite player in the cast.

## One Visitor's Plans.

Betty Compson expects to stay ten weeks in Europe, and will make two films. The second, *The Prude's Fall*, is adapted from the successful play that ran at Wyndham's Theatre, London, and is light fare compared with *Woman to Woman*. Betty Compson is fully equal to the demands of both rôles: her early film work was done, you remember, in Lyons and Moran comedies, whilst her dancing and emotional capacities have been tested, tried, and not found wanting in the many films she has made for Paramount, and other companies, not forgetting the immortal *Miracle Man*. Betty is receiving a tremendous salary for her work this side.

*A new picture of Stewart Rome.*



Valha, who is to appear in a Sidney Morgan production.

declared that, as usual, she expected to weep a good deal, once the story was well started. The N.S.P.C.C. eventually found a little cripple child of four, who is overjoyed at the prospect of working in a film.

## A Star Works Overtime.

Victor McLaglen is playing in two films at once, and having a pretty active time. In neither is he simply and solely a fighting man: for *Heart-strings* is by way of being a very emotional story, and the other film is a George Clarke production, directed by Martin Thornton. It is founded on fact, and as yet has not been titled. Florence Turner plays in it, and Madge Stuart is again opposite McLaglen. Walter Tennyson and Sir Simeon Stuart also appear, and they are hard



**Billows to Order.**

They staged a terrific hurricane and a shipwreck in a field at Elstree, a few days ago, for the purpose of half-a-dozen "close-ups" for *The Typhoon*. Many shipwreck scenes had already been taken in Cornwall, where Charles Hutchison and his company made the exteriors, and a part of their schooner was reproduced on land and mounted on rockers. When these were set in motion, realistic tossing and rocking ensued. A boom from the mainmast was being tested when I arrived—for the gentle purpose of falling upon Malcolm Tod's head and knocking him overboard.

**Everything There but the Ocean.**

Powerful searchlights were focussed on the vessel as soon as it was dark enough, greatly to the delight of crowds of onlookers in the adjoining fields; and fire-hose rain, blown this way and that by a motor-driven "gale," drenched the crew on the deck. Charles Hutchison, the complete nautical man, sea-boots, jersey, and everything, was everywhere at once, and made a spectacular entrance from the hatchway just as Malcolm Tod was knocked overboard by the obedient boom. This pleased the spectators immensely, and they demanded an encore with cheers. The next item on the programme was more gale, and the tearing-away of the mainmast. After this, a few "shots" were taken of the wreckage abandoned by the crew; and after Charles Hutchison had informed all and sundry that the events happened somewhere between England and New Zealand in the story, everybody went home. "Hutch" wrote this photoplay, which, like most of his own efforts, abounds in adventure, fast-moving action, and thrills.

Betty Balfour at home.



Above: Queenie Thomas in "Juliet and Her Romeo."

Top centre: Gerald Ames, Jean Angelo, and Constance Worth in "Within the Maze."

**A Prince There Was.**

"But he's just an ordinary individual, now," said Owen Nares—"thankful that he wears nineteenth-century clothes and not heavy robes and jewelled turbans." Owen Nares has been in France for the exteriors of the *Indian Love Lyrics* film, and you will have to look very hard at him before you realise that the olive-skinned potentate with the black hair and moustache is really the popular fair-haired hero of so many plays and films. Owen liked making the screen-play, he told me, and had some strenuous and amusing experiences whilst at work. Catherine Calvert and Malvina Longfellow play the principal feminine characters in the film.

**One of the "Marys."**

Dark-eyed Nancye Kenyon scored a marked success in her first important film rôle—that of "Doda Occleve" in *This Freedom*. She has now turned her attention from modern tragedy to old-time romance, for Denison Clift has cast her for "Mary Fleming" in his forthcoming production, *Mary Queen of Scots*. Nancye Kenyon has several very beautiful period gowns specially designed for



Sir Simeon Stuart, the titled screen star.

the film by Seymour Lucas, and she finds their weight and width very different from the scanty skirts of to-day.

**Queenie Thomas Screening Again.**

After an absence of several years, Queenie Thomas is back in screenland again. Wearing a white wig and a rather fantastic costume, I found her waiting to be called upon for a comedy scene. "We are doing a series of Syncopated Comedies," she informed me, "which my husband, Bertram Phillips, directs. Some of them are comedy versions of well-known films—like *One Exiled Orphan* and *Oliver T. Wist*. *Juliet and Her Romeo* was one I particularly liked. We are specialising in black-and-white effects; hence my white wig, of which I'm rather fond. Then, after I've been across to Paris for a rest and some frocks, I'm going to play 'Lady Teazle.' This will be a full-length feature film, and everybody is busy searching for period furniture and costumes."



### LILA LEE

*Was a popular juvenile player in vaudeville before she came to the screen. Some of her best known pictures are "The Admirable Crichton," "Midsummer Madness," "The Prince Chap" and "The Charm School"*



**WARNER BAXTER**

*A recruit from the legitimate stage who has won screen popularity as Ethel Clayton's leading man. Recent releases in which he has appeared are "The Cradle" and "Her Own Money."*



### JOHN BOWERS

*Who plays the title-rôle in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" has supported Pauline Frederick, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, Madge Kennedy and many other popular screen stars. He is 6 ft. in height and has dark hair and eyes.*



### QUEENIE THOMAS

*The popular British star who has returned to the screen after an absence of several years. She will be seen first in a series of comedies, after which she is to play "Lady Teazle" in "The School for Scandal."*



**MARIE MOSQUINI**

*Well known for her work in comedies opposite Harold Lloyd and Harry Pollard, was born at Los Angeles in 1899. She is a vivacious little lady with brown hair and hazel eyes.*

# JUNE Brides



Above: Bebe Daniels as a demure little bride.



Alta Allen as she appears in the wedding scene in "The Marriage Chance."



Oval: Marion Davies.



Above: Winsome Madge Kennedy.



Dorothy Dalton enjoys a stylish marriage once in a while on the screen. She is here seen as a Society bride.



Right: Lila Lee in her bridal dress in "Blood and Sand."

# Directors I Have Met

by  
ELIZABETH  
LONERGAN

## NO 5. JAMES CRUZE

From the hero of *The Million Dollar Mystery* to the director of a million-dollar movie is quite an accomplishment. And James Cruze, who put on *The Covered Wagon* for Paramount, made the step in a little less than ten years.

The fame of this wonderful new picture, which has been placed beside *The Birth of a Nation* in the opinion of those who have been fortunate enough to see it, created a sensation in New York that even overshadowed the history of the famous picture with which it has been compared. For weeks the Criterion Theatre was sold out in advance, and the only bookings to be had were from theatre speculators who reaped a harvest from those who were determined to see *The Covered Wagon* in spite of crowded houses and advanced prices.

This story, based upon the novel of Emerson Hough, will have a universal appeal. The history of the settlement of new lands is much the same as the incidents it vividly depicts. Canada, Australia, South Africa all have similar experiences that old settlers remember well, and new settlers treasure in their hearts as actual happenings to their grandfathers, or to those who ventured into new countries long before the present day.

An impressive scene from James Cruze's production, "The Covered Wagon."



James Cruze (centre), with principals in "The Covered Wagon"—Tully Marshall, J. Warren Kerrigan, Alan Hale, Charles Ogle, Ethel Wales, John Fox, and Lois Wilson.

that," Mr. Cruze said. "When I was fourteen I decided to run away and go to sea—an ambition which many a small boy cherishes. I got away and shipped as cabin-boy on a sailing-vessel bound for South America. The cargo was supposed to be hides, and many days were spent loading the villainous-smelling ship in the Southern Pacific. When we reached San Francisco, the police swarmed aboard and arrested the entire crew, who were all sent for long terms to St. Quentin prison. The decks were filled with stores of opium, carefully concealed among the ostensible cargo; it was the biggest sensation in years. I was the only one set free."

His first picture work, after considerable stage experience, was in the old Thanouser Pictures. He was appearing there when the studio burnt on January 13, 1913, at 13 a.m. (It was one o'clock really, but all the thirteens made it particularly weird!), and was one of the unfortunates who were burned out. Mr. Cruze had all his wardrobe in the studio dressing-room, as he was moving at the time, and lost watch, money, wardrobe, and costumes galore. He saved himself and the costume he was playing in. The latter was a weird Indian make-up from a two-reel "Sherlock Holmes" picture. Not much luck for him, he thought at the time, but it turned out to be most fortunate in the end. The company was sent to California, during the re-building of the studio, and while there he joined the Paramount forces, and a long-cherished ambition to direct was granted. For nine years he has put on Paramount pictures, and in point of service is the oldest director on the "Lot." Some of his best-known pictures are *The Valley of the Giants*, *Terror Island*, *Always Audacious*, *The Dictator*, *The Lottery Man*, and *The Old Homestead*.

When Edward Simpson was dying, leaving his mighty fortune behind, he expressed a wish that his heiress, Genevieve, should know more of the world than was possible in the out-of-the-way community of Kokomo, Indiana. That the old place would be different for his children on his death, he well knew, and it was at his suggestion that a three-years stay in Europe was decided on, to give the girl that final tone which should fit her for the place in society that was to be hers. One other thing he did before he died. He made David Pike her guardian, for David was his best and most trusted friend.

"You will take sufficient money for your stay," said David to the girl and her brother Horace, as they stood upon the platform of the little station of Kokomo. "I have made arrangements with the bank over there. If an emergency should arise, and you should require more, cable me, and I will see that it is made all right. Enjoy yourselves. Have a good time, and come back safely when the three years are up." Half a mile along the line, the train was puffing up. The little crowds pressed forward. For a moment the man and the girl were alone. Horace was seeing to the luggage a dozen yards away.

"Genevieve——" said David Pike. She looked up.

"You'll come back safely?"

"Why, of course!"

"I—Genevieve——"

He hesitated, looked away and back again. The train was in, and Horace calling.

"I—I love you!" said David in desperation.

She put a foot to the step of the train, halted and looked back. Suddenly she smiled.

"And I—I love you, David," she said.

There was no time for more, but he was glad for so little. She loved him! Throughout the next three years he had that to work and fight for! She loved him!

The whistle blew. There were hasty farewells and last warnings to be called and promises made. He looked a last time into her eyes and smiled, and she returned his smile. He waved a hand and she waved hers. Horace called good-bye. The whistle blew again, and the train pulled out of the station. In less than a minute



# The Man from Home

by JOAN FLEMING

come together. And an even more vital reason was the fact that the reigning house of Sorrento was not only ancient, but, like so many ancient things, very near to bankruptcy.

"It would be an excellent thing if you were to marry the American heiress," suggested the old Prince Giovanni. "Our affairs are in none too healthy a state. The fortune would bolster up our resources and make us to dance again as once we danced. Money is what we want."

"An excellent thing indeed, father dear," said the flippant Leone. "And the very thing that has been in my head all day. To-night I shall go and try my luck. I can but ask; and from what I hear of the scarcity of princes in that part of the world from which she comes, I do not think that my luck will fail me. Besides——"

He broke off and glanced meaningly in the mirror before him, looking back with a laugh to his father.

"I know, I know," said the old man. "I was as handsome myself in my young days. Our house is favoured my boy. We have always been lucky, even in looks. May our luck be with us to-night."

The Simpsons were staying at the Royal Hotel above the bay. At dusk, the gallant Leone passed out of the gilded gates of the palace, and made his way towards the American quarter of the town. As he walked, he sang.

But he came soon to a shaded lane, half-way to the hotel, where the song died away on his lips and his walk slowed down to the tiniest tread, and then stopped. A woman came out of the shadows and stood laughing before him, a fisherwoman from the harbours, Faustina Ribiere. She was not the only woman the Prince had loved, but she was the latest. She stood close to him and laughed in his face.

"I hear that you are seen about too often with the American beauty," she flashed.

"Indeed?" said Leone.

"You love her?"

"A State matter!" said the Prince with a shrug of the shoulders. "You know very well——"

"See that you do not, that is all!" And with this the woman was gone into the shadows.

The Prince walked on with a frown on his brow, and it was not until he was on the very steps of the hotel that the frown vanished. He found the American girl upon the terrace and went to her side.

Genevieve Simpson was gone from Kokomo, Indiana, for three long years.

And David Pike was left to fight and build for the day of her return.

Sorrento is a small enough place upon the map—not much bigger than the county of which Kokomo is the capital. But there are kings and

### CHARACTERS:

David Pike - James KIRKWOOD  
Genevieve Simpson

ANNA Q. NILSSON

Horace Simpson - GEOFFREY KERR

Prince Giovanni - E. DAGNALL

Prince Leone - NORMAN KERRY

Princess Sabina - DOROTHY CUMMING

Ribiere - JOSE RUBENS

Faustina Ribiere - ANNETTE BENSON

*Narrated, by permission, from the Famous-Lasky film of the same title.*

queens and princes there, and a pageantry that is unknown in Kokomo. There are beauties there, too, beauties by the hundred, but none quite so beautiful as Genevieve Simpson. Prince Leone should have known, if anyone. He knew them all.

Prince Leone being the son of the reigning Prince Giovanni, and Genevieve being the belle of the American party, it was natural that they should



*Faustina was idolised by her husband, Ribiere, but she had no thoughts for her humble mate.*

"Miss Simpson," he said. "Genevieve—may I call you Genevieve?"

She turned and looked at him with well-simulated surprise.

The better part of the three years had gone by, and she was wondering what news she would have to take back to New York. That it would be New York she had fully decided. Kokomo had almost faded from the Simpsons' memories. Its simple ways and its simple people were forgotten. There was news of a kind in the letters from David Pike (David himself had been elected State Senator, and was forging ahead, he told them), but news that had no interest, and was therefore not half read. Kokomo was behind in the past, dead and forgotten. When they returned it would be to New York, Fifth Avenue, and the "set" there. She wondered what she would have to take back to Fifth Avenue. Would she go back merely as the wealthy heiress of Edward Simpson, of Kokomo, Indiana, sophisticated and world-travelled, yet still only that? Or could she return to set the ears of the city tingling as a Princess? Such things had happened before. Rarely; but certainly.

"May I call you Genevieve?" the Prince repeated, taking her hand. "My Genevieve? I love you! I love you!"

He held her to him and kissed her, and she did not resist. Thus was the royal house of Sorrento in sight of its repairing fortune, and the sophisticated and travelled American girl in sight of the sensation that should set the ears of Fifth Avenue tingling with envy. Thus does the world go round. Or partly round, sometimes.

It was the opinion of the royal father, Giovanni, that it was too early to discuss a marriage settlement. The official announcement of the engagement would not be made until the autumn. For the present, let love's young dream take its course. The other matter later. But the climax of the previous evening had brought the two families near enough for confidences, and there were things that could now be discussed that could not be discussed before. The royal house needed money, and needed it quickly and very badly, but the direct approach was out of the question. Giovanni, however, made up in ideas what he lacked in wealth. He approached the Princess Sabina, his daughter, the sister of Prince Leone.

"You will be much about with Genevieve now," he said. "Suggest to her that you are pressed for money in a way that you dare not make known to me. Ask the loan of a considerable sum, but be careful to"—he smiled and twirled his moustache and looked at her meaningly—"be careful to insist that she take the royal pearls as security. Insist upon that. We cannot have a feeling of suspicion arising. You may be short of money. Do not let her think that you are short of securities. Insist!"

"I will insist, father," said the Princess Sabina.

And so some thousands of dollars changed hands, and the royal pearls too, and the days went by, and the autumn came, and the time for the official announcement of the wedding. And on the day before the announcement, the Prime Minister of the little

State of Sorrento made an official call upon the American, Miss Simpson, at the Royal Hotel above the bay.

"It is, of course, usual," he said, "in cases such as this, to come to some agreement with regard to the terms of settlement before an announcement is made to the people. If Mr. Simpson—"

Horace and the Prime Minister talked it over at great length, and in the end the sum of 750,000 dollars was agreed upon. The Prime Minister departed highly satisfied with Horace's assurance that the girl's guardian in Kokomo should be cabled for the amount that very evening, and in the royal house there was much rejoicing and self-congratulation. When a cable in reply arrived the following day to say that Genevieve's guardian was on his way, the rejoicing was increased, and the whole matter regarded as good as settled.

But in a shabby house beside the harbour, darkly, a woman sat and stared through a shabby window across the sands to where her despised fisherman husband was returning. As she sat and watched, she rocked wearily to and fro, and bit her lips, and thought and thought and thought. Faustina was idolised by her husband, Ribiere, but she had no thoughts for her humble mate.

For many nights at sunset she sat thus, and then at last she made her move. A little note, hastily scrawled, slipped through the guard to the Prince's room at sunset one night, and the shadow of a woman moved stealthily to the cave along the rocks beside the beach.

The note amused the Prince.

"I have heard the news of your engagement to the American," it read. "I suppose this means the end, and I am too wise a woman not to recognise it. But, for the sake of old times, come once again to the cave. Let me feel your arms about me for the last time.—FAUSTINA."

"Why not?" laughed the Prince. "A last fling. To-morrow I must put this kind of thing aside. But to-night. . . ."

He went.

The cave was dark, but he well knew the corner where always she waited for him. He went to it, and as he reached the spot, she sprang suddenly, and a knife flashed in the rays of the rising moon, far across the wet sands.

With a cry of rage he raised his arm and warded off the blow. But she came again, and with fiercer intensity.

"If I may not, then no other woman shall have you!" she cried.

They struggled, and he told her not to be a fool. The knife flashed again and descended, and he had to aim a sharp blow to deflect it from its course. He knocked her hand aside, and the knife fell sharply to her breast. She gave a loud scream and crumpled to the sand.



In terror the Prince dashed from the cave. To be seen here at such a time would ruin all his plans. He ran up the beach in the shadows to the town, and as he ran he saw the hurrying figure of the woman's husband running across the sands to the cave. The last screams of the dying woman were still heard.

He came upon an officer of the guard.

"There is foul play afoot at the cave," he said calmly. "Ribiere, the fisherman, went there not five minutes ago. I saw him with my own eyes. I should take your men and make a search."

The officer saluted and called the guard.

As Prince Leone walked away, he stroked his hand shakily across his damp brow, and offered a prayer to the god of luck that seemed always to watch over the reigning house of Sorrento.

David Pike, impatient of the antiquated means of locomotion in the little town, walked up from the station to the hotel, and it was while he walked and turned a corner in the dark street that he was interrupted in his progress by the flying figure of a shabby fisherman.

"Save me! Save me!" cried the fisherman, clinging to his coat.

"What is the matter?" demanded David.

The native had some incoherent tale to tell of an unfaithful wife and her lover. The intrigue had been long, and come to a fatal termination. She had been killed by her lover; but her husband, coming upon the scene as she breathed her last, the lover gone, had been surprised by the guards and was even now fleeing from what men called justice! There was no justice! The lover of his dead wife was a Prince, the Prince Leone, and would go free. He, who was innocent, and had suffered so much, must suffer all now, because he was no prince. What justice was in that?

David took the man by the shoulder, and swung him round.

"The Prince Leone, you say?"

"Why, yes!"

"Come with me."

"The good stranger will save me from this injustice?"

"I will save you."

And that night Ribiere the fisherman was hidden in David's room at the hotel, and told to make no sound lest his presence be discovered.

But there are prying eyes in Sorrento, and news of the hiding was brought to Giovanni.

"For the moment leave him with the American," said the Prince. "Make no arrest. I understand the American is not too friendly to the suit of my son. Ribiere may be more useful to us there than on the scaffold."

The meeting of David and Genevieve lacked ease and cordiality.

"You love this man?" David asked, after they had shaken hands.

"Have you the right to ask that?" said Genevieve.

"Once you said you loved me."

She laughed.

"That was a long time ago. I was a child. Now I am a—woman."

"So you love him?"

"I love him."

"And he loves you?"

"Mr. Pike!"

"I have the right to ask. Remember, I am your guardian. It seems to me that too much importance is attached to this matter of the 750,000 dollars."

"Do you insinuate—"

She broke off and suddenly unclasped a rope of pearls from about her neck.

"You see these? They are part of the crown jewels of Sorrento." And she told him by what means they had come into her possession. "Do you think they need have done that? The word of a royal house is sufficient. But they insisted that I take them. I assure you—"

"Say no more," said David. "You love him, and I will think it over. But remember that I do not yet give my consent. Love should overlook dollars. If the Prince—"

She walked away and left him. When he looked down he found that in his hands was the rope of pearls that was part of the crown jewels of Sorrento.

That night David had visitors representative of the reigning house.

"It has come to our notice that you shelter a criminal," he was told. "You may have your reasons, but it is against the law of this country."

"The man has told me his story," said David, "and I believe him. There has been an error of justice. He is innocent."

"That is for the law to decide. But when you fight the law of this country, you run the risk of arrest and imprisonment. It would not be a short imprisonment. To harbour a murderer is a very serious thing."

"You threaten me?"

"No, no. Listen. It has come to our notice that you refuse your consent to your ward's betrothal to our Prince. Sanction it, and you go free. Continue to refuse, and withhold the 750,000 dollars, and you will be immediately arrested."

"For withholding my consent?"

"For sheltering a murderer!"

David considered a moment and then turned to the messenger.

"To-morrow," he said, "bring your lawyers and the necessary documents for signature. I will do as you ask. Have the Prince here, and his father."

The messenger bowed, and was gone.

The Prince and his father and sister, with their officials, sat on one side of the room. On the other were Genevieve and Horace. At a table in the centre stood David Pike.

"Then we are all agreed," said the Prince.

"But for one little thing," said David. "As proof of your sincerity, Miss Simpson pointed out to me that on the occasion of a small loan from her to you, you insisted that she retain this rope of pearls as a security until the pledge was redeemed? That is so."

"We owed her no less," said Giovanni.

"I am told that the pearls are part

*Faustina had been killed by her lover.*





"Once you said you loved me," pleaded David. "That was a long time ago. I was a child—now I am a woman!"

of the crown jewels of this State, and that this fact makes doubly certain your sincerity in the matter?"

"That is so."

David took a step forward.

"I have taken the liberty of consulting an expert, and he advises me that the pearls are entirely worthless. In other words, a cheap imitation. This must have been known to you when you imposed on my ward in this manner. Have you anything to say?"

The old Prince bit his lip and the young Prince frowned. The royal family drew aside and conversed in whispers. Then they returned to the table.

"If you doubt our sincerity longer, let us say," said Giovanni, "that we are willing to take a lesser sum as a marriage settlement. I would suggest—"

"Stop!" cried Genevieve, springing to her feet. "This affair seems to be degenerating into an auction mart. I refuse to be marked down like this. Prince Leone, I must confess that I seem to have been mistaken. It is a lady's privilege to change her mind, even when a prince is concerned. I beg leave to change mine. Good-day!"

They had no time for quiet talk until the train was in the station, and they were about to set out on the first stage of their return to Indiana. But then it suddenly burst forth, with a power of scorn turned against herself by Genevieve, that surprised David as he never had been surprised before.

"I have been a fool! I am a fool

still! I said I was a woman, and only a girl three years ago. Nay! I grow the other way. I am becoming more of a child day by day—a foolish child. I have deserved every bit of it. I have let stupid ambition blind me—"

He took her arm, less gently than anyone had taken her arm before.

"Don't," he interrupted sharply, "I can't bear to hear you talk that way."

"But it's true, true," persisted Genevieve. "I threw away a love that was sincere in order to pursue the phantom of vanity. Like a mere school-girl, I allowed myself to be dazzled by the lustre of a title."

"But if you love me now," said David quietly, "nothing else matters. This foolish interlude cannot alter our lives. Let us forget it, and start afresh. Three years ago you told me that you loved me, Genevieve. I want you to tell me now that you were sincere. Say that you still care for me."

Genevieve bowed her head.

"I am not worthy of unselfish love," she murmured brokenly. "I have been so selfish myself. You must despise me as I have come to despise myself."

Suddenly she found herself in David's arms.

"You do not answer," he said. "I keep asking and asking, and you keep talking and talking and refusing to answer. Do you love me?"

The storm passed, and suddenly she smiled.

"I answered your question three years ago," she said.

## "I WILL" (Continued from Page 21)

"I will" before the camera as yet. Interesting sidelights upon the marriage customs of foreign countries are obtained when stories like "Thelma" are filmed. The Japanese ceremonial, with its intermittent and interminable cups of saké and tea, was seen, in part, in Mary Pickford's *Madam Butterfly*.

There is a gypsy wedding, complete at all points, in *A Gypsy Cavalier*; and an impressive gypsy betrothal in *The Bohemian Girl*. The accepted authority upon screen marriages in general is surely Cecil B. De Mille. His amusing treatises in celluloid—*Don't Change Your Husband*, *Why Change Your Wife?* etc.—are excellent as entertainment, if not altogether reliable guides. *Forbidden Fruit*, too, had an ill-assorted marriage as its starting-point, and beautiful fairyland celebrations of a more satisfactory union at the end.

The way of a wooer and a wedder in the great Wild Movie West is well exemplified by Messrs. William S. Hart, Tom Mix, and Buck Jones. Out there weddings are very simple affairs, and clergymen are invariably to hand whenever they are wanted.

About 1917, all the known problems arising from or connected with weddings having been filmed, producers commenced again at the beginning, and they are only halfway through the list of "been-done-before's" to date. Back to prehistoric ages goes *Adam's Rib*, a coming Cecil De Mille creation; the picturesque episode of *The Bride of Cana* was beautifully treated in Griffith's *Intolerance*; whilst mediæval pageantry and beauty had a good showing in Marion Davies' *The Bride's Play* and Doug Fairbanks' *Robin Hood*. But the scenes of wooing which usually precede the ceremonies of wedlock are sometimes played out of turn in the studios. According to Shakespeare, "Hanging and wooing go by destiny," says the old saw." This doesn't apply to movies. Therein, both these cheery little pastimes for spare moments go by numbers, or even go on by the hour when something or somebody fails to register. For, after all, it isn't the easiest thing in the world for an actor to make earnest love to his film sweetheart beneath the scrutiny of at least a dozen pairs of eyes and the director's rapid fire of instructions. If the heroine is too coy, or smiles too soon, the whole thing must be done again. Yet it is well worth the trouble, for when the picture reaches the screen the romance catches the spectators in its toils and remains with them long after they have seen the film. And how many impressionable flappers have gone home and dreamed blissful dreams in which they murmured an ecstatic response to marriage vows with Rodolph Valentino or Kenneth Harlan at the other end of the wedding ring!

The Star of  
The Month.



# DORIS May

Time was when Douglas Maclean and Doris May were the most popular pair of screen light-comedy exponents extant. And the huge army of movie fans all over the universe agitated their minds for months and months and months over the question whether the two who played husband and wife so convincingly were really married. Pretty Doris May grew tired of answering the question; Douglas Maclean produced a life-sized wife all his own; but still the rumour persisted until at last the screen partnership was dissolved. Doris May became a star by herself, and at the same time acquired a wedding ring and a husband, called Wallace MacDonald, to go with it. As Wallace was leading man in several of her next films, the same old question took a new lease of life, and Uncle Sam's inland revenue benefited considerably. Doris is a maid of Seattle, Washington, and both her parents were writers. She entered screenland proper by the door of Ince's studio, though she had already had one rather exciting experience.



With Wallace MacDonald in  
"The Understudy."

When Cecil De Mille was screening *The Little American*, with Mary Pickford, he wanted a "double" for the shipwreck scenes. So he persuaded Doris' mother, a friend of his, to lend him her fourteen-year-old daughter. Which doubtless accounted for the future star's confidence when, a few years later, she assured Thomas Ince that, though she hadn't had much screen experience, she could do anything. Via stunts and small parts she graduated to playing lead in Charles Ray's



Doris May and Harry Myers in "Boy Crazy."

films, and later, with Douglas Maclean, found fame in *Twenty-Three-and-a-Half-Hours' Leave* and many other light comedies. Her first star film was *The Foolish Age*; and future releases include *The Understudy* and a William Farnum film, *The Gun Fighter*. Doris May is the sole claimant to "real nut-brown hair" in film-land, and she has eyes of the same uncommon tint.

A scene from "Eden and Return."



# Film Stars Gloria



A little classical music on the gramophone - de - luxe.



Gloria's home at Beverley Hills is as gorgeous as the star herself. Above: The imposing entrance.



Above: Gloria and her Russian wolf-hound Ivan.



Right: Decorating a room with flowers from her garden.

# At Home SWANSON



It seems that Gloria has a dress to match every room in her house.

The ornate mantels which are feature of Gloria's home were designed by the star herself.



Left: On the terrace overlooking the beautiful grounds.

Above: A corner of the entrance hall.

# With Clemenceau in China

*When East Comes West.*

At Epinay, in the Department of Seine et Oise, I asked the local gendarme for the Eclair Kinema Studios, and was directed to an old manor standing in handsome grounds at the edge of a miniature forest. I had been invited to witness the filming of some scenes for *La Voile du Bonheur*, but I was not prepared for the sight that met my eyes when I entered the studio. I was no longer in France, but in a delightful little Chinese town bustling with polite natives!

On the carpeted steps of a beautiful pagoda I was introduced to M. E. E. Violet, the famous French producer, his assistant, Felix Ford, and the chief camera-man, M. G. Asselin. From them I gleaned some particulars of the production.

The story, *La Voile du Bonheur*, is by M. Georges Clemenceau, and the scenes are all laid in China, with nothing but Chinese characters. For this it was necessary to reconstruct them in the studios, and find a Chinese-born cast. The producer, who had tried the experiment of French actors and actresses, made up to

Liao ("Ton Fou") and his wife (Sussie Watta).



Pretty sets for "*La Voile du Bonheur*," constructed at the Eclair studios. The centre picture shows the commencement of the construction.

resemble Chinese, saw the futility of continuing such an experiment, and that is why the whole cast comes from China, and in their own sphere of activity are well known as cinema "stars."

At the far end of the studio was erected an immense pagoda, a faithful reconstruction of the real thing, mostly in wood. It is a wonder of artistic workmanship and delicate carving, and each "brick" on the roof had to be made separately. On the steps leading up to it are genuine Chinese hangings in the shape of messages on panels valued at many thousands of francs; while

at the foot are two giant dragon-dogs which a small fortune could not buy.

Descending these steps one crosses over a bridge, under apple and plum trees and rose-boughs, and one looks over the side on to a stream with miniature waterfalls and gold and silver fish. All this built inside a studio!

Real flowers, real grass, real plants, all grown to order! A stream of rushing, whirling waters splashing merrily the mossy banks, and a beautiful Chinese girl of not more than sixteen reclining in charming abandon on the grass.

Then, passing under a magnificent archway, one leaves the property pagoda and grounds of the poet Tchang I.

Straight in front is the main street of the town: La Rue des Bambous, so-called because outside each shop or house there hangs a bamboo sign. Up and down this small street, Chinese men, women, and children promenade.

On one of the days I was at the studio a scene to be filmed was that of a prisoner in the care of five policemen passing over the bridge and into the pagoda, and one of the effects in this was that the little flowers of the apple-trees fell on the party as they proceeded on their way into the house. This, of course, was supposedly caused by the wind.

One of the workmen settled himself comfortably in the branches of one of the trees out of range of the camera, and at a given signal was to release the oxygen contained in a cylinder, and by means of a long rubber tube direct the breeze on the flowers.

Also, on the moving gangway centred directly above the bridge, Felix Ford, with a paper bag of these flowers, was to drop them at the moment the oxygen escaped. In the preliminary test the first supply of oxygen gave out, and in the second attempt the flowers blew the wrong way. The third attempt was spoilt because there was no oxygen left, and then, finally, a conference was held as to how the flowers were to be made to fall and blow across the bridge.

It was Felix Ford who was struck with the bright idea of the "Four Winds"—namely, two workmen, Mr. Ford and myself. We each took a piece of cardboard, and created four vigorous winds (which made us fearfully hot!) The pretty little pink flowers were soon blowing all over the place, and so the scene was taken.

OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.



Dorothy Phillips.



A scene from "All the World's a Stage."

# Men Women & Movies

Dorothy Phillips chats about her experiences in the world of film.

The soft note of a distant church bell floated across the still air of the Californian garden, as I made my way up the tree-lined drive leading to Dorothy Phillips' Hollywood home. And when first I saw the fair object of my quest, walking slowly beneath the shade of distant trees whose branches dissected with picturesque light and shadow the sun-rays that caressed her long white dress, I paused on the smooth gravel path.

For here was a scene which irresistibly sent the familiar chanting strains of "In a Monastery Garden" fleeting through one's mind. The diminutive figure in white, had she resembled a devotional monk, would have heightened the illusion which the restful cadence of the distant bell and the peaceful charm of the garden created.



Dorothy Phillips in "The Right to Happiness," in which she played a dual rôle.

And because Dorothy Phillips' expressive grey eyes invite one's confidences, I told her of my imaginings when she crossed a lawn of emerald green and greeted me with that fascinating smile which has beautified the screens of the world.

"I was once in a convent," she told me in her rich, resounding voice. "They were days which have left many happy memories, and, who

knows, perhaps, in designing my garden here, I subconsciously surrounded myself with the verdant peacefulness which brightens the grey walls within which the sisters live in seclusion."

She laughed at the surprise that my face revealed when she told me this secret of her early life. And certainly it was difficult to visualise Dorothy Phillips with a nun's veil sweeping over her dark wavy hair; or her grey eyes, which mirror her love of life and freedom, averted from the world and shadowed by the dim light of the cloisters.

"But for the influence of my friends, I should have taken the veil in my younger days," she admitted, when we had settled down in a picturesque revolving summer house, over which roses were interlaced in the green - and - white trellis work.

"You have no regrets?" I asked, for the garden was very fair and



With Hobart Henley in "The Right to Happiness."

Below: Two home pictures of Dorothy Phillips—in her drawing-room and in her kitchen.



peaceful, and at that moment it seemed infinitely preferable to the noise and heat of the glass-roofed studios, where nerves become ragged things and physical exhaustion figures in the price demanded by the relentless cameras.

Dorothy Phillips has the gift of woman's intuition to an exceptional degree, as is so often the case with those of strong personality.

She divined that I realised the price that those who go down to the studios to star in pictures have to pay for

screen fame.

"Film-making has become a far more serious business for artistes than it was at one time," she admitted. "The rose-strewn paths to stardom do not exist. It is hard work all the time, and one's efforts must continually be inspired by a tremendous enthusiasm for one's calling. Otherwise, unconvincing acting is bound to creep into one's work."

There is a human quality about Dorothy Phillips, and one instinctively knows, as she talks, that it is the real things of life which hold her.

She admitted that in a little

confession that escaped from her as we sat in the cooling shade of the old-world summer house.

"Marriage has had a big influence on my film career," she said happily. "The comradeship and understanding of my husband, who has been with me almost entirely during my screen work, has helped me to make sacrifices and face disappointments which otherwise I might not have withstood.

"You see," she explained with a quiet smile, "I met Allan when I was playing in *Everywoman*—my first big picture.

"I was enacting the rôle of 'Modesty,' and he was 'King Love.' Allan fell in love with 'Modesty,' and I certainly fell in love with 'Love,'" she concluded, with a demure sweep of shadowed lashes over her lovely eyes.

"I was very grateful for the help and protection of a husband in the year that followed that picture," she admitted. "For we experienced many disappointments and some hardships in our quest for work.

"We danced round our little apartment in New York like happy children when at last a letter came from Essanay in New York offering us film work together. After that we left misfortune behind. I worked terribly hard in those days to rise to stardom; and Allan, after making good as a screen actor, eventually got his chance at directing, which had always been his ambition."

"Some of the brides of to-day," I suggested with a smile, "insist on the word 'obey' being left out of the marriage service. How would they fare, it, like yourself and Mr. Allan Holubar, the wife had to carry out implicitly the smallest command of her husband on the studio floor?"

"In really happy marriage, there should be no clashing of personalities," said Dorothy Phillips, with her pretty mouth very straight and determined. "And it is the same with actresses-wives and director-husbands in the studios.

"Allan and I work for hours together beneath the studio arc-lamps. And because we are in entire sympathy with one another, we are both able to put our best efforts into our creative work before the cameras. I am sure that the alliance of husbands and wives who work together in the studios brings a new spirit of comradeship into professional life behind the screen."

"Strange philosophy, this," I contemplated, remembering how the confessions of my fair hostess discredited Dame Rumour's gossip



In "Hurricane's Girl," released this month.



on the strange and lax mésalliance of marriage which so many believed existed in the film colonies of California.

Fame has not spoilt Dorothy Phillips. There is an attractive, almost girlish shyness about her when she talks of her remarkably varied screen career—as if she is timid that her pride in her accomplishments might be misconstrued as boastfulness.

Yet this diminutive star, with much of the outward fragility of a Dresden china figure, can exhibit the resourcefulness and courage of a Diana.

She told me that the greatest ordeal of her screen career was in the big Amazonian battle-scene in *Man—Woman—Marriage*.

She had to ride on a barebacked horse in a mighty charge at the head of an army of twenty thousand riders.

"I knew that death was at my heels, for the slightest slip or stumble on the part of my mount would have inevitably resulted in my being crushed by the hoofs of the horses thundering behind me. The worst thought of all during those unforgettable moments was the realisation that Allan, my husband, who was directing the scene, was watching me with his heart in his mouth, lest I should fall."

Although *Man—Woman—Marriage*, with its story of love through the ages, proved to be one of Dorothy Phillips' greatest successes, it provided many strenuous moments for her.

"During the scene in which Rome was shown on the screen at the height of its splendour," reminisced Dorothy, "I played the part of a slave girl who was brutally lashed. The giant Roman centurion who enacted the rôle of the court servitor was intended to use a whip of pliant imitation leather. He accidentally picked up a whip composed of tough raw hide, and with this punishing weapon he flogged my back for several seconds before the mistake was discovered."

Dorothy Phillips shrugged her slim, shapely shoulders at the memory of this painful experience. "I had ugly red weals on my back and arms for days," she told me; "and because I was unable to appear in low-cut dresses for some weeks, the progress of the film was delayed."

My fair hostess confessed that often her screen dresses cost over fifteen thousand pounds a year.

"But that is an extravagance which has grown during recent years," she said. "For I am quite a screen veteran, you know," she laughed gaily



Above : Dorothy Phillips and her husband, Allan Holubar.

Below : Outside her studio dressing-room.



with a suggestion of youth in her smiling eyes that belied her claim to being one of the pioneers of the moving pictures.

"For ten years ago, when I first came to the films, and for a long period after that, I was invariably cast in rôles which necessitated modest clothes and tear-stained cheeks. It was probably the natural wistful expression of my eyes and the sad twist of my mouth which resulted in producers selecting me for parts which necessitated tear-laden lashes and quivering lips.

"It was only when I went to the Universal Company, after my earliest days with Essanay, that I left my tearful parts behind.

"In *The Springtime of Youth*, *The House with the Drawn Shades*, *Rene Haggard*, *The Gentleman Volunteer*, *Ladder of Fortune*, *Don't Wake the Baby*, *His Own Trap*, and *Storms of Sunshine*, I portrayed a variety of emotional parts ranging from a short-skirted flapper to a Society hostess."

"Your favourite picture?" I asked with a painful lack of originality. But the fascinating personality of Dorothy Phillips, and her attractive but somewhat disconcerting habit of seeming to read your innermost thoughts with those big grey expressive eyes, to which the cameras are so kind, are somewhat disturbing to the susceptible mind.

"You will never guess," she laughed. "When I was quite a



child in the nursery, one of my most treasured possessions was a magic lantern. Mother had a slide made from my photograph, and I always remember how I loved to see that picture on the sheet. That was, in reality, my first screen appearance."

Memories of her own childhood recalled the thought of Gwendoline, the fair-haired little daughter whose grave grey eyes gazed enquiringly at me, when her mother had called her from the Japanese garden that spreads its picturesque expanses beyond the emerald lawn.

"Gwendoline is going to be a film star one day," said Dorothy. And the child, who has one of the most beautiful mothers in the film colony of California, nodded her curly head gravely, as though she had thoroughly made up her mind on that point.

"She's already been screened," explained Dorothy.

"Every year she is filmed, and I thus keep a record of her childhood days, so that when she grows up the pictures will be like an animated family album for herself and our future descendants."

Gwendoline was an interested listener when her mother told us about her adventures whilst on location for the filming of *Slander the Woman*, her latest production.

She had only just returned from the snow-clad precincts of the Truckee River, a part of California which reflects the amazing vagaries of that quarter of the globe, which is as generous with snow and ice as it is with its sunshine.

"Often we had to travel from our hotel through the snow on sledges," she



Two scenes from Dorothy Phillips' current release, "Hurricane's Girl."



explained, "and to reach one location, we had to ride up the slopes on a narrow gauge railroad and cross the Truckee River on a cable pulley device.

"On one occasion we got stuck over the black icy waters. I saw my husband waving frantically from the distant

bank. I learned afterwards that his concern was as much due to the fact that I had imperilled his precious script as to his fears for my safety.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, with a kindly smile that radiated friendship from his bronzed features, shadowed the entrance to the picturesque summer house. It was simple to see the admiration in Allan Holubar's eyes as, after we had been introduced, he talked to me of his wife's successes.

"We really found our first big chance together," he said, "and that was when I had the opportunity of directing *The Heart of Humanity*, with my wife."

I left them in that peaceful garden arm in arm—the honeymoon couple, as they are nicknamed by the understanding residents of the Western film colony. And even the brilliance of the Californian sunshine seemed to fade a little as I turned and waved my hand in farewell. For the radiance of perfect happiness was the brightest thing of all in that restful garden.

M. P.



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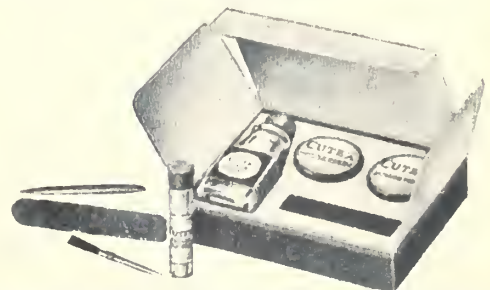
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# A Romance of the South

All-star cast in *One Clear Call*, released this month.

Amongst the many picturesquely spectacular moments in *One Clear Call*, the most impressive is the night raid of the famous Klu Klux Klansmen. This organization, founded by the men of the South at the moment of their country's greatest need, flourishes to-day and is a most powerful influence in America. *One Clear Call* is a story of the South, and of a dissolute inhabitant of a peaceful old town in Alabama. Henry Walthall, himself a native of Southern America, plays this rôle, and shares star honours with Milton Sills, as an impulsive young doctor, and Claire Windsor, as "Faith," a mysterious patient of his, who, later, proves to be the



From top: Milton Sills and Henry Walthall. The Klu Klux Klansmen. Henry Walthall and Edith York. Milton Sills and Claire Windsor. Nick Coyley and a four-footed pal.

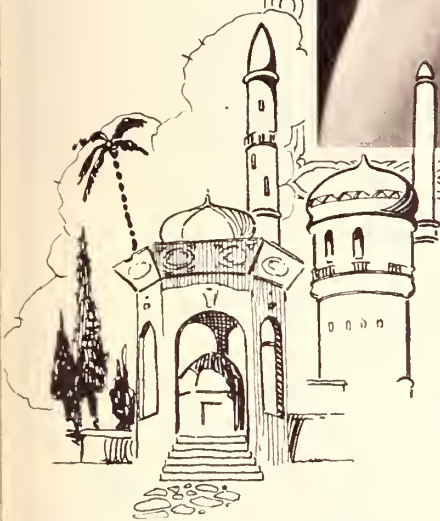
wife of his lawless friend. Repentance comes to this man, who has been running a notorious inn, and he does his best to set right some of the many wrongs he has committed. And his doctor friend falls into bad ways until a sudden crisis sobers him up, when he, too, sets out upon the road to reformation.

John M. Stahl, who directed, is a man who commenced as an extra at five dollars a day. He has put it on record that he took over two hundred thousand feet of film for *One Clear Call*, afterwards cutting out all unnecessary footage, and reducing it to the usual six thousand feet.





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THE CREAM OF FASCINATION

# Movies before Business



Henry Victor (left) in "The Prodigal Son."

"Can you ever imagine me as a business man?" queried Henry Victor, as I lounged into a comfortable club chair opposite him.

"Um—" I pondered.

Then, not waiting for my reply, he continued: "Well, I'd never make a good one, anyway, because I tried very hard to interest myself in things commercial when I was young. Candidly, I did not know what I wanted to do, but everything I tried to do I didn't like, until I visited a picture theatre for the first time. Then I knew I had found what I had sought for so long—something which interested me tremendously, something to which I felt I wanted to devote my whole attention."

"And how did you find your way into a film studio?" I queried.

"It took a long time," Victor confessed; "because I had to do it surreptitiously. My friends laughed at me when I told them I wanted to be a film actor. They little knew that I was at that time actually experiencing the first real thrill I had ever had in my life—the thrill of feeling that I had started on the only career which would ever hold me."

Despite the fact that his father endeavoured to crush all Victor's hopes and ambitions, he did not succeed in keeping his son away from filmland. Soon after his debut he was selected to play a leading part—because of his exceptional type of features.

Undoubtedly Victor's sincerity of purpose has carried him a long way. He is one of the few who realise that no one achieves a victory unless one suffers loss.

"No matter to what career you turn," says Victor, "in order to

That's the motto of Henry Victor, and the movies have benefited thereby.

achieve your purpose, there comes a time when you have to risk everything if you want to succeed. Despite all that my friends said, I was convinced that the film was my medium of expression—it just came to me in a flash. But I had the courage of that conviction, and sacrificed a great deal to follow this career.

"Frequently in life," he continued, "one finds that numbers of people are opposed to one's ideas—it is then that one can hope for success, because it must be something worth while troubling about. It is then that the most difficult test of one's career takes place. How easy it is to go along the way to success if the majority is with you—but how difficult if one is more or less fighting on one's own. How much greater is the victory if one does succeed!"

And so he mused—this great big boyish film actor. To meet him casually one would not credit him with such depth of sincerity. Then I asked him to apply his statements to the average man or woman.

"Well!" he queried, "was not I one of the average kind of men? I had no one to assist me—I knew no one even remotely connected with films when I started out, but I have progressed a little way!"

"One thing," he said later, "I would like to impress on those who feel their medium is the screen is the fact that leading parts do not come along easily."

That he has made his mark in the parts he has already essayed there can be little doubt, but he confesses that he is tired of leading other men's wives astray for films.

He thinks it is about time he was given a film wife of his own.

*The Old Wives' Tale, Diana of the Crossways, and A Bill*



of *Divorcement* are three other films in which Victor's work will be well remembered.

"There you are, you see," he said, "Wives and divorce seem to haunt my film life!"

B.B.

With Fay Compton in "A Bill of Divorcement."



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### THE CULPRIT.

All the ladies everywhere,  
Plump and slender, dark and fair,  
Ladies young, and some I've seen  
Not so young as they have been—  
Clever girl and simple maid,  
Pretty, saucy, prim and staid—  
Each one's heart in secret sighs,  
Wounded by two wondrous eyes!

Really, it's an awful shame  
Rudy should bear all the blame.  
For those eyes' mysterious flame—  
Cupid's fault it is, whose arts  
Fashioned those dear, deadly darts,  
Just to pierce poor maidens' hearts!  
LUCIA (Leyton).

### FIXED STARS.

In truth a "movie" fan am I.  
Fair goddesses of Shadowland  
In every pose gaze down at me,  
And beauty smiles on either hand.  
My walls are filling day by day—  
I hesitate to alter it—  
I cannot take them down because  
I love them all a little bit.

Bobbed-haired brunettes and blue-eyed  
blondes,  
For every one I've found a place.  
To me each has that special charm  
That goes to make a "movie" face.  
'Tis true I like one photo best,  
And often do I gaze at it.  
But no! The others too must stay—  
I love them all a little bit.

A little later on, perhaps,  
When other stars begin to shine,  
Upon my walls I'll make a change,  
For other faces as divine.  
At present in my heart, I know,  
And daily grow more sure of it,  
I cannot, will not, take them down—  
I love them all a little bit.  
P. R. J. (Crawley).

# Kinema Carols

### MONTE BLUE.

I know an actor dark and tall,  
Who is my favourite star of all.  
His eyes are brown and kind and  
true,  
I do admire you, Monte Blue!  
N. H. (Glasgow).

### AGNES AYRES.

You ask who is my "movie" queen?  
Whom do I love the best?  
Without a doubt sweet Agnes Ayres  
By far outshines the rest.

She's winsome and she's beautiful;  
Her acting is divine.  
I think you'll find it hard to beat  
This fav'rite star of mine.  
LOVER OF AGNES (Cheshire).

### RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in William but not in Quinn,  
My second's in Mary but not in Glynne.  
My third is in Lewis but not in Dayton,  
My fourth is in Ethel and also in  
Clayton.  
My fifth is in Edna but not in Best,  
My sixth is in Clare but not in West.  
My seventh is in Marjorie but not in  
Daw,  
My eighth is in Brinsley but not in  
Shaw.  
My ninth is in Haidee but not in  
Wright,  
My tenth is in Pearl but not in White.  
My eleventh is in Barbara as well as  
La Marr,  
My twelfth is in Mary but not in Carr.  
And my whole is an ugly but competent  
star.  
(Answer: Wallace Beery.)  
R. O. R. (Catford).

### FAME AT LAST.

Oh to be an "extra"!  
If only to be seen;  
To weep, to sweep,  
To dust—I must  
Be something on the screen.

Oh to be a film star!  
It makes my heart beat fast.  
And yet I bet I'll be that yet,  
For in a Pathé's "News Gazette,"  
I'm on the screen at last!  
C. R. (Manor Park).

### TO RODOLPH VALENTINO.

The Sheik of Araby  
Has fascinated me.  
Film heroines are slow,  
They never seem to know;  
And when for love he'll cry,  
They grow afraid and shy. . . .  
I wish he'd just ask ME,  
That Sheik of Araby!  
M. L. (Barnes).

### 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.]

### Coming the Old Acid.

In *Bulldog Drummond* "Drummond" throws "Dr. Lakington" into the acid bath prepared for himself. "Lakington" jumps out of the bath and rushes downstairs, his clothes burnt and saturated with acid. He is, however, struck and killed by two iron bars swinging from the wall. Presently "Drummond" and another man are seen carrying the corpse upstairs. As the Doctor's clothes are still wet with acid, how is it that "Drummond" and his friend, who wear no gloves or other special equipment, escape being burnt?—J. C. (Streatham Hill).

### Screen Mirrors are Unique.

When Mae Marsh, as "Paddy" in *Paddy the Next Best Thing*, returns from "Lawrence Blake's" ball, she is seen surveying herself in a long mirror. As she walks towards her reflection, her feet protrude beneath the frame from the other side. It is quite clear that the "mirror" is simply an empty frame behind which she stands to represent her reflection.—K. G. (Elstree).

### Obviously!

In *Hurricane Hutch*, Episode XII, Miss Kellogg is seen inside the hut, wearing a necktie. Immediately after she appears outside the hut without it. Did she change as she went through the door?—T. H. (Bolton).

### Heatproof Harry.

Mary Carr, as the mother in *Silver Wings*, makes "Harry," the eldest son, a cake. Upon his return from school she takes it out of the oven with a cloth and gives it to him. "Harry" takes it in his bare hands and eats it immediately. Were his hands and mouth heatproof?—D. T. (Sheffield).

### The Car that Took the Wrong Turning.

Whilst "Barnes," the hero in *Breakneck Barnes*, is motoring, his car is brought to a standstill by lack of petrol. He accepts the offer of a lift in a passing car, and leaves his motor by the wayside. The car he is in disappears round a corner, and his own car is lost to sight. "Barnes" is then knocked on the head by two men, and at the same time, back along the road, a glimpse is caught of the motor he has just left. How is it that it can still be seen after they had turned the corner?—W. E. I. (Putney Heath).





# The Picturegoer in Paris

by OSCAR M. SAERIDAN.

Acquired by Stoll for release in England, *La Maison du Mystère*, is undoubtedly the best episode-film that has been produced in France, or edited by a French firm for very many years. The acting of each and every artiste in a distinguished cast, the lighting, settings, and photography are excellent throughout the six parts.

In a powerful plot with thrills galore, Ivan Mosjoukine, a Russian artiste, has leapt into fame in a manner that is as remarkable as it is worthy of praise. Even French producers, who have not time to waste on compliments, have showered bouquets on Mosjoukine, whom they have dubbed what would mean in English, "King in the Art of Vibrating the Heart-Strings."

Some splendid effects are got into his new film, and one particularly worth mentioning is an innovation in kinema photography, called "shadow-pictures." In this manner a whole marriage ceremony and the celebrations that follow are projected on the screen in a clever display of living shadows, or rather, black silhouettes. The effect is most mysterious, but very original; it has met with much success in Paris.

Mosjoukine is the chief star in an all-star cast, including Charles Vanel, in the part of "Corradin," the villain; Hélène Darly as "Mme. Villandrit"; Nicholas Colline as "Rudeberg"; and little Simone, "Génévois." The great discovery of *The House of Mystery*, however, is the splendid



Top: Ivan Mosjoukine and Francine Mussey in "The House of Mystery."



Above: France Dhelia in "La Garçonne" a study in expressions.

acting of Francine Mussey, who although only eighteen years of age, in her portrayal of "Christiane Villandrit," the daughter of "Julien Villandrit" (Mosjoukine), deserves to be placed side by side with the Gish Sisters and Mary Pickford as one of the best screen actresses of to-day.

While at Montreuil, near Paris, the other day, I dropped in at the big studios where Mosjoukine is now hard at work on another production in which he takes the leading part, and the title of which is *Kean*. Mosjoukine is extremely modest and rather shy. He was anxious to know what English kinemagoers would think of his latest film, and told me that he hoped to visit England shortly. His latest picture, by the way, is *Le*

*Brasier Ardent*, but this is not to be released until *Kean* has been finally completed.

A minor sensation has been caused in the French kinema world by the announcement that a film called *La Garçonne*, adapted from the much-discussed novel, is to be released shortly all over the world. Mlle. France Dhelia, who takes the rôle of "Monique Lherbier," the heroine, tells me that the production has nothing of the improper, and all the scenes could be witnessed by a child.

An amusing Aubert Comedy, the first this prominent firm has produced for a long while, is *Simple Erreur*, which will be seen on the other side of the Channel before very long. It is a somewhat absurd but mirthful parody on the futility, in the eyes of a woman, of such an uninteresting sport as fishing. Mme. Dumont, as the wife, has a husband who behaves very curiously as a result of his having taken up as a hobby trout-fishing, and the complications that arise are very funny.

In the handsome studios of the Film d'Art Company at Neuilly, near Paris, there was an extraordinary scene the other day when it was discovered that a short section of the film *La Dame de Monsoreau*, was missing. The result was that all the sets had to be re-erected, and the artistes brought back for the re-filming of the missing part.

Genevieve Felix in her dressing-room at Neuilly.





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dramatic one, in which our own Fay Compton has made a tremendous personal success.

Film "heroes" are good and plentiful around Hollywood these days, but good "villains" are rarer, and it seems that there are barely enough to go round. Some of them are working in two films at once, like Stuart Holmes, who is Universal's pet bad man. Besides working his wicked wiles there, he is the bad man of Gasnier's *Daughters of the Rich*.

gets his money back. But, we'll say, having seen the film, that it was worth it.

Rodolph Valentino is very anxious to get busy before the "Kleigs" again. He has a vaudeville contract to fulfil, but it is rumoured that he is offering Famous-Lasky a large sum of money if they will release him from his contract without legal formality. Because the law moves very, very slowly, and Rudy doesn't want to wait until the flame of enthusiasm about him shows any signs of dying. He has a couple of films still to be released over here, but they have not particularly good stories.

Mary Carr, who is working in a film with Mildred Harris, was playing in pictures back in 1908. Her husband, William Carr, had become a director, and Mary (she was known as Mary Kenevan, leading lady of a Philadelphia stock company), sometimes played tiny parts to oblige him. Out at Kellyville, some five miles' journey from Philadelphia, Mary Carr was in several Wild West pictures. Since those days she has found fame as a screen "mother," and has seven children of her own.

An interesting return to screenland is that of beautiful Alice Joyce, who seemed to have definitely retired. She will play the leading rôle in *The Green Goddess*, a very popular George Arliss play, to be filmed by Distinctive Pictures.

Norma Talmadge is studying the ways of crinolines again. She is going to be "Mary" in the picturisation of "Secrets." This play has had a great vogue in both England and America, and the part is a finely

It's a wonder he doesn't get his rôles mixed. Walter Long, too, is committing crimes in two films per day, and Ernest Torrence is meditating fresh atrocities.

The Eskimo "Nanook," around whose daily life and adventures the film, *Nanook of the North*, was made, died quite recently.

Some of the very good crowd work seen in *The Loves of Pharaoh* was directed and filmed from captive balloons. Different views of the same scene were thus obtained, and the great rush down of the attacking armies, in which a hundred thousand actors are said to have taken part, is thus seen to the best advantage. Beautiful Dagny Servaes, the star of this, will be seen again in November as "Catherine," the camp-follower who afterwards became Empress of Russia.

Rex Ingram's *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* is still showing in America, though London seems to have finished with it for the time. The film broke all records in an Ohio house last month.

They held a grand initiation ceremony in United Studios the day Ernest Torrence appeared on the lot for the first time. Ernest is working there for Maurice Tourneur in *The Brass Bottle*, and producer and players were all ready for him when he came out of his dressing-room. After being "put through it" by Harry Myers, Tully Marshall, and Bert Lytell, the ladies imposed several funny commands upon him, and he finally had to ride the trick mule, "Jazzbo," which feat isn't as easy as you might imagine. Ernest met his match, but managed to survive without damage, and is now acclaimed a fully fledged member of the United forces.

Colleen Moore has completed her work in *April Showers*, with Kenneth Harlan and Ruth Clifford. She is not going to film any more for awhile. Preparations for her marriage to John McCormick are well forward, and the affair will take place very shortly.

Andrée Lafayette, who went from Paris to Hollywood to play "Trilby," is exactly six-foot tall—like the character she is playing. In appearance, she is the ideal "Trilby," and is certainly the tallest star seen around Los these days. But the newer the star, the taller she is, lately; although screen heroines of the past were all *petite*. Creighton Hale is in the cast of *Trilby*.

With reference to a "Pulling Pictures to Pieces" award in last month's issue, Messrs. Welsh-Pearson point out that fights at the National Sporting Club—where the *Mord-Emily* fight was supposed to have taken place, are refereed from *outside* the ring. As a matter of fact, the fight in *Mord-Emily* was authentic in every detail, as it was supervised by National Sporting Club officials. George Pearson, most painstaking of producers, is very jealous that no mistakes should creep into his pictures.

When Pola Negri was making *Bella Donna*, a double was used for most of the long-distance and riding "shots." The director, George Fitzmaurice, had no little difficulty in finding her, though. The nearest thing in Pola Negri was eventually found in Winnie Brown, a daring "cow-girl" and stunt artist. Winnie has "doubled" for many famous stars in all kinds of daring deeds, but never before has she essayed a Society stunt.

The exact cost of making *Robin Hood* has now come to light. Without counting Doug's salary, about three thousand dollars a week or the seven months' screening, the figures are nine hundred and eighty-nine thousand dollars. By the time the film was taken to New York, other prints made, advertising costs, etc., added, the total was over a million dollars. So that it will certainly be a little while before Douglas

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Andrée Lafayette, who plays the title-role in "Trilby," inspects a model of the studio set. Richard Walton Tully, the producer, is seen in the centre.

Lois Wilson's little sister, Constance, has been on the screen for some months. She has just been promoted to leading rôles, and will play in *Fair Week* opposite Walter Hiers. We say "opposite" advisedly, for Constance is very small, and Walter Hiers—isn't. So they have to be careful and warn Walter not to hide his film sweetheart altogether by getting in front of her.

said neither he nor Murray has been seen on the lot since.

Bert Lytell has become a crook again, screenically, for he has signed with *Cosmopolitan* to play the title-rôle in a series of "Lone Wolf" stories.

A very staunch believer in Houdini was the late Sarah Bernhardt, who was a close friend of the famous "magician." At one time Sarah must have credited him with supernatural powers, for she sent him a request to restore one of her limbs, which had been amputated. Before she left America after her last tour, Bernhardt gave Houdini a small statue of herself as a remembrance. This little bronze had been presented to her by John Drew, but some time afterwards the widow of the sculptor who made it came along with the bill for it. This Houdini paid, but made his friend keep the statuette, which she afterwards gave him again, and it now reposes in Houdini's U.S.A. home.

The list of prominent players in *Hollywood* beats that in Cecil De Mille's *Affairs of Anatol* easily. *Anatol* set a hitherto unapproachable standard with its dazzling array of names, but *Hollywood* goes one better still. In it you will see Tom Meighan, Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Betty Compton, Leatrice Joy, Lila Lee, Walter Hiers, Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett, Nita Naldi, J. Warren Kerrigan, Elliott Dexter, Charles Ogle, Lois Wilson, Mary Astor, Hope Hampton, Will Rogers, and Ben Turpin; and directors James Cruze, Cecil De Mille, and Alfred Green. The last-named produced all Tom Meighan's recent films. In addition, there are four or five stage players in prominent rôles, but these are unfamiliar names to movie fans.

Baby Ben Alexander, whose appealing "ing" close ups" in several Griffith films gave him such a world-wide reputation, has grown from a yellow-headed mite into a sturdy schoolboy. He is playing "Penrod" in First National's *Penrod* and *Sam*. Ben has grown a bit darker as to hair, but his features haven't altered much.

Many and many a time has Charles Murray suffered at the hands of his fellow players when filming a comic fight or fall. He has just been martyred once more. In a Burr comedy Charles's film enemy was detailed to land him a hard kick on the shins. Forewarned is forearmed, and so the comedian put a football shin-guard carefully round him and told the man to do his worst. He did—but on the wrong leg, and 'tis

So successful was the *Leather Pushers* series of fighting two-reelers that Universal are making a similar series, but with horse-racing instead of boxing as their theme, titled *The Information Kid*. There will be eight stories in the series.

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Today Browning has directed his last Priscilla Dean picture for the present. He is now with Goldwyn's, for whom his first production will be *The Day of Faith*. This Arthur Somers Roche story ran in "Collier's Weekly" as a serial, and was very popular.

As soon as he returns from Canada, where the exteriors of *Snowbound* have been made, Gustav von Sefferlitz will take up his "heavy" rôle in *Under the Red Robe*. Gustav plays "Clon," who is not at all villainous, except in looks, but a sterling good fellow.

Nearly everybody has heard Bransby Williams or others recite "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," the well-known Service poem, which is having its second filming now. The story is based upon an actual happening, and was told to Service by a certain "Doc" Sugden, an eyewitness of the affair. It took place in an Alaskan saloon, and "Dan's" real name was "Wyoming Bill." He was not, however, a Westerner, but came from Boston, though he became a notorious gambler afterwards, and ran a gaming table. A place called "Nuggets" was the actual scene of the poem, and events happened exactly as described, except that "the lady that's known as Lou," afterwards went to Dawson City and married a wealthy miner there. Her family are still in Boston, but, according to "Doc" Sugden, they do not know their daughter was the "Lou" of the poem.

Cosmopolitan films are working upon another twelve-reel costume production. The principal male rôle, that of "King Henry of Navarre," will be played by Lionel Barrymore.

Clarence Badger directing Alice Lake and Marie Prevost in "Red Lights."



Charles Ray celebrated his birthday with, amongst other things, a 70-lb. birthday cake for all his studio workers. Everybody came in for a slice, from the villain to the humblest extra putting in one day's work on *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Charles Ray remarked, in an interval between munches, that his natal day coincided with the day on which he first became an independent producer. The year nineteen twenty-three is the third year of his enterprise.

Los Angeles will be more crowded than ever this month, when the American Historical Review and Motion Picture Exposition opens. Los will be in gala array, for the Exposition will entertain the President and some distinguished Washington guests. Pageants, movie and otherwise, will be staged; there is to be an electrical parade, and some big ball on the opening night, when a Queen of the Review and many other similar dignitaries (*pro tem.*) will assist in the opening ceremonies. Very beautiful buildings, of the Spanish-American pattern, are going up rapidly, and will cover about a hundred square feet of Exposition Park.

Mary Carr is still "mothering" the movies. She has just completed *You Are Guilty*, in which James Kirkwood, Doris Kenyon, Robert Edeson and a most appealing baby, Russell Griffin, are also seen.

Johnny Hines seems to have covered himself with glory in *Luck*, described as "the peppiest American comedy melodrama of to-day." He has stunts *à la* Fairbanks; riding feats not unworthy of Tom Mix; and fights Tom Meighan would not disdain, so doubtless he deserves his laurels.



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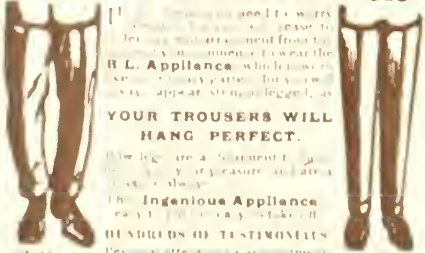


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Close upon the heels of the announcement that *Down to the Sea in Ships* was released comes the tidings that Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee, who played in it, are engaged. The pair have been friends since childhood, and both are popular players, though appearing only intermittently of late.

Corinne Griffith has left Vitagraph and will be next seen in *Six Days* (do you need telling this is an Elinor Glyn story?), made in Goldwyn studios. Part of the action of this film takes place in Paris. These will be reconstructed from scenes photographed on the spot under Mrs. Glyn's supervision six weeks ago.

When a new mystery story was being filmed at the Ince studios, an experienced diamond-cutter was busy for days making replicas of some of the most famous gems in history. A diamond robbery is one of the chief factors in the plot, and for this stones worth half-a-million were manufactured. When the set was ready, the "Koh-i-Noor," "Orloff," "Pasha," "Polar Star," "Regent," "Great Mogul," "Indian Table Stone," and "Sancy," "diamonds" all famous, and some infamous because of the bloodshed they caused, were there. The film, *A Man of Action*, is finished now, but the artificial diamonds are being kept in a vault pending their use in another production.

Tiny Dolores Costello, who used to be one of Vitagraph's child stars, has come back to the screen a slender maiden of seventeen. She will be seen in *Glimpses of the Moon*, in which Maurice Costello, also not entirely unknown in filmland, has a prominent part.

So that he could be on the spot as long as he liked, Rex Ingram has had a bungalow erected on the "lot" in the Metro studios, where *Scaramouche* is being filmed. He designed it himself, and it has five rooms, and a very special dressing-room for the star, Alice Terry, who is also Mrs. Rex Ingram.

British films are proving very popular in Toronto, Canada, where Famous Players have already released *Me and My Gal* (*Squibs*), and *Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep*. Others to be shown under the same auspices are *Dick Turpin's Ride to York*, *A Royal Divorce*, and some more Betty Balfour pictures.

So popular has "Buddy" Messenger become through his "kid brother" rôles in *The Flirt* and other plays that he is to be starred in six Century Comedies. Buddy has been a film player for several years, and his full cognomen is Melvin Joseph Messenger. He used to be one of the Fox Kiddies, and was in most of their pantomime films. Buddy was in *The Ragamuffin* also, with Mary Pickford, and his ambition is to be a "heavy" actor. He's surprisingly good at it: remember his frightful frown in Fox's *Babes in the Wood*?

Barbara La Marr will play "Roma" in the coming Goldwyn picture, *The Eternal City*. She is in Rome now making exteriors.

Hall Caine's "The Master of Man" is being filmed at Goldwyn's, with Victor Seastrom directing, and Mae Busch as "Mollie." And another production being made in the Metro studios is titled *The Master of Women*. Earle Williams, no longer a Vitagraph star, plays the title-rôle.

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### Aladdin from Broadway (Vitaphone; June 25).

A reissue of an Edith Storey feature romance. The story of a wager, and how a young American impersonates an Arab to carry out its terms, finding both adventure and romance in the East. Cast includes Antonio Moreno, William Duncan, Laura Winston, Otto Lederer, and George Holt. Good entertainment.

### A Night of Romance (Jury; June 25).

Viola Dana and Gaston Glass in an amusing comedy-drama in which a pretty girl deliberately makes herself into a plain one, reforms a bad lad, and marries him, with the full approval of his rich aunt. After which she discards her disguise and the fun begins. Light and bright.

### Another Man's Boots (U.K.; June 23).

Western romance with good horsemanship, fights, races, and a hard-working cast. Rather an obvious plot based upon one man's assumption of a false identity to please a dying pal who doesn't die. Well played by Francis Ford, Harry Smith, Elvira Wel, Frank Lanning, and Robert Kourtman.

### A Question of Honor (Ass. First Nat.; June 11).

A social butterfly is compelled to choose between a Wall Street financier and a young mining engineer. Very beautiful out-of-doors effects photographed in North California; also Anna Stewart, Edward Hearn, Arthur Stuart Hall, Adele Farrington, Mary Land, Ed Brady, Bert Sproutte, and Frank Beal. Fair entertainment.

### Arabian Love (Fox; June 4).

John Gilbert and Barbara Bedford in a powerful romance of the desert, in which a white man becomes a

nomad and love conquers vengeance. Adolph Menjou, Barbara La Marr, and Hershall Mayall also appear. Good entertainment.

### A Page from Life (Anchor; June 25).

An Italian-made film version of Tolstoi's "The Kreutzer Sonata," grim and depressing like the story, which shows the circumstances that led a man to murder his wife. Sombre melodramatic fare.

### Big Town Ideas (Fox; June 25).

Pleasant tom-foolery with melodramatic trimmings in which Eileen Percy does her best work to date as a country waitress with a desire to shine on Broadway. Adventures come to her thick and fast in her own village, but she spends her honeymoon in New York. The clever supporting cast includes Kenneth Wilson, Jummie Parrot, Lon Poff, Laura La Plante, Leo Sulky, and Wilson Hummel.

### Billy Jim (Jury; June 28)

Fred Stone in a semi-humorous character-study of a rollicking cowboy. Not much plot, but most of the ingredients of a W. S. Hart story. Millicent Fisher, George Hernandez, William Bletcher, Marian Skinner, and Frank Thorne in support. Western comedy drama.

### Blindfolded (Hayward; June 18)

Somewhat impossible crook melodrama in which the criminal classes are very much idealised and shown in most heroic circumstances. Bessie Barriscale and Joseph Dowling play the chief rôles. Fair entertainment.

### Blind Hearts (Gaumont; June 18)

A story of primitive people and passions, with Hobart Bosworth as a revengeful hero of the Alaskan gold rush of '98. Strong drama capably

(Continued on page 55)





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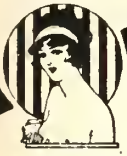
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played by the star, and Wade Boteler, Irene Blackwell, Collette Forbes, Madge Bellamy, Raymond McKee, William Conklin, Henry Hebert, and Lule Warrenton.

**Boomerang Bill** (*Paramount*; June 21).

An excellent crook story about a pathetic peddler who tried to mix good and bad, and found it would not do. Lionel Barrymore stars, supported by Marguerite Marsh, Miriam Battista, Helen Kim, Margaret Seddon, Charlie Fong, and Matthew Betts.

**Boy Crazy** (*Jury*; June 7).

Because a man decides to open a dress-making salon, a girl launches out in a man's hosiery shop exactly opposite. She gets even with the offender, and finally annexes him for life. Pleasing farce, with Doris May and Harry Myers as leads, supported by Gertrude Short, Fred Gamble, Jean Hathaway, Frank Kingsley, Otto Hoffman, and Eugenia Tuttle.

**The Cradle** (*Paramount*; June 18).

A story of married folks, a vamp who breaks up a happy home, and a child who puts it together again. Ethel Clayton leads the cast, which includes Charles Meredith, Anna Lehr, Mary Jane Irving, Walter McGrail, and Adele Farrington. Good entertainment.

**The Crimson Circle** (*Granger*; June 4).

The first Kinema Club production. An Edgar Wallace detective story with the largest number of British stars ever appearing together in one play. These include Fred Groves, Clifton Boyne, Robert English, Rex Davis, Sydney Paxton, Lawford Davidson, Harry Worth, Eva Moore, Norma Whalley, Madge Stuart, Bertram Burleigh, Mary Odette, Joan Morgan, Victor McLaglen, Henry Victor, Jack Hobbs, Kathleen Vaughan, Flora Le Breton, Sir Simeon Stuart, Pollie Emery, Malcolm Todd, and Eille Norwood. Don't miss this one.

**Don't Doubt Your Wife** (*Phillips*; June 11).

Leah Baird stars in this story she wrote for herself, as a wife who rouses her husband's jealousy and becomes involved in an unintentional elopement and a much-delayed reconciliation. Lavishly staged, and well played by the star, Edward Peil, Emory Johnson, Mathilde Brundage, and Katherine Lewis.

**Driven** (*European*; June 4).

Another mountain story reminiscent of *Lovable David*. An unusual and dramatic theme, with picturesque settings, but an unpleasant atmosphere. Good photography and acting by Charles Mack, Burr McIntosh, Elmor Fair, George Bancroft, and Emily Fitzroy.

**The Dumb Genius** (*General*; June 4).

A circus and detective drama full of thrills and surprises featuring "Jacko," an exceedingly clever simian star. The chimpanzee steals some valuable pearls, and leads his pursuers a fine dance before he is captured.

**Eden and Return** (*Jury*; June 18).

Doris May in a delightful comedy-satire with an excellent story, good continuity and sub-titles, and lavish Society settings. Emmett King, Margaret Livingstone, Earle Metcalfe, Margaret Campbell, Buddy Post, Gerald Pring and Frank Kingsley appear in the supporting cast.

**False Play** (*European*; June 7).

What happened to a cow-puncher when he took a well-earned vacation and wanted a quiet time. Plenty of crooks, a plan to defraud a pretty girl and her dad of their mine, and a good cast, including Hoot Gibson, Marjorie Daw, Helen Holmes, Hayden Stevenson, Jack Pratt, William Welch, and Bob Kortman. A good Westerner.

**Fightin' Mad** (*Jury*; June 11).

Bud McCraw didn't want to fight, but when the ranchmen teased him, he sailed in with both fists and couldn't stop. After which the film becomes a species of Western Three Musketeers with a rattling good story and plenty of suspense and excitement. William Desmond stars, with Virginia Brown Faire, Doris Pawn, Rosemary Theby, Joseph J. Dowling, William Lawrence, Emmett C. King, George Stanley and Vernon Snively.

**Free Air** (*Hardour*; June 25).

Motoring romance, commencing in the city and finishing out West. Good characterisation and acting by Tom Douglas (now playing "Merton of the Movies" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London), Marjorie Seaman, George Pauncefort, Henry G. Sell, Dorothy Allen and Ben Hendricks jr. Pleasant entertainment.

**The Girl Who Ran Wild** (*European*; June 15).

A picturisation of Bret Harte's "Miss"; the story of a very wild little mountain child, and how a handsome schoolmaster tamed her and made her his own. Well played by Gladys Walton, Marc B. Robbins, Vernon Steele, Joseph Dowling, Al Hart, Lucille Ricksen, Nelson McDowell and Lloyd Whitlock.

**Hurricane's Gal** (*Ass. First Nat.*; June 25).

Dorothy Phillips as a pirate chief-tainess who falls in love with a stow-away and tries unscrupulous means when disposing of a threatened rival in his affections. Very good sea, air, and radio thrills, and night photography. Other players are Wallace Beery, Jack Donovan, Robert Elles, Gertrude Astor, James O. Barrows, William Fong and Francis Raymond. Excellent melodramatic fare.

**The Kiss** (*F.B.O.*; June 11).

Carmel Myers in an entertaining romance with a Mexican setting and plenty of action and thrills. George Periolat, Wm. E. Lawrence, P. J. Lockney, J. J. Lane, Jean Acher, Harvey Clarke, and Ed Brady support the star.

Continued on Page 60.

# "LORNA DOONE"

You are going to love this wonderful picturisation of R. D. Blackmore's immortal romance of glorious Devon. Maurice Tourneur—now a giant amongst movie directors—made it, and has retained all the thrills and throbs of the classic work. Even if you've not read the book you'll love *Lorna Doone*.



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The Long Chance (*European*, June 4).

Adventures and misadventures in the desert and the Western mining district, with a hero who is for once an old instead of a young man. Henry Walthall plays him, and Boyd Irwin, Marjorie Daw, and Ralph Graves head the long cast. Good dramatic fare.

Love Never Dies (*Gaumont*; June 25).

A simple sentimental story woven around the favourite "Love's Old Sweet Song" melody, with some good thrills at the end, including a train smash and a fight for life in a boat crossing dangerous rapids. Very good work by Lloyd Hughes, Madge Bellamy, Claire McDowell, Winifred Greenwood, Joe Bennett, Fred Gamble, and Julia Brown. Good entertainment.

Luring Lips (*F.B.O.*; June 4).

Domestic drama with a slight crook interest, simply told, but original in treatment. A woman's wit helps to regain her husband's honour. The cast includes Edith Roberts, Darrell Foss, Ramsey Wallace, William Welsh, Carleton King, and M. E. Stimson.

The Man From Home (*Paramount*; June 11).

Made partly in Europe amid charming Continental settings. Read the story on page 31 of this issue. James Kirkwood stars, and Anna Q. Nilsson, Geoffrey Kerr, Norman Kerry, Dorothy Cumming, Jose Rubens, Annette Benson, John Milern, and Clifford Grey.

Man to Man (*F.B.O.*; June 18).

Otherwise a persecuted hero who comes into an inheritance, and a most vicious villain, determined upon making things hot for him. Many fights, good characterisation and climax, and Harry Carey, Lillian Rich, Charles Le Moyne, Harold Goodwin, Willis Robards, in support.

The Man with Two Mothers (*Goldwyn*; June 11).

Cullen Landis, Mary Alden, Sylvia Breafter, Hallam Cooley, Fred Huntley, Laura La Varnie, Monti Collins, and William Elmer in a good comedy drama with mother-love as its keynote.

Moonshine Valley (*Fox*; June 25).

The story of a hard-working gold prospector whose wrongs cause him to take to drink, and who takes four reels to work out his reformation. William Farnum is the star, with Sadie Mullen, Holmes E. Herbert, Dawn o' Day, and "Jean Bronte" supporting him. Representative Farnum film.

Oh, Boy! (*Anchor*; June 28).

A Prohibitionist who takes kindly to strong waters, a boy and girl marriage, a police raid, and a good climax acted in a broad comedy vein by Creighton Hale, June Caprice, W. H. Thomson, Zena Keefe, and Flora Finch. Quite good fun without subtlety of any kind.

One Clear Call (*Ass. First Nat.*; June 4).

A stirring and pathetic drama of the

South starring H. B. Walthall and Claire Windsor and Milton Sills, with Irene Rich, Stanley Goethals, Joseph Dowling, William Marion, Doris Pawn, Shannon Day, Annette De Foe, and Nick Cogley in support. Good entertainment.

On Probation (*Pathé*; June 25).

Another reformed crook story with all the old familiar earmarks, efficiently acted by Eugene O'Brien, Mary Astor, Vivia Ogden, George Fawcett, J. Barney Sherry, Frankie Mann, and W. J. Ferguson. Good, if conventional entertainment.

Other Women's Clothes (*Wardour*; June 11).

Mabel Ballin, Crauford Kent, and Raymond Bloomer in an interesting and well produced feature concerning an experiment, which gives a poor girl sudden affluence, but eventually proves that money is not everything. Beautiful settings, photography, and frocks. Excellent entertainment, especially for the fair sex.

Playing with Fire (*F.B.O.*; June 25).

A typically American story of a shop assistant and a society girl, and their love affairs and adventures. Contains good fire scenes and delightful acting, with Gladys Walton in the featured rôle.

The Primitive Lover (*Ass. First Nat.*; June 11).

A light but pleasant modern version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Constance Talmadge as a girl who wanted a strong primitive lover, but finally discovered her ideal in her own erstwhile prosaic husband. Harrison Ford, Kenneth Harlan, Chief Big Tree, Matilda Brundage, George Pierce, and Clyde Benson appear in the cast.

Pages of Life (*Butchers*; June 4).

A novel British photoplay showing glimpses of life amongst London's "Bohemian" set, and some very quaint and lovable characters. Louis Hidalgo, Evelyn Brent, Sunday Wilshin, Richard Turner, Gertrude Sterrol, Jack Roberts, and Dardo da Marte are all good in their rôles. Unusual and interesting entertainment.

Room and Board (*Realart-Gaumont*; June 21).

Very much of the *Peg o' My Heart* pattern, with Constance Binney as an attractive Irish heroine who masquerades as a servant in her own ancestral halls, which she has let to an American in order to pay off her debts. In support are Tom Corrigan, Arthur Housman, Ellen Cassidy, Ben Hendricks jun., Arthur Barry, and Jed Prouty. Very good comedy-drama.

Shadows (*Walturdaw*; June 4).

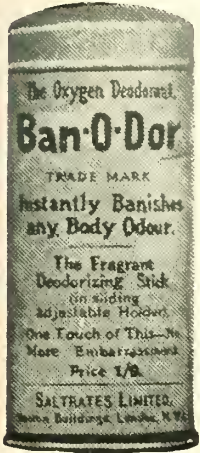
An artistically told story of an old Chinese laundryman-philosopher who is cast up by the sea on the shores of a narrow-minded little village, and how he unravels a complicated collection of events. All-star cast comprises Lon Chaney, Marguerite de la Motte, Harrison Ford, John Sainpolis, Walter Long, Buddy Messenger, and Priscilla Bonner. Excellent entertainment.

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One Stolen Night (Vita-graph ; June 25).

Delightful Alice Calhoun forced into a forward flirtatiousness by this story of a girl's love affair with a Sheik who is not all her romantic imagination pictures him to be. Herbert Heyes, Otto Hoffman, Adele Farrington, and Russ Powell support. Good entertainment.

The Scientist (Gaumont ; June 11).

Marjorie Hume and David Hawthorne in a husband-and-wife story about an inventor who puts his work before everything else. A novel "wireless vision" machine helps to work up a thrilling climax. Supporting rôles are played by Frank Dane, Cecil de Gue, and Winifred Nelson. Good entertainment.

Sky High (Fox ; June 18).

The month's best stunt Westerner, with Tom Mix as a Government agent out to capture smugglers. Gorgeous Grand Canyon backgrounds and some clever "shots" from an aeroplane. Supporting Tom are Eva Novak, Sid Jordan, Adele Warner, Wynn Mace, and Pat Chrisman. Excellent entertainment.

Travellin' On (Paramount ; June 25).

William S. Hart in a photoplay written by himself, in which he plays a stranger who is converted by a travelling evangelist and his wife.

Contains both sentiment and Western stuff, and a cast which comprises Ethel Grey Terry, Mary Jane Irving, Brinsley Shaw, Robert Kortman and Willis Marks. Excellent entertainment. Two Weeks With Pay (Gaumont ; June 4).

As suggested by the title, this Bebe Daniels feature concerns the adventures of a shop girl on her vacation. She is mistaken for a famous actress, and she in her turn mistakes the town sport for a millionaire. Jack Mulhall, James Mason, George Periolat, Polly Moran, Walker Hiers and Frances Raymond support. A breezy light comedy.

Was She Justified? (Butchers ; June 25).

Florence Turner in a melodrama with some good situations in which a wife invents a staggering story to punish her husband for neglecting her. Lewis Gilbert opposite ; also John Reid, Ivy Close and Arthur Walcott. Sentimental fare.

The World's Champion (Paramount ; June 4).

All about a prize-fighter who is really the younger son of an aspiring English nobleman, with Wallace Reid none too well cast in this rôle. Lois Wilson, Lionel Belmore, Henry Miller Junior, Helen Dunbar, Leslie Casey, W. J. Ferguson and Guy Oliver support. Pleasing romantic comedy.

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# Let George Do It!



Richard Barthelmess

P. D. (Wandsworth).—Elmo K. Lincoln swears me to secrecy about his middle name, and as he's a large man I feel I must respect his wishes.

**BEAVER** (Cheshire).—(1) Agnes Ayres was married, but isn't now. (2) I never give opinions—it's fatal! (3) That's my one dark secret. (4) W. S. Hart married Winifred Westover. "Ladies First" is one of my mottoes in life. What about sending your photo along?

**A BATTLING REID-ITE** (London).—The year of Wally Reid's birth was always given as 1892; but as he was thirty-two when he died, he must have been born in 1890. Sorry to contradict a lady, but there it is. You're some cartoonist. Was the man, who broke the "Blossoms" (**Battling Burrows**) a relative of yours, perchance?

**HELEN OF TROY** (Edinburgh).—So you're here again, minus the family claymore. Many thanks for your flattering remarks anent my fatal beauty as portrayed in the February **PICTUREGOER**. If this sort of thing goes on, I shall have to put a Marcel wave in my hair to counteract my "Ethel M. Dell chin." No longer does the office ring with my plaintive protest that "I ain't nobody's darling." (1) Heckmondwike (by the way, is this a film query?) is a town in Yorkshire where woollens are manufactured. My favourite aunt lives there. (2) Milton Sills was born in 1882 at Chicago, Ill. He's married to Gladys Wynne, and has a little daughter, Dorothy. Bless you, my little vamp, how's the wooden horse?

**IVOR** (Hull).—(1) Ivor Novello, born 1894 at Cardiff, and educated at Magdalen College. Some of his films are: *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Call of the Blood*, *Miarika*, *Carnival*, and *The Man without Desire*. (2) Theda Bara is now making a film entitled *The Easiest Way*, adapted from the play in which Sarah Brooke starred over here some years ago. (3) William Farnum was born at Boston, 1876. He's married and has one daughter. Some of his films are: *Tale of Two Cities*, *Les Misérables*, *The Bondman*, *Gold Nuggets*, *Heart Strings*, *The Orphan*, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, and *The Adventurer*. (4) That rumour's true. Are you always polite in capitals?

**TRUE BRITISHER** (Woodford Green).—(1) Chrissie White's engaged to Henry Edwards. (2) Cast of *The Price of Possession*: "Helen Barston," Ethel Clayton; "Jim Barston," a bush rider, and "Jim Barston," heir to Barston Moor, Rockcliffe Fellows; "Lady Dawnay," Maude Turner Gordon; "Robert Dawnay," Reginald Denny, "Lord Dawnay," Clarence Heritage; "Samuel Poore," George Backus; "Mrs. Poore," Isabelle West; "Iva Poore," Pearl Shephard.

**JOLINE** (Seven Kings).—(1) Bert and Wilfred Lytell are cousins, and Lytell is the correct name of both. Bert is married to Evelyn Vaughan. (2) Nazimova is Mrs. Charles Bryant in private life. Have another shot, Joline. You'll be able to carol with the best in time.

**D. W.** (Bristol).—Letters duly forwarded. Yes; it's sad, but true. That was me inside the February **PICTUREGOER**. Your sentence was light compared with what the Editor remarked on the subject.

"QUALITY AND FLAVOUR"

# BOURNVILLE COCOA

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TILLY (Battersea) (Not Bloomsbury?).—(1) Yes, try Jury's. (2) Pauline Frederick was born in 1896, in Boston. (3) Send your scenario to any film company for whose needs it seems suitable. (3) *War Brides* is an old film with Nazimova and Dicky Barthelmess. It has never been shown in England. (4) There's no definite rule. Sometimes films are released in America and England simultaneously. Sometimes several years elapse before we see them over here. Now, *don't* write me a long tirade about the American films that never seem to be shown at your local picture palace, will you?

N. E. M. A. (Eastbourne).—Sorry to have dulled your bright eyes for ever. Chirrup, my child! Time will heal the wound. (1) Malvina Longfellow doesn't give her age. (2) Suppose you see one of Lady Diana's films and decide for yourself? (3) Leslie Henson has appeared in two films—*Alf's Button* and *Broken Bottles* (a skit on Griffith's *Broken Blossoms*). (4) You had one in February PICTUREGOER. Let that content you. Don't want my mail to rival that of our friend Sheik Rodolpho Ben Valentino. Peace be with him—and you also.

D. C. (Westmorland).—(1) Anne Luther was born at Newark, New Jersey, in 1894. Some of her films are: *The Marriage Bubble*, *Her Moment*, *The Great Gamble*, *Woman*, *The Jungle Trail*, *Neglected Wives*, and *Under Handicap*. (2) Artplate of Mary Miles Minter in "Pictures," July 9, 1921. Page plate in PICTUREGOER May 1921.

B. D. (Chelsea).—(1) This is *not* the "Tattler's Gazette." (2) Rodolph Valentino's coming to England with his wife shortly, but no date has been fixed. (3) *Beyond the Rocks* will be released August 13 next. (4) Release date not fixed. (5) Apply direct to the Publishing Department for back numbers. Heave your own brickbats; but, beware—he's a strong man, and not silent either.

E. M. P. (Burnley).—If you write Gareth Hughes and ask very nicely, he'll probably send you a signed photograph of himself.

BETTY (Walsall).—(1) Bert Lytell's films are: *The Lone Wolf*, *The Spender*, *Faith*, *One-Thing-at-a-Time O'Day*, *Lombardi, Ltd.*, *The Right of Way*, *Alias Jimmie Valentine*, *The Misleading Lady*, *Prince of Redemption*, and *A Message from Mars*. Some of his 1923 releases are: *The Right that Failed*, *The Face Between*, and *Sherlock Brown*. Artplate in "Pictures," September 25, 1920. Page plates in PICTUREGOER, February 1921 and December 1921. Do you waltz all day and fox-trot all night, Betty?

RUDY'S ADMIRER (Norwich).—Let 'em all come! (1) Rodolph Valentino may be filming again shortly. *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* will probably reach you in time. Can't say when, exactly.

# BETTY COMPSON

Star of "The Little Minister"

## How She Keeps her Hair Lustrous

### Cocoanut Oil Makes A Splendid Shampoo.

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with. Many soaps, prepared shampoos and shampoo powders, contain too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless) is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this cannot possibly injure the hair.

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## MULSIFIED

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### COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



### THE ROMANCE OF HAROLD LLOYD.

(Continued from page 19.)

the comedian could see was the movies. Harold's first rôle was as a Yaqui Indian.

"All of a sudden," Harold declares, "I got the movie bug for fair. I tried day after day to get in as an extra at every lot around Hollywood and Los Angeles. It dawned on me one day that if I got into make-up I'd have a better chance, so I went back of the restaurant outside of the studio and put on a make-up. I waited for the whistle to blow, and right into the centre of extras I mingled, and when it came time for them all to wander back to the gate I marched in with them as if I owned the place. But once inside I still found I had no work.

"'Are you working, son?' a stern voice asked.

"'No, but I will if you've got a job,' I answered."

And, breathing a deep sigh of contentment, our own Harold Lloyd went to work at three dollars a day as an extra, and remained there until his meeting with Hal Roach.

Harold Lloyd has risen in these last three years to the position of being

considered a foremost screen comedian, one who is not only a laugh-maker, but a wholesome laugh-maker; one who never stoops to dirt, but who can always be depended upon to give each situation into which he enters a humorous turn and keep it clean.

To-day Harold Lloyd and his blonde bride—you used to know her as Mildred Davis, his charming leading lady—live in one of the most comfortable and luxuriously appointed homes on the west coast. But it is not gaudy. There is a swimming-pool with all the trappings, and the grounds contain everything that the comedian desires.

But many people ask, "Where did Harold Lloyd get the idea of wearing those horn-rimmed glasses?"

List! Harold once went to the theatre and saw a sour old Professor wearing horn-rimmed glasses, and, although the Professor was supposed to be enormously serious, he struck Harold as being tremendously funny. So the comedian decided to try those glasses in his next picture. They were successful, and since have been christened "The Lamps of Laughter."

HERBERT CROOKER.



CAME a movie producer into the den wherein my brightest thoughts are think the other day. In despairful mood he slumped down in my second best easy chair, *To Be Or Not To Be.* and delivered himself of a dismal

recital all about the harm that is being done to the industry by letting outsiders see too much of the game. "Gone for evermore," said he, "is the romance and mystery of film-making. The fan-in-the-street knows almost as much about every detail appertaining to films as we do ourselves. First it was the players, whose lives, loves, and ambitions became as an open book. Now it is the films themselves. They're using the studios as movie backgrounds and, what with movie-making in the movies, and Merton the Merciless, there isn't a rag of illusion left."

AFTER which I comforted the pessimistic one by assuring him that every day and in every way movies were, etc. You know they are; you tell *Mertons All.* me so yourselves by every other

post. About the disillusioning process, though, I should like to have your views. With some, interest in a subject fosters the desire to know every little thing about it and connected with it. The more inside information they get, the more they want, and the better they like it. Others, like a child with a new toy, want to find out how it works, and as soon as they know, cast aside their plaything,

and want something new. But, then, the movie is now something more than a plaything. And, in their heart of hearts, all real workers in Movieland really are out to give us (to quote one of Merton's best) "something better and finer."

IF this were not so, how could the kinema have survived all the sneers and opposition levelled at its head when it was a tiny, struggling beginner? To-day, *What Do You Think?* it is the fifth largest industry in America, and, despite the gloomy forebodings of a few ultra-pessimists, has become part and parcel of the regular life of the community there. Over here we've got the picture-habit, too, though not quite so thoroughly. And the same instinct that impels a crowd to gather nightly around stage doors to watch this or that popular idol leave their magic portals, animates the movie-fans also. Every star, and many directors, have their own personal following, and films like *Souls for Sale*, and *Hollywood*, which promise a glimpse of favourites actually at work on the "lots," are sure of a rapturous welcome.

RE-ISSUES are still high in popular favour, although there are so many new films that now the two-feature programme is almost universal. Watching some of these is a lesson in comparative values.

When, as in the case of the Vitagraph features, they have been re-

edited and re-titled, only the clothes, and the presence of favourite players, now retired or dead, betrays the age of the film. The story remains, only the methods of telling it have altered; the old films have less subtlety and more action. Like great plays, great films do not die, and one can safely predict that *The Four Horsemen*, *The Kid*, *Intolerance*, *Robin Hood*, etc., etc., will be "Now Showing" ten or even twenty years hence.

"ARE all the stars required to paint their faces, even if they are white, and do kinema couples each kiss other really?"

enquires a Bombay thinker. "I believe that when people are white

they have no need to paint their faces for the screen." You believe wrong, then, regarding the make-up. This is always necessary, because the camera's vision is different from ours. Also, every artist has his or her own particular coloured make-up powder. As to your other question, it depends on individual taste. I know what I should do were I a film hero.

"PERMIT me to introduce to you the greatest little star on the motion-picture screen—Mae Murray. That bright little breaker of hearts who

*A Fireside Rhapsody:* always finds one she cannot break, and marries its

possessor in Part VI., or thereabouts. There is something about her films that makes one forget one's sorrow and everything, and dance with her, love her, kill for her; aye, and die for her, if need be. And so, this evening, with the red glow of the fire hinting at a frost in the morning [*Heaven forbid! It's May now.*] and 'Nero,' my dog, stretched out on the hearthrug—I think, think, think. And wonder whether I shall ever meet Mae Murray, and whether I shall ever have the pleasure of seeing Bob Leonard direct his little wife. Who knows? *What Do You Think?* — *Futurist (Bradford-on-Avon.)*

[You have my sympathy. But I've met worse cases than yours, and they've recovered.]



THE THINKER.



# “The Mute Who Spoke!”

A SEARCH for sunken treasure—a deaf mute who spoke and heard—a fight with a devil-fish in the depths of a lagoon—these are the features of “The Mute Who Spoke” in the July “PAN,” now on sale.

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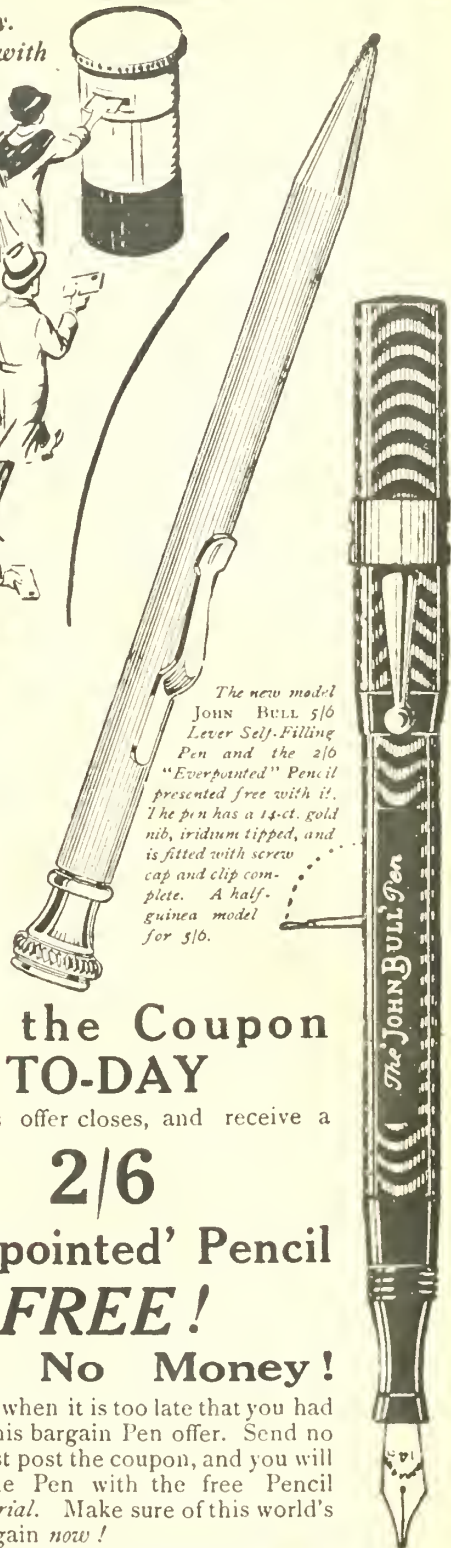
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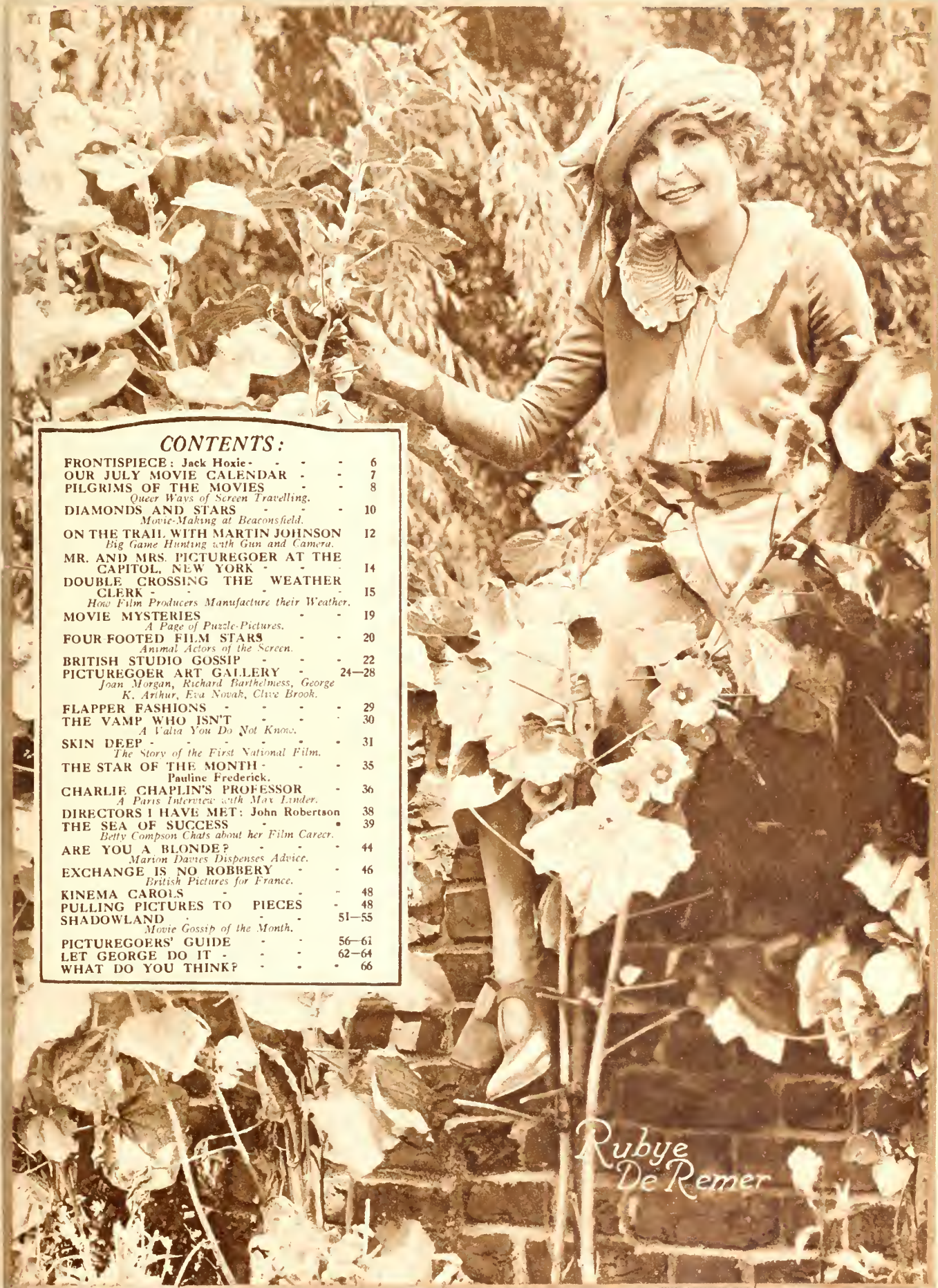


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Ruby De Remer



· JACK HOXIE

*Is a real cowboy turned screen actor, not a screen actor turned cowboy. His pictures include "Thunderbolt Jack," "The Man from Nowhere," "Cyclone Bliss," and "Dead or Alive." He has won several riding championships.*

PICTURES AND  
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# Our July Movie Calendar



1.—Great Muggleton Art Gallery closed, 1923. Moving pictures.

2.—Author Movie Calendar asked to mention Nazimova so

that Editor "Picturegoer" can use photo, 1923.

3.—Author Movie Calendar wants to know if that will do.

4.—Independence Day in U.S.A. Nothing much said about British actors and authors.

5.—Electric chandeliers in order to see picture-house torches first introduced, 1945.

6.—Authors of subtitles prohibited from taking part in speaking pictures, 1954.

7.—Picture-house music adopted as minimum sentence for picture-house musicians, 1927.

8.—Chaplin voted most popular movie star by readers "Daily Mail," 1924.

9.—Tom Mix voted most popular star by readers "Daily News," 1925.



TOM MIX.

10.—Ben Turpin voted most popular star by Ben Turpin, 1926.

11.—Adults not allowed in cinemas unless accompanied by children, 1930.

12.—Breakdown of continuous perf. system in Scotland, 1920.

13.—Cups of tea first given with picture-house shows, 1911.



NAZIMOVA.

14.—Picture-houses first given with half pounds of tea, 1924.

15.—Chaplin produces another, 1927.

16.—Chaplin doesn't, 1924, 25, 26.

17.—Foolshead voted most popular star by readers "Heckmond-wike Herald," 1999.

18.—Anniversary of something Author Movie Calendar has forgotten.

19.—Rush at opening of "How Not to Become a Movie Star" College, '24.

20.—Gardening Week opens. Plots in Los Angeles dug over and thinned out.

21.—Pathé Gazette ship launchings and Boy Scouts reviews made illegal, 1924.



"DOUG."

22.—Boer War pictures reach seaside cinemas, 1940.

23.—Moving pictures perfected, 1897. Author Movie Calendar is thankful that it took

24.—more than

25.—a day or two.

26.—Noah sails for U.S.A. with injunction, 1925.

27.—Capital made compulsory in case of film-producing companies, '27.

28.—Famous Judge first asks "Is picture house music?" 1924.

29.—Bull Montana wins movie Beauty Contest, 1927.

30.—Douglas Fairbanks jumps three times off three-storey building, 1926.



BULL MONTANA.

31.—Author Movie Calendar jumps off Selfridge's roof, 1923. Only once.

# Pilgrims of the Movies



Alice Calhoun's Arab steed.



Gloria Swanson travels by sedan-chair.

Even a British "Bobby" would find his world-famed powers severely taxed were he suddenly called upon to regulate the vehicular traffic of Movie-land. Imagine him, standing on the familiar "island," whilst, in addition to the usual bus, tram, cab, motor, and bike of every day, a procession of all the strange conveyances you meet on the screen and in the studio suddenly invaded a busy street. A droszky and a sedan-chair, Rolls-Royces and rickshaws, with, perhaps, a few palanquins, a brougham, and an ambulance thrown in as make-weight! Quite a wonderful pageant it would be, for almost every kind of equipage would be represented there. The movie makers spare neither trouble nor time when out after "local colour," and there is scarcely any period of history that has not been more or less faithfully represented in celluloid. No longer are we told that "So-and-so went to Japan," in a sub-title, and shown the character departing. If the heroine has

An auto-railroad ride in "Saturday Night"



Oval: Russian Travel in "Guarded Lips." Above: How the runaway "shay" scene in "Quincy Adams Sawyer" was filmed.



of the old-world coaches which rattle their way through the old-time films are far from comfortable to ride in. They have no tyres in some cases, for many real ones have been borrowed for such occasions, and the stars have to seat themselves in state on their



This weird conveyance was seen in "Captain Fly-by-Night."

to go to a foreign clime, we are shown all the interesting stages of her journey. Sometimes, as in *A Voice from the Minaret*, the Eastern locations may be only a few miles from the studios; but when the proper atmosphere in the shape of dervishes, beggars, muezzins, and the weird, two-wheeled and four-wheeled carts pass on their way, everything looks perfect on the screen. Some

faded velvet cushions, and look as though they were enjoying themselves. From the chariots of Biblical times to the very latest in aeroplanes and airships, every means of travel finds its way to the screen. Thrilling races between trains and autos, couples jogging jaunts in the Irish jaunting-cars, are all familiar sights to the kinemagoer. The filming of these is rather more strenuous for the cameraman than for the actors: When you see other people comfortably seated behind a horse, or in the front seat of a motor, you may be quite sure that just ahead, on a platform





Ruth Roland and a dog-sleigh.

fixed upon the back of another vehicle, the director and a couple of cameramen are more busy than cosy. For a "close-up" of anyone driving a car, the camera is sometimes fixed on the bonnet of it, and when the car is going fast, the man turning does not have the easiest of times. When characters are shown walking, the little one-eyed machine that registers their movements so faithfully is usually focussed on them from ahead, and they walk up to it. But occasionally it is mounted on a kind of wheeled platform, as the accompanying illustration shows, so that it can be quickly moved to the most convenient angle without having to be put into position for "sighting" afresh. Of course, motor-cars of all kinds have been a boon and a blessing to comedies always. There was a weird motor in the first Keystone,

team or a railway engine with equal ease. Nearly every star agrees, though, that for discomfort camel-back as a method of progression is the most uncomfortable, and when re-takes have to be made, it is not only the camel that gets peeved. Even taking the air on foot for screen purposes, is sometimes a bit of an ordeal, when scenes must be

taken in daylight, and in full view of an interested crowd. But, fortunately for laughter-lovers,

Will Rogers and Charlie Chaplin have shown how a "walk-over" in every sense of the word, should be done. Their peregrinations—Will's slow, characteristic amble, and Charlie's shuffle—have caused many cameramen

Coach travel in "Monte Cristo."



A motor canoe—a comedy creation.

(and others) to chuckle. One of the strangest vehicles ever seen in the movies was the famous Death cart in *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness*. The horse drawing it was painted in such a manner that his bones seemed starting from his skin; the harness looked as if it might drop to pieces any moment, and trick photography made the whole thing appear transparent. This contraption, however, did not venture outside the studios.



How director and camera-men travel when filming scenes showing the players walking towards the camera.

and there will be one in the last. Charlie Chaplin's *A Day's Pleasure* owed much of its uproarious mirth to the peculiar-looking automobile he affected, and its still more peculiar behaviour.

Movie stars can be great travellers without going far from their native heath. They need not be able, in the case of male stars, to ride a horse or even drive a car, so skilful has the art of "doubling" become. Yet most of them can ride and drive almost anything. All the different kinds of vehicles a serial star like Ruth Roland has ridden in her time are quite interesting. Ruth Roland is such a fearless little lady, and can drive a dog



Travelling by Royal Barge in "When Knighthood was in Flower."



Above: Filming a night scene.

Circle: Walter Tennyson, Madge Stuart, and Victor McLaglen in a pretty orchard scene.



Walter Tennyson was being tried for murder, on the day of my visit to the George Clark studios at Beaconsfield, and I felt sorry for him, because I was not feeling in the least like a murder "trial." I had lunched well, and having arrived at the "Court" in blazing sunshine, I was very disappointed to find everyone connected with the "trial" in the proper frame of mind.

Supers who had formed, only a few minutes before, an inquisitive public, following with interest every word of the trial, now sat on rolls of carpets, tables, and carpenters' trestles, whilst Martin Thornton told Madge Stuart that "Jimmy" was being accused of wilful murder. A flood of tears followed—the scene was filmed a second time with still more tears—and then one of the supers

Madge Stuart and Norma Whalley.



whispered, "If she cries much more, I shall cry too!" Fortunately the "close up" business was finished, and Madge dabbed her eyes carefully to avoid running her make-up. Then Martin Thornton turned and saw me gazing wide-eyed at the "set"—"What d'you think of

# Diamonds & Stars

There are plenty of both in the new George Clark production, *Conscripts of Misfortune*. The story deals largely with South African diamond mines, and the picture is enacted by an all-star cast.

it?" he queried. "It's one of the biggest Court scenes I've ever done, because all the leads are connected with the murder."

I glanced at the benches and saw Victor McLaglen was sitting on Madge Stuart's right and M. A. Wetherell on her left—she had recovered from her crying outburst, and was trying to find out how many times her weight would be required to move the bulky form of Victor McLaglen from the bench.

In the front seat, directly beneath the judge's desk, sat Walter Tennyson, between a ferocious-looking policeman and a sergeant who was obviously drowsy, for from time to time his head fell forward on his chest.

Tennyson could not look guilty of murder, no matter how much he



Exterior view of the new George Clark studios at Beaconsfield, which are finely equipped for the purpose of movie-making.

tried, and Thornton explained to me that he was the wrongly accused "Jimmy," but when, in order to get some of the other artistes into the atmosphere of the scene, Thornton, in sepulchral tone, recounted the details of the circumstantial evidence piled up against him, I did not see how he was going to prove his innocence!



A compound at the diamond mines.

Neither did Madge Stuart, presumably, because, by this time, she was being led from her seat, weeping again, and crying, "He didn't do it! He didn't do it!"

I felt I had to console her, so, when she reached my hiding-place behind the Bank of Mercury Vapour Lights, I touched her on the arm and said, "No, of course he didn't." Then, to my astonishment, she laughed and said, "Now, what on earth do you know about it? Have you got a powder-puff?"

I assured her I hadn't, as I wasn't acting in the scene—she understood—and then we perched ourselves on a convenient table, and she told me that she was a typist and Jimmy's sweet-heart.

"I've become quite an expert at typing," she told me. "I wrote you a letter the other day, and then tore it up because—" And she left me to guess the reason, as there was a signal that tea had arrived, and I lost her in the seething mass of humanity that gathered around the table where the ever-acceptable beverage was being served.

Still Martin Thornton worked; above the rattle of tea-cups, the hammering of the carpenters at work on the next "set," and the quiet-loud whispers of the tea-drinking artistes, his spoken instructions "got across" to where a veiled woman sat, immobile. So closely shrouded in the long, flowing veil was she that even my experienced eye did not recognise her, and I was curious. "Here is the mystery of mysteries," I thought. "She *must* be the real murderess."

Presently a uniformed man went across to her and gave her a blue paper. "Most inconsiderate," I thought, "to serve a writ on a lady when she is at work before the camera. It might ruin the whole film! And fancy not being able to dodge them!"

Then I realised that it was an essential part of the film—she must be one of the *Conscripts of Misfortune*.



Above: F. Martin Thornton. Below: The arrest of a diamond thief; and Walter Tennyson and Madge Stuart.



She raised her veil, and I beheld Norma Whalley. Last time I saw her she was attired in the beautiful satins of the Countess of Lennox in *The Virgin Queen*.

She was evidently surprised at what she read, for she walked out of the Court Room, straight across to where I stood, with the paper open in her hand.

"Read!" she commanded me, and I glanced at it, and was surprised.

"But I didn't murder him," she declared.



Africa in England: Victor McLaglen in a picturesque scene.

"I'm the most unfortunate of all the Conscripts," she explained. "I did not know until I played in this film that Sir Simeon Stuart could be so brutal—he actually turned me out of the house for one scene! But I have loved playing in it because it has a lot to do with South Africa, and Mr. Thornton has captured the atmosphere so realistically that frequently when we were working on scenes I expected to find I was really in South Africa."

Diamonds, a vamp, a murder, the wrongly accused hero, a charming typist, a villain who runs away with someone else's wife, the good-bad man—*Conscripts of Misfortune* contains all the essentials of what should be a very thrilling drama.

As I left the Studio I was haunted by Martin Thornton's deep voice saying, "He is accused of wilful murder," and so realistic did the accusation sound that I could swear the iron struts of the studio trembled with fear.

B. B.

# On the Trail

with

# Martin Johnson



These tusks weigh 350 lbs., and are valued at £2,000.

Because film pictures did not exist during the time of Boadicea or Joan of Arc, history has had to wait until the nineteenth century for an inspiring pictorial record of woman's bravery which posterity may know. For, in valiantly following the trail

through Africa blazed by Stanley and Livingstone, Mrs. Martin Johnson is a modern heroine in her own right. Not only did this pretty blonde adventuress with the bobbed hair and Ziegfeld Folly smile face the dis-

Leopard shot by Mrs. Johnson.



Her first lion.

comforts of being severed from the comforts of a boudoir for two years, but she blazed away at lions, elephants, leopards, and rhinos with remarkable coolness. To the truly feminine mind, Mrs. Martin Johnson's moral courage when she performed her morning toilet on the edge of jungle swamps, and sacrificed her complexion to the ravages of African suns, is, perhaps, more a thing of wonder than her exploits with a gun.



Filming the carriers and guards.



Mrs. Martin Johnson with her first rhinoceros.

Johnson coloured his courtship days in his youth in Independence, Kansas, by firing the imagination of the girl of his dreams with wondrous adventure stories.

And so Mrs. Johnson not only determined to embark on the sea of matrimony with this intrepid young explorer, but she dreamed of drifting with the Trade winds to isolated parts of the globe, where she could share her husband's adventures and dangers.

So this devoted couple have on many occasions set off on adventurous trails together with cameras and guns, but their last expedition into Central Africa proved to be more thrilling than even their memorable visit to the cannibals of the South Seas.

"Trailing African Wild Animals" which is the title of the film pictures that Mr. and Mrs. Johnson collected, contains

With her husband, Mrs. Johnson penetrated into the heart of the Dark Continent for the purpose of securing film pictures which embalmed in celluloid extremely realistic reels of "potted" natural history. Mr. Martin

more thrills than a sensational screen serial.

There is one remarkable picture which makes a manufactured film thrill appear to be as tame as a close-up of a Sunday School treat in comparison.

Mr. Johnson unexpectedly stumbled on the trail of an elephant, and he was taken by surprise when the lumbering beast suddenly charged



*A thirty-five pound bustard.*

rifle, whilst her husband whirled the camera handle.

"I found myself admiring his beautifully marked and sleek coat," confessed the film Diana; "and I was thinking what a dandy evening wrap it would make, when a sudden snarl brought my wandering thoughts back to the seriousness of the occasion."



*A bath in an elephant hole.*

"peach." In the jungle necessity is the super-mother of invention. When Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson found themselves in the African wilds on Christmas Day, they nobly rose to the occasion. A thirty-five pound bustard, the shooting of which the film camera thrillingly depicts, was substituted for the more familiar turkey, and an impromptu dance was held to the wailing music of native drums.

P. R. M.

*The elephant that nearly "got" Martin Johnson.*



*Mrs. Martin Johnson in her travelling kit.*

own on him with fierce trumpeting. The explorer fired four shots point-blank at the animal, but this did not check his headlong pace.

"Had Mrs. Johnson not come to my rescue, our expedition would have come to a grim finish," relates the adventurer.

"Seeing my peril, she knelt in the undergrowth and, taking careful aim, finished the career of the five-ton beast with a bullet clean through his heart. He missed trampling over me by a matter of inches."

The tusks of the slain giant weighed over three-hundred-and-fifty pounds, and his ears measured fifteen feet across his forehead from tip to tip—formidable adversary for a little lady who stands little over five feet in her shoes.

But, as she laughingly explains, her angle victim was not the only male to have lost his head over a lady!

But even amidst the privations and dangers of the Dark Continent, the eternal feminine occasionally flashed to the surface.

One of the best close-up pictures of a fierce leopard ever obtained on the screen was secured by the enterprise of Mrs. Johnson keeping the ferocious beast at bay with a



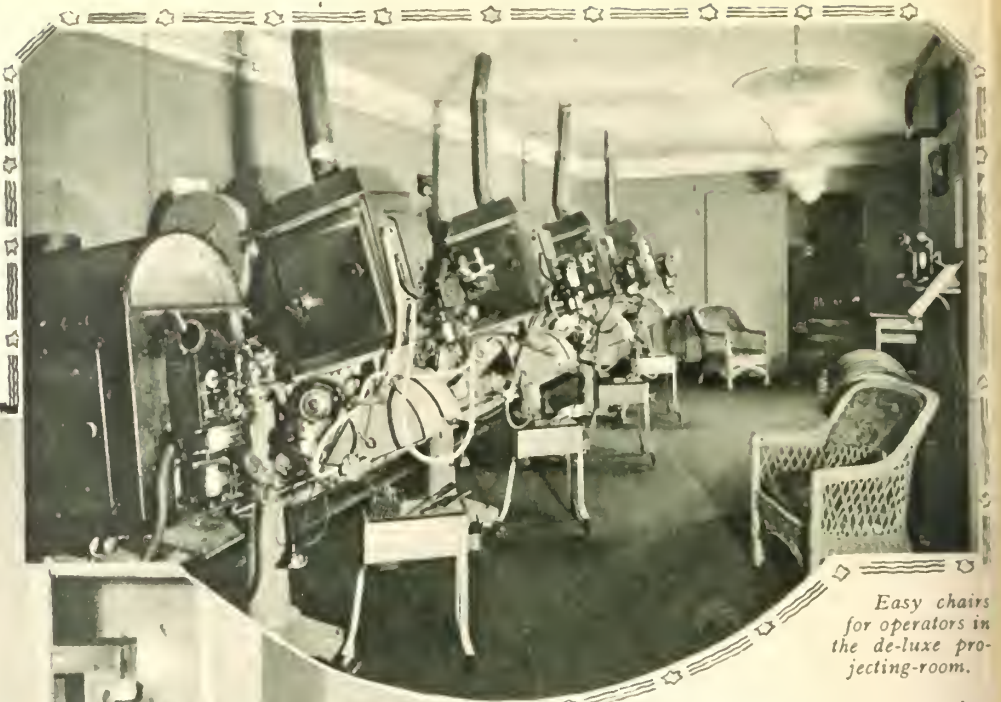
*Lion shooting.*

Amongst Mrs. Johnson's bag was a monstrous rhinoceros, whose wild charge came to an abrupt ending



MR & MRS Picturegoer  
at  
THE CAPITOL  
NEW YORK

Uncle Sam's Super Kinema.

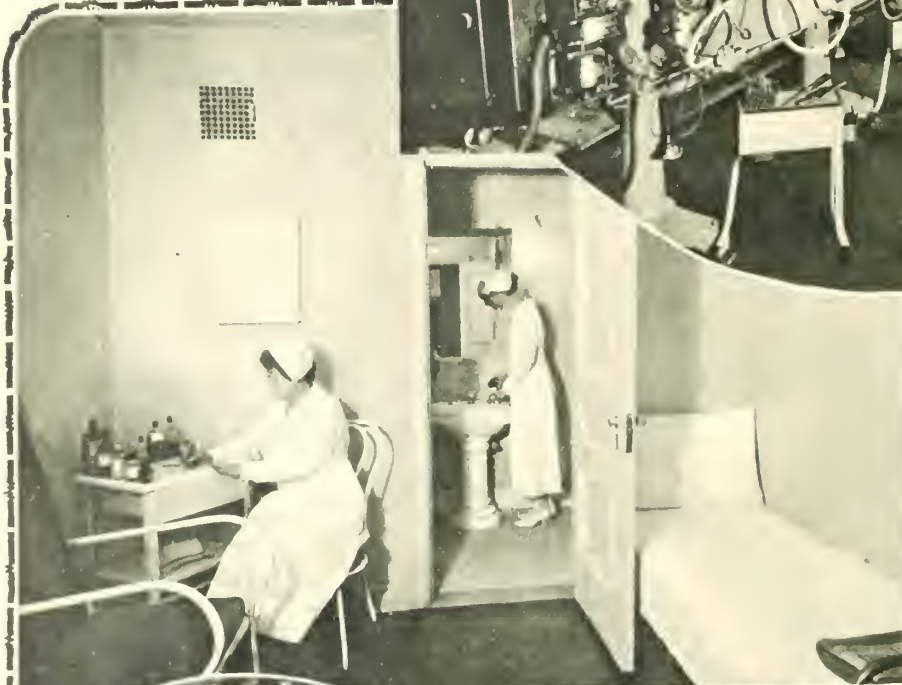


Easy chairs for operators in the de-luxe projecting-room.

them all. He says that "Teamwork is the keystone upon which the strength of the Capitol organisation is built."

Rothafel was the first man to conceive the idea of blending the best music with films. He also presents to his audience, in conjunction with his films, scenes from Shakespeare's plays, and tabloid forms of such famous ballets as Schumann's "Pappillons," "Prince Igor," and "Scheherezade."

A view of the interior from the stage.



Above: The theatre hospital.

Oval: Samuel Rothafel rehearsing a presentation.

The world's largest kinema owes much of its success to the genius of its manager, Samuel L. Rothafel. His theatre resembles a small town on its own, for his staff numbers hundreds and consists of men and women skilled in numbers of different trades and professions. There are artists, musicians, projectionists, electricians, property-men, carpenters, painters, wardrobe-women, dress-designers, engineers, managers, attendants, ushers, pages, cashiers, clerks, porters, cleaners, and watchmen—but, despite the size of his staff, Rothafel keeps in personal touch with



# Double Crossing the Weather Clerk

by

P. RUSSELL  
MALLINSON



Screen moonlight is usually sunlight. Chrissie White in a pretty scene in "Simple Simon."

Within recent years the venerable Clerk of the Weather has been flouted by film producers in a flagrant manner, which must have proved a bitter blow to his dignity. But any sympathy which might be extended to the celestial guardian of the elements, in kinema circles, is firmly discouraged. For the Old School producers who look back along the paths of kinema history can recollect many costly and irritating encounters with the Weather Clerk. The creation of "potted" weather for the studios is largely the outcome of the vagaries and vexations of that erratic gentleman who, in the early days of film pictures, "irised out" the sun with cloud banks at vital moments, turned in the worst efforts of "Pluvius" in the middle of important exteriors, or for days thwarted the lenses with fogs and mists which obscured picturesque landscapes or poisoned the clarity of the studio air.

Those were the days when the inexperienced producer utilised a revolving platform in the open air for his studio. The sun pro-

vided the only means of illumination, and if rain, wind, storms or snow were required for the purposes of the scenario, the director had to wait patiently for the elements to roll up with the necessary effects.

To-day the film producer laughs at St. Swithin. Science and ingenuity have secured him his own weather bureau, and the turning of a switch, or the operation of simple machinery, now gives him a remarkable power to produce elements which very largely

infringe the realism of those copyrighted in the Garden of Eden.

One of the most effective moods of Nature, which has been very successfully reflected on the screen by mechanical means, is the hurricane, typhoon, or storm. Similar methods are utilised in all three of these disturbances when, for the purpose of drama, they are brought to the silver sheet.

Considering the impressive nature of such upheavals in real life, it is a trifle disillusioning to learn that the mundane gas pipe plays a large part in their reconstruction for the film cameras.

Many miles of piping, punched every few inches with holes, spread like a network over the landscape which comes within the range of the lenses. Power machines force thousands of gallons through these pipes, with such pressure that they hurl masses of hissing water in every direction into the air.

Some distance away, wind machines play their part in the general turmoil. Great six-foot propellers, similar to those used on aeroplanes, create a mighty artificial wind, which sweeps over the locality. The water played from the rain-making pipes, is



A storm scene. Lloyd Hughes and Frank Keenan in "Scars of Jealousy."



A pretty effect in "Guilty of Love," showing sunshine through trees.

caught up by the wind and whirled before the cameras in a swirling deluge.

There is nothing quite like the thrill of an artificially created tornado, for the producer's art brings it dramatically close to Nature. There is the distant sullen roar of the wind machines hurling broad-bladed propellers through the air at the terrific speed of sixteen hundred revolutions a minute. The hiss of water spurting through pipes almost drowns

Night photography in "The Adventures of Japhet."



the hoarse shouts from the producer's megaphone. Drenched and dishevelled artistes, with their make-up swept from their faces by the stinging spray, register emotions before the cameras with grim intensity. It is all an inferno that Dante might have created, during those vital minutes when the climax of a storm picture is being recorded by cameramen enveloped in waterproofs and protective thigh-boots.

A realistic upheaval of nature constructed for the lenses costs many hundreds of pounds, but the strain on the nerves of the producer, and the discomforts that the artistes have to face, represent as great a price to be paid for strenuous human endeavour such as that which figured in *The Typhoon*, *One Exciting Night*, *The Blue Lagoon*, *The Storm*, *Island Wives*, *The Lotus Eater*, and other memorable photoplays which double crossed the elements.

Rain, in its less turbulent moods, is reflected for the cameras with an ingenious circular device of water-pipes, which are welded into what resembles the familiar Catherine Wheel or



A storm scene in "The Town that Forgot God."

firework fame. Erected over a "property house," or a real one, if the necessity arises, it revolves into position in order to sprinkle artificial rain drops over porches, awnings, eaves, on to the streets in the front or the back of the dwelling or at the side. This effective contrivance provides the rain in Elame Hammerstein screen romance, *Whispers*, in which the hero and heroine were unconventionally introduced beneath a fruit shop awning, under which they had both taken shelter from a storm.

The majesty of a thunderstorm can be brought to the screen in these days of scientific film production with remarkable realism. Lightning is a comparatively simple effect to create. The sad truth must be told that the forked rays which split the sky twain are introduced into the picture by the subterfuge of inserting the into the finished negative. A high



fingering artist with a delicate steel instrument carefully doctors the small amount of sky in each separate segment of film. He produces lightning by the yard with deft touches, and the final illusion is very realistic. Thunder does not come within the scope of the film producer or the staff of the dark rooms, for the picture-theatre orchestra are responsible for this contribution to the "weather-while-you-wait" conspiracy.

Lightning is also reproduced for the film cameras with the aid of magnesium ribbon or powder. An example of how this specialised form of weather-making can be very effectively exploited is seen in *Souls for Sale*. A circus tent is struck by lightning. A vivid flash speeds down the metal supports of a pole, and causes an explosion. If the light does not travel along the magnesium sufficiently fast to suggest a flash of lightning, this is simply overcome by slowing down the speed of the cameras.



A "shaft of sunlight" supplied by a Sunlight Arc. "The Light in the Dark."

great depth of scene, with rays which possess an extraordinary versatility where the creation of atmosphere is concerned. The "Sunlight" arcs can suggest the cold light of dawn, the blazing noonday sun of the tropics, the chill December twilight, or the soft glow of a country sunset. And so close to real sunshine is this artificially created light that the operators who work continually in its rays become as sun-bronzed as if they had been basking on some seaside sands.



Picture-making in the desert is comparatively simple nowadays, when movie-makers are so well equipped for supplying their own weather.

For the slower the operator turns the handle, the more the pictures taken second, with a resultant speeding-up of the action on the screen.

The searchlights used by the armies and navies in the European War were directly responsible for the creation of the invaluable "Sunlight" arc-lamp which has so largely made film producers independent of the vagaries of King Sol. These arcs, which tower above the smaller lamps of filmdom, and are operated by highly skilled operators, balanced on lofty ladders, produce a beautifully white intense light which is to, all intents and purposes, dotted sunshine." Reflectors, similar to those used in naval searchlights, enable the rays to be concentrated into a beam of a million-candle power, which will enable pictures to be taken of scenes that these remarkable illuminations have lit up as far distant as two miles away. More often, however, they are used as a flood-light, covering a



Wind-making machines used in "Souls for Sale."



Salt snow. Katherine MacDonald in "The Woman Conquers."

Potted sunlight has been responsible for many of the beautiful atmospheric effects which have raised the artistry of the screen of recent years. It has produced beautiful sunshine in picturesque gardens, terraces, the palaces of kings, and in simple rose-twined cottages. And in the majority of cases, the producer has not had to take his company outside the studio itself. Peggy Hyland tells a story of how, in California, she was being filmed in a diaphanous summer frock in a studio splayed with artificial sunlight from the arc-lamps, whilst the snow beat against the windows and swept through the doorway outside.

It is clever trickery which has purloined much of the beautifying effects of real sunlight, where the delicate modelling of an attractive face, the accentuation of the charm of the hair, or the moulding of the lines of a shapely figure are involved.

Sunlight arcs have also infringed the copyright of the man in the moon, for at night the powerful rays of these lamps convincingly suggest the lunar light. This form of camera-craft has displaced the old-time method of tinting films with a bluish light that not very realistically gave the impression of darkness. The new style of "shooting the moon" has its difficulties.

Sunlight and shadow in "Why Men Go Wrong."



A pretty lighting effect in "Mist in the Valley."

Forty tons of salt was utilised in a recent picture in California, when snow scenes were created with blazing sunshine flooding the countryside outside the walls of the studio. Snow flakes of confetti are shaken through slits in an overhead canopy which hangs above the artistes' heads.

If it is possible to film pictures beneath the genuine sun of the tropics, under the cloudless skies of Italy, or amidst the snows of the frozen North, the director seldom hesitates between the real beauty of Nature and the studio reconstruction of her moods. But long and costly journeys to distant parts of the globe are not always convenient or justified, and it is then that the craft of the weather-maker comes into its own.



Tropical sunshine. House Peters in "Lost and Found."

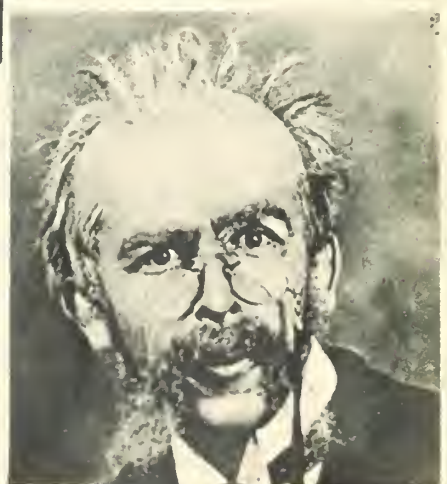
There is an amusing story of one harassed producer, who was driven to forsake the filming of artificial snow scenes in his studio owing to the interruptions occasioned by the supers, who periodically disappeared to allay the thirsts occasioned by the salt scattered over the set. For salt is the basis of studio snow, and a mixture of this commodity and confetti creates the flakes which have been a necessity of melodrama through the centuries.



# Movie Mysteries

Right: *The Trilbies* of "Trilby"—Andree Lafayette.

On this page you will find Ruth Roland at the age of seven; Claire Windsor and her sister May; Eric Stroheim with a moustache, and Lew Cody without one; a little of Betty Blythe, and a lot of Harold Lloyd. Can you puzzle out "Who's Who?"



# Four-Footed Film Stars



Matheson Lang  
and "Black Bess."



"Minnie," the cat, a player in "Silent Evidence"; and "Brownie" a featured dog artiste.



Baby Peggy and  
"Brownie"

They were wooden in both disposition and composition, those much-beloved animals we used to delight in when we were youngsters. Wooden, too, were the human occupants of the Noah's Ark, who, we presumed, were in charge of the menagerie.

But the inhabitants of the cinema Noah's Ark are very far from being wooden, maybe that is why their appeal is so potent. And the directors who specialise in animal films need all the patience of Job, and then some. "Temperament," declared one director not so very long ago, when his favourite lion suddenly turned and attacked him. "Some of them are full of it, and have to be humoured more than the most beautiful woman in pictures. Others, again, take to acting naturally, and rise to the occasion like veterans the first time they face the lights." You'll find them all in the land, the whole Noah's Ark collection, from the dove to the hippopotamus, though the hippo doesn't appear in anything but travel pictures. As for the dove, she is often to be seen, likewise Miss Pigeon. But monkeys, dogs, and horses seem the favorites in the cinema world. There are quite half a dozen monkey stars in films from "Snooky, the Hamzee" down to "Apocalyp 1," who made a brief but pleasing appearance in *The Four Horsemen*.

Joe Martin, too is a familiar "hero," and all children and many adults delight in this intelligent creature's performances.

Amongst screen horses the earliest favorite belonged to Valgriff, and was featured in many delightful film plays. But this quadruped had a close rival in the affections of cinema goers in "Jean," a wonderfully intelligent colt, working in the same studios, who belonged to Florence

Turner. "Jean," and afterwards "Shep," starred in many films, often with the Costello children, until "Jean" died, and the vogue for animals as film stars died down a little. One of the most famous dog stars of to-day is "Strongheart," who belongs in the First National Studios, and works under Larry Trimble. Anyone who has seen *The Silent Call* and *Brawn of*

*Maurice Tourneur* and the elephant that appeared in "The Brass Bottle." This elephant has killed three men in ten years.



the North will look forward to seeing the beautiful animal in *White Fang*, now being made in Canada. Although "Strongheart" is a natural actor, the dramatic scenes in which this dog takes part have to be most carefully arranged and handled. On the comedy side Mack Sennett's "Teddy" is acknowledged king. "Teddy" understands comedy-making from A to Z: Mack Sennett talks to him as though he were another human being, and "Teddy" obeys instantly. "Get hold of that rope and pull it," said Mack once when visitors were watching him at work. He did not point, nor even raise his voice, but "Teddy," who had been watching the former proceedings, at once did as he

take dismissal, or even forcible ejection, and played her first part in the inn scenes of *The Gypsy Cavalier*. According to Bernard Bromhead, the studio manager, she's an aloof young woman, and—alas that we should give the game away!—much of her plainly expressed adoration for David Hawthorne in *Silent Evidence* was due to the never-failing

"Teddy," the famous comedy dog, appears with Billy Bevan and Mildred June in "Oh, Daddy!"



This happy family party includes Tom and Mrs. Mix, their baby daughter, and "Tony."

was bid. "Teddy" has been borrowed by many famous film stars in his time; he was in *Stella Maris*, with Mary Pickford. Hepworth's "Sturdee," though he wasn't a star, was a prime favourite with British "fans"; so is "Mac," a beautiful collie who plays with his master, Henry Edwards. And Guy Newall's "Betty" is an essentially lovable little creature Gaumont studios own several four-legged players, who make fleeting appearances in their films. There is "Billy Gaumont," who was seen in *Soul's Awakening*, and who developed a distinct liking for the taste of grease-paint, which he still indulges. "Minnie," the cat who was David Hawthorne's pal in *Silent Evidence*, was first discovered in the casting director's office. She refused to

supply of fishy tit-bits he kept in his pockets. "Minnie" has a private feud with "Tweedie," who came back from Scotland with the *Rob Roy* company, and has joined the family as a permanent member.

Tom Mix's "Tony" is too well known to need description. "Tony" owns a private Pullman and carries a heavy insurance policy, for he's a celebrity indeed. But even the smaller fry amongst animal actors are very valuable, and earn substantial sums for their owners. For most of them, especially dogs and horses, seem proud of their accomplishments, and love to "show off" between scenes.



Bill Hart and his famous Pinto pony.

A four-footed player in an animated cartoon.



Big-game "shooting" in California has a different meaning from the African variety, though when fierce tigers, crocodiles, or elephants are to be "shot," there is a certain element of danger about it. When the stars are of the usual variety the director may be reasonably sure that they will not turn on him and bite him; but with four-footed ones there's no knowing. Still, the screen is responsible for appealing to the love of animals that is inherent in most people, and the Noah's Ark of to-day is animated. J. L.



# British Studio Gossip

## A Popular Pair.

Nigel Barrie told me he very much enjoyed making the Boat Race scenes for Gaumont's *Lights of London*. The classic race was rowed, for film purposes only, one fine day last month, and Barrie, as befitting a movie hero, triumphantly helped his crew to win. Wanda Hawley is again opposite him; the two played so well together in *The Fires of Fate*. In this new version of G. R. Sims's poem and melodrama, the action has been placed in the present day, which will allow of more spectacular settings and dresses than could be used if the story were filmed exactly to period.

## London by Night.

As to the actual "lights," which lured the country-bred girl and boy to the city, Captain Calvert, who is producing the drama, declared that photographing them was not so simple as one might suppose. According to him, it is a case of "the higher you go, the fewer," because most of the effective designs in electric lamps which illuminate the West End after dark are advertisements, and are obscured by buildings in a panoramic view. But a select party with cameras spent three hours in the shot tower one night studying London from all different angles, and obtained some excellent studies. The street lighting in the most frequented streets illuminated prominent buildings so that true bird's eye views were photographed, which are unmistakably London.

Top Left: Nigel Barrie and Wanda Hawley on a Nile Steamer.

Circle: Violet Hopson and James Knight in "Beautiful Kitty."

## And by Day.

A special feature of this drama will be the stress laid upon the fascination of London itself. To this end, the producer has obtained permission to photograph many of the scenes in public places well known to everybody. Not always an easy job, this, but one which carries its own compensations, for the wise producer knows that backgrounds like these cannot be successfully faked. Unusual dramatic and photographic effects are promised, and the result should be well worth watching.

## A Correction.

In a paragraph referring to Queenie Thomas in last month's "British Studio Gossip," the writer, by a slip of the pen, stated that Miss Thomas was the wife of her director, Bertram Phillips. As is well known, the popular British star is married to Mr. George Newman, and we apologise to all parties concerned for any annoyance the paragraph may have caused them.

## Why Change Your Locks?

"Because my part demanded it," replied Hilda Bayley, whose new film, *The Scandal*, proved once again that

Above: Gertrude McCoy and Victor McLaglen in "Heartstrings."

she is one of the six best British stars. Certainly, the fair hair she adopts is very becoming, and as the erring wife in this somewhat Continental drama she looks lovely throughout, and acts with fire and intensity. Her dresses, too, are charming. And Henry Victor appears once more as a temperamental musician. He has an interesting, though discreditable character to portray, and he makes it all very convincing, especially in the trial scenes. Henry Victor has probably had more experiences of foreign studios and producers than most British stars. He has played lead in Spanish, Dutch, and French films, but patriotically declares he likes our own studios the best.

## Love, Life and Laughter.

There is a trifle less laughter in this latest Welsh-Pearson production than in their former Betty Balfour pictures. But as the other two ingredients of the title are there in full measure, picturegoers will have nothing to grumble about. "Tiptoes," the chorus-girl heroine, Betty Balfour at first makes one of those typically irresponsible, light-hearted figures one has grown to associate with her. But later the story takes a deeper turn, and as a famous dancer Betty shines in a splendid cameo or two of tragedy, and some gorgeous and glittering costumes.

## Some London Cameos.

As the heroine remarks to the author-hero when he reads his manuscript to her, "There's lots of love in it." And the girl's two would-be lovers are well played by Harry Jonas (The Boy) and Gordon Hopkirk as a rich admirer. "The Boy's" *magnam opus* is to bear the cheerful title of "The Tears of the World," and this serious-minded youth is very properly

converted to a brighter outlook on life by "Tiptoes," though the process takes a long while. But it is not the story, but the way in which it is told, which counts. Glimpses of life, high life and low life; characters of whom one sees all too little; and settings and lighting with a beauty all their own, have much to do with the charm of this film.

**Life's Kaleidoscope.**

It holds more of impressionism than detail, though incident is abundant and ever changing. The henpecked maker of balloons; the tenement dwellers; an open-air jazz-palace (this, by the way, was staged at the Welsh-Pearson studios, though it has a most convincing "out-of-doors" atmosphere); London streets in the rain; a crowd of "down-and-outs" in an underground refuge near the Thames, are shown by way of effective contrast to a gorgeous suite of rooms appertaining to "Tiptoes," and excellent theatre and restaurant scenes reminiscent of a Mae Murray feature. The clever way in which it is suggested that royalty is present at one of "Tiptoes'" performances delighted everybody at the trade show, and there are a thousand and one similarly original and effective little touches which are the hall-mark of George Pearson's work.

**In Old-Time Array.**

As befitting an actor with a name like John Stuart's, John will be found in the cast of Denison Clift's *Mary Queen of Scots*. He doesn't play a Stuart, since Mary of that ilk is the only prominent one, but "George Douglas." Since he started costume work in *The Mistletoe Bough*, John seems to have developed a liking for

Hilda Bayley and Henry Victor in "The Scandal."



Catherine Calvert and Owen Nares in "Indian Love Lyrics."

it, for he next played "Charles Surface," the juvenile lead in *The School*



Malvina Longfellow as the Princess Nadira-ed-Din.

for *Scandal*. "Charles" is an ingratiating young rascal, and an excellent acting part, which this favourite player is sure to make the most of. The costumes in *The School for Scandal* are unique, for they have been specially designed so as to photograph a definite black or white, giving the figures a startlingly clear, silhouette-like effect.

**So This is India.**

I was at Stoll's studios when the final big scenes of *The Indian Love Lyrics* were staged. At first glance it looked as though an Eastern Midnight Follies Show was in full swing; for dainty forms were flitting about in scanty draperies, and hundreds of extras, as far as the eye could reach, were stretched at ease in groups of three and four, with choice repasts of fruit and wine within easy reach. On a high dais, Owen Nares, looking exceedingly soulful, was enduring the blandishments of Catherine Calvert, who was vamping him in approved Eastern fashion. A gentleman with two faces very kindly informed me that a tragedy was due in about five minutes, after which he covered up face No. 1, which was an exceedingly good-looking one, with face No. 2, which had been gazing ceilingwards and was exceedingly hideous, and beat a retreat.

**One Exciting Night.**

After that, things began to happen. All the pretty maidens, led by six yelling hillmen, made a bold dash to the very steps of the dais. Apparently they found favour in the Royal eyes, for he bade them dance. Dance they did—a sort of go-as-you-please on the part of the maidens, and catch-as-catch-can on the part of the feasters. I noticed my two-faced friend creeping closer and closer to Catherine Calvert, who had eyes for no one but Owen Nares. Seizing a favourable opportunity, and a knife, he suddenly and stealthily slew the lady, who fell gracefully at the feet of the Prince, and expired to the strains of "Pale Hands I Loved." The murderer wept over his victim until the lights went out, then assisted her to rise, and they went off to tea together. Such is life in the "Love Lyrics"!

Aida Ford, who appears in "God's Prodigal."





### JOAN MORGAN

*The dainty British film favourite is only sixteen, but she has been a movie actress for ten years. Her pictures include "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "Dicky Monteith," "The Truants," and "The Road to London."*





**RICHARD BARTHELMESS**

*Is here seen in his rôle of "Charles Abbott" in "The Bright Shawl," a film version of the novel by Joseph Hergesheimer. Dicky is going ahead by leaps and bounds—witness "Tol'able David" and other recent successes.*

**GEORGE K. ARTHUR**

*The young British actor who leapt into fame in a day when "Kipps" was shown on the screen is now picture-making in America. Since his work in "Hollywood" he has been engaged to star in Robertson-Cole productions.*

**EVA NOVAK**

*Followed her sister Jane to the screen and has enjoyed a parallel success. Some of her best known pictures are "Up in May's Attic," "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives," and "O'Malley of the Mounted."*

**CLIVE BROOK**

*The popular British screen star who is now appearing with Betty Compson in "Woman to Woman." His screen successes include "Through Fire and Water," "Kissing Cup's Race," and "This Freedom."*

# Flapper Fashions



Above: Alta Allen wears a smart school suit.  
Right: Virginia Brown Faire in a charming black marocain evening frock.



Above: Lucille Rickson as a flapperette who "rolls her own." The tout ensemble is decidedly chic.



Above: Gladys Walton's black-and-white frock is of simple but effective design.  
Right: Doris May.



Marguerite De La Motte displays a charming frock of rose taffeta with scalloped skirt and sleeves. The tight bodice is finished with lace.

# The Vamp Who Isn't

Her full name is Valia Venitskaya, but all picturegoers know her as "Valia."

experienced, I realised that Valia is deeply affected by weather conditions. She admitted it when I mentioned the fact. "I always long for the sun," she said; "it can never be too hot for me. After all, the sun gives life, doesn't it?"

Somehow, as this charming woman wandered quickly in conversation from one subject to another, I realised how different she was from all the other film actresses I have ever met. She is what one might describe as a "jolly good fellow." Of conceit Valia has not an atom in her composition; of jealousy she has little, and when she shows it, the reason is her ambition to succeed. It is not a personal feeling at all, for she is perfectly ready to admit that many of her fellow-artists deserve all the success which is theirs. Her candour is disarming, but this makes her all the more lovable. As I studied her, my greatest wish was that all her kinemagoing friends who watch her wrecking homes for film purposes could meet her, and know how absolutely contrary to her screen characters she is in real life. Never yet have I heard any other screen actress, whether successful or otherwise, speak in anything but glowing terms of Valia—which is the surest sign of her charm.

She is devoted to her home, and few knew the reason why she looked tired and ill not long ago. Her friends chaffed her about dancing late and poker parties—and she did not deny their accusations; but Valia had been watching night and day at the bedside of her sister, who was so seriously ill that at one time the doctors gave up hope. But Valia refused to give in. She fought and won. It was with a much lighter heart that Valia smiled into the camera when the crisis was over.

"We're going to the South of France for a holiday together just as soon as I can spare the time from film work," she told me, "and it's going to be the most wonderful holiday we've ever spent."

Valia is different—very different—because she is just Valia. B. B.

As "Delilah" in "Tense Moments from Great Operas."



With Gregory Scott in "The Green Caravan."

"Now do come and sit on this cushion," Valia persuaded me, as she led me into her cosy lounge sitting-room. "Whoever sits on that cushion is supposed to have wonderfully good luck. It was given me by a dark-eyed little village girl in Tripoli when I was out there making scenes for the film called *Shifting Sands*. She kind of adopted me as soon as we met. Each day she brought fruit and flowers to the hotel for me, and although neither of us could speak the other's language, we used to spend lots of time together."

I seated myself on the cushion. It was composed of the most wonderfully coloured silks, deftly woven into one of the fascinating patterns which are so distinctly Eastern in appearance.

Then we talked of the latest novels. Valia reads a great deal, but her literary taste does not confine itself to the "just-published" novel. Essays by famous authors, bulky volumes treating of such subjects as astrology, and scientific experiments of all kinds find place on her book-shelves. A prominent piece of furniture in her lounge is a small revolving book-case, the four shelves of which are filled entirely by books dealing with the lives and works of famous musicians.

"You know," she told me; "I am really a fatalist at heart—I live for



With Peggy Hyland in "Shifting Sands."

to-day. To-morrow can look after itself. That is one of the things, I think, for which I have to thank Russia. For instance, my début in film-land—I was not keen on acting for films. In fact, I never had film fever until I obtained my first big part. But I was longing to do something, because I hate being idle, and my fate decided for me. I was introduced by a friend to a film producer quite casually—and I got a small part soon afterwards."

Valia Venitskaya is her real name; but as Valia she is known to her film-going friends, because she declares her surname is much too difficult for people to pronounce.

Recently Valia visited Italy to play in scenes for the George Clark film *The Starlit Garden*, and, as she described her disappointment at the dull weather that the company





# Skin Deep

by  
**JOHN FLEMING**

**T**hey called him "Handsome" Bud Doyle. Because he was the ugliest man in New York. Ugly? He had to be seen to be believed. And there was nobody in New York that particularly wanted to see Bud Doyle. Unless it were the police. They kept their eyes upon him all the time.

Bud was no crook. But he had been. In those seeming long-ago days before the Great War his had been the slickest fingers with the jemmy and with the combination of a safe; his had been the slickest feet when it came to a getaway. But now, the fire having tempered the steel, it was a different Bud Doyle that had come back from the underworld of the big city—a Bud Doyle that wanted to go straight and meant to go straight.

Still, the police kept their eyes upon him. "Give a dog a bad name . . ." you know. And "once a thief always thief." And, in any case, they were not paid to understand. They were paid to mount guard, and they mounted guard.

For old times' sake, Bud strolled along to the "Twinkle Eye" cabaret, slowly, for why should he hurry now? Slowly. But if he had hurried. . . .

Sadie was his wife, and she sat at

this moment in the "Twinkle Eye" with Joe Culver, who was one of the old gang who had *not* come to the conclusion that a new leaf was a good thing to turn. In Joe's case the proverbs indeed applied.

"Pack up and go with me," he urged, taking her hand across the

The things he'd do to you and me you can't imagine. He'd kill the man, and perhaps he'd kill me too. He's told me a hundred times. I know Bud Doyle. When he says a thing—"

"You mean," said Culver, "that if Bud was powerless—if he couldn't kick—you'd do it?"

"Don't you know?" said Sadie.

Culver's brows were puckered a moment. Then a sly smile spread over his features.

"The cops never let a man out o' their sight, you know, once he's wobbled."

"Well?"

"They'll believe the worst of Bud, all right. This pious reform stunt'll pull no wool with them."

"Yes—well?"

"Take this," said Culver, passing her a diamond pin furtively. "Take it home with you and watch Bud's pocket. To-night the cops 'll call on him. I'll square McQuarge. He's the crookedest politician in New York City, and I know him like a brother. I'll tip him the nod. With Bud put away for three years, we'll be safe, eh?"

She considered, but before she had opportunity to reply, the curtains of their alcove parted and Bud stood before them. Culver flushed, but speedily regained the composure for which he was famous.

#### CHARACTERS:

Bud Doyle -	MILTON SILLS
Ethel Carlson -	FLORENCE VIDOR
Sadie Doyle -	MARCIA MANON
Dr. Langdon -	WINTER HALL
Culver -	JOE SINGLETON
McQuarge -	FRANK CAMPEAU

*Narrated by permission, from the First National film of the same title.*

table. "What do you want hangin' on with that pot-faced old freak of an elephant that you call your husband? I'm a handsomer man than Bud could be in a thousand years, an' I got more cash. I don't see why you hesitate. . . ."

"If you was married to Bud you'd see," she retorted. "Oh, I'd come along if it was safe, Joe. But it ain't.

"I was tellin' Sadie about Mac-Quarge," he went on. "Mac is furious you ain't paid him no hush money since you got back. He'll get dangerous, Bud. You ought to watch out."

"I don't pay McQuarge no hush money because I don't have to," said Bud. "It's crooks have to pay up to McQuarge to dodge a police inspection. I ain't a crook no more. That's how it is."

"That's a dangerous game, Bud," said Culver, after reflection.

"Comin' along, Sadie?" said Bud.

Sadie rose and followed her un-beautiful lord and master from the cabaret, first giving a gentle nod to Joe Culver. And when they were gone from the place, Joe crossed the room to the telephone-box, and got into communication with McQuarge, "the crookedest politician in all New York City."

**B**UD was reading the newspaper when the knock came at the door. He glanced up at Sadie, and Sadie returned his glance.

"Who can it be?" she asked. "At this time of night? No I'll go."

She opened the door and found herself gazing into the official-looking eyes of two policemen.

"Bud home?" one of them asked. And then they saw that Bud was home, and they strode in. "We want you for the diamond-pin job up at Yonkers, two nights ago," said the policeman.

"Me?" said Bud. "Don't know nuthin' about it. I'm gom' straight, Captain."

"Keep your hands out of your pocket, anyway," said the officer. "Search him," he went on, turning to the other.

They searched him. And they found, tucked away neatly in his pocket, the diamond pin. In a moment the handcuffs were upon his wrists, and he was being led to the door.

"A frame-up, eh?" he sneered. "All right. I'll find out some day."



*For five minutes they flew across country; but with the added weight the machine could make little headway.*

Sadie clung to him with her arms round his neck as if she could never let him go.

"I'll find out for you, Bud," she cried. "I'll watch the gang every minute. I'll get 'em."

"Good girl!" said Bud, kissing her. "Without you, I dunno that it would all be worth it."

**JAMES CARLSON**, the new District Attorney, was in charge the day Bud was brought up. He said more than many present thought was necessary, but he certainly said it as if he meant it.

"It is not just the crooks we want to get here," he cried, pointing a finger at the dock. "There's the politicians, too, of a class. There are crooked politicians in the seats of power every bit deserving of as much punishment as this wretch here to-day. And I will see to it that they take their turn here. I will leave no stone unturned until I have cleaned up this city and made it . . ."

Bud got three years, as Joe Culver had said, but it was not about the three years that the gang were talking

when they met that night in their usual haunt. It was about James Carlson, the new District Attorney.

"He means it," said McQuarge. "Inside a year he'll sweep clean through the lot of us, and we'll all be up where Bud is now unless somebody does something. Life won't be worth living."

"If Bud was out an' hadn't gone straight," said Sadie, "he'd get him good. Finish him. But —"

"I say," cried Culver suddenly. "If we was to get him out!"

"But you could not," said Sadie. "Besides —"

"I don't mean for keeps," grinned Culver. "I'm not quite so . . . I mean get him out an' frame him up against the District Attorney, and let him settle with him, and then get him back for life. What d'you think?"

"I could manage that," said McQuarge. "Carlson's got to be settled, anyway, by one of us, an' I reckon we

can spare Bud best."

They put their heads together and discussed details, and the outcome of it was that next day Sadie obtained a permit to visit her husband in Sing Sing.

"The waiting will be dreadful," she sobbed through the bars. "It is hard, very hard, but they are making it harder. It is that District Attorney—Carlson. I'm wondering if it was him framed up the pin against you. He knows I can get no honest work, and he's—oh! you know. He wants me to —"

"By God!" cried Bud, beating furiously upon the steel of the door. "If only I were free!"

They talked for ten minutes, but at the end of it there was nothing to be done, and Sadie went away with her eyes full of tears, leaving Bud to mope in the corner of his cell and curse human justice, and long for that distant day, three long years away . . .

While Sadie at the end of the corridor was wiping the tears away.

In a week there was another interview, and this time Sadie brought better news. The Attorney was sit



attentive—more attentive than ever. He was putting the screw on, now—moving to make life impossible for her unless she did as he wished. She could not hold out much longer.

"My heaven!" cried Bud. "If I were free I would kill him! But you spoke of good news?"

"You can be free!" she whispered. "What!"

"Next Thursday when you exercise in the prison yard. What time will that be?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Eleven o'clock, then. Be at the east side. There will be a rope. It will come over the minute before the New York train comes by. Get to the wall and leap for the train. There will be an aeroplane. Keep your eyes on it—"

"Time's up," said the guard, coming along the corridor at that moment. And Sadie went away once more, leaving Bud to think and think, and think. . . .

Thursday came.

On the east side of the exercise yard Bud Doyle waited. He waited, if the truth be told, rather hopelessly. The walls were fifteen feet high, and upon them, standing watching down into the yard, were two men of the guard, fully armed, their guns resting at this moment dangerously across their arms. How could there be a rope?

And then, suddenly, high in the sky, a loud report. Every convict looked up. Even the guard upon the wall looked up. And there, falling, falling, falling, was an aeroplane, leaving behind as it fell a long trail of flame and smoke. One of the guards cried aloud: "The 'plane's on fire! It is falling here!"

Even Bud forgot the purpose of the moment. But the whizz of a rope recalled him, and, turning, he gripped the thing, and began his climb. The guard and every other convict were still watching the falling, coming thing up in the sky. He gained the top of the wall. He saw the New York train passing below. He sprang. And then the guard saw. But they were too late.

A rain of bullets pattered out, but none was near enough. As the train turned round the bend and out of sight, it was seen that Bud was still unhit.

For a few moments he lay still, but at length, glancing upward, he observed that the aeroplane had righted itself, and that now there was no sign of

smoke or fire. "A fake fire!" he muttered. "A decoy to take the guard's attention until I was away."

And then he noticed that the 'plane was descending, sweeping down until it was no more than a few yards above the roof of the train. And as he watched he was surprised to see a ladder suddenly flutter down, a rope ladder that dangled just above his head. Rocking perilously, he stumbled to his feet and clutched. He got a grip of the ladder, missed, gripped again, was almost swept from his feet to the track below, and then at last felt himself swinging free in mid air. The 'plane turned, the train swept away, and Bud Doyle was free.

Free? For perhaps five minutes they flew away across country; but with the added weight the machine could make little headway. It could not rise. It seemed, indeed, to be falling lower with every second. It approached a clump of trees. Bud swung his legs about and tried to avoid a crash, but the next moment he was into the green of the waving tree-tops, his grip of the rope was gone, the machine was heading away and rising out of his sight, and he was crashing down, down, down through the branches. He remembered for the briefest flash of time an inverted, upside-down view of familiar things. And then he remembered no more.

DR. LANGDON had seen service in France, and he made it his duty on returning to civil life to devote all his skill and energies to work on behalf of his late comrades. Plastic surgery—that latest and most wonderful of all the sciences—gave an outlet for both his passion and his genius; and many a man who passed into his surgery broken and deformed passed out again, whole once more.

It was Dr. Langdon, riding in his car through the country lanes, that found Bud Doyle. Bud was unconscious, bleeding from a bruise on the head, and there was nothing to tell the doctor whom he might be. But at least there was something to tell what he had been. Upon his right wrist was the tattoo mark of his regiment, and that regiment had been the doctor's own. This was sufficient. Dr. Langdon lifted the insensible man into his car and drove him to his surgery, that was more than a surgery—that was, indeed, an old grange converted, and that now sheltered upwards of five hundred broken soldiers. And arrived here, he saw to it that he was given immediate attention, and put under the care of the most skilled of his nurses, Miss Ethel Carlson.

The days went by, and nothing came to be known of the latest patient. At first it proved impossible, of course, to question him; and later he refused all answers. The escape of the convict

District Attorney Carlson looked up into the muzzle of the revolver.



was duly noted in the papers, but no one in the hospital thought of associating the event with the arrival of Patient 788. The days went by, and the topic of the escape from Sing Sing was forgotten, except by a little group of very puzzled people who frequented the "Twinkle Eye" in New York City.

But the days went by very dully for Bud. When consciousness returned, he found himself with his head entirely enveloped in bandages, with the exception of a tiny space for food and breathing purposes. His eyes were strapped over. He could not see. But with difficulty he could hear the stories that his nurse would read to him. He could hear her voice, and often he would lie back on his pillows and try to imagine what she would look like when, if ever, he came to see her.

Meantime, at the "Twinkle Eye," the baffled little group would meet nightly and try to solve their mystery.

"The man who flew the machine said it would have been dangerous to return and pick him up," said Culver one night. "He swears he fell a hundred feet into the road. He'd be killed."

"A dead man won't stay in a public road for six weeks," snapped Sadie. "He's no more dead than we are. He's at large somewhere. We've got to watch out. If he'd been recaptured by Sing-Sing, we'd have heard."

"It's a hopeless mess, if you ask me," groaned MacQuarge. "We sure have got to watch out. Sadie's right there."

One day Dr. Langdon reported that it would be safe for Bud to have his bandages removed. The room was shaded. Slowly, one by one, the wrappings were taken from him, and he was able at long last to see the face of the girl who had read aloud to him in his dark hours. At the sight of her his own face lit up in a smile.

"I knew you'd look like that!" he exclaimed.

"Bring a mirror," said the doctor. A mirror was brought, and Bud looked at his reflection. He looked again. Three times he looked. And as he looked the colour went entirely from his ruddy cheeks.

"I must be mad!" he cried. "That's not me!"

Gone was the ugliness of old—the bulging nose, the broken ears, the scars of the past life. Bud Doyle was as good looking a man as any that

ever drove through Central Park in his own car.

At last he was persuaded, but even then he could not surmount the surprise of it all.

"Nobody'd know me," he gasped. "Not even my own mother would have the faintest idea."

In a week he was able to get about as well as ever. And then, on the day when he was no longer a patient, Nurse Carlson brought a message from the doctor.

"The doctor likes you," she said. "He wants you to stop on and help with the good work. He needs as many assistants as he can get, and he wants you to be one of them. Will you?"

"There's nothing I'd like better—" Bud began. And then suddenly he stopped, and remembered. Remem-

bered what it was he had escaped from prison for. His wife! His beloved wife, Sadie, and the venomous snake who was the District Attorney. The man was to die.

After this, after this fresh start—he was to go back to it all—and—kill and drift back to the old life and everything.

"There's nothing I'd like better," he said again, "but—but it's impossible. There's things for me to do down there." Nodding towards New York.

And so he said good-bye, and returned to the city and made enquiries and found out where it was that the District Attorney lived.

The gang had never relaxed their watch. When Bud came back, as they were sure he would, precautions

had been taken that he should never escape the consequences of the killing of the District Attorney. Night and day watchers mounted guard over the house, unknown to the Attorney himself. Near by was a telephone, where Casey, the hired official of MacQuarge's could be brought in a moment.

And one night the watchers saw a grey figure slip over the wall of the Attorney's garden and creep across to the house, and at once the telephone was put into use.

"Bud's in," the message ran. "Bring up the police."

And the police and the detectives were brought up by the dozen. Bud was not to escape.

District Attorney Carlson looked up into the muzzle of the revolver quite calmly.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want," said Bud, "to kill you."

"And why?"

"You know why. My name's Doyle. It's about my wife—"

"Indeed? But I do not know your wife. I do not know you. Not even your name."

"No? What about the 'Twinkle Eye'?"

"I have heard of the saloon. I assure you that I never was within its doors. Tell me, you must be one of MacQuarge's men."

Bud hesitated and lowered the gun.

"This true?" he asked. "You don't know my wife."

He glanced away a moment and then looked at Carlson again.

"I reckon I'll give you another hour or two, while I sort out if your story's right. If it ain't—"

He went out and crossed the garden quickly. In another moment he was over the wall and into the arms of the waiting detectives.

"Got you!" cried one.

They marched him back, up to the front door, and in, and then they hauled him before the District Attorney himself.

But when they got him in the light they hesitated. This was not Bud Doyle. But it was now too late to turn back.

"What are you doing with my watchman?" the Attorney asked.

"I set this man to guard my house—"

"Sorry, Sir," said Casey; "but we'd information that an attack was to be made on your life; and so—"

"And so you caught him as he came out. Be very careful, Casey or I will see that you are suspended. It is your duty to catch assassins as they go in!"

[Continued on page 40.]



"Crookedness is just like beauty—only skin deep, you know."

*The Star of  
the Month:*

# Pauline Frederick

She came into the movies via *The Eternal City*, when she was at the zenith of a notable stage career. She took her place at once as the leading emotional screen-actress of that time, and kept it until a constant succession of poor stories proved somewhat disastrous. As the heroine of *Sappho*, *La Tosca*, *Resurrection*, *Fedora*, *Zaza*, *Bella Donna*, *The Spider*, and many another drama and melodrama, Pauline won admirers all over the world, and her personal popularity has never waned. A beautiful woman, with dark hair, and large, won-

Right: With Milton Sills  
in  
"The Fear Woman."



With Thomas Holding  
in "Houses of Glass."

derfully haunting, grey-blue eyes, she yet achieved her greatest artistic portrayal in *Madame X*. Here was a story in which neither beauty nor striking costumes stood for anything at all. Still, so intense and individual was her study of the ill-fated and self-sacrificing woman that the film has ever since been quoted as a screen classic of its own particular class.

Since then she has made a number of diverse screenplays, the last of which is *Clementina Wing*.



Pauline  
Frederick in  
"The Glory of  
Clementina."



# Charlie Chaplin's Professor

by OSCAR. M. SHERIDAN.

Being an interview with the inimitable Max Linder.

*Max is irresistible, he gets the laughs every time.*

The Avenue Emile-Deschanel, Paris, is one of the most charming and stately avenues in the fashionable quarter of the Champ de Mars. In more ways than one it is famous. But the chief reason why it is famous is not to be found in ancient, natural, or any other history for that matter. One has only to ask the smiling agent at the corner. It is simply and solely because Max Linder lives there. Max Linder, that extremely *chic*, immaculate Frenchman, Charles Chaplin's acknowledged tutor, and himself one of the most remarkable of screen comedians.

Max Linder is one of the most sought for men in France. He lives, as he told me, in constant terror of telephone bells, door-bells, and last, but not least, blue-bells.

"It happened in Paris," said the celebrated artiste to me

A pretty little midnette of not more than nineteen rang the bell at the door of his flat at six o'clock one cold and frosty morning not so very long ago. "I would like your photograph, please—autographed!" she said. With teeth chattering, and shivering from head to foot, Max, for fear of losing his reputation as an amiable film star, smiling a sickly smile, complied. In return, the sweet young thing produced from behind her back ("I thought she had only one arm," said Max Linder), a bunch, or, to put it a little more elegantly, a bouquet of fragrant blue-bells. "Thank you," said Max, showing all his teeth and rolling his eyeballs in an effort to smile, and held the door open till his young admirer passed slowly, very slowly, through. And

*A fencing match with Douglas Fairbanks.*



*"Seven Years' Bad Luck"*



*A scene from "Be My Wife."*

the thermometer dropped, dropped, DROPPED!

"Never, never again will I answer door bells personally and at such an unearthly hour," remarked Max to me afterwards, grinning ruefully at the recollection.

As I mounted the stairs of the palatial residence where Max Linder has his flat, I remembered the delightful story he told me on the last occasion I saw him. The memory filled me with misgiving, for although I was not paying him a visit at six o'clock in the morning, it was in the middle of a torrid afternoon, and as no appointment had been fixed, perhaps he would not receive me.

Anyhow, I pressed the bell button. No sound. Nor could I hear the bell ring. I pressed again and again, and finally leant my elbow against the button. The door suddenly opened, and I was confronted with the little, stooping figure of Marie, Max Linder's eighty-year-old housekeeper.

"It is but you are in a hurry!" A smile illumined her wrinkled countenance, and her still youthful eyes twinkled merrily. I was too astounded to see the door open to think of removing my elbow from the bell which I could now hear ringing within the apartment, and was gently reminded of my absence of mind. I was profuse



"Hello, Picturegoer!"

"I have only just returned from a hurried walk, and I am hot, very hot," he went on. "But, to turn the conversation into less pleasant channels, do you know that you are the sixteenth journalist who has called on me since nine o'clock this morning? You do not let me sleep, you prevent me from taking my meals, and, what is worse, you spoil my potatoes!"

I listened meekly to this fiery tirade, which was accompanied by a wealth of expressive gestures and facial contortions which, had I seen them on the screen, would have very

nearly split my sides with healthy laughter. As it was, the outburst being directed at me, I would have liked to cry.

"I come on behalf of your English admirers," I said, with a choking feeling in my throat. "And they want to know all about you through the medium of the PICTUREGOER."

"Thank you!" said Max simply. "I am deeply indebted for your visit." He saw to it that the Aubusson carpet did not get the next potato, and carefully transferred another generous chunk from the steaming dish on to his plate.

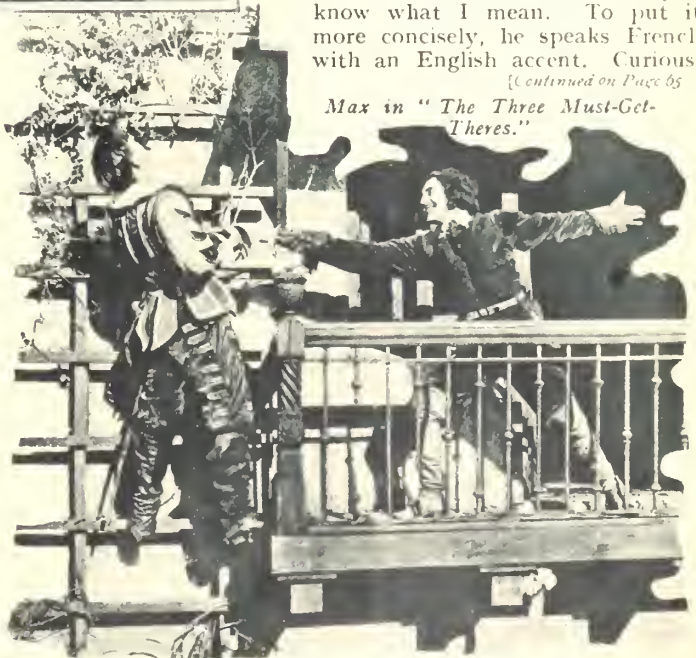
"Do you know," asked Max, "that I started lunch over three hours ago. An hour for *hors-d'oeuvres* is, believe me, excessive, another hour for fish unbelievable; and although I have taken ninety minutes in eating some steak and a dish of potatoes (minus one), you may, if you wish, drop in at midnight and join me at coffee!"

Max Linder then relapsed into silence. I thought how funny would be a film of this famous star's private life. Immaculately dressed in a morning coat, his silk hat lying on the beautiful antique sideboard, and his cream waistcoat a big white spot in the darkened room (darkened because of the fierce rays of the sun), Max Linder presented a most amusing spectacle as, every few minutes, he drew his heavy overcoat closer about his shoulders and draped the rug more securely around his knees.

Max Linder is one of the most delightful personalities of the world's screen, and to interview him is to be acquainted with lots of amusing anecdotes, told as only Max Linder can tell them. He speaks with an accent that at once leads one to think that he is an Englishman whose conversation in French is so perfect that one would take him for such, if you know what I mean. To put it more concisely, he speaks French with an English accent. Curious.

(Continued on Page 65)

Max in "The Three Must-Get-Theres."



in my apologies, and, religiously baring my head, I entered the luxurious and extremely comfortable apartment.

I was shown into a most cheerful salon, well and comfortably furnished, and tastefully decorated. Through a glass partition I could see a vague shadow seated at the dining-room table.

Marie, still smiling at my little joke, which I had assuredly not meant it to be, bade me enter. With a dramatic gesture, I drew aside the charming and frightfully expensive lace curtains hanging over the doorway, and marched into the room with outstretched hand. The sight that met my eyes made me stand rooted to the ground in amazement.

Max Linder at three-thirty in the afternoon was calmly seated at the dinner-table, gazing hungrily at about four pounds of steak and a huge dish of roasted new potatoes. As I entered he was raising his fork to his lips, and a pretty golden potato that should have met with a different end fell with a dull sound to the floor, and rolled along the handsome Aubusson carpet, leaving behind it a pretty trail of brown gravy. At least, I thought it looked rather pretty.

"You!" said Max Linder, speaking quietly, and the only outward sign of the emotion he must have felt was apparent in his twitching ears.

Max Linder drew his heavy overcoat farther over his shoulders and carefully arranged the thick travelling rug about his knees. All this in weather that was 90 degrees in the shade!

"You think I am mad," he smiled—a bright, fascinating *ourire*. "It is true in America they say 'Max, but he is crazy!' NO! Emphatically and assuredly no! When I am hot I put on as many articles of clothing as I possibly can. In this way one cannot catch cold. It is only when one divests oneself of one's shirt etc. that the consequences are serious."

# Directors I Have Met

by  
ELIZABETH LONERGAN.

No. 6.

JOHN STUART  
ROBERTSON

John Robertson, who has directed some of the best of American pictures, is a great enthusiast where England is concerned. "Not only because my people came from there" (he was born in London, Ontario), he told me, as we chatted one day between scenes at the studio, "but because I spent over a year at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio in London, where I made pictures and came in contact with English people from many walks of life, and I liked them all! To really understand a country, you must be a part of it, and I greatly enjoyed my brief association with my English cousins. When my wife and I left London, we promised—on our honour to come back soon; if all goes well, I hope to direct another picture over there before the year is out."

Mrs. Robertson, we must explain, is known to "fans" as Josephine Lovett—that is, to those cinema enthusiasts who always notice the author's name upon the screen. She has written a great many good pictures both for Mr. Robertson and other directors, and was on the stage, in which pro-

John Robertson (right) directing "The Bright Shawl."



cession the director and his scenario editor wife met and were married.

Since he returned to the States, Mr. Robertson has been tremendously busy directing one success after another. First, Mary Pickford in *Tess of the Storm Country*, which proved to be one of the biggest financial successes of the year, after which he joined forces with Inspiration Films, and directed Richard Barthelme in *The Bright Shawl*. Scenes were taken on exact locations in Cuba, and then these exact locations were faithfully reproduced in the Inspiration Studio. The atmosphere was so perfect that it was difficult to tell which was Cuba



Rehearsing  
a scene for  
"The Bright Shawl,"  
which stars Richard Barthelme.

and which Forty-Fourth Street!

A number of directors have expressed the opinion that England has a great future as picture centre. This is what John Robertson says: "That England will soon take a leading place among the foremost countries of the world in the picture making industry. I have no doubt it is inevitable. There are numerous clever actors with splendid training, and I found expert helpers in every other branch of the profession during my stay at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio. Although the climate has its drawbacks in the way of fogs, there are some wonderful inventions in machinery for clarifying the atmosphere for studio work, and keeping the fog outside its walls; but it will get us, in spite of precautions, you know! However, there are many clear days in between fogs. The natural scenery of England is unsurpassed, and two other great assets that the country possesses



John  
Stuart  
Robertson.

are the tremendous enthusiasm and the encouraging support from the public. Geographically speaking, England is necessarily important. With London as

headquarters, it is easy to 'run over' to France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, etc., for any foreign bits that are needed; not only easy, but, as compared with expenses on this side of the Atlantic, very inexpensive.

"I think there is nothing more that I can add, except to reiterate that to my wife and myself, England is a very satisfying place to return to. Speaking for myself, a country of Ten Commandments, but NO AMENDMENTS has decided charm, character, and allurements!"

Other world-famous motion pictures directed by Mr. Robertson are *Come Out of the Kitchen*, *The Misleading Widow*, *Away Goes Prudence*, *The Magic Cup*, *39, East*, *Sentimental Tommy*, and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. He takes a keen interest in developing character on the screen, and the story of *Jekyll and Hyde* gave full play to his genius.

John Barrymore, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Billie Burke, and Elsie Ferguson are amongst the movie stars whom he has directed.



# The Sea of Success

Betty Compson is not the first comedy bathing belle to take a plunge into the movie sea of success; but no transition from gay to grave has been more marked than the metamorphosis of Betty. Ever since "The Miracle Man" she has been hailed as one of the greatest dramatic stars of the silver sheet.

which filled the brilliantly lit studios with most strident sound.

"A shame," thought I; "that one so fair and fragile should be blared at so indecorously."

But I had rattled my symbolical sword in defence of beauty without avail.

"Your producers, they are very modern," said Betty. "You see, Mr. Graham Cutts is using a wireless loud speaker in place of a megaphone. It saves his voice, and everyone in the biggest crowd scene can hear what he is saying."

We sat in two ornate chairs on an extension of the spacious platform which supported the cameras, shooting a resplendent ballroom scene. It was a strange Betty Compson who gracefully reclined before me. Her white wig, with luminous black-tinted eyes and a rose-bud mouth beneath, suggested some Court beauty of Old Versailles. Yet the illusion was snapped as one's gaze travelled below her shapely throat to a very modern kimono which covered the silk and spangles of her dancing dress.

"I love your country, and the people and your studios," she told me with that naïve frankness which is Betty Compson. She bent forward confidently. "And I'll tell you a secret. I have always wanted to come to England to play in a part which would give me great emotional possibilities, such as I have as the French dancer in the photoplay version of *Woman to Woman*."

She gave a little shudder.

"I never want to remember any of the parts I played in the early days—bathing comedies and serials. I hated them so. The first screen part that really mattered to me was 'Rose' in *The Miracle Man*. I learned—"

"Everyone on the set, please," roared the wireless megaphone unpleasantly close to my ear.

"—a great deal from the late George Loane Tucker in that picture. He taught me that it is what you are thinking in your mind which the cameras portray on the screen, not exaggerated facial expressions.

"Do you know that my most uncomfortable moments before the cameras are when I remember that I am Betty Compson. I have to lose myself in my characters, to get into their thoughts and moods, and live and act as I imagine that they would do. When I am being photographed just as Betty Compson, I feel like an awkward schoolgirl—all self-conscious and nervous. It is a much greater ordeal for me to pose for personal portraits than enact a strenuous emotional scene before the film cameras."

"Silence on the set, please!" thundered the irrespressible loud speaker.

"They wanted me in the days of *The Miracle Man* to act to music in the studio," went on Betty with true woman's indifference to the commands of mere man. "But it doesn't inspire me in that way. I can find all the self-expression I require from exercising my own will-power."

Betty's dark eyes became a little wistful.

"Perhaps it is the memories of the difficult days in my early girlhood which make me shy of music in my work," she confessed.

"When I was fifteen years old I played in a theatre orchestra in Salt Lake City."

Betty Compson.

It may have been Betty Compson's luxurious white wig which accentuated the fragility of her features, and accentuated the purple shadows of her expressive eyes, that impressed me with her frailness. For when she extended a slim white hand to greet me in the Lasky Studios at Islington, she seemed to be surprisingly small and dainty—rather like a child still on the borders of girlhood.

Or perhaps it was some inherent spirit of a modern Sir Galahad which inspired in me a respect for her suggestion of delicate femininity. For booming within a few inches of her pretty head was a roaring voice



Betty Compson in "The Little Minister."

"In the days before the Mormons were called 'Beavers,'" I suggested.

Betty laughed.

"I haven't seen my native city for a long while," she told me; "but I believe the new fashion amongst the Salt Lake Mormons is to be clean-shaven, and elders have had their beards——"

"Cut," shrieked the metallic voice from the gleaming loud speaker, and the purple light of the arc lamps faded.

Betty shrugged her slim shoulders.

"It's almost human," she smiled.

Furtively I edged my chair away from the intrusive trumpet with its embarrassing interludes.



Betty and her mother.

with such power that it penetrates everywhere throughout the studio."

"I've noticed it," I said in icy tones.

"——You were saying, Miss Compson."

With Mary Ort in a scene from "Woman to Woman."



As the dancer in "Woman to Woman."

who sat in the stalls. Then Christie offered me a chance on the screen, and I went with him in comedies, but I was never really happy."

"You broke into the movies in reality with *The Miracle Man*," I suggested.

Betty nodded her pretty head.

"I could talk to you for hours about my first real screen part of Rose, in that picture, and——"

"Miss Compson wanted in ten minutes, please," boomed the unmitigated nuisance with the metal throat.

"——Now I shall have to postpone those reminiscences till another time," she concluded, tactfully ignoring the fretful glare I directed towards the mechanical enemy in the camp.

Whilst the orchestra behind the ball-room set tuned up for the great



dance scene that was about to be "shot," we talked of the days not long ago when Betty ran her own producing company, and made two pictures of her own—*Prisoners of Love* and *For Those We Love*.

"I found starring and the responsibilities of production too great a strain," she admitted; "so that I went back to acting entirely in *At the End of the World*, *The Rusle of Silk*, *The Law and the Woman*, *The Green Temptation*, *The Little Minister*, *To Have and To Hold*, and *The Bonded Woman*."

There is something indefinably fascinating about Betty Compson, when she talks with that far-away look in

she tackled this problem with the seriousness of a platform debater.

"It is largely a national trait, which makes American actresses more expressive in their gestures and more subtle facial mannerisms than the artistes of other countries," she claimed.

"From our earliest youth, we are not restricted by the self-repression



With Joseph Dowling in "The Miracle Man."



Above and right: Two pictures of Betty Compson at home.

her deep blue eyes. It is something more than feminine charm. She holds your sympathy and interest with a womanly charm—which betrays you into watching the intriguing sweep of her thick dark lashes over her expressive eyes, the flash of her white teeth beneath perfectly modelled lips—with a fascination that is irresistible.

And because this feminine appeal is so marked a characteristic of Betty Compson on the screen, I asked her why film stars from the opposite side of the Atlantic were invariably gifted with this especially attractive trait.

Betty has brains beneath her pretty fine-spun hair of russet brown, and



Betty Compson in "The Green Temptation," released this month.

which is part of the everyday conventions which most girls have to observe. I do not mean that we are irresponsible or headstrong to a foolish degree; but we spontaneously react to things that we like in life. If a young man at a dance asks us for a fox-trot, we say yes with real enthusiasm, and show that we are real happy to have his company. We don't hide our real feelings behind a mask and conceal our pleasure behind a laconic smile, because it is considered the conventional thing to do. We find self-expression in the joys of life, and throw ourselves into work and pleasure with a zest that has no



time for artificiality. And so, when we are grown up, we have naturally become expressive and natural, and thus represent the very traits which the cameras demand for realistic human characterisations on the screen.

"If I didn't find an outlet for my feelings in my work and hobbies," she confessed, "I should blow up"—and her small shapely hands fluttered in mock horror.

In *Woman to Woman*, to star in which picture Betty Compson



At the wheel of her auto.



An attractive tea-gown.



Betty with Penrhyn Stanlaws (left), who directed "At the End of the World," and Jesse Lasky (right).

has journeyed from California, she has a difficult characterisation in the emotional dancer who gives up her son to her lover, that he may live in the home of his real wife, and gain a name in the eyes of the relentless world.

"It is building, building, building," she told me—"slowly bringing to the screen the evolution of a strong, self-sacrificing woman from the former light-hearted butterfly who lived solely for the empty plaudits and gifts of a fickle public."

It was difficult to realise that this clever little woman, who analyses her acting art with the keen mentality of a Vanbrugh or a Bernhardt, not so very long ago was a be-frilled and furbelowed bathing beauty flickering through shallow comedies on the golden sands of California. For to-day she is a recognised star who is respected by producers as much for her remarkably quick and assimilative mind as for her good looks.

"She is a real delight to work with," as Clive Brook, her leading man in *Woman to Woman*, told me.

She is to appear in yet another British picture before she returns

to America, but at present the title is being kept a secret.

In these days Betty Compson flickers across the screen in beautiful dresses amidst backgrounds of Society drawing-rooms and picturesque gardens. Yet she is not the pretty doll-type of girl that some of her characterisations might suggest.

Betty Compson at the age of seven, with her cousin Thelma Warth. Betty is the serious child.



him swinging over lofty precipices on slender ropes. I fired so many revolvers in the fifteen episodes of that picture that I was threatened with gun deafness."

I discovered that Betty Compson regards seeing herself on the screen for the first time in a new picture, as one of the greatest ordeals of her film work.

"When I sit in the audience and watch myself on the screen, I am continually picking my acting to pieces," she confessed. "For 't is tragically true that always there is something which one realises too late that is wrong. But I face such bitter truths, for that is the only way that one can hope to improve. But the climb to greater success is, for me, often through the valley of tears and regrets."

"And I would like to stay for months in your charming country," Betty confessed, with her rosebud lips puckered in coy allurements. "And I would like to stay here talking to you for—"

"Miss Compson, please." I reached for my hat with the reflection that perhaps it was just as well that the irrepressible loud-speaker had had the last word.

RUSSELL MALLINSON.



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# Are You A Blonde



Marion Davies.

It always seems to me that the girl to whom Nature has given a fair complexion and fair hair should choose the soft, delicate, flower-like shades in which to dress.

She wants colours which will serve as a background to her own natural colouring; shades which will bring out this colouring rather than dim it. For this reason, I think blondes should avoid loud, glaring colours. Leave the flaming scarlets, the gorgeous yellows, the deep purples to your dashing brunette sister. Depend upon soft cream colour rather than dead white, and pin your allegiance to lovely pinks and blues.

Harding blue—that soft shade which is not so dark as navy, nor yet so intense as turquoise—is a favourite of mine, and I usually have a touch of it on most of my costumes. When I was in Paris recently, I got a lovely little dress which I like very much because the waist is of Harding blue embroidered in little flowers, while the skirt is of dark blue. The material is of silk serge. The hat I wear with this dress is of blue silk taffeta, trimmed with white chiffon. Perhaps the readers of THE PICTUREGOER would like to hear about some of these new dresses I bought in Paris, inasmuch as they are nearly all of the colours which I think blondes should wear.

An evening dress which is a favourite of mine is of cream coloured charmeuse trimmed with mother of pearl. It reminds me of moonlight, and the popular draped effect ripples down the side like a waterfall. With this



by  
MARION  
DAVIES

Marion Davies, who is to make a personal appearance in this country, is one of the screen's most beautiful blondes. In this article she gives her views on the colours that blondes should wear.

I wear a soft scarf round my head of the same material as the dress. This is another dress accessory of which the blonde should be careful. The head-band is lovely for evening wear if it is the right colour, and serves to heighten the beauty of her hair rather than to diminish it.

Don't forget that the contrast of silver and gold is good. Therefore, if your hair be golden, a touch of silver on your hat-brim or in your hair will not be amiss. In my Cosmopolitan picture, *When Knighthood was in Flower*, in which I play the part of "Princess Mary Tudor," many of my costumes were embroidered in silver or pale gold. I took care that the



gold was not too deep a shade, as this would be a mistake for one with my hair and complexion. Deep yellow is not for blondes, though the dark-haired brunette may wear it with striking effect. If you are a blonde and are fond of yellow, you must content yourself with cream, lemon, champagne colour, or pale gold. One of the frocks I picked up in Paris is of champagne-coloured georgette, very simply made, and has a broad-brimmed hat to match.

Another which carries out my favourite blue in combination with white is of crêpe-de-Chêne with an accordeon-pleated skirt, and very wide flowing sleeves. The sleeves are of white georgette banded round with strips of blue silk. An autumn suit is of blue silk serge with just a tiny touch of red chiffon. Black is always good for blondes, and here they have the advantage over brunettes. But black is rather a sombre colour, so blues and pinks should be our main stand-by.

Even in my screen clothes—the ones I wear in my pictures—I like to have them of my favourite colours, even if the camera cannot record them so.

Nearly every one of my fifteen costumes as "Princess Mary Tudor" in *When Knighthood was in Flower* is worked out in blue, pink or grey, with touches of silver or pale gold. The wedding gown is made of silver cloth trimmed with ermine and pearls. Pearls and sapphires are my favourite stones, and I think that, along with diamonds, they are best suited to blondes. Of course, the liquid sparkle of a diamond looks equally well on women with fair or dark complexion.



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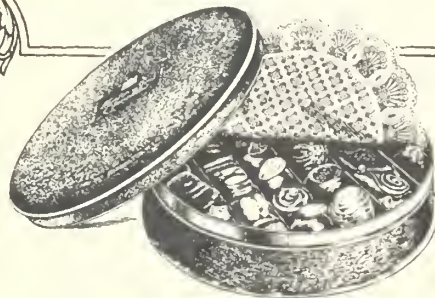
So says Miss Norma Whalley, who appears in George Clark Pictures Ltd. Film "Concepts of Misfortune," under the direction of Martin Thornton. (Specially photographed for this announcement.)

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# Exchange is no Robbery

Helping the Entente by the exchange of British and French motion-pictures and kinema stars.

Jean Angelo and Constance Worth in "Within the Maze."

France has had few opportunities in the past of seeing English life on the screen. What she has seen has been mostly through American eyes.

The House of Granger is therefore to be congratulated on an arrangement they have made with the well-known French producers and renters, Les Films Le Grand, of Paris, whereby certain of the best British productions will be shown in France, and certain of the best French productions in this country.

This reciprocal policy is already in operation, and the first three Granger films that will be shown in France are *The Call of the Road*, starring Victor McLaglen and Phyllis Shannaw; *Unmarried*, starring Gerald du Maurier and Malvina Longfellow; and *Weavers of Fortune*, starring Henry Vibart, Myrtle Vibart, Derek Glynn, and Dacia. The two first-

A scene from "Crainquebille."



Gerald Ames and Sylvia Grey in "Within the Maze."

mentioned were big popular successes in the United Kingdom; whilst the third has not yet been shown in this country. *The Call of the Road* will be showing throughout France in the course of the next few weeks.

The first three French productions to be issued by Grangers under this agreement are an interesting trio. The first is entitled, *Within the Maze*, and is an adapta-

tion of the novel of the same name by Mrs. Henry Wood. Both British and French stars appear in this film. Jean Angelo, the hero of *Atlantide*, Gerald Ames, and Constance Worth are the featured players. The second is called *The Sacrifice*, and raises the question of whether a woman's love for her children is stronger than her love for her husband. This film is wonderfully acted by an entirely French cast which includes Emmy Lynn, the famous tragédienne; Maurice Renaud, of the Paris Opera House; and André Pollack, of the Comédie Française. The third, is the adaptation of Anatole France's delightful work, *Crainquebille*. Jacques Feyder, the famous producer of *Atlantide*, was responsible for the direction, and Maurice de Feraudy, of the Comédie Française, is the star. *Crainquebille* has been a great success in France, and is shortly to be presented at the Capitol, New York.

André Pollack and Emmy Lynn in "The Sacrifice."



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## MARY PICKFORD.

A rosebud among girls,  
With sunny, golden curls,  
Blue eyes and teeth like pearls—  
That's Mary.

Past mistress of her art,  
In every kind of part,  
The queen of every heart—  
Our Mary.

NIGGER (Weston-super-Mare).

## TO BETTY COMPTON.

Betty, if your eyes, perchance,  
On these lines of mine should  
glance,

Deem it not too small a thing—  
This, my humble offering.  
If you knew, my blue-eyed fairy,  
How, with rhyming dictionary,  
Half the night, the cold defying,  
I have spent in versifying,  
You could hardly be disdainful,  
Of a Muse that proves so painful:  
Betty, Goddess of Perfection,  
Do not blight my young affection!

LADDIE (Kensington).

## IF.

If I had the Lamp of Aladdin,  
I'd travel as fast as I could;  
And I'd stay till I'd seen all the stars  
on the screen,

In 'that wonderful town, Hollywood,  
I'd be sure to meet curly-haired Mary,  
And dare-devil Doug., the screen  
scamp;

I should kiss dear Eugene  
(If he'd let me, I mean),

If I had that Wonderful Lamp.

If I had the Lamp of Aladdin,  
Gee! wouldn't it be just divine!  
I'd feel full of glee, and have Norma to  
tea,

And Ivor Novello to dine  
I'd follow the latest screen fashions;  
I'd get myself up as a "vamp"  
In a year I'd be seen,

As the great Movie Queen,  
If I had that Wonderful Lamp.  
S. S. (Calcutta).

## TO MARIE DORO.

Though, Marie, 'tis a frequent task,  
We know no answer if we ask  
You in what fairy lore may be  
The secret of your witchery—  
The art that, in your slender hands,  
Holds every heart with viewless bands.  
The strange, elusive spell which seems  
The fabric of our sweetest dreams

One greater of the poet tribe  
Might fail your beauties to describe  
Anew, though, similarly, one  
At least could do no ill for none  
Could make the wonders that comprise  
Your face and form and hair and eyes  
And dainty feet and slim white arms,  
Aught but a catalogue of charms!  
EBO (Bristol)

## A LAY FROM LEIGH

I who write you would not dare  
To even say I'm "passing fair"  
But though in looks I am so poor,  
I love thee from afar, Tom Moore  
CLEO (Lough-on-Sea)



## 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.]

## Unbroken Bottles.

"El Salvador," the outlaw in *The Gunfighter*, featuring W. S. Hart, takes a whisky bottle from the table and throws it at one of his Mexican followers. The bottle misses its object and hurtles against the wall, whence it falls to the stone floor without breaking. I wonder what whisky bottles are made of on the screen.

M. G. (Johannesburg).

## A Quick Shave.

In *Uncharted Seas*, "Ralph" and "Lucretia" lose their ship, and are ice-bound on a lonely shore. After days of travel across frozen wastes, they come to the sea once more. "Ralph," who has a week's growth of beard upon his face, bids "Lucretia" good-bye, and they prepare for death. Suddenly he sights a boat nearing the shore, and he tries to rouse "Lucretia." It is noticed that he has shaved in the meantime!

T. M. (Sheffield)

## The Note that Walked by Itself.

When Pauline Frederick, in *Two Kinds of Women*, receives a decoy note, calling her to the bedside of her father's friend, who has been injured, she drops it on the floor and leaves it there. Yet when the hero (Tom Santschi) comes in later, he finds the note amongst some papers on her dressing-table. As nobody had been in to move it, how did it get there?

G. M. H. (Paignton).

## Perhaps Both Spoke Esperanto.

In *Chasing the Moon*, "Dwight Locke," the American hero, meets a Russian Princess, and as she cannot speak English, and he knows no Russian, they are unable to speak to one another. But when he visits her castle, a day or two later, they are seen conversing quite fluently. Had the Princess learnt English in the meantime, or had "Locke" taken a correspondence course in conversational Russian?

V. P. (West Ealing)

## Welcome, Old Friend!

When acting as a charlady, "Polly," in *Polly of the Follies*, wraps a cloth round her head. Before entering the room for rehearsal the cloth is quite plain, but when she gets inside it is checked.

H. S. (Aldershot)

## A COMFORTABLE ARRANGEMENT.

I'm not a serious person,  
To laugh is my delight;  
I scream at Charlie Chaplin,  
He's such a funny sight.  
My wife, now, she's quite different,  
She loves a "tragic queen,"  
She dotes on Pauline Frederick,  
Her darling of the screen.

All through our married lifetime,  
We've followed each our bent;  
And this has been till lately  
The cause of much dissent!  
But last week we agreed that  
Each other's tastes we'd test.  
Now I'm in love with Pauline—  
So Charles must do the rest!

A. P. (Birkenhead).

## BIG BILL.

Big Bill Duncan is a very strong man,  
He's the star beloved of every movie fan;  
He's the King of Serials, I'll be bound.  
You can bet I know—I've had a good  
look round

Big Bill Duncan with a big career,  
He's always sure of a welcome here  
To any sort of trouble he is sure no  
stranger,  
For he lives and thrives on thrills and  
danger.

S. M. S. (Near Liverpool).

## MY STAR

Of screen stars there are plenty,  
Both male and female too;  
And everybody has their choice  
From May and Jane to Sue  
Of course, I have a fav'rite,  
The best one of the lot  
My hero's tall and brave and kind  
A truer man you'll never find  
Than noble Gregory Scott

F. C. (Ipswich)



**SKIN DEEP** (Continued from Page 31)

"Very sorry, sir!" said Casey. When they were gone, Bud turned to the attorney.

"Why didn't you charge me?"  
 "Why didn't you shoot me?"  
 "Because I couldn't."

"And I couldn't give you in charge. I don't want to make crooks. I want to save them. These men knew of your intentions."

"A frame-up? I'm wondering. . . . If you'll give me an hour, I reckon I'll find out, sir."

Bud went first to the "Twinkle Eye," was unrecognised, and learnt that the gang were "sitting" in conference at McQuarge's. There he went, under the name of Frisco Jake, with a message. He found, on admittance, his wife Sadie in the arms of Joe Culver.

"Bud told me to tell you," he said, "that he's been kep' up all these weeks by the thought of how faithfully you was waitin' for him."

Sadie laughed a sneering laugh. "Where is he now?" she asked. "Why doesn't he come and get the District Attorney?"

"He crashed in an aeroplane, and his nerve's gone," replied "Frisco Jake," laughing inwardly at the thought that he was unrecognised, even by his unfaithful wife. "I don't think you'll ever find him in New York no more. He wants you to go West to him."

"I should say so!" Sadie laughed. At last Bud took his departure, but not until he had stood in silence at the door with his ear to the keyhole, listening. And what he heard. . . .

Back at the Attorney's, he made his apologies, and explained that he was on the side of the law. And then he mentioned some of the things he had overheard through the keyhole.

"Dr. Langdon, out at Manor Park Hospital, is collecting funds for the ex-Service boys?" he asked.

"He has collected many thousands," replied the Attorney. "He hands the money over to me, as president of the association, to-morrow at the great public meeting at—"

"If he has it!" snapped Bud. "But I heard what the gang said. At midnight to night they drive up in an ambulance and gain an entrance to the house, and what I know of 'em, they won't leave without every cent. I heard all their plans."

"Good God!" cried the Attorney. Together, the District Attorney and the ex-crook drove to Manor Park. The butler told them of an emergency case that had been brought in half-an-hour ago, and just removed in the ambulance.

"If we are too late!" cried Bud. For the money they were. But the doctor was not seriously injured, and Nurse Carlson was only bound and gagged. They released her, and she flew into the District Attorney's arms.

"Father!" she cried. The doctor rose and rubbed his head where the surprise blow had fallen. "There's every cent of the boys' money gone!" he cried. "Every cent." But Bud strode forward. "Not so sure about that," he said. "If the Attorney here will be good enough to have me supplied with jemmies and nice little things with which to pick locks. . . . You see, I used to have a bit of a reputation. . . ."

And so, not half-an-hour later, while fifty of the city's best police stood guard, Bud Doyle worked his last job. It took him but ten minutes to pick his way through the three heavily-bolted doors of the gang's headquarters, and so swift was the inrush, every member was handcuffed before he knew what had happened.

"Give me," said Bud, pointing to Sadie, "five minutes alone with her."

"I suppose," she smiled, "you've taken a fancy to me? Men do. And now Culver's put away, I think we ought to get along well together. You've kept me back to let me escape, of course?"

"I have," said Bud. "Then—"  
 He lowered his voice and came closer.

"Don't you know me?" And he bared his wrist and showed a certain tattoo mark.

"Bud!" The word was a scream. She shrank back and would have fallen, but that his arm was round her. But at last she recovered her composure and was laughing again.

"I think," she said, "I'll go to Mexico."

"I think," said Bud, "you'd better go to Nemo. There's easy divorce laws there."

He turned and left her and went downstairs. And there was Nurse Carlson waiting for him.

"I've been hearing all about you," she said. "This time I don't think you'll refuse to come back and help us with the good work?"

"How can you ask, if you've been hearing all about me?" said Bud. "I used to be a crook, you know."

"But," she smiled, "father says that crookedness is just like beauty. Only skin deep, you know."



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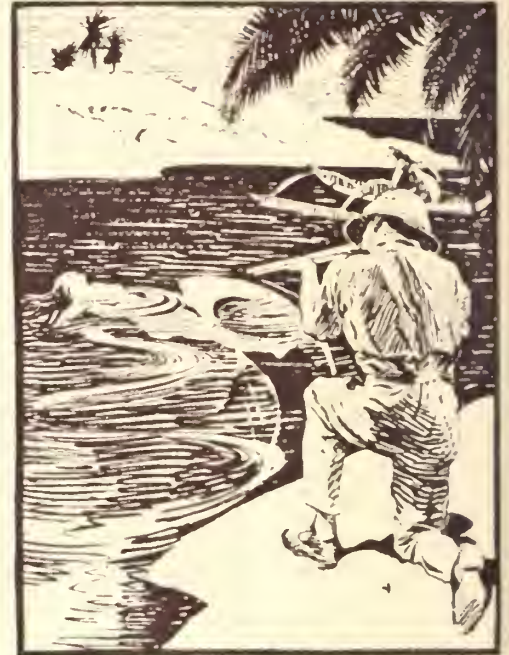
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**B**EHIND the swimming girl, a long grey form was rising—the "Scarred One"—a ferocious shark. Little Ola, the Island Queen, in an agony of terror, dived to distract the shark's attention. Then she floated, motionless, waiting for the Scarred One to take her. The next instant Mark fired, and the foaming water grew red. . . .

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Some very beautiful effects in Cosmopolitan-Goldwyn's *Enemies of Women* film were obtained by having certain scenes in it coloured by hand. This needed very skilful treatment, and the work was done by a Danish painter, Gustav Brock. Scenes showing a desperate sabre fight between a Cossack and a Prince were filmed by torchlight, then coloured, and the fiery glow of the flaring torches looked most realistic. War scenes, too, are coloured, and one showing a big balloon burning in mid-air provided quite a spectacular touch, and evoked a round of applause for itself at the film's initial showing.

Universal are going to screen the latest American novel, "Damned" which is all about the other world (both sections). The prologue takes place on earth, but more by way of introducing the characters than anything else. Descriptions of some of the sets remind us of Doré's illustrations to "Dante's Inferno," and the electrical and other devices for lighting will cost a fortune. Parts of the infernal regions we shall see consist of The Valley of the Serpent's Tooth, The Cage of Relatives-in-Law, The Garden of Bad Luck, etc., etc., and Barbara La Marr has the leading rôle.

Many picture-lovers have wondered whether *The Bird of Paradise*, which ran so successfully this side at the Lyric, was ever going to be filmed. The secret's out now; the author wouldn't part with his play, because he wanted to produce it in celluloid himself. Richard Walton Tully is producing *Tribby* at the moment, but *The Bird of Paradise* will follow immediately after, and much speculation is rife as to the "Luana." The play had a great vogue in the U.S.A., and Bessie Barriscale, Laurette Taylor, and Lenore Ulric are only a few of the favourites who starred in the rôle there. In its original cast, *The Bird of Paradise* included Lewis Stone as "Paul," Theodore Roberts as "Hatch," and Guy Bates Post as "The Beachcomber." The film will be made at Hawaii, using the locations which suggested the drama originally.

Tom Mix has made more pictures during the past twelvemonth than any other star. He has been so busy, except for the time he has had to spend recovering from the couple of injuries he received whilst "stunting," that he declares he hasn't had time to try out his new automobiles. Tom has a nice taste in cars and



Betty Compson and Theodore Kosloff in "The Green Temptation."

Baby Virginia Lee Corbin, who used to play lead in all Fox's Kiddie films, has just come back to the screen after several years' absence. She has been abroad most of the time; and is now in Hollywood with Fisher Productions, playing the waif, "Patsy," as a youngster, in *Youth Triumphant*. Anna Q. Nilsson "carries on" when "Patsy" grows up.

A 15,000-acre ranch, about fifty miles from Los, was the scene of the battle of Jarnac, when Frank Lloyd staged it for Norma Talmadge's *Ashes of Vengeance* film. The whole company went into camp there for awhile, and a caravan-like procession, led by the star in her auto-dressing-room, left Los early one morning to go "on location." Sixteenth-century French buildings were erected, ready for the filming, from prints of the period. As usual, there is an all-star cast, with Conway Tearle, Winter Hall, Wallace Beery, Courtney Foote, Josephine Crowell, Claire McDowell, and Earle Schenck, amongst others.

Virginia Pearson is playing a movie mother with Dinky Dean (the new Chaplin find) as her screen offspring, in *John of the Woods*, a costume story.

Tom Mix has made more pictures during the past twelvemonth than any other star. He has been so busy, except for the time he has had to spend recovering from the couple of injuries he received whilst "stunting," that he declares he hasn't had time to try out his new automobiles. Tom has a nice taste in cars and

motor boats, but what's the use, as he sadly says, when you don't get home from the studio before you're called up again! Tom's latest is *Stepping Fast*.

Movies are a growing melo-er and melo-er these days. After *Only A Shopgirl* and others of that ilk, we are promised *No Mother To Guide Her*, from the popular melodrama, in the near future.

Didn't we predict it? Mary Pickford's new Spanish picture has necessitated the famous curls being neatly coiled up on her head. Likewise

the adoption of a gorgeous Spanish comb and big dangling ear-rings. Yet "Rosita" is a very blonde Spaniard, after all. George Walsh is her leading man, and according to Lubitsch, who directed, Mary grows up completely, part of this process including a thorough "vamping" of a Spanish king (Holbrook Blinn) on her part. The screenplay will probably be titled *The Street Singer*, and the cast is composed of almost entirely newcomers to the Pickford studios.

Enid Bennett has a delightful rôle in *Captain Applejack*, which is simply another name for "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," now that this successful play is being screened. It was produced this side by Charles Hawtrey, you'll remember, and his rôle of "The Captain" is being played by Matt Moore in the movie version.

Ever since J. Stuart Blackton returned to produce for Vitagraph, the players who used to work with him have been in constant communication with him. Blackton announces that he will probably cast as many old Vitagraph favourites as possible in the first features he will make.

Baby Buster Keaton is making his first bow as a movie actor in Constance Talmadge's new film, *Dulcy*. It was bound to come.

Production of *The Master of Man* is well started at Goldwyn's. This first Victor Seastrom production over there has an interesting cast, for

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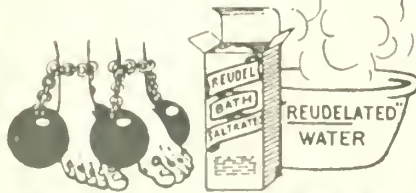
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Fred Niblo visits the Metro studios, where his wife, Enid Bennett, is playing in "Your Friend and Mine." Left to right: Rosemary Theby, Fred Niblo, Clarence Badger, Willard Mack, Arthur Sawyer, Huntley Gordon, J. Herbert Frank, and Enid Bennett.

Joseph Schildkraut plays the lead; Mae Busch, "Bessie"; Creighton Hale, "Alick"; De Witt Jennings, "Dan Collister"; and Winter Hall, "Sir John Stanley."

The next Kipling story to be filmed is *The Light That Failed*, and George Melford will produce it for Paramount.

Johnny Hines has been kicking his heels in idleness and bemoaning his ill-luck. He had such a nice star rôle in *Little Johnny Jones*, but whilst out on location a piece of very thick glass fell on him and Johnny's hand was severely cut. This happened near San Pedro Harbour, and the victim was attended by a surgeon on board a British tramp steamer lying in the harbour. They wouldn't let him work for over a week. *Little Johnny Jones* is a racing story written round the Derby. Director Rosson is particularly proud of the fog scenes, which were shot in the studios, and of the fact that he provided his own fog. But he is not telling the world how he did it.

Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath are playing sisters in a new Metro film. For the first time too, for both have been stars since they commenced screen work, so that they had no chance of screening together.

The second screening of *The Virginian* is to be directed by Tom Forman, and Kenneth Harlan will have the title-rôle, with Florence Vidor as the schoolmistress, and Russell Simpson and Pat O'Malley in other important parts. Dustin Farnum was the original "Virginian," on both stage and screen. When he left the play William S. Hart took up the part,

and Frank Campeau was "Trampas." W. S. Hart was extremely popular in the part, and he declares it laid the foundations of his stage success. Douglas Fairbanks bought the screen rights and held them for some time, but he finally judged it was out of his line and decided upon an Oriental story for his next production.

Harold Lloyd's *Safety Last* is the most ingenious compound of laughs and thrills imaginable. It is like Harold's *High and Dizzy*, only infinitely more so. A seven-reel comedy that keeps everybody alternately laughing and gasping throughout is an achievement, and though there is all the old eerie fire stuff in this one, there is also much that is new and good. Harold is the poor boy who goes to the city to seek his fortune and pretends to have found it waiting for him. Then when the girl arrives he has to keep up the deception, and the way he does this is delightful.

The thrills come along at the end, when our hero nonchalantly loses his balance not once, but scores of times, at various points up the side and on the roof of a sky-scraper. These dangerous antics looked too real to be true, and sure enough there is a catch somewhere. Harold actually took enough risks to make him promise Mildred his next would not be a "thrill" comedy, but so cleverly is the feature made that he appears to take perfectly hair-raising feats as part of his usual job. You will have to wait until September to watch him, but the comedy is quite his best to date.

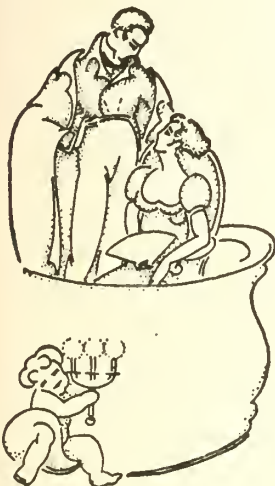
When Cecil B. De Mille films *The Ten Commandments*, Theodore Roberts will play "Moses." But

(Cont. read on page 54)

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everybody knows the Patriarch did not smoke, so Theodore and his trained cigar will part company again. Whilst playing in *Grumpy*, they wouldn't let Theodore smoke before the camera, but his reunions with his pet cheroot were most affecting.

Jimmy Aubrey has left Vitagraph, and is busily organising his own comedy company. He has been five years with Vitagraph, and was second only to Larry Semon in popularity amongst their comedy stars. Jimmy will continue making two-reelers, and most of the staff associated with him during this time will keep their positions in his new studio.

Elmo Lincoln will be seen in Marshall Neilan's new picture, *The Eternal Three*, and not as "Tarzan."

Marion Daviès hopes to be in London and make personal appearances whilst *Little Old New York* has its special showing in London. This is the story for which she sacrificed her pretty golden hair, for she plays a boy's rôle, and wears her locks à la Jackie Coogan. After her London appearances, Marion Davies will go to Italy and France in search of atmosphere for *Yolanda*, a romantic story by Charles Major.

John Gilbert follows H. B. Walthall in the rôle of *St. Elmo*, which Fox's are making. Augusta J. Evans' famous best-seller was filmed some years ago, with Warda Howard opposite Walthall. The new version has Barbara La Marr as "Agnes Hunt," Bessie Love as "Edna Earle," and Warner Baxter as the villain. Since *Monte Cristo*, John Gilbert (whose wife, Leatrice Joy, is a Paramount star) has become a great favourite, and his releases this year will be many.

A modernised version of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is about to be filmed. It is an Independent production, and 'tis said that Rod La Roque, Estelle Taylor, and Kathryn McGuire will be the stars. It seems a pity that this should be made in America, but there is quite a good romantic story in the poem, and plenty of chance for beautiful backgrounds. There is a fairly fresh field for the photoplay in the works of Sir Walter

Scott, for very few have been filmed. "Marmion" seems to have escaped everybody's eyes, and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," with its spooks and spells, would make a good movie.

Carlyle Blackwell has been to France making scenes for his own production of W. J. Locke's *Beloved Vagabond*. Carlyle will enact the beloved one, and Madge Stuart "Blanchette"; whilst "Countess Joanna" of the tiny feet will be played by Phyllis Titmuss. Albert Chase, a sixteen-year-old boy, is the "Asticot." It is his first film rôle.

Many of the interesting remarks of Frank Vernon in his book, "Modern Stage Production" (which is just published), apply to the screen also. He gives full praise to the producer, describes at full length settings, lighting, the value of personality, and the mysteries of casting. Although films and stage plays are arts apart, they have many things in common, and we recommend this 100-page volume to critical picture-goers. It costs 3s. 6d. from "The Stage" Office, 16, York Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

Pauline Frederick is positively coming over to London at last. She will star in at least one film for Ideal, and may possibly be seen on the stage as well.

One of the big thrills in Harold Lloyd's greatest comedy, "Safety Last."



**B**ull Montana, who stars nowadays in Metro productions, has had a varied career. He once made his bread-and-butter by acting as thrower-out in a New York theatre in the Bowery. This district is the haunt beloved of all the New York hooligans and toughs, and Bull earned his money. Later on, he was a gardener in a very well-known New York park. But he doesn't tell anyone how he acquired his famous cauliflower ear.

**D**ouglas MacLean's new mystery comedy, *A Man of Action*, is all about a million dollars' worth of diamonds, crooks, chases, and robberies. Douglas has been working extra hard on it, and apparently it got on his mind. For on the one day off he had, which he spent in bed, his wife declares that every time she passed his door he was uttering fearful threats and talking in his sleep not twenty, but forty to the dozen.

**S**ome unusually interesting "sets" are to be seen around Movieland these days. There is Universal's Notre Dame and the streets and buildings surrounding it. This studio model of the famous building is as large as life, and though it is only plaster, it is correct to the last gargoyle. Then Jackie Coogan's *Long Live the King* boasts of some marvellous exterior constructions. One set, which is an exact replica of Castle Newschwainstein in Bulgaria, occupies 240,000 square feet of ground and is ninety feet high. The battlements are twenty feet tall. There is also a huge viaduct and a square which contains many enormous buildings.

**A**dmirers of Reginald Denny will be glad to hear that he has made another twelve two-reelers called the *Fighting Blood* series. These are by the same author as *The Leather Pushers*, and concern the struggles of a young clerk and his eventual success in the prize ring.

**L**illian Gish is home again after seven months spent in Italy around Rome, Sorrento, and Florence. Her next picture, *Romola*, will probably be made there, and Dorothy Gish will co-star with her.

**T**ruer to form, Eric Von Stroheim has retitled *McTeague*, which will make its film bow as *Greedy Wives*.

**M**ary Hay Barthelmess is five months old to-day, July 1.

**L**ittle Dinky Dean, who appeared with Chaplin in *The Pilgrim*, is going to be starred in a series of five-reel films. The first of these is a costume picture. Looks as if someone thinks they have found another Jackie Coogan. Anyway, it seems to be a good thing for any player to have Charles Chaplin give them a part, for it invariably leads to other excellent engagements.

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**A**n interesting little party of Paramount players are in Florida, filming exteriors for *The Heart Raider*. Headed by Agnes Ayres and Mahlon Hamilton, they are making good use of their spare time by spending most of it in the water. Scenes will be taken near Palm Beach, also at Miami (which has figured in so many picture-plays already), and a few in Savannah, Georgia.

**C**osmopolitan is filming *Under the Red Robe*, a favourite Stanley Weyman romance; and a very well-known American singer, John Charles Thomas, makes his picture debut in it, opposite either Alma Rubens or Marion Davies.

**M**any diverse rumours have been in circulation about Sessue Hayakawa and his wife since their return to America. Sessue has been appearing in a stage play, but this was not a success, though the star got a royal reception, especially on tour. Now he, and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, have accepted a French film engagement, and will be in Paris for some time. The film is called *La Bataille*.

**T**he big thrill of *The Broken Wing*, where the aviator crashes through the roof of a building, was staged last week, and Tom Forman and Kenneth Harlan came through the ordeal none the worse. Engineers evolved a specially weighted and balanced plane, and Kenneth, as the aviator, and his dog, who insisted on being a passenger, successfully smashed in the roof of the Mexican dwelling and landed sideways on the log-covered patio. After which there was a pause whilst the damages the actor hadn't given himself were skilfully simulated. They told Harlan afterwards that, though there was no idea of his being killed in this stunt, a broken arm or leg would have surprised nobody! What Kenneth replied is not public property.

**V**ery little has been heard of "Maciste," the giant player whose prodigious feats attracted so much attention in *Cabiria*. He has not been idle, though, and several of his pictures are now due for release in America. These are *Maciste and the Javanese Girl*, *Maciste and the Daughter of the Silver King*, *Maciste and the Prisoner of No. 51*, and *Maciste and the Chinese Trunk*.

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## HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

# Picturegoer's Guide



Gladys Walton and Jack Mower in "The Rowdy."

**A Dangerous Game** (*European*; July 30).

A good comedy drama about an orphan waif, fairies, spiritualism, and a lonely old bachelor who for once does not marry his ward. Gladys Walton stars, supported by Spottiswood Aitken, Robert Agnew, Kate Price, Annie Shaefer, Edward Jobson, Otto Hoffman, and William Robert Daly.

**Another Man's Boots** (*U.K.*; July 2).

Western romance in which a stranger, by assuming the rôle of a man supposedly murdered, won a wife and a fortune. Stars Francis Ford, also Joseph Smee, Harry Smith, Flvira Weil, Frank Lanning, and Robert Courtman. Good entertainment.

**A Parisian Scandal** (*F.B.O.*; July 30).

Marie Prevost in an amusing social skit about a confirmed flirt's conquest of an unsophisticated American student. Bertram Grassby, Tom Gallon, and Mae Busch are in the supporting cast. Pleasing comedy fare.

**A Private Scandal** (*Realart-Gaumont*; July 30).

A very charming star in a very ordinary story about a self-sacrificing heroine. May McAvoy and a fine cast headed by Bruce Gordon, Ralph Lewis, Kathlyn Williams, Lloyd Whitlock, and Gladys Fox. Fair entertainment.

**The Arizona Cat-Claw** (*Walker*; July 2).

Rather crude and rough-and-ready Western melodrama, with Edythe Sterling, a fearless stunt horsewoman, in the leading rôle, supported by Pauline Becher and Steve Clementi. Excellent riding and exteriors, but not very much human interest.

**The Beautiful Liar** (*Ass. First Nat.*; July 9).

Katherine MacDonald in a dual rôle and a pleasing light comedy drama. A pretty typist impersonates a leading actress, and captivates a young millionaire. Charles Meredith, Joseph J. Dowling, Kate Lester, and Wilfred Lucas play the principal supporting rôles. Light but quite bright.

**Beauty's Worth** (*Paramount*; July 19).

Or Clothes Make the Woman. A lavish Marion Davies production showing how fine feathers turned a Quakeress into a Society belle. In the cast are Forrest Stanley, June Elvidge, Hallam Cooley, Truly Shattuck, Antrim Short, and Thomas Jefferson. Good entertainment.

**Beyond the Rainbow** (*Jury*; July 19).

Mystery melodrama with a good surprise climax, much humour, good direction, and a fine cast which includes Harry Morey, Billie Dove, Virginia Lee, Diana Allen, Macey Harlam, Helen Ware, George Fawcett, Margaret Courtot, Clara Bow, and Huntley Gordon.

**The Call of Home** (*Jury*; July 2).

Well produced and well balanced "eternal triangle" drama, with some beautiful outdoor settings, and spectacular flood scenes at the end. Well acted by Irene Rich, Leon Barry, Jobyna Ralston, Ramsey Wallace, Carl Stockdale, Emmett King, Genevieve Blinn, and Norma Nichols. Good dramatic fare.

**The Crimson Challenge** (*Paramount*; July 23).

Another Western drama with a girl "hero." Also murders, fights, cattle rustling and chases. Dorothy Dalton stars, supported by Jack Mower, Frank

[Continued on page 55.]



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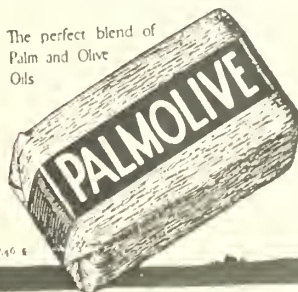
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Campeau, Irene Hunt, Howard Ralston, Clarence Burton, Will R. Walling, George Field, Mrs. Dark Cloud, and Fred Huntly. Fair entertainment.

**The Death Leap (Astoria ; July 7).**

Five reels of hair-raising and well-worked stunts, with Lucien Albertini (Samsonia) at his sensational best as a workman who rescues two heroines every few minutes alternately. A stunt show containing much unconscious humour.

**Desperate Trails (F.B.O. ; July 9).**

Harry Carey in an unconvincing Western crook story, in which the hero goes to prison for sixteen years for a crime someone else committed. Good acting and photography, but very slow entertainment.

**The Devil's Trail (Walkers ; July 30).**

Canadian - North - West - Mounted melodrama, and a hectic specimen at best, which will appeal to lovers of Wild-Western stuff most. Betty Compton, George Larkin, and Fred Malatesta play leading rôles. Keep away if you're critical.

**Dr. Jim (F.B.O. ; July 23).**

An excellent Frank Mayo feature with a good dramatic story about a husband and wife's estrangement and gradual reunion. Contains good storm scenes at sea, and the inevitable Frank Mayo fight. Cast includes Claire Windsor, Robert Anderson, Herbert Hayes, and Stanhope Wheatcroft.

**The Dust Flower (Goldwyn ; July 30).**

"Cinderella" in a modern setting, with a millionaire as the Prince and a tenement-girl heroine. Well played by Helen Chadwick, James Rennie, Claude Gillingwater, Mona Kingsley,

Edward Peil, and George Periola. Sentimental entertainment.

**Evidence (Selznick Pathé ; July 23).**

Elaine Hammerstein in a cleverly handled social drama about an actress's marriage with a rich man and its consequences. Niles Welch, Holmes E. Herbert, Marie Burke, Constance Bennett, Matilda Metevier, and Ernest Hilliard support. Good entertainment.

**Forest Rivals (Feature ; July 16).**

Rather stereotyped as to story, but wonderfully pretty out-of-doors settings and some convincing fights and stunts. Two men loved the same girl, but she eventually married neither. Dorothy Green and Arthur Ashley are featured, supported by Clay Clement, John Davidson, Jack Drumier, Evelyn Axzel, Madge Lee, Jack Drumier, and Kempton Green.

**For Big Stakes (Fox ; July 23).**

Tom Mix and "Tony" in a typical Mix feature with a thrilling climax showing the hero riding through flames to rescue the girl. All Tom's stunts are well staged and performed. Patsy Ruth Miller opposite, also Bert Sprotte, Sid Jordan, Al Fremont, and Joseph Harris. Good Western fare.

**Forsaking All Others (European ; July 9).**

The story of a girl who remembered and a boy who forgot. Somewhat mechanical, but contains an unexpected twist at the end, and a good cast, including Colleen Moore, Cullen Landis, David Torrence, Sam de Grasse, June Elvidge, Lucille Rickson, May Wallace, and Melbourne McDowell. A fairly good comedy drama.



Herbert Rawlinson in "One Wonderful Night."

**The Fourteenth Lover** (*Jury*; July 5).

Viola Dana in a pleasing comedy drama about a fickle flapper who met her match. Jack Mulhall, Theodore von Eltz, Kate Lester, Alberta Lee, Frederick Vroom, and Fonzie Gumm complete the cast.

**Gay and Devilish** (*Jury*; July 26).

Light entertainment, with Doris May in the rôle of a lively girl who schemes to rid herself of an unwanted fiancé. In the cast are Cullen Landis, Otis Harlan, Jacqueline Logan, Bull Montana, Lila Leslie, Ashley Cooper, George Periolat, Kingsley Benedict, Arthur Millett, and Milton Ross.

**The Gift Supreme** (*Walker*; July 16).

Seena Owen, Bernard Durning, and Lon Chaney in a strong drama of the slums, in which criminals are shown to be decidedly saintly, and some grimly realistic scenes and fights give a good though sordid atmosphere.

**The Glory of Clementina** (*Jury*; July 23).

Adapted from W. J. Locke's well-known story, this is Pauline Frederick's last release. It tells how an eccentric genius became dowdy and temperamental, but eventually regains her lost womanly charm and wins a husband. Edward Martindell, George Cowl, Jean Calhoun, Edward Hearn, Louise Dresser, Helen Stone, and Truly Shattuck support the star. Good, despite many omissions from the novel.

**The Green Temptation** (*Paramount*; July 30).

Betty Compson leading a triple life amid fast-moving scenes of stage, underworld, war, and society life. A strong and interesting story, very well produced, and well acted by all concerned. Cast includes Mahlon Hamilton, Theodore Kosloff, Neely Edwards, Mary Thurman, Lynore Lynnard, Betty Brice, Arthur Hall, and M. Von Hardenberg. Excellent entertainment.

**The Half Breed** (*Ass. First Nat.*; July 2).

A mixture of drama and melodrama concerning an educated half-breed who loves a white woman. Contains some interesting round-up scenes, thrills and fights, and Wheeler Oakman, Ann May, Mary Anderson, Hugh Thompson, Joseph Dowling, N. F. De Ruiz, Carl Stockdale and King Evers.

**Hate** (*Jury*; July 30).

Alice Lake in a powerful mystery romance, in which a show girl is instrumental in saving an innocent man from execution. The star is well supported by Conrad Nagel, Harry Northrup, Charles Clary, and John Ince. Good entertainment.

**Head Over Heels** (*Goldwyn*; July 2).

Mabel Normand in a pleasing little comedy-drama about an Italian girl



Wyndham Standing in his garden, where he is seen entertaining his little daughter.

who wishes to become famous, and compromises by marrying her agent. A one-woman show, but quite good entertainment. In the cast appear Hugh Thompson, Russ Powell, Raymond Hatton, Adolphe Jean Menjou, Lilyan Tashman, and Lionel Belmore.

**Her Husband's Trademark** (*Paramount*, July 2).

Yet another version of the eternal triangle, with a good and well-told story, and a finely managed sensational climax. Gloria Swanson stars, supported by Stuart Holmes, Richard Wayne, Lucien Littlefield, Charles Ogle, Edythe Chapman, Clarence Burton, and James Nejl. Good entertainment.

**Her Game** (*Feature*; July 30).

Florence Reed as a courageous young Southern girl who goes to New York to get even with the man who ruined her father. Conway Tearle plays two rôles, and Jed Prouty, Florence Billings, and Mathilda Brundage complete the cast. Very good acting, but only fair entertainment.

**Hickville to Broadway** (*Fox*; July 23).

An amusing story of mistaken identity, in which Eileen Percy stars in a rôle exceedingly well suited to her. William Scott, Rosemary Theby, Edward Burns, and John Lockney also appear. Excellent entertainment.

**His Own People** (*Vitagraph*; July 2).

A reissue of a charming Irish story, starring Harry Morey and Gladys Leslie, supported by Jessie Stevens,

Arthur Donaldson, Betty Blythe, William Dunn, Bert Tracey and Jane Jennings. Good entertainment.

**The Hypocrites** (*Granger Binger*; July 16).

A British adaptation of a Henry Arthur Jones play, made in Holland, with an American director and star. The title explains the story, which is acted by Wyndham Standing, Mary Odette, Harold French, Roy Travers, Lillian Douglas, William Hunter, Bertie White, and Vera Hargreave.

**Is Matrimony a Failure** (*Paramount*; July 9).

First-rate farce-comedy, dealing with a new theory as to why husbands leave home. Excellent work by T. Roy Barnes, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, Walter Hiers, Zasu Arthur Hoyt, Lillian Leighton, Tully Marshall, Adolphe Menjou, Sylvia Ashton, Otis Harlan, Charles Ogle, Ethel Wales, Sydney Bracey, Dan Mason, W. H. Brown, and Robert Brower.

**The Light in the Dark** (*Ass. First Nat.*; July 30).

Hope Hampton, E. K. Lincoln, and Lon Chaney in a drama of society and the underworld. A silver cup, believed to be the Holy Grail, has much to do with the story, and an ingenious idea is used in connection with it. Dore Davidson, Theresa Maxwell Conover, Dorothy Walters, and Edgar Norton support.

**Lily of the Alley** (*Hepworth*; July 2).

The first long British film without any sub-titles. Written and produced by Henry Edwards, who also plays the chief character, supported by Chrissie White, Frank Stanmore, Campbell Gullan, Lionel D'Aragon, and Mary Brough. A slum-story, intense and harrowing in places, then finally proving only a bad dream of the heroine's. Fine acting and photography, and an interesting novelty.

**Money to Burn** (*Fox*; July 16).

A very good William Russell feature, with an entertaining romance of business life for its theme. The star plays a wizard of finance, and is supported by Sylvia Breamer, Hallam Cooley, Harvey Clark, and Wade Boteler. Excellent entertainment.

**The Moor** (*Goldwyn*; July 16).

A German picturisation of Shakespeare's "Othello," featuring Emil Jannings, who gives a fine interpretation of the name-part. Characterisation somewhat different from the ordinary idea of Shakespeare's characters, especially in regarding "Iago." Tragic entertainment.

**North of the Rio Grande** (*Paramount*; July 16).

Jack Holt and Bébé Daniels in one of the best Westerners of the month.

## JULY JOTTINGS.

### Films You Should See This Month.

Amongst the numerous pictures which will take their place on the silver sheet during the present month we notice some particularly attractive releases.

#### Hurricane's Gal.

This is a stirring story of the Southern Seas in which destroyers, hydroplanes, and pirate schooners mingle in thrilling adventure. Dorothy Phillips, who will be remembered for her stirring performance as the wife in *Man-Woman-Marriage*, plays the leading rôle, the picture being directed by her brilliant young husband, Allan Holubar. Closely following on the heels of this release comes Oliver Morosco's initial First National production,

#### The Half Breed.

Morosco is one of the greatest stage producers in America, and is transferring many of his footlight successes to the screen. *The Half Breed* (the name part is played by Wheeler Oakman, with Ann May in support) tells of a social pariah who smashed through the blood barrier. The climax, in which thousands of stampeding cattle plunge madly after a fugitive pair, is probably one of the best ever recorded by the watchful camera.

By way of light entertainment there is

#### The Beautiful Liar,

a delightful comedy romance played with the usual — or rather, unusual — charm of Katherine MacDonald. Dealing with a typist who by a stroke of fortune is mistaken for a well-known actress, it has many quaint turns and an absorbing love theme. For those who love crook melodrama

#### Skin Deep.

offers a wealth of sensational thrill in New York's underworld. Handsome Milton Sills for once mars his good looks in the rôle of the evil-faced "tough" "Budd Doyle," but after a daring aeroplane escapade, some thrilling gun play, and many equally momentous happenings, love (in the form of Florence Vidor) changes his face and his heart, to prove that beauty, whether of face or soul, only lies *Skin Deep*.

Richard Barthelmess, Lon Chaney, E. K. Lincoln, Louise Huff, and Hope Hampton are also amongst the favourites starred in First National pictures this month. The boyish manliness of Barthelmess will be seen to advantage in

#### The Seventh Day,

described as the love-log of a young skipper and a society lorelei, with Louise Huff in the leading feminine rôle; while the sinister form of Lon Chaney will be seen, together with the other players mentioned, in a Clarence Brown production entitled

#### The Light in the Dark.

An equally ambitious programme is being prepared for the coming months, and picturegoers, whether their taste be for drama, comedy, romance, tragedy, or even farce, would do well to watch at their favourite kinemas for each and all of the pictures listed above



Betty Blythe and Mahlon Hamilton in "The Truant Husband."

Beautiful scenery, splendid riding and a well-told story. In the cast are also Charles Ogle, Alec B. Francis, Will R. Walling, Fred Huntley, Shannon Day, Edythe Chapman, George Field and W. B. Clarke.

#### No Trespassing (*Wardour*; July 9).

Another American romance of business life. Somewhat long drawn out, with good settings, stunts, and acting by Irene Castle, Howard Truesdale, Ward Crane, Eleanor Barry, Leslie Stowe, Betty Bouton, Al Roscoe, Harry Fisher, and Geo. Pauncefort. For Irene Castle fans only.

#### One Wonderful Night (*European*; July 23).

Crook mystery melodrama, with plenty of action and some good fights. Good production and acting. Herbert Rawlinson stars, and Lillian Rich, Dale Fuller, Sidney de Gray, Jos. W. Girard, Jean de Briac, Sidney Bracey, and Spottiswoode Aitken support.

#### The Referee (*Pathé*; July 9).

Conway Tearle in an unusual kind of boxing story, with a referee as its central figure. Convincing fights and excellent acting by the star. Gladys Hulette, Anders Randolph, Chas. Slatery, Gus Platts, and Frankie Ryan. Very good ringside romance.

#### The Right that Failed (*Metro*; July 9).

Commencing as a boxing romance, this Bert Lytell feature develops into a farce comedy all about a picturesque pugilist and the daughter of a millionaire. Read the story in the July "Twenty Story Magazine." Supporting cast includes Virginia Valli, De Witt Jennings, Max Davidson, Phil

McCullough, and Otis Harlan. Good entertainment.

#### The Rowdy (*F.B.O.*; July 16)

Gladys Walton in an entirely charming little story about the fortunes of a tomboy, the adopted daughter of fisher-folk, whose lives are convincingly shown. Rex Roselli, Anna Hernandez, C. B. Murphy, Jack Mower, Frances Hatton, Bert Roach, Alida B. Jones, and Countess De Cella also appear. Romantic entertainment.

#### The Seventh Day (*Inspiration-Ass. First Nat.*; July 23).

Richard Barthelmess in a weakish story, the action of which is placed on a yacht and in a small New England village. Beautiful scenery and good characterisation and production. Other players are Frank Losee, Leslie Stowe, Tammany Young, George Stewart, Grace Barton, Teddie Gerrard, Louise Huff, Anne Cornwall, Patterson Dial and Alfred Schmid.

#### The Shark Master (*F.B.O.*; July 2).

Strong melodrama with a well-told story in beautiful South Sea island settings. Try to figure out the connection between the title and the story. Frank Mayo is starred, and May Collins, Doris Deane, Herbert Fortier, Oliver A. Cross, "Smoke" Turner, Nick Derutz, and Carl Silvera support. Good entertainment.

#### Sheltered Daughters (*Realart-Gaumont*; July 16).

Or, "Ignorance is not always bliss." Justine Johnson as an unsophisticated girl whose life is nearly wrecked because her father tried to keep her ignorant of the world and its wiles

Beautifully staged and dressed. Warner Baxter opposite the star, also Charles Gerard, Riley Hatch, Helen Kay, Edna Holland, James Laffey, Jimmie Lapsley and Dan E. Charles. Feminine fans will enjoy this one.

**Should a Wife Confess?** (*Unity*; July 12).

Quite an ordinary story about business crooks upon which the title has no bearing whatever. Stars David Powell and Edna Goodrich, and shows evidences of age. Fair entertainment.

**Skin Deep** (*Ass. First Nat.*; July 16).

A gripping crook story with an unusual plot and many tense situations. Read it on page 31 of this issue. Milton Sills stars, supported by Florence Vidor, Marcia Manon, Charles Clary, Winter Hall, Frank Campeau, Gertrude Astor, Muriel Dana, Joe Singleton, and B. H. De Lay. Excellent entertainment.

**Social Ambition** (*U.K.*; July 12).

Features Howard Hickman in the romance of a disappointed man and two women, one caring only for social success, and the other entirely unworldly. In the cast are Kathleen Kirkham, Noah Beery, Joseph J. Dowling, and Rhea Mitchell. Fair entertainment.

**The Song of the Soul** (*Goldwyn*; July 16).

Vivian Martin, Fritz Leiber, Chas. E. Graham, and Ricca Allan in a story of self-sacrifice. Based upon William J. Locke's novel, "An Old-World Romance." Good, but a bit melancholy.

**The Soul of Youth** (*Gaumont*; July 2).

Lewis Sargent (of *Huckleberry Finn* fame) as an orphan who eventually found a home. The long cast includes Lila Lee, Ernest Butterworth, Clyde Fillmore, Grace Morse, William Collier, jun., Fred Huntley, Sylvia Ashton, Judge Ben Lindsey, and Jane Keckley. Fare for the unsophisticated.

**Sumurun** (*Goldwyn*; July 2).

Pola Negri, Jennie Hasselqvist, Paul Wegener and Ernst Lubitsch, in a film adaptation of Reinhardt's wordless play. An "Arabian Nights" story magnificently produced and well acted, though marred by some jerkiness and unnecessary and crude comedy relief. A wild and far-fetched tale, screened from a typically Teutonic point of view. Spectacular fare.

**Through the Toils** (*Feature*; July 2).

A novel romance in which an unscrupulous and eccentric author deliberately breaks up a love affair to

get "copy" for his new book. Montagu Love in a dual rôle, supported by Ellen Cassity, Gertrude Le Brandt, John Davidson, Thomas Carr, Laura West, Joseph Burke, Lincoln Stedman, Winifred Leighton, and Dorothy Walters.

**Through the Wall** (*Vitagraph*; July 16).

A reissue of a thrilling crook story, with the usual dual of wits between a master crook and a clever detective. George Holt, William Duncan, Webster Campbell, Nell Shipman, Corinne Griffith, Annie Schafer, Otto Lederer, George Kunkel, and Jack Mower are all efficient in their rôles.

**The Truant Husband** (*Wardour*; July 23).

A quiet tale, with a pleasant atmosphere and a moral not too heavily stressed. A man tries to re-live old memories with a former sweetheart, but returns to his wife thoroughly penitent. Excellent settings, detail work, and acting by Mahlon Hamilton, Francelia Billington, Betty Blythe, and Richard Ryan.

**The Unfortunate Sex** (*Regent*; July 23).

George Larkin, Francis Edmonde, Catherine Lewis, Frank Black, and Harry Von Meter in an underworld story concerning a child crook who proves to be a rich man's long-lost daughter. Not a very convincing movie.

**Up and Going** (*Fox*; July 9).

Tom Mix up to his usual adventures, amid very beautiful North-West Canadian settings. Good characterisation, and satisfactory support from Eva Novak, Cecil Van Anker, Carol Holloway, William Conklin, Sid Jor-

dan, and Thomas O'Brien. Good entertainment.

**Very Truly Yours** (*Fox*; July 2).

Shirley Mason in a good light drama with a pleasing if improbable love story which has unexpected developments. In the cast are also Allan Forrest, Charles Clary, Otto Hoffman, and Harold Miller. Pleasant screen fare.

**Vengeance of the Deep** (*Wardour*; July 2).

Ralph Lewis, Virginia Browne Faire, Harmon MacGregor, and Van Mattimore in a melodramatic story of the South Seas in which diving and pearl-fishing are well to the fore. Interesting under-water scenes and plenty of good incident.

**Why Men Go Wrong** (*W. and F.*; July 3).

The late Severin Mars in a melodrama in which a good man goes to the bad, because the girl he loves is not all he believes her to be, and is afterwards redeemed by a good woman's faith. Very good acting by the star, Frances Dhelia, Tania Deleyne, Georges Maxudian, and Charles Granval.

**Wife Against Wife** (*Moss Empires*; July 7).

Pauline Starke, Percy Marmont, Edward Langford, and Emily Fitzroy, and Ottola Nesmith in a story of artist life. Good entertainment.

**The Yellow Streak** (*Fox*; July 30).

John Gilbert and Claire Anderson in a gripping romance of a small town in which a young lawyer successfully battles against corruption and evil influences, and a bully meets with his well-deserved downfall.

Tom Mix  
and  
Eva Novak  
in  
"Up and  
Going."





K. W. (Penge).—Lillian Gish hasn't decided about her London visit yet. Write in again later.

MAE MURRAY'S CHAMPION (Barrow-in-Furness).—(1) Your thanks duly earned. Gloria Swanson isn't married now. Born 1899. (2) It's more than my life's worth to answer that question, and, after all, it's only a matter of opinion, isn't it? Address Mildred Harris, c.o. PICTUREGOER.

M.L.P. (S.E.21).—(1) Juanita Hansen born Des Moines in 1897, and educated California. Height, 5 ft.; fair hair and blue eyes. Screen career with Famous-Lasky. (2) Tom Moore, born County Meath, Ireland; educated there, and at Toledo, Ohio. Seven years' stage experience. Screen career with Kalem, Lubin, Lasky, Select, Selig and Goldwyn. (3) Mae Marsh, born Madrid, New Mexico, 1897; educated at a San Francisco convent. Screen career with Biograph, Reliance, Majestic, Fine Arts and Goldwyn. (4) Some of Louise Lovely's films are: *The Lone Star Ranger*, *The Last of the Duanes*, *Wolves of the Night*, *Wings of the Morning*, *The Butterfly Man*, *The Third Woman*, *The Orphan*, *Twins of Suffering Creek*, *The Skywayman*, *Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, *Partners of Fate*, *While the Devil Laughs*, and *The Little Grey Mouse*. No more for you now, or all those readers whose answers have been crowded out will be howling at my door for vengeance.

H. M. B. (Birmingham), and a Few Hundred Others.—That *Smlin' Through* "fault" is the champion beaver in fault circles. Sudden death will be the portion of the next one who sends it in.

JOSE (Ipswich).—Ora Carow was "Paula Forrest" in *The Little Lady of the Big House*.

MURRAY-ITE (Merton).—*Broadway Rose*, *Fascination*, and *Jazzmania*, are Mae Murray's latest. Other films of

hers are: *To Have and to Hold*, *The Dream Girl*, *On with the Dance*, *A Delicious Little Devil*, *Sweet Kitty Bellairs*, *The Primrose Ring*, *The Right to Love*, *Idols of Clay*, *The Gilded Lily*, and *Peacock Alley*.

L. G. (South Africa).—Letters forwarded on their arrival. My temper rivals Lyle's choicest in sweetness.

ENTHUSIAST (Southport).—Ethel Clayton's latest are: *Beyond*, *Exit the Vamp*, *Her Own Money*, *The Cradle*, *The Remittance Woman*, *If I Were Queen*, and *Can a Woman Love Twice?*

THE NINE MIXITES (Folkestone).—I apologise, fully and unreservedly, for my unworthy suspicions, expressed to S. A. (Springbok). My Mixites, I should have known you better! I hereby inform the world that your ardour has in no way abated, that Tom Mix has been, is, and always will be, your Cowboy King, and that not even the charms and blandishments of Rodolph can eject him from the first place in your loyal hearts.

HELENSBURGH (Scotland).—(1) Eugene O'Brien was born in 1884, at Denver, Colorado. Despite his American birthplace, he is more Irish than American, since both his parents hail from Erin's Isle. He's a bachelor, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes. (2) Some of his best-known films are: *Poor Little Peppina*, *The Scarlet Woman*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *Come Out of the Kitchen*, *Poppy*, *Ghosts of Yesterday*, *The Figurehead*, *His Wife's Money*, *De Luxe Annie*, and *The Perfect Lover*. His latest are *Prophet's Paradise* and *The Voice from the Minaret*. (3) A nice illustrated interview appeared in PICTUREGOER for November 1921. You can get a copy of this number from the Publishing Department, price, 1s. 3d., post free.

LUCIA (Leighton).—Doesn't "Lucia" want her Carol prize? The "Carols" Editor hasn't her address.

RODOLPH'S ADMIRER (Whitkirk).—I have forwarded your letter to Rodolph. How could I do otherwise, after reading your kind remarks anent myself? Rudy hasn't any children.

DEXTERITY (Regent's Park).—Sorry to have damped your youthful ardour. Let's shake hands and get acquainted again, shall we? My "severely businesslike" manner is generally reserved for my severely businesslike readers, so there must have been some mistake. (1) Elliott Dexter was born at Houston, Texas, and is about forty years old. He's married to a New York society woman. Some of his films are: *We Can't Have Everything*, *The Squaw Man*, *Don't Change Your Husband*, *For Better For Worse*, *Behold My Wife*, *The Witching Hour*, *Something to Think About*, *Don't Tell Everything*, *The Affairs of Anatol*, and *Peter Ibbetson*. At present he is working on a film entitled *Only 38*, directed by William De Mille. His limp is the result of a stroke he had some time ago. For this reason, parts that take account of his infirmity are sometimes written for him. No interview with him yet, but I'll see what can be done about it.

DANTES (Highgate).—There are two versions of *Monte Cristo*. I gave you the French cast. The American one is: "Edmund Dantes," John Gilbert; "Mercedes," Estelle Taylor; "De Villefort," Robert McKim; "Caderousse," William V. Mong; "Princess Haydee," Virginia Faire; "Luigi Vampa," George Seigmann; "The Abbé," Spottiswoode Aitken.

M. S. (Eastbourne).—Comedies don't count.

MOIRA (Chiswick).—Your letter to Rodolph was forwarded on its arrival. His birthday is May 6. No, I'm not "dead sick" of the poor chap. It's not his fault that you flappers all love him.

MERTON (London).—Tom Douglas, who recently appeared with great success in the stage play, "Merton of the Movies," is in the very early twenties. He hails from Los Angeles, and, until his engagement for the part of "Merton," was known only for his film work. Has worked with Griffith, with whom he played opposite Dorothy Gish. After playing in *Seneca Flat*, he contracted with Fox to work with Shirley Mason; he also appeared in *Footfalls*. Later, he joined Hodgkinson, with whom he made *Free Air* (now being re-issued). He hasn't left London yet, and says he badly wants to make one British film before he goes back home. Rumour hath it that Sir James Barrie is writing a stage play for him.

H. AND M. (Aberdeen).—Casson Ferguson is married, but not to a professional. He has one little daughter. (2) Chrissie White and Henry Edwards are married to each other. (3) Agnes Ayres isn't married now. (4) Dick Barthelmess was born in New York City, 1895. He's 5 ft. 7 in in height.

COLLECTOR (Tunbridge Wells).—(1) Cecil Humphreys was born July 21, about forty years ago. Started his stage career when he was very young, and attained prominence in 1911, when he appeared with Evelyn Millard at the Palace in "Madame Butterfly." He has played in America and the provinces. Most of his films were made at a time when he was acting on the stage as well, and it was during the run of "Romance," with Doris Keane, at the Lyric Theatre, London, in which he played "Van Tuyl," that he commenced screen work. (2) His best known films are: *The Sorrows of Satan*, *The Lifeguardman*, *The Veiled Woman*, *The Elusive Pimpernel*, *The Amateur Gentleman*, *The Profligate*, *The Tavern Knight*, *False Evidence*, *The Romance of Lady Hamilton*, *Greatheart*, *The Four Just Men*, and *Dick Turpin's Ride to York*. (3) Gladys Mason, his wife, is no relation to Shirley Mason. (4) Cecil is very fond of golf and cricket, and goes in for motoring. All nice folk love animals, and he's no exception.

A. A. (Athens).—Your letter was Greek to me, as I've no doubt you intended it should be. But I gather that you want to know something. Everybody does who writes to me. (1) Norma Talmadge's address is, United Studios, Hollywood, California. (2) Nazimova's address is United Artists Corporation, 729, Seventh Avenue, New York City. (3) Nazimova is married to Charles Bryant. She was born at Yalta, Crimea, Russia, in 1879, and first appeared on the New York stage in 1906. Most of her film work has been done with Metro. Her latest film is *Salome*; but *Motherhood*, in which Dick Barthelmess has the supporting rôle, will be released next November. (4) Charles Bryant was born at Hertford, England, Jan. 8, 1887. Before he started screen work, he had twenty-one years' stage experience, ten of which were spent in America. He has appeared with Nazimova in most of her films. Some of these are: *Revelation*, *Toys of Fate*, *Eye for Eye*, *Out of the Fog*, *The Brat*, *Stronger than Death*, *Heart of a Child*, and *Billions*.

R. M. (Eastbourne).—Do you for one moment imagine I should let anybody else sign my name for me? Of course that beautiful signature was my own. Art-plate of Lloyd Hughes appeared in "Pictures" for Feb. 26, 1921.

WALLY'S TRUE ADMIRER (Palmer's Green).—Dorothy Davenport (Mrs. Wally Reid) is making a film called *Human Wreckage*. (2) Rodolph Valentino was born May 6, 1895. (3) Winifred Hudnut doesn't give her age. (4) No release date has been fixed for *The Young Rajah*. (5) All back numbers of PICTUREGOER can be obtained from the Publishing Department 93, Long Acre, W.C.2; price 1s. 3d., post free. Glad you like the PICTUREGOER.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW (or one of many,

shall we say?)—(1) Pearl White is an American, and was born in Missouri. (2) At present she is in Monte Carlo, and her address is unknown. (3) She was born March 4, 1889. (4) Bill Hart was born Dec. 6, 1876. (5) Pearl isn't married. I hope this has relieved your anxiety in some measure.

BOBBIE (Fulham).—(1) Your Carol will be printed as soon as space permits. (2) No, a scenario is not the same as a story, although very often the same author is guilty of both story and scenario of a film play. The scenario is the story translated into terms of screen technique, and should contain every detail of action, also descriptions of characters, dresses, lighting and backgrounds; and even sizes and details of "sets." Now would you like to be a scenarist? Glad you appreciate PICTUREGOER.

BIRDIE (Finsbury Park).—(1) No art plate of me—not if I know it! (2) Crauford Kent was born and educated in London, but his film work was done in America. (3) Allan Sears played opposite Rosemary Theby in *Rio Grande*. (4) Chrissie White's married to Henry Edwards. She was born May 23, 1896, in London. (5) Viola Dana's late husband was John Collins, a director in America. (6) Jack

Holt's married, but not to Agnes Ayres. Yes, that's the way I do it, Birdie. Keep right on like that, and you'll be able to fill my place when I leave this mortal sphere. You'll be relieved to hear I have no intention of "telling you off," and you may write again when the spirit moves you. Only don't let it move you every day, as it does some people.

F. D. (Northampton).—Your letter was forwarded on arrival. I remember the play you mention, and agree with you that it would film well. But to my mind the principal part is better suited to Bill Farnum than to Rodolph.

NEW READER (Orente de Cuba).—"Film Fiction" ceased publication after the second number.

V. C. Y. (Dulwich).—The "old bean" forwarded your letters on arrival, young fruit. *Good Heart* was released last April.

JASMINE (East Dulwich).—Letter to Bill Russell forwarded on arrival.

A. D. M. (Torquay).—(1) Matheson Lang is married to Hutin Britten. (2) No. (3) That's not a fair question. (4) 'Gene O'Brien isn't married. (5) Some of Johnnie Walker's films are: *Extra Extra*, *My Dad*, *In the Name of the Law*, and *Captain Fly-by-Night*. (6) Ruth Roland isn't married now.



Ivor Novello and  
his mother,  
Madame Clara  
Novello Davies.

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**EDITH (Burnley).**—So you, too, belong to the great sisterhood of the "Rave-Over-Rudys." Well, your letter has been forwarded, my child, so you may sleep more easily to-night.

**BETTY (Stoke-on-Trent).**—Harassed I may be, but I emphatically deny that I have any likeness to the fiery-looking bearded gentleman of your illustration. Whate'er my faults, I'm no Bluebeard. (1) Sessue Hayakawa is 5 ft. 7 1/2 in. in height, and has black hair and eyes. He was born at Tokyo, Japan, in 1889, and is married to the Japanese film star, Tsuru Aoki. His taste in clothes, like mine, runs to soft, subdued colours. His hobby is painting and curio-collecting. Both he and Eugene are fond of sweets, and so am I. (2) Gene O'Brien was born in Colorado, 1884. He is 6 ft. in height, has blue eyes and light-brown hair, and is a bachelor. The hues of his ties are as varied as those of the rainbow. His pet hobby is reading. (3) Art-plate of Thomas Meighan in PICTUREGOER for February 1923. Thanks for your kind offer to be present at my funeral. I shall be there myself, though I am not in imminent danger of fading away, despite the wearing nature of my work.

**ASHES (Brighton).**—Some, but not all of the artistes who played in the French serial, *The Three Musketeers*, will appear in the cast of *Twenty Years After*.

**AUSSI (Sydney).**—Several of Wallace Reid's latest pictures have not yet been released. Among these are *Clarence*, *The Dictator*, *The Prodigal Knight*, and *Thirty Days*. *The World's Champion* is his last release. (2) I'm ashamed of you, Aussi. You ought to know better. Of course Stewart Rome is British. He was born at Newbury, Berkshire, Jan. 30, 1886. Studied civil engineering, but gave it up for the stage. Started film work with Hepworth in 1912, and played in *Coming Thro' the Rye*, *Iris*, *The Touch of a Child*, *Sweet Lavender*, *Trelawney of the Wells*, *The White Hope*, *Annie Laurie*, and *Molly Bawn*. Joined Broadwest Company in 1919, and played in *A Daughter of Eve*, *A Gentleman Rider*, *Her Son*, *Snow in the Desert*, *A Great Coup*, *The Great Gay Road*. His latest is the Stoll version of Oscar Wilde's *Prodigal Son*. (3) Pearl White recently entered a convent for a short period to "rest and meditate," but she is now reported to be in Monte Carlo.

**FUTURIST (Bradford-on-Avon).**—(1) Same to you, and many of 'em. Do you want the first or second series

of *Nick Carter*? Tell me that, and I'll let you know the episodes. (2) Eric von Stroheim possesses other names of great length. "Eric Strome" is one of those abbreviations so dear to the heart of the film fan.

**R. F. T. (Ulberston).**—It hadn't occurred to me before, but since you say so it must be true. So "Let George Do It," is the translation of a famous French proverb! And I thought I was being original! Joseph Striker seems to have disappeared from the film world lately. One of his pictures, *The Bromley Case*, was released last May. His latest, *The Unseen Witness*, won't be released for some time. Write him, c.o. Arrow Film Corporation, Candler Building, 220, West 42nd Street, New York City. He may give you some information about his coming films. From your last remark I gather that you are not one of the "fair sex."

**SCOTCH (Middlesex), MOVIE MAD (Dulwich), G. D., and OTHERS.**—Letters all forwarded on their arrival. There seems to be a regular epidemic of the "writing-to-film-stars" craze. Has it anything to do with the weather?

**FAIR AND DARK (Blundellsands).**—If you read your PICTUREGOER, you ought to know by now what a kind-hearted, sweet-tempered chap I am. (1) Winter Hall was "Judge Prentice" in *The Witching Hour*. (2) Later, perhaps, but not just now. (3) Betty Faire is a stage, as well as a film, artiste, and played for two consecutive years in "Paddy the Next Best Thing" at the Savoy Theatre, London. (4) The films you mention are hers; she is playing in *Mary Queen of Scots* at present. (5) Address Katherine MacDonald, c.o. MacDonald Film Corporation, 904, Girard Street, Los Angeles, California.

**PAMELA (Gloucester).**—Don't apologise—that's what I'm here for! Anyway, I've been inoculated against questions, so they can't hurt me. (1) Owen Ramsey Nares is that gentleman's real and authentic name. (2) A page plate appeared in PICTURES AND PICTUREGOER for Feb. 22, 1919, and an interview in the same paper for March 15, 1919. (3) Some of Owen Nares' screen successes are: *Just a Girl*, *Tinker Tailor*, *The Man Who Won*, *Edge o' Beyond*, *Gamblers All*, and *The Faithful Heart*. He has just finished making a screen version of *The Indian Love Lyrics* with the Stoll Company. (4) Owen has been married for some years now to Marie Polini, and has two little sons.

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# CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S PROFESSOR

(Continued from Page 37.)

but true. Here in his own words is the story of his life—

"I was born near Bordeaux—at St.-Loubes, to be exact—on Dec. 16, 1885. When I had grown up into a young man of about seventeen, my parents, who owned vast vineyards around Bordeaux, decided that I had better go into their wine-growing business. Can you, I ask you, picture me all through my life pulling down bunches of grapes, smelling them to see if they're ripe, and, if they are, throwing them into big metallic bins, or, if not, getting a needle and cotton and stitching them back on to the vines?

"I made a momentous decision," continued Max, still cutting steak and devouring roasted potatoes, "and came to the conclusion that I was meant to be an artist. Without telling my parents, I took up painting, and, with what I thought was my greatest masterpiece, I went to see a well-known painter. 'Yes, indeed,' said the man, gazing critically at my piece of work, 'it certainly looks promising. But you will never become a second Raphael!'

"I gave up painting and graduated at Bordeaux Conservatory, where, after two years, I left with a first prize in dramatic acting. From then onwards it was more or less a struggle for me to make ends meet, for I left home and set to work to earn my own living, much to my parents' annoyance. Not that I was without engagements, but the pay was extremely poor. The salary I received at a theatre where I was playing in 'Le Barbier de Seville,' 'Les Précieuses Ridicules,' 'Les Fourberies de Scapin,' and other famous works, was 150 francs per month.

"In 1905 I made my début at Pathé's, and, starting in comedies and dramas, I got forty francs a day. It was rather hard work, for, you see, in the contract I was to produce one film every day. However, at the end of the month—which was then composed of an average of thirty-one days, and I believe still is—I found that my output was between forty and fifty films per month."

Max Linder pointed to a large trunk made of stout iron in the next room. The "safe" contained over 400 of these famous films, not one of them longer than 600 feet.

The first really important film with Max Linder was produced towards the end of 1914, and was called *La Sortie d'un Collégien*, which was followed by a film of intense dramatic interest, *The Death of a Toreador*. Also Max Linder played in various other film dramas; among them, still fresh in one's memory, are *The Smugglers*, *Poison*, and famous little comedies such as *Learning to Skate*, *A Peep at Each Floor*, *A Schoolboy's First Cigar*, *Marriage: Before and After*, etc. In 1910, however, the public were more

able to judge his remarkable talents. Max Linder is an artiste to his fingertips, as well as being a most finished actor and a director with a brain and—what is, perhaps, more—an imagination.

At the outbreak of war Max met with a serious accident while completing a film, but on recovery immediately joined the colours. He was gassed in the early part of the war, and later sent on a diplomatic mission to Italy, and played an extremely important part in the declaration of war against Austria by Italy. Shortly afterwards, Max had a breakdown and left for Switzerland, where he produced two amusing films—*Max and the Clutching Hand*, a delightful parody on the "Mysteries of New York"; and also *Max Between Two Fires*. 1916 saw Max in Los Angeles, where he stayed for six months, completing *Max Comes Over* and *Max and His Taxi*.

Max Linder has only produced three films since 1919—*Seven Years' Bad Luck*, *The Three Must-Get-Theres*, and *Be My Wife*, showing some very clever acting on the part of Max Linder.

He has just signed a contract with an important firm in Vienna to produce his next film, *A Clown for Love*. In this photoplay Max plays the part of a French Count who falls in love with a circus girl. His attentions receive little encouragement until the Count conceives the happy idea of joining the circus. Max believes that it will be the best film he has produced so far.

"Come with me," said Max, finishing his lunch at a quarter past five; "I will show you my study."

The first thing that caught my eye was a large and most lifelike portrait of Charles Chaplin with the following words written across the bottom—

"To the one and Only Max, 'The Professor,' from his disciple, Charles Chaplin."

And on all sides other photographs of Max's friends and neighbours in Hollywood and Los Angeles perceptibly brighten the staid and respectable atmosphere that always seems to pervade a study. There are beautiful framed portraits of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, the late Wallace Reid, and other celebrities of the kinema world.

For weeks past a rumour has been circulating about the French capital to the effect that Max Linder is about to get married to—whom? I ventured to approach him on the matter.

"I beg your pardon," said Max, and a drawer in his secretaire came sliding open, and a second later a heavy but serviceable revolver made its appearance on the blotting pad. Phew! The heat was oppressive. I went over to the window and pulled it just a little more open. Max's uncomfortably

penetrating eyes watched me. He gazed meditatively out of the window, turning his pistol over and over in his hands, his fingers softly caressing the butt, or playing with the trigger.

Suddenly a light dawned on me. The revolver was unloaded! Of course, I ought to have thought of it before. I leant back in my comfortable arm-chair and smiled across at Max Linder.

Max, his eyes still clouded, still looking out of the window into vacancy, turned the weapon over in his hand and, one, two, three bullets dropped into his palm; and as gently and as quickly as he had removed them he replaced them.

I rose silently, tiptoed across the carpeted floor, and left him.

Two minutes later I rang Max up and said "Good-bye."

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My hair was dull, straight, scurfy and thin until I washed my hair with the beauty-giving granules of QUIN-QUENNA; while my hair was wet I rubbed in BI-PASTRATE, then finished drying, and finally brushed a little golden QUINOLOX through my hair. After a little while my hair became wavy and abundant. I was delighted at the wonderful result; everyone admires the pretty colour and glossiness, and there is not a particle of scurf. I now use nothing else.

YOU can test free this certain way of growing rich, wavy hair; just follow the above simple way, and your hair will quickly grow glossy and abundant, with a rich sheen and natural waviness. This treatment banishes scurf and stops hair falling. But remember you must use QUIN-QUENNA because it cleans as well as beautifies, and brings out all the pretty tints: BI-PASTRATE because it prevents scurf and gives a rich gloss; QUINOLOX because it grows and feeds the hair. Your chemist sells QUIN-QUENNA 6d. a packet (contains 2 shampoos); QUINOLOX 2s. 6d. a bottle (with Free box of BI-PASTRATE), or you can send direct to me.

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I enclose 6d. to cover postage and packing.

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Address .....





HERE'S one who has the courage of his convictions. "We have far too many 'Supers' nowadays. To my mind, over-elaboration and spectacle in film-plays is unnecessary. Excepting *The Four Horsemen*, and

perhaps *Monte Cristo* and *L'Atlantide*, most of them would be more effective if treated in the ordinary five-reel fashion." Thus *Interested Reader* (*Blackburn*). "Give me the humble programme feature—a play that is a play, and not a series of spectacular scenes. Good acting, good story, and a good orchestra is all I ask. Technical perfection leaves me cold. *The Experiment*, *The Wonderful Story*, *The Recoil*, *Without Benefit of Clergy*, *Timothy's Quest*, and, above all, *The Forbidden Thing*, are the finest recent releases. I expect I am alone in my views. I wonder how many of your readers also say: 'Give me the programme picture'? [Take it, with my blessing. There's a lot to be said in, favour of your views.]

AFTER all, readers mine, you are not so black as I've painted you. And I have cancelled my order for monkey-glands. Letters of praise, protest, and persuasion have been coming in from all sides, and I could fill my page twice with your thoughts, which is as it should be. It's just as well, for it's hard to be a Thinker amidst the holiday atmosphere pervading this office. The Editor is off to Paris, but refuses to give anybody his address. "George" looks as though butter would positively not melt between his lips, and was heard murmuring "Skegness is so bracing," whilst correcting proofs. My long anticipated holiday doesn't take place till next month, but your noble efforts have given me the Kruschen feeling. So now to business.

FROM amongst a few dozen agitated epistles regarding the vote against Valentino in the May issue, this one deserves a place in the sun. "Lance C. annoys me by saying we girls are changeable and fickle," rages *Picturegoerite* (*Weston-super-Mare*). "And that when we eulogise a new film star we immediately forget the old favourites. I'm most awfully fond of nearly a dozen fine stars, and yet I've tons of room in my heart for Rodolph.

Please tell the world that we girls have elastic hearts and can cram no end of loves inside for anybody but *Lance C.* after his cutting and quite inexcusable remarks. No one with a nice name like that ought to say nasty things about girls. Don't you think I'm quite right?" [About the elastic hearts, most certainly I do. About the rest, I'd rather not join in the fray. I'm for a quiet life.]

A NENT Swedish films, a pensive person from Penstowe, calling herself *Lover of Art*, holds forth at some length. "I have seen *Love's Crucible*, and I was delighted with it, especially its lighting. So mellow and warm, and yet so splendidly clear, it gave an added life and beauty to the film. I feel convinced that the Swedish producers have some secret unknown to any other country regarding lighting. The grouping, too, was wonderfully fine, and it was evident that careful attention had been given to every detail. Controversies are always raging regarding the merits of British versus American films, but producers in both countries had better look to their laurels. In Sweden they have a formidable rival—one who considers the screen as an artistic medium, rather than as a means of making movie editions of penny dreadfuls."

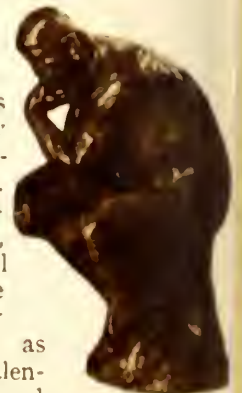
Where Honour is Due. "I have seen *Love's Crucible*, and I was delighted with it, especially its lighting. So mellow and warm, and yet so splendidly clear, it gave an added life and beauty to the film. I feel convinced that the Swedish producers have some secret unknown to any other country regarding lighting. The grouping, too, was wonderfully fine, and it was evident that careful attention had been given to every detail. Controversies are always raging regarding the merits of British versus American films, but producers in both countries had better look to their laurels. In Sweden they have a formidable rival—one who considers the screen as an artistic medium, rather than as a means of making movie editions of penny dreadfuls."

THE PICTUREGOER has certainly a great many friends in France; we wonder if we Parisian readers are also allowed to think. Anyway, here we are, eight French fans who could not resist chiming in to tell you that the greatest emotional actor in the world is Sessue Hayakawa, the incomparable. He heads any list, and easily beats all the others. We see many American stars over here, but we eight are agreed that Hayakawa is the finest of all.—*One of Them* (*Paris*).

"I THINK," remarks *Decided* (*Harrogate*), "that Rodolph Valentino is the finest actor the screen has known—but not the handsomest. In fact, I don't like

Looking for Trouble.

his looks. Thomas Meighan is, in my opinion, the 'best-looker.'" [N.B.—That competition is now closed, decided, but I'll probably be shown the error of your ways as soon as the Valentino brigade read these lines.]



THE THINKER

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Audrey  
Ridgwell



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Producer: Walter West.  
Leading Players: Fred Wright and Florence Turner.

**"THE LADY OWNER"**

Producer: Walter West.  
Leading Players: Violet Hopson and James Knight.

**"LITTLE MISS NOBODY"**

Producer: Wilfred Noy.  
Leading Player: Flora Le Breton and Star Cast.

**"BEAUTIFUL KITTY"**

Producer: Walter West.  
Leading Players: Violet Hopson and James Knight.

**"ROGUES OF THE TURF"**

Producer: Wilfred Noy.  
Leading Players: Mavis Clare and Bobby Andrews.

**"THE WHITE HOPE"**

Producer: Walter West.  
Leading Players: Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome.

**"SON OF KISSING CUP"**

Producer: Walter West.  
Leading Players: Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome.



Ask the Manager of your favourite Cinema now, the name of his British Pictures for the Great British Film Week.

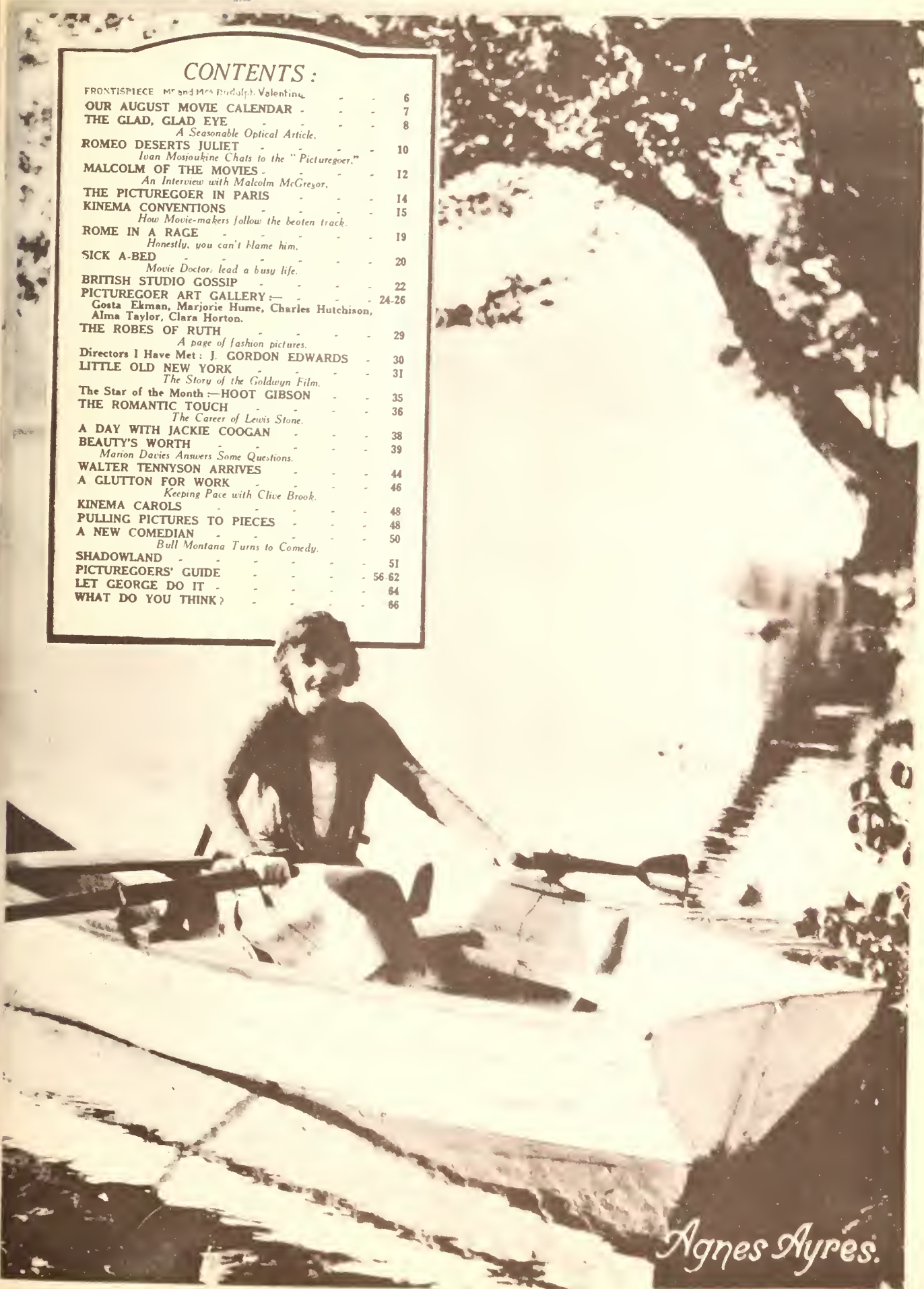
BRITISH NATIONAL PROGRAMME



**BUTCHERS FILM SERVICE LTD**  
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*Agnes Ayres.*



**MR. and MRS. RODOLPH VALENTINO.**

*Valentino, long resident in London are promised a visit to America this month for Rodolph and his wife will spend some days in London during their visit to Europe.*

PICTURES AND  
THE PICTUREGOER  
THE SCREEN MAGAZINE

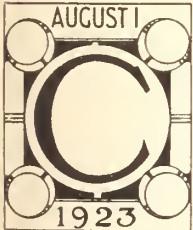


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# Our August Movie Calendar



U S T O M A R Y  
holiday exodus.  
Twelve hundred  
1903 films set off  
for coast.

2. — Christmas  
subjects reach  
Hunstanton on the  
Wash.

3.—New moon.

4.—Half a dozen new stars.

5.—Shooting stars. Too many.

6.—Bank Holiday. Author Movie  
Calendar can't be expected to think  
one out to-day.

7.—Owen Nares declared just as  
handsome with moustache.

8.—Ben Turpin declared just as  
handsome without.

9.—Mid-day pic-  
tures made at mid-  
night in Los Angeles.

10.—Midnight pic-  
tures made at midday  
in London.

11.—Great-grand-  
son of Captain Kidd  
discovered running  
seaside Kinema.



"OWEN."

12.—Henry Edwards voted hand-  
somest man in Henry Edwards films

13.—Picture house orchestra di-  
covered not playing "Hearts and  
Flowers," 1950.

14.—Well-known inventor discovers  
secret colour photography for twelfth  
time, 1945.

15.—Pictures first shown in daylight  
in London, 1913.



"HENRY."

16.—Pictures  
first photographed  
in daylight in  
London, 1980.

17.—One hun-  
dred new ideas  
sent to America on  
"Umptainia," 1923.

18.—"Umptainia"  
sinks. It would.

19.—Author Movie Calendar gets  
diver's job. He needs it.

20.—Author Movie Calendar dives.  
Gets nothing.

21.—Louise Fazenda wonders why  
hundred people want her photo every  
day.

22.—Backwash Brown, eminent  
director, claims spent fifty thousand  
pounds on dresses in new film. Other  
fourpence went to author scenario.



"LOUISE."

23.—Daily Blight  
adopts slogan "Every  
Reader a Film Star."

24.—First two-ree  
comedy without a  
policeman, 1980.

25.—Sir Pipsqueak  
Jones opens Pali-  
drome, Brighton,  
1923.

26.—Mr. James Blobb closes Pali-  
drome, Upton-on-the-Slosh.

27.—"Constant Reader" cannot find  
anything funny in work of Author  
Movie Calendar.

28.—Neither can Author Movie  
Calendar.

29.—Millionth  
"Million Dollar Film,"  
1930.

30.—Following  
success of Squibs,  
M.P., Betty Balfour  
enters Parliament as  
first movie star M.P.

31.—Entertain-  
ment Tax repealed.



"BETTY."

# The Glad "Glad Eye"

This being the Glad-Eye Season, an analysis of goo-goo eyes of filmdom has a topical interest. The following article should prove amusing and instructive to Miss 1923.

twenty-foot electric sign. It is garnished with a wink and served with unadulterated sauce. Its fascination lies largely in the truism that it represents the real Constance, for the irrepressible spirit of youthful fun lurks in her ocular messages, which flash out with disconcerting unexpectedness.

As "Ming Toy," the Chinese Slave girl in *East is West*, she produced on the slave junk, where she was to be sold to the highest bidder, a memorable glad eye, that was calculated to make the Chinese ancestors of the suave yellow man who was recklessly bidding, to revolve in their venerable graves. For as her pretty features appeared above a big fan, she indulged in an impudent squint, and then with a tilt of a shadowed lid she flashed the "once over" towards her European protector, who sprang to her rescue with the celerity of a gentleman drawing the dole.

Gloria Swanson's fringed lashes, which shadow her eloquent eyes with a suggestion of mystery is a fair exponent of the exotic glad eye. It has the languorous appeal of the East, and if one is so bold as to endeavour to analyse the subtlety of *femme* charm, it is scarcely a thing of muscular movement, but a fleeting expression, which has the power of a thousand tongues. A close-up of Gloria Swanson is on occasions almost uncanny with its suggestion of unspoken messages which lurk in her shadowed eyes, which make rude speech a clumsy thing.

Bebe Daniels has embalmed in celluloid a glad eye as destructive as any which has broadcasted its message from beneath alluring lashes. Bebe in her early comedy days learned the cruder art of the "once over" but to day she has a more intriguing tilt of the delicate lid.

Earle Williams gives an Oriental glad eye in "The Jade Elephant."



Above: Buck Jones and Fritzi Brunette rehearse before an appreciative audience. Below: Claire Windsor makes eyes at Elliott Dexter.



Constance Talmadge is a champion ogler.



The language of the eyes is an international code, independent of influences of country or native tongue. And the coming of the kinema has brought still greater allurements to the subtleties of the "glad eye." From the cockney lady on the sidewalk to the bejewelled and silk enveloped adventuress of the tiger skin couch, the glad eyes of the silver sheet create havoc with the susceptible up or down the social scale.

There is also a more materialistic reason for the sinister shuttering of good resolutions for which the eye play of the stars of filmdom is responsible. The fair artistes of the studios, with few exceptions, possess features to which the lenses are exceedingly kind, because they have big expressive eyes. That is an essential of the successful film face. Eyes largely compensate for the loss of the spoken word. And so the art of the film itself converges towards the conspiracy of manufacturing the eloquent glad eye which makes more susceptible male hearts accelerate their vibrations than those who represent its screen victims.

Constance Talmadge has a brand of glad eye, which has little use for trillings. It conveys its unmistakable message with the clarity of a





which radiates its call to myriad listeners in, whose heart strings are attuned to its wave-length with remarkable consistency.

Bebe has studied history well, and she has learned the irresistible power of the call of beauty in distress to gallant mankind. In the days of Charles, her wistful glad eye would have set a score of rapiers rattling in the scabbards of the gallants. In these more materialistic days, her champions spring to her assistance in the carefully tailored broadcloth of society drawing rooms.

Viola Dana sends the spirit of fun radiating from her familiar "glad eyes"—the call of sparkling youth that is looking for the sunny side of life rather than the disquietudes of serious romance.

She will resort to the tolerant license that is a privilege of pretty girlhood, and utilise her smiling eyes for no less serious prizes than a be-ribboned box of chocolates or new hat. She brings a new simplicity to the varied uses of the glad eye. With it she secures the smaller things of life which bring contentment to the happy mind of a girl who with a Peter Pan versatility refuses to pass into the realm of womanhood.

The glad eye which Mae Murray so liberally dispenses, is the crowning effect of her carefully studied feminine allurements. Hers is an expressive eye which radiates its ravages amidst settings of intriguing frills and furbelows. She is so essentially feminine that she knows the power of haughty aloofness, until her victim is at her mercy and then the flicker of an eyelid, sends home the final shaft which reduces man-kind to obedient obeisance.

There is little that is subtle in Mae Murray's methods of subduing the susceptible. There is no great depth in the smiling glint that flashes in her eyes of babyish blue. It is the shallow glitter of tinsel, yet, during its fleeting existence it pleases, just as many are intrigued with a pretty flower, although it may lack fragrance.

Nazimova has a glad eye which she has distilled for her many moods with

*Sessue Hayakawa exhibits the Japanese "glad."*



*Circle: A glad eye "under arms"—Elaine Hammerstein springs a surprise*



*Below: The Spanish glad eye—George Walsh and Miriam Cooper.*



*Below: Rustic oglers—Donald Scarle and Olive Sloane.*



*Garth Hughes between two fires. a clever al hemistry of romance.*

The screen should raise the art of the "glad eye" to a new dignity, which shames its former associations with the flappers of the seaside promenade. It is a branch of cinema artistry which has developed to the extent of reflecting character with the flicker of an eyelid.

*Rodolph Valentino is used to this sort of thing.*





Ivan Mosjoukine as "Romeo."

"EXCUSE me, please, I am just going to die!" said Juliet, with a bright smile as if she was really looking forward to it.

"I am afraid I have to accompany her!" Romeo excused himself, and lightly whistling an air from a Parisian operetta, was gone.

The scene was the Drury Lane Theatre at the beginning of last century. From my seat in a box in the third gallery I had a full view of the whole house. Beneath me in the stalls were at least five hundred beautiful women and handsome men, elegantly dressed in costumes of the period and in front, above and below, were the boxes filled with fashionable parties, the whole a scintillating display of jewels, gorgeous dresses and waving fans. All eyes were eagerly watching the death scene in "Romeo and Juliet," and hardly a sound could be heard in the whole theatre but the cranking of the handles of three cameras and the actors moving about the stage.

The galleries themselves were filled to the utmost capacity, and the whole scene was brilliantly impressive. The Prince of Wales and the Countess of Koefeld were prominent in the Royal Box opposite to mine, and on all sides one saw people whose names made 18th century history.

The gaze of all in the house is focussed on the stage and after repeated encores the curtain slowly rises and discloses Romeo walking

# Romeo Deserts Juliet

By Oscar M. Sheridan

A studio interview with Ivan Mosjoukine, star of "Kean," an ambitious French film dealing with the life of the great English actor. Many Cosmopolitan film favourites are included in the cast of this film.

majestically across the footlights to bow to his enthusiastic audience for the tenth time. Edmund Kean, the famous Drury Lane actor, as Romeo has scored his usual success, but Ivan Mosjoukine in the part of Edmund Kean has reached the zenith of his career as a screen artiste.

Ivan Mosjoukine as an artiste is an unfathomable personality; as a man he is an excellent companion and altogether delightful. He is extremely shy but perhaps that is because he speaks no English and little French. Of middle height he is well built and possessed of a Fairbanks vitality. He has a most engaging personality, a particularly attractive smile, and infectious laugh (lost on the screen, alas!) is very handsome,

Mary Odette and Kenelm Foss in "Kean."



Pauline Po as "Juliet."

and in France occupies that coveted position held by Rodolph Valentino in America. Ivan Mosjoukine has smiling blue-brown eyes, and fair hair, although this latter always photographs very dark brown or black.

I believe that he receives the largest post of any French screen artiste and letters from his feminine admirers run into four figures per week. He finds time, however, to answer them all and generally sends a photograph to those who ask for one. May he forgive me for mentioning this last fact!

His latest picture *Le Brasier Ardent*, to be released in England under the name of *The Man of her Dreams* is one of the most interesting French productions I have ever seen. The story is a very original one, so original in fact that few can grasp its real meaning. Scenario by Ivan Mosjoukine, directed by Ivan Mosjoukine, and the leading role played by Ivan Mosjoukine are facts that show that he is by no means an enemy of hard work.

The story is one of delicate philosophy, a mixture of remarkable cleverness and subtle irony, with here and there a touch of cubism that lends an aspect to the film quite different from *Caligari*, *Dr. Mabuse* and other Futurist productions. Mosjoukine never makes an abuse of a good thing, and his delicate touch of the macabre in this production proves it. As regards photography, settings and acting *The Man of her Dreams*



Ivan Mosjoukine, M. Denenberg and Nathalie Lissenko.

ought to be a guiding star for the majority of French producers and quite a large number of English and American. Mosjoukine in the part of "Detective Z" reveals a wonderful aptitude for transforming his features and disguising his general appearance.

After the scene of the curtain calls at Drury Lane Theatre, Romeo deserting Juliet came back, and, sitting down beside me told me something of his career as a screen artiste. It is an interesting story.

When one takes into consideration the fact that the Albatros Film Studios at Montreuil-sous-Bois, near Paris are ridiculously small, it is not difficult to realise the work that had to be done to produce a film like *Le Brasier Ardent*. A famous American screen actress and producer once visited these studios, but could not be convinced that the interiors of *Le Brasier Ardent* had been taken there. The truth is that for many scenes the cameras were transported in the courtyard and the scenes were filmed from a distance. The studios then presented a very curious appearance with one of



Kean and his "tiger" employed to scare away creditors.

their walls missing and half the roof gone!

The first difficulty to be overcome was the question of lighting which was ludicrously inadequate. For this purpose special white arcs and mercury violet-ray lamps were got and the whole lighting arrangement at Montreuil is so ingenious and modern that none of the artistes suffer from *Kleig* eyes even after staring straight at the lamps.

The lamps are all covered with glass painted white with the result that the glaring rays are diffused and lose most of their harmful effects. The make up also is totally different. No yellow or ochre paint or

lexy, and generally a phantasmagorial mix-up of weird countenances that is the fault of the producer and the artistes themselves. Of course in roles when age varies very much make-up is either darker or lighter as the case demands.

However, when *Kean* was produced they met with their greatest difficulty for it was quite out of the question to reconstruct the Drury Lane Theatre of a hundred years ago, it was then comparatively small, at Montreuil even if the whole roof and

Mosjoukine and Mary Odette



three of the walls had been removed!

So the whole company moved to the larger Pathé studios at Joinville, and it was there that Mosjoukine told me something of his remarkable career as a screen artiste.

"My parents had always meant me to be a lawyer," he began, his chin cupped in his hands and his expressive eyes staring deep down into the fashionable 18th century audience. "and I was sent to the Law Institute in Moscow. It was in Moscow that I first learnt to love and admire the theatre, and, sad as it may seem, I seldom opened my books and spent as little time studying as possible. No. I was instead installed in the third or fourth gallery of a theatre following the play with heart and soul.

"Then I used to go round to the stage door and mingle with the artistes and take part in their excited conversations. I may have been a nuisance, but I learned a good deal. At last I was offered just over £1 per month to become an artiste.

"When I left the Institute to go home for my holidays I signed the agreement and a few weeks later when I was supposed to go back to the Institute I went on the stage instead. My father put me on the train thinking that I was returning to my studies, but I got out of the train at the next station and travelled on another line in the direction of

(Continued on Page 63).

Mary Odette as "Anna Danby."

powder is used, but a very clear white make-up which is obligatory to each and every artiste.

By this means the artistes are seen on the screen with the same facial colouring, and do not, as in some films, present the laughable impression that some are tired and some are not, others pale and others suffering from apop-

# Malcolm of the MOVIES

His other name is McGregor, but he was born at Newark, New Jersey, and not North of the Tweed as you might suppose.

of life and full of the buoyancy of youth to allow his mind for long to dwell on the shadowy side of existence.

"It was great fun at times," he added with an infectious chuckle, and I began to understand why the likeable personality of this dark-skinned youth had gained him in a remarkable short space of time, the admiration of so many picturegoers. He is very like a happy healthy boy when he smiles, and somehow he reminds you of a pleasant young man who lives next door who you would not hesitate to ask over the garden fence to come over and give you a hand at hammering up the summer house.

"I came up against realities with a bump," said Malcolm, "for I drifted to Los Angeles after a yachting cruise through the Panama Canal and a tour through China. That was three years ago."

He paused significantly and I realised then that he wished to convey the fact that Malcolm McGregor to whom the fickle public were now exceeding kind, had been an unknown cypher in the movies for some time before fate had apportioned to him his molecule of fame.

"I drifted from studio to studio playing in crowds for a few dollars. That went on for over two years, but it was wonderful training."

I contemplated how many people had expressed surprise at Malcolm McGregor's rapid rise of recent months, after his success in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and how little they realised that two years of wearying apprenticeship had paved the way to his long delayed recognition as an artiste of big promise. Here is a lesson to the screen aspirant who imagines that it is a simple matter

*A film star is always in training.*

Verily the film colony at Los Angeles is a melting pot of nationalities. As I passed through the door of Malcolm McGregor's dressing room at the Metro studios, it was to find an artiste with a name suggestive of his ancestors having fought at Flodden Field, yet he greeted me with an American accent, which indicated that he was a great deal more interested in highballs than haggis.

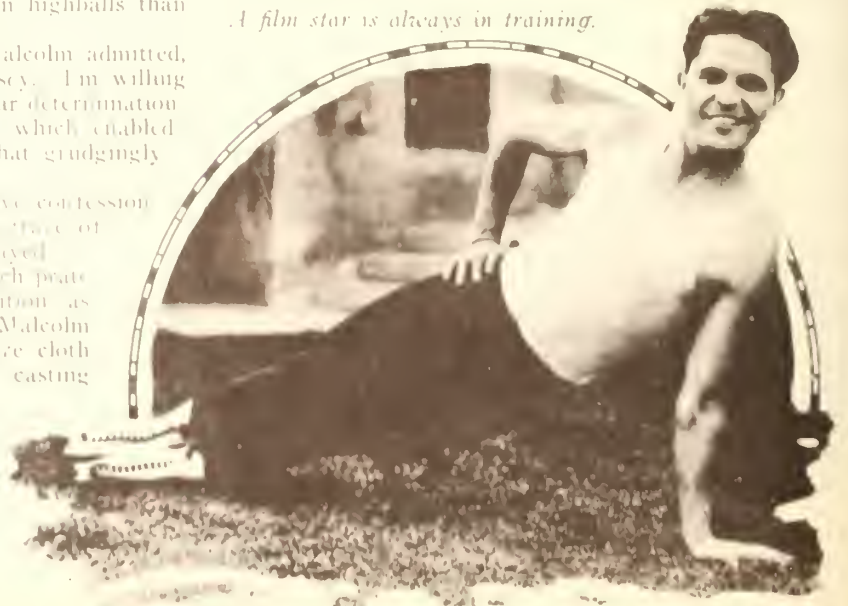
"I have a line of Scottish ancestors," Malcolm admitted, "but my birthplace was Newark, New Jersey. I'm willing to admit that probably it was some of the dour determination that I inherited from my forefathers which enabled me to grasp some of the elusive success that grudgingly comes the way of film actors."

It was something of a revelation this brave confession as to the struggle for film fame which the trace of hardness in the youthful actor's voice betrayed.

It would have stilled the idle fancies which prate of the influence of money and society position as golden pass- keys to a green stardom. For Malcolm McGregor, although the son of a millionaire cloth dealer of Newark, had to risk starvation in casting director's offices. His next confession drew my attention to the idea that he had found a real straight path to stardom.

"Had I known three years ago how hard it would be to secure a foothold in picture, I would never have tried my fortune in the game of film."

And this old proverb says another thoughtfully: "It is a long and hard road to the top."



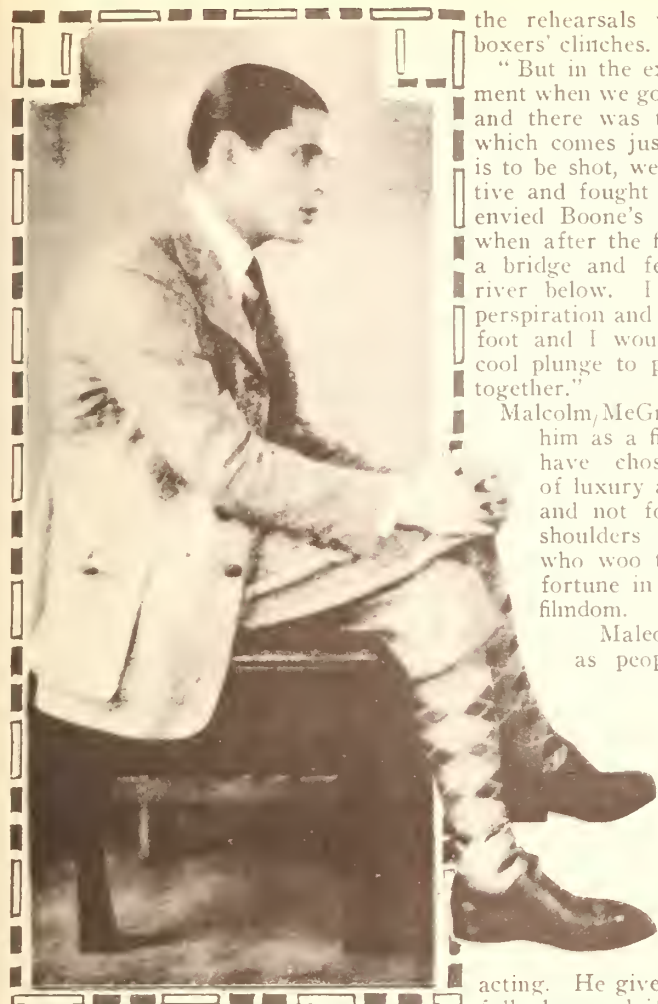
the rehearsals wrestling holds and boxers' clinches.

"But in the excitement of the moment when we got before the cameras, and there was that ominous silence which comes just before a big scene is to be shot, we somehow get primitive and fought like savages. I just envied Boone's part in the scenario when after the fight he staggered on a bridge and fell into the swirling river below. I was drenched with perspiration and bruised from head to foot and I would have welcomed a cool plunge to pull my dazed senses together."

Malcolm McGregor's career reveals him as a fighter, else he would have chosen the easy path of luxury as a millionaire's son and not for two years rubbed shoulders with the democracy who woo the favours of fickle fortune in the lower stratas of flindom.

Malcolm is very human, as people one instinctively like from the first invariably are. And here lies the secret of Malcolm Mc Gregor's success. He does not overburden his characterisations with exaggerated technique or machine-made tricks of

acting. He gives his real personality full play, and if he offends some of canons of film miming, he always suggests on the screen that he is a fellow of flesh and blood, and for this much can be forgiven in these days of pedantic portrayals.



A studio portrait of Malcolm McGregor.

to pluck the fruit of film success without first fostering the tree of knowledge which has to be cultivated before it yields its blossom.

"There are two outstanding memories in my screen career," grinned my cheerful host as reflectively he filled a big briar with shapely artistic fingers. "One is the joy that I experienced when my old classmate from Yale, Rex Ingram, offered me my first important screen part in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and secondly the thrill of the great fight in *Broken Chains*. You remember the story which symbolised the coward who snapped the bonds of heritage and found his manhood. It was the Two Thousand Pound prize story produced by Goldwyn with Colleen Moore, Claire Windsor and myself in the east.

"Gee that was some scrap," he said with the light of enthusiasm in his expressive brown eyes. I fought a Scotchman, and when "Greek meets Greek," has nothing on the bother that we demonstrated when Scot met Scot. When I saw the episode on the screen I marvelled how we escaped without breaking every bone in our bodies. We practised for days on padded mats on a gymnasium floor, and we optimistically introduced into



Above: In *The Prisoner of Zenda.* Below: With Lon Chaney in *All the Brothers were Valiant.*



# The Picturegoer in Paris

For some weeks past a rumour to the effect that a well known film magnate was considering plans for the construction of vast cinema studios on the Riviera, thus turning Nice into a Continental Hollywood, has aroused a great deal of interest. But whereas the plans of this American producer are rather vague, there is some other information of a more interesting and definite nature.

This is to the effect that Mary Pickford intends opening well-equipped studios in the suburbs of Paris, and a large number of cinemas in Paris and all over France for the showing of her films, and incidentally those of her husband, Douglas Fairbanks. It appears that Mary Pickford intends coming to Paris very shortly with this object the main reason of her European visit.

In the meantime, Paris seems to be the meeting place of all the famous stars. Yesterday I saw Lionel Barrymore on the porch of the Crillon. He was accompanied by his charming young wife, Irene Fenwick, whom he recently married. Barbara La Marr, too, is, married alas! and she was in Paris for a few days on her way to Italy to star in a new picture.

*Roland Norman and Jean Angelo in "The Song of Love Triumphant."*



At the Grand Prix Ball at the Paris Opera, I met Pearl White, who, I am able to state, contemplates appearing in a French production, thus breaking her long absence from the shadow-stage. I also saw there Irene Castle, the famous dancer and beautiful film star.

Stewart Rome is in Paris as I write these words, and so are



*From top: Barbara La Marr, Mary Pickford, Sessue Hayakawa, and Nathalie Kovanko.*



Eugene O'Neil, Mary Odette, Bert Lytell, Kenelm Foss, and quite a number of others. At present we are waiting, anxiously, for charming Alice Terry and her husband, Rex Ingram, who, accompanied by Ramon Navarro, and other well-known artistes will stay here for a few days prior to making a picture in England.

From the 1st of August onwards, Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, will be hard at work on *La Bataille*, at the Film D'Art Studios.

# Kinema Conventions

Some movie makers are the World's Champion Followers of the Beaten Track. Wherefore the cynical author of this article begs them to "give the grass a chance."

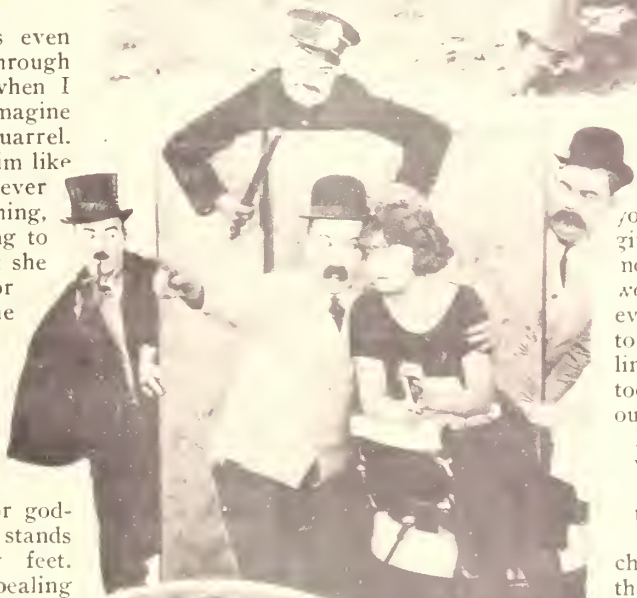
**G** rass has its feelings, I suppose, the same as you or I. But these movie people have no hearts. They walk and walk and walk along the same old paths, until there isn't a blade has the spirit to keep on living. Grass just simply can't live where a movie man is about. Show him the way to go and he'll keep on going it, backwards and forwards, until the good earth beneath his feet is trodden to the toughness of granite. About the only place in the movie business you'll find grass growing is inside the kinemas.

There is one thing that is even making my own grass fall out through sheer rage. You'll know it when I tell you. Imagine a room. Imagine man and woman in it. Quarrel. She loves him, but she loves him like most people hate. "All is forever over between us" kind of thing, when all the time she's wanting to look into his eyes and say that she loves him. He goes to the door. Stops and looks back at her. She looks away. He puts on his hat for twenty feet. She keeps on looking away for twenty more. Suddenly he dashes out into the night and the door closes. At once she springs forward and stretches out her hands to him and does a "For god-sake come back" look. She stands like that for forty or fifty feet. Hands out to the door, appealing

*"The Song that reached their hearts" is still reaching 'em wherever movies are shown.*



*The cowboy and his ever faithful horse.*

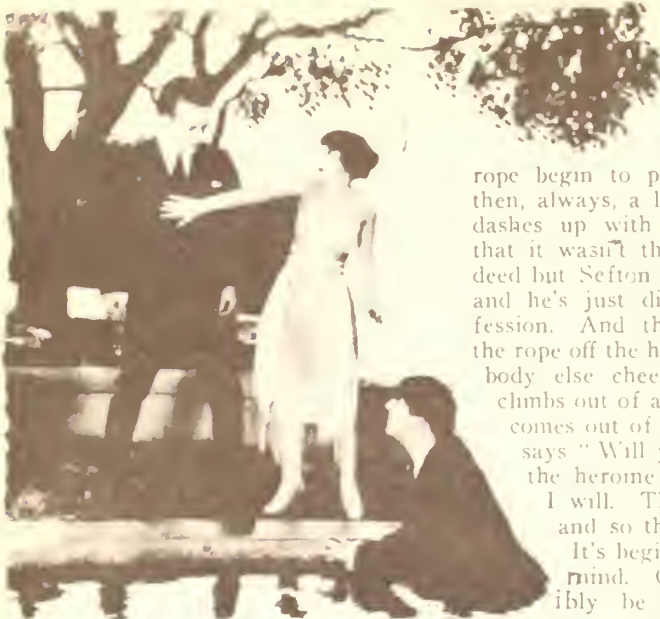


look in eyes, hands parted. Don't you just know it? And doesn't it give you the fan-tans? Ever since movies began (if they've begun), a woman has been standing regularly, every week, with hands outstretched to a closed door, anguish in every line of her figure, wishing, when it's too late, that she had not sent him out into the night. Great Portland Bill! What's the matter with the women? Have they no tongues? Cannot even one speak up before the too late moment?

And then there is the sweet little child reconciler. He is as near to the limit as I ever wish to see any-

*Above: The "screen scene" has figured in countries ever since "The School for Scandal" Below: And Prodigal Sons still remember the Biblical story.*





The villain gets "his" once again.

one. "Ah! mama and papa," he seems to say, "you cannot get divorced like this. Think of your responsibility to Me. Come, let me take your hands and clasp them together, so. It worked last week in that other fillum. It worked all last year in the thirty we made then. It always will work. Don't you see the scheming of fate in all this, mama and papa. Fate won't let you part.

round his neck; the man with the gun at the starting gate fires the shot; the rough-necks on the other end of the rope begin to pull; and then—And then, always, a boy on a motor bike dashes up with documentary proof that it wasn't the hero did the foul deed but Sefton Darkly all the time, and he's just died and left a confession. And then somebody takes the rope off the hero's neck and somebody else cheers and the heroine climbs out of a barrel and a parson comes out of a bush and the hero says "Will you marry me," and the heroine replies "You know I will. The public expect it" and so they are married.

It's beginning to prey on my mind. Can't the hero possibly be lynched? Is there some secret charm in the business? What would happen if the boy who brings the confession on a motor byke suddenly sprang a puncture fifty miles away? What would happen? Would the author lose his job? And what would happen if the nasty Sefton Darkly died before he left

guaranteed six feet six inches and in full working order. But see what happens. The hero always stoops low and throws three of them over his head and kicks the revolvers out of the hands of the others and knocks out the last one with a well-directed blow on the chin. He hasn't failed to do this for five thousand films. You just can't get a hero down. He'll eat his way through a granite wall and fight his way to the side of the girl. Nothing can stop him getting to the side of the girl. In heaven's name, I ask, what is the matter with the side of the girl that he is always so urgent? Has she got a pain there?

And what is the sinister something



Above: A game of cards with the girl as prize. Below: A movie hero in action, and a few villains out of it.

that always burns in the blood of foremen on Western ranches? It seems to be a fact deep down in the fundamentals of human nature that you can't be a Western foreman and go straight. Once you're a foreman Satan has you. You can't help it. You must get up in the night and chivy your boss's cattle over the hills and brand 'em in the distant bushes. Once you're a foreman you must brand other people's cattle, and



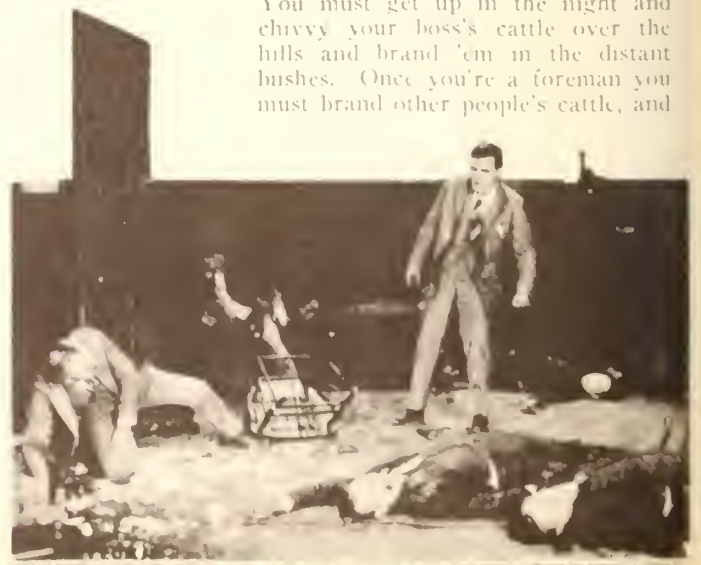
They men and a girl from new version

It is all make-me come between you and take your loving hands and run them together, so. Don't defy fate, mama and papa. Join hands and soul and love and humanity. It is the easiest way. And if it wasn't it was the only way. The only way had mama and papa.

They men and a girl from new version. Why can't he die months before? Why is he ever born? There's another thing about that hero. Blow Drop. Blow to a lonely fold with fifteen strong villains and see what happens. Every villain

his confession? Why doesn't he, sometimes? Why doesn't he die months before? Why is he ever born?

There's another thing about that hero. Blow Drop. Blow to a lonely fold with fifteen strong villains and see what happens. Every villain





run a coining plant on the forsaken ranch over the hills. It's simply sickening. You never get a spare minute.

And, I say—what about the girl who dresses in boy's clothes and nobody ever spots it except the two thousand people in the audience? Can't something be done about her? Can't somebody in the cast be made to see he's a girl? I should think the way he/she walks like Dick Whittington would make it obvious to the meanest intellect. You can't expect the hero to have the meanest intellect, I know, but isn't there somebody in the affair with eyes to see? What about the sophisticated young blighter I've already mentioned, who always

*When the hero sees a kiss of this description he always misconstrues.*



reconciles mama and papa just at the moment when the judge is pronouncing the decree? Can't somebody write him into the story of the girl in boy's clothes? He'd rumble it in a moment. "Why you aren't Jack Smithers at all!" he'd say. "You're Alice Dimple!" You couldn't keep anything back from that kid. Why doesn't someone bring them together in one story?

*The underworld dancing hall is a stock movie scene*



And then—trains. I don't know whether its because it has slipped everybody's attention or not—its only a detail, I know, and apt to be overlooked—but there's always somebody getting on or getting off a train. And there's always a nigger boy to let down the steps for them and take their suit case. Always there's millions and millions and millions of feet been given to the throbbing drama of Somebody Stepping Off a Train. Let me give you a hint, reader. I know you're dying to write scenarios for the fillums, every one of the thousands of you. Be careful always, if you want to sell your stories, to include the absorbing incident of Somebody Stepping Off a Train. It doesn't so much matter if you're after the English market (market is such an appropriate word for the film business, don't you think?) but if you hope to sell in America you simply must include the absorbing incident of Somebody Stepping Off a Train. The *outré* and fantastic you must avoid. The kind of film that gets right there at the first kick and makes the

noise of itself heard in the farthest corners of the earth is the one that is founded on the fundamental simplicities and sweetnesses of human nature. Human interest! That is the slogan. And what is so packed with human



*Letters cause a lot of trouble in the movies.*

interest, what is so packed with fundamental simplicity and sweetness as the spectacle of Somebody Stepping Off a Train? It strikes a chord at once. "Ah!" says the audience, "look!" Somebody Stepping Off a Train. Now isn't that just too simply sweet for anything. Somebody Stepping Off a Train!!! I don't know how they think of these things, dear, do you?"

Just one more wrinkle. If you are writing heart-to-heart, pulsating, human stories, you can leave it as it stands and just let the Somebody Step naturally Off the



*Here we see a Child Reconciler at work.*

Train. If however your bent is for slapstick you must make sure that the train has not stopped. This is always good for a tremendous laugh. The man who writes the advertisements says so, and he ought to know; he used to be a plumber.

But to return to my grumbles.

Will somebody be kind enough to tell me who put the razor on the desert island? You'll know what I mean. I don't think I need say any more.

But one thing has got to be settled right away, the girl who kisses her brother who has just come back from Japan and hubby sees them at it and goes away and never speaks to her again until the end of the last reel. That! Something has got to be



A Western "gambling hell," a scene we all know.

done about that right away. It would have to be disposed of sooner or later. It isn't the sort of thing that you could allow to go on for ever. The scenario writer seems to think it is, but, I ask you, what do scenario writers know about scenario writing? Why doesn't it occur to somebody to save the life happiness of a score or so of people by the simple dodge of hanging a card round the brother's neck with

"Unbind that man!" commands the hero.



The unhappy serial heroine is always being threatened with a terrible death.



"I am HER BROTHER. I have just come back from Japan" written across it. It is so simple. If you were the girl's husband, what would you think? If you came home from the office one day and parted the curtains and looked through and saw the only Her kissing another Him. Would you think it was her brother just home from Japan? Not if your sisters you wouldn't. You'd think "Ah! a lover! How blind I have been!" Would you leap through the curtains and grab him by the throat and pitch him into the gutter where the movie authors come from? You know you wouldn't. You'd pick up and go to Alaska to buy out the life of your pitiful life committing the nature and creating a dog team.

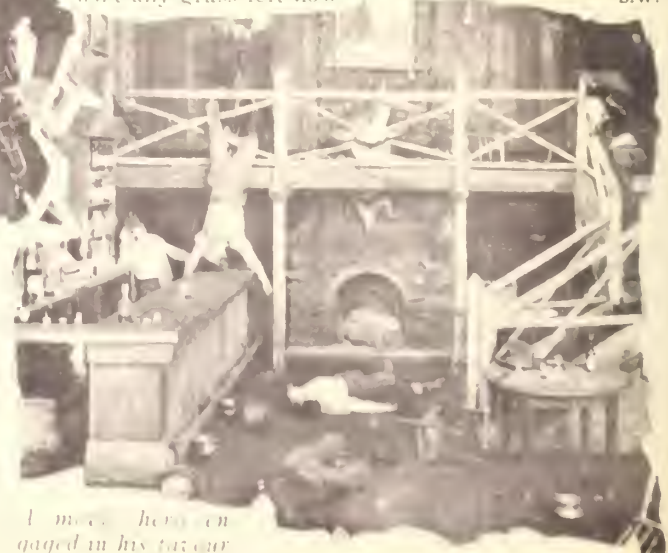
Why do villains always turn round at the door and

sneer before they go out? Why does it always take the bruised and beaten one five minutes to pass into the night? Why is there always a bulldoggy man in the hall of a hotel opening his jacket to show a silver star? Why do American Englishmen always wear monocles? Why can't the cow in the rural pictures have a rest sometimes? Why is the police chief at his desk, always just reaching out his hand to take the receiver off the 'phone? Why is the little lady in the rocking chair always knitting a No. 4 size woolly vest and pair of diminutive socks when hubby comes in? Is she dumb? Why are last cuddles always silhouetted against the sunset? Why do card-sharpers, discovered to be such, always throw the table into the corner of the room? Why is the man who always runs the "Broken Back Saloon" out West always just taking a cigar from between his teeth? Why doesn't somebody take away that roof so that the crooks can't have any more gun fights on it?

Some people will tell you that the movies are going to bits, that they've worked the old stories to death and that they haven't the intelligence to think out new ones.

This is wrong. When you've got to get, all in one film, the woman who stretches out her hand to the door as soon as he has gone out, the hero who dodges lynching by half an inch, his fight with the half-dozen rough-necks, the sinister foreman who brands the lifted beef, Somebody Stepping Off A Train, the girl who makes good in the first five minutes on the old ranch, Somebody-else Stepping Off Another Train, the mistake about the brother from Japan, the mystery of the policeman on the corner, the hand that takes the revolver from the drawer, everybody going up and down those five flights, twice each, the chase between the taxi and the train, somebody getting into a motor car, somebody getting out of a motor car, a couple of letters to read, a bulldoggy man to show his silver star, a police chief to take the receiver off, a flash of the old home cow for local colour, the dumb little lady knitting the little vest, the fight on the roof and the boys to the rescue. . . Well, just think. These things have got to appear in every film that's made. It's a sort of law. No movie is complete without them. Well, I ask you, what room is there for the story, after that?

I'd like to lie me to some pleasant glade and drop me down upon the grass and rest from it all. But there isn't any grass left now s.w.



A movie hero engaged in his favourite pastime of smiting his enemies

# Rome in a Rage



Above: Stewart Rome.



Circle: With Gregory Scott  
in "The Case of Lady Camber."



"'Tis a far, far, better thing—"

Stewart Rome was in a terribly bad temper when I was ushered on to the Studio floor—it was a new experience for me, because I had never seen a screen star in a bad temper before. There was no mistake about Rome's mood, however, for he tore up a sheet of paper, putting such force behind it that it gave me the impression that it might have been calico—but I examined the pieces afterwards and found just paper! Then he snapped in half the pen with which he had been writing, and I thought he might then throw the ink away, but he didn't!

Having vented his spite on the blotting pad and the desk, he then walked off the "set" and the producer shouted "Cut!"

Fearing for the safety of the Studio I watched Rome—he chatted to one of the electricians and laughed heartily. Such is the wonderful control an actor has to have over his feelings.

In reply to my query as to why he had become so enraged, he said, "Oh! because my wife is having a love affair with a painter—but that's only the beginning of my temper. If you can wait a few hours you will see how I treat her when she comes into that room!"

Since he completed his last film in England, Rome has become very bronzed—and the tan even peeps through his make-up occasionally. In all the years he has been playing for British films, it was not until last year that he made his first trip abroad for film purposes. He went to Italy, and that seemed to start him on a regular Cook's tour, for he has since visited

Iceland, Germany, France and Egypt. And he has loved every moment of his wanderings in foreign lands.

Despite the discomforts of Iceland, Rome enthused about it. "The scenery in some parts is perfectly marvellous," he told me, "and the complexions of the ladies—well! some of our English girls would give anything to possess them!"

Rome is still a bachelor, but it struck me then that he is not immune from the effects of a pretty face and charming manner. He looked into space as if living over again some of the hours he spent in Iceland—and I wondered!

Suddenly he came back to earth—"The Twins have been giving us quite a lot of trouble this morning," he said.

"Whose twins are they?" I asked.

"They belong to the Studio!" came the reply. "Part of the wonderful new lighting equipment which has been installed recently," he added.

After a quarter of an hour devoted to the manipulation of lights, and the tiresome kinema Twins had learned to behave, a bell echoed through the Studio. Then Hilda Bayley made her entrance. Rome stormed and raved—Miss Bayley remained very calm considering what he called her. Then she got a little scared and moved

Letting his angry passions rise in "Snow in the Desert."



away, but he followed and bringing his hands up to her throat, threatened her life. The action was so realistic that I held my breath—even the usually calm producer enthused and shouted, "Let it go!" In a voice that almost shook the building, Rome continued his vituperations, and not wishing to be witness to a crime, I fled, with Rome's voice ringing in my ears, condemning poor Miss Bayley to a place far hotter than Egypt.—B.B.

# Sick a Bed



Jane Novak  
and her  
picturesque  
nurse in "Thelma."



Marguerite de la  
Motte demonstrates  
part of "What a  
Wife Learnt."

The vociferous gentleman with the persuasive flow of eloquence, who, as he loudly announces, has "stood in this market place for forty years" selling the one infallible remedy for every ill under the sun, is outclassed on all points by the modern movie director. The charlatan talks long and loudly until he infects himself and his listeners with fervent belief in the potency



"Put out your  
tongue," says Nurse  
Phyllis Haver.  
A tardy confession.  
William Farnum and  
Holmes Herbert.



Elaine Ham-  
merstein takes  
it lightly in  
"The Girl in  
his Room."

Ralph Lewis  
and a tiny suf-  
ferer.

of the contents of his coloured phials. The kinema director does more, he first inflicts maladies of all kinds, merely by means of a few softly-spoken instructions, and then, cures them at will with a "That will do very nicely. Cut now." The click which announces the shutting off of the powerful glare of the arc lamps is nothing short of magical in its effect. Ghastly faced unfortunates at the last gasp, forget their ills and make their way out of bed in double-quick time.

The wise makers of motion pictures know full well how easily the sympathies of film fans are stirred by the pathos of the sick room and very few movies are extant that do not contain at least one sick-a bed scene. It sounds a little trying for the artists sometimes, to thus simulate the woes of the invalid, but, surrounded as they are with bottles, screens and all the well-known paraphernalia of illness, and with an extremely professional looking "Doctor" in attendance, but few rehearsals

are needed. Also these movie-maladies have their compensations. When charming stars like Phyllis Haver or Bebe Daniels don the severely-simple garb of professional nurses and armed with stethoscope and temperature chart prepare to do their worst, voluntary victims would surely not be hard to find. There is not one star who can truthfully state that he or she has never been "invalided into the movies." From Mary Pickford downwards. Mary's best known efforts in that line are her "Stella Maris" in *Stella Maris*, in the first few reels of which she played an "incurable," and her "Pollyanna," one of the best of her child-characterisations. In this movie, the much loved little sunshine maker is spinally injured in an accident, and it is thought that the rest of her life must be spent lying and that she will never walk again. But, being just a movie, a clever doctor works a miracle and the child recovers the use of her feet. One of the most moving episodes in the film was the scene in which "Pollyanna" takes her first few tottering steps, and the impersonation on the part of the actress was perfect and brought a lump into many a throat. Emotional stars welcome interludes of illness,



because of the effective "close-ups" of eager anticipation, suspense, tender solicitations and despair, they provide. The delirious ravings, too, of "patients" in photoplays sometimes form the basis of clever double



"Doctor's Orders." Harold Lloyd's methods are original.

exposure effects, such as the one in *The Virgin Queen*, wherein the plot against the life of her Majesty is disclosed.

The lighter side of the sick room has been thoroughly exploited by Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and a host of smaller fry. In *The Cure*, Chaplin let his broadly humorous mind loose in a sanatorium and the results were mirthful if none too respectful. Harold Lloyd in *Doctor's Orders* went through the whole bag-of-tricks of an ordinary visiting M.D. with additions of his own, until he fell in love with his prettiest patient and gave up his other practice to coax her back to normality. The other Doctor already in attendance was Eric Mayne and many reels of fun, as well as a burlesque upon *One Exciting Night* ensued before his nose was put out of joint. Matt Moore has played many an "invalid" in his time, and usually very pathetic specimens of humanity. In *Back Pay* he is a blinded soldier, and comes to a peaceful end in the arms of his erstwhile sweetheart, whose salvation begins only after his death. Hope Hampton lies ill in a poorly furnished lodging house through the greater part of *The Light in the Clearing*. In her case, Lon Chaney, aided by a concealed stick of radium works a perfect cure. Opinions are



Above: William S. Hart in "White Oak," ministers to a screen sufferer  
Circle: Matt Moore & Seena Owen in "Back Pay."



A pathetic little movie invalid was Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna."

another, that their first necessity is an absolutely clean bill of health. Barring unavoidable accident, few indeed are the players guilty of occasional "sick leave" in the middle of a production. The usual movie maladies are assumed with the movie make-up and left on the "set" at the end of the day. The directorial announcement that the scene is finished acts as a more perfect and instantaneous cure than all the mysterious potions paid for by the unwary who succumb to the silver-tongued orator when he mounts an old wooden box and plies his trade wherever crowds do congregate.



Left: Constance Talmadge is true to type even when sickness lays her low.  
Right: "The Invisible Fear," Anita Stewart.



divided as to the ideal movie doctor. About ten silver-haired actors specialise in these roles; one of these, Hubert Willis will go down to posterity for ever as "My dear Watson" in the "Sherlock Holmes" series. Which instinctively and shudderingly calls into mind the horrible effect Eille Norwood managed to create, when he was supposed to be suffering from tampanule fever, in *The Dying Detective* episode. Movie stars lead such strenuous lives, one way and

# British Studio Gossip

## A Continental Artiste.

Dainty little Marquissette Bosky, who plays the role of "Annie Mie" in local's *Life's a Repay*, has had a good deal of film experience abroad. She looks like a tiny French Marquise but is actually of Italian-Swiss extraction. "My early days," she says "were spent at Geneva and Paris where I have been dancing since I was ten." She was one of the Gaby Deslys dancers, when that artiste had her own company and was afterwards asked to appear in a film written round the life and adventures of Gaby. Marquissette, as she styles herself in some of her star films, has played in celluloid dramas since 1919, when her first film was directed by Michael Carre in France. She has since starred in various productions made in different parts of the Continent.

## In a Baroness Orczy Story.

White with masses of lovely blonde hair, Marquissette, an

Right: Hilda Bayley in "The Scandal." Below: Celia Byrd complete with curl-papers as one of the Triplet Sisters in "Little Miss Nobody." (Ital. Marquissette Bosky, the Continental star now playing in British movies.



it, a halt of two or three days was called, but now the last exterior scenes are finished and well-meaning people no longer come and speak to "that sweet little cripple child," and proffer sympathy.

## The Audacious One.

Jack Buchanan has hitherto been better known in the world of musical comedy and revue than in screenland. But he makes his official entry in the ranks of the silent stars in *The Audacious Mr. Squire*, a New B. and C. film made at Walthamstow. After being "Batling Butler" for many months, he found the part of "Squire," who is by way of being another "Raffles" very much to his taste. Buchanan slipped easily into studio technique, but, as he is an ardent golfer, he found himself thinking longly of the links as he watched the bright sunshine stream into the studios. Still, he reported laughingly at Walthamstow every day at 2.30 a.m. and rapidly perfected himself in the gentle art of annexing other people's belongings. The first time he was asked to "crack a crib," Buchanan convulsed the company with his droll remarks: "Commencing with 'If my mother could see

me, she would be proud of me. By the way, her own is Louis'—was born at Miesussy, on October 6, 1899." She counts amongst her most interesting experiences the two years she spent in Germany with Famous Lasky and other film companies. In Berlin, she met Folic Polo, the famous stunt artist, who watched her work and then extended her a cordial invitation to her to come and watch him make thrills. A foreign-made version of *Just Say* was one of Marquissette's biggest star films, she is a great favorite abroad. Her "Annie Mie" is an appealing, childlike little figure, though she found the hoop that went with the part somewhat trying. As soon as she had grown thoroughly used to



Marquissette Bosky in *The Baroness* as "Gaby Frockle."



They burned him in *The Wandering Jew*, and the film was hardly finished before Matheson Lang was cheerfully considering being hanged as "Guy Fawkes," with a little torture on the rack thrown in. Jerrold Robertshaw, who perseveringly persecuted Lang in the final phase of *The Wandering Jew*, also superintended the torturing of "Guy Fawkes." Robertshaw plays "James I." in this

the few lucky people who realise their daydreams quickly. His was to be a film actor, and though the nearest he got to it was staging pantomime performances at home with his friends as audience, he used to spend hours practising what "Merton of the Movies" calls "transitions," or in plain English, rehearsing different expressions and gestures which he had seen film stars use on the screen. He was a boy scout when fortune tapped him on the shoulder.

**"The Vagabond's" Choice.**

Carlyle Blackwell, who produced and starred in *The Beloved Vagabond* found the task of casting "Asticot" rather difficult. This boy, who accompanies the hero on his journeys and and is his son by adoption needed a definite type and a rather temperamental exponent. And even amongst professional boy actors he couldn't find his ideal. An observant clerk at the Piccadilly Hotel drew Carlyle's attention to Albert the aspiring, who was only too glad to be tested. The star declared that the boy's lack of any professional experience was nothing to worry about, as he was entirely free from self-consciousness. So Albert went a-wandering with Carlyle, in London and Paris and Brittany, and had the time of his life.

Albert Chase who plays "Asticot" in "The Beloved Vagabond."

her baby boy now" he continued right through his rehearsal, but the presence of the camera induced a more sober frame of mind, and the actual "take" doesn't show the ghost of a giggle.

**Meet Tootsie Triplet.**

Celia Bird had a broad comedy role in *Little Miss Nobody* and her character work, especially when assisted by the unconventional make-up she adopted, registered very well. "I am a real film lover," Celia told me the other day. "And as I started my career as a soubrette and comedienne, I found 'Little Miss Nobody' delightful. As 'Tootsie Triplet' I am one of three chorus girls who thoroughly wake up an old castle, and we went to Arundel for some of this. I distinguished myself by falling out of a car, but I wasn't hurt at all." Celia has played in several Walter Forde comedies, in *The Gipsy Cavalier*, and *Sinister Street*. She has been singing and dancing professionally since she was ree..

**No Happy Endings for Him Now.**

Matheson Lang will make half-a-dozen films for Stolls. After *Guy Fawkes*, you will see him as *Henry of Navarre* in an adaptation of the Dumas novel dealing with this hero. He doesn't say yet whether he is to be assassinated as "Henry IV.," or whether the film ends earlier in that monarch's career. Apparently the worse they treat him in film scenarios the better Lang likes it. He always comes back for "more of the same."



Marjorie Benson and Edward Ellis in "The Lady Owner."

film and Nina Vanna, hitherto seen only in some short historical films (her first star picture, *The Man Without Desire* is not released yet) has an appealing role as "Viviana," who becomes the wife of "Guy Fawkes."

**A Movie Romance.**

There's one boy of sixteen who scarcely stops smiling these days. He is Albert Chase the "Asticot," of *The Beloved Vagabond* film. Albert is only sixteen and is one of

Top Right: Alma Taylor and James Carew in "The Cobweb."  
Oval: Gladys Jennings in "Constant Hot Water,"



**GOSTA EKMAN**

*Has been seen in many Swedish productions, including "The Gay Knight" and "Love's Crucible." This very blonde cavalier from Stockholm has migrated to Los Angeles. He pronounces his name "Yosta Akman."*





**MARJORIE HUME**

*Made her screen debut in "Doing His Bit," and has steadily kept on doing hers in the movies ever since. "Silent Evidence" is her latest release, her next will be a costume play of Regency Times.*

**CHARLES HUTCHISON**

*Inventor of new ways of risking a screen star's life. As he always tries his intentions upon himself everybody's satisfied. Hutchison has just completed a film, "The Typhoon," made entirely in Great Britain.*



**ALMA TAYLOR**

*At present actively engaged in re-filming favourite Hepworth stories. Alma has been on the screen since she was a child and has played for Hepworth ever since she was in short skirts.*

**CLARA HORTON**

*Is nineteen this year, and has blue eyes and pale golden hair. Some of her screen successes are "Everywoman," in which she was "Youth," "The Girl From Outside," and "Nineteen and Phyllis."*

# The Robes of Ruth

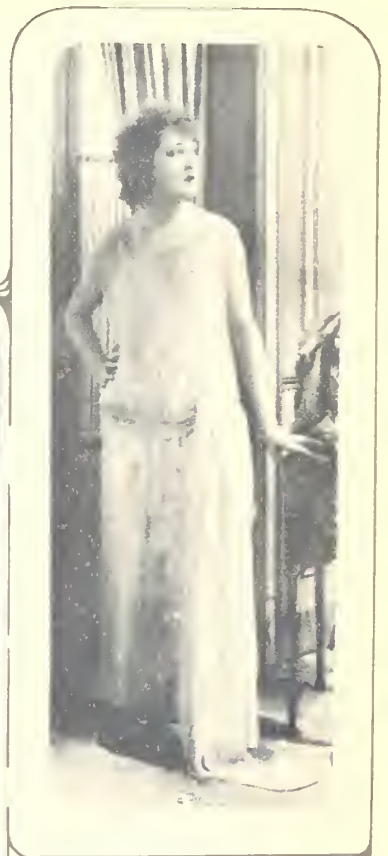
Beautiful gowns worn by Ruth Clifford in "Daughters of the Rich."



An attractive chiffon evening frock trimmed with glistening deep gold lace.



Above: A cloak of gorgeous chinchilla. Note the novel sleeves of the silver crepe tissue gown below.



A charming toilette composed of white georgette thickly sewn with crystal bugles and pearl sequins.



Broché velvet gives a distinctive touch to a closely swathed confection with a long train.



Rich fur ornaments the wing sleeves and train of this panne velvet creation.

# Directors I Have Met

By Elizabeth Lonergan  
J. GORDON EDWARDS



J. Gordon Edwards.

When William Fox decided to become a film producer, he looked around for efficient helpers and in the manager, or producing director of his stock company, found the man who was to play a most important role in the history of Fox Films. The man was a Canadian who had played many important theatrical roles in both England and the States, clever actor, a deep thinker, an all-round genius. And so, we introduce J. Gordon Edwards, well known to English fans for his *Queen of Sheba*, *Nero* and some nifty other Fox features. Mr. Edwards has an unique record, one company for 13 years! His story of the first feature they made bears repetition. He told me about it in his cozy office at the Fox studios, between our discussion of European and American pictures and methods, the advantages and disadvantages of being a director and a number of

other things, more or less of interest. "It was in the days when three-reel pictures were coming into fashion, and we made *Life's Shop Window* five reels intending to cut it down," he said. When it was run in the projection room, Mr. Fox said it was without exception, the worst picture he had ever seen and wanted us to throw it into the scrap heap. Just as an experiment we released it (our production was called the Box Office Attractions, then), and to the surprise of everybody it made a lot of money and was a financial if not an artistic success. Soon after this, Mr. Fox engaged Herbert Brenon, also an Englishman, to make his first big feature, and *Neptune's Daughter* was "shot" in Bermuda, with Annette Kellerman in the leading role. The feature played many months in a first-

class New York theatre and comed money for its producer."

At Mr Edward's suggestion, Mr. Fox had engaged Betty Nansen, the distinguished Scandinavian star for a series of American productions. Unfortunately she did not make the expected success and again Mr. Fox selected Mr. Edwards to help solve the difficulty. Edwards agreed to direct a picture with Miss Nansen, stipulating that Edward José (well known in the varieties, long before he went into pictures, should play a part and coach him whenever necessary. To Edward José, Mr. Edwards gives credit for that first picture, *Resurrection*, which proved a great triumph for all concerned.

Then he brought Theda Bara into prominence, for it was her *Cleopatra* that really laid the foundation for her success as a Vamp, and directed her in a number of



J. Gordon Edwards inspecting a rag rug made from scraps of "The Queen of Sheba" dresses.



J. Gordon Edwards with the popular Farnum brothers, William and Dustin, with whom he is very good friends.

other plays. Mr. Edwards, too, selected Betty Blythe for the *Queen of Sheba*, a selection which was made from some five or six hundred actresses, all eager and willing to play the role. *Nero* was another triumph and recently he completed in Italy *The Shepherd King*, biggest and best of all, he thinks. This will not be released until the Autumn.

# Little Old New York



by  
John  
Fleming

If a fairy could wave her wand and vanish from sight the skyscrapers and boulevards of the mighty City of New York, and recreate the crumpled dust that lies beneath, and send back time a hundred years, this is the story that would play itself before our eyes, if we were there to see. The story of Patrick O'Day, who was not Patrick O'Day at all, but Patricia O'Day, the boy who was a girl.

An O'Day had been to America before, an Andrew O'Day, who went by the goodness of his brother John, the savings of John paying for the passage and starting the other in life. But a quarrel of letters followed and after long years the two fell apart, so that neither knew the whereabouts of the other. Andrew married in New York a widow with one son, Larry Delevan, and as the years went by he amassed great wealth, and it came to be understood that on his death this wealth would go to Larry. He died, and the will was read. And it was seen that his forgotten brother John had not been entirely forgotten. John, he said in his will, must be now dead. But if he had a child and the child lived, the money was his. The town house and the estates were to be Larry's, the money was to be for the son of old John O'Day. But this son, if he existed, must put in an appearance in New York to claim his fortune before the night of the second of May, 1803, or the fortune would revert to Larry.

On the evening of the second of May, 1803, Larry Delevan, and certain young bloods of little old New York, were celebrating, with some

gusto, the apparent certainty of the approaching inheritance. It was a very wild and stormy night and few people were abroad in the island city. Punch flowed riotously in the home of the Delevans and every one of the little gathering was more than a little festive.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and Larry's servant, Reilly,

to say nothing. He sent off his friends to their homes and tried with the best grace possible to face the situation. Lawyers were sent for and the whole matter placed in order, but this, of course, pleased him little.

Old O'Day was given a room in the house, and young Patrick a suite, and Larry found that owing to the youth of the boy, who was no more than eighteen, by the terms of the will he must be guardian as well as deposed heir. He met the new conditions with little grace, and for many days there was no young man of more sullen visage seen in the street of old New York than Larry Delevan.

"But you have the house and the estates," protested young Patrick.

"You are young and strong and can get along. You are not left penniless."

"Bah!" said Larry, and the punch bowl came to be filled more often than ever.

One day old John O'Day died suddenly in his bed, and after his death young Patrick seemed to suffer from a wide and vast change.

He approached Larry as the latter stood brooding over the old sundial one day and put his arm through that of his guardian and said:

"Do you know why I came all this way to claim my fortune?"

"I neither know nor care," said Larry.

"But you shall know."

Larry frowned.

"It was to please my old father," said Patrick. "He was very old and his life in Ireland has been very hard.

## CHARACTERS:

Patricia O'Day - MARION DAVIES  
John O'Day - J. M. KERRIGAN  
Larry Delevan - HARRISON FORD  
Robert Fulton - COURTENAY FOOTE  
Cornelius Vanderbilt - SAM HARDY  
John Jacob Astor - ANDREW DILLON  
Bullyboy Brewster - HARRY WATSON  
The Hoboken Terror  
LOUIS WOLHEIM.

*Narrated by permission from the Goldwyn film of the same title.*

admitted a weather-beaten old man and a young boy, who strode with considerable assurance into the hall and looked the revellers full in the eye.

"Misther Larry Delevan?" said the old man.

Larry nodded.

"I'm John O'Day. This is my son, Patrick. A lawyer called on us in Dublin and said that if we got here by to-night my brother's fortune was to be this boy's. We're here."

To say that Larry was stunned is

We have known the time when there was not a crust in the cupboard. The enmity of his brother, my uncle, soured him so, and he insisted that we come and claim every penny that we could lay hands on. It had become a sort of religion with him long before we came in sight of land. I came for his sake. Now he is gone, I do not care. Give me a little for my needs and you can take the rest. You have been brought up to expect it. I don't mind."

Larry turned and stared at the boy by his side with great surprise. Patrick look young, even for his young years, and he looked like one who was unused to the ways of the work-a-day world, in spite of the past hardships in Ireland. He was always about the house with the harp that he had brought over and he looked, indeed, more like a poet than a practical youth. And now here he was with an offer that was surely a poet's offer if it was anything.

"You are a strange boy," said Larry. "I have never met a boy like you before. Nay, go away. It is good of you to make the offer and you may rest assured that I shall not forget it, but I do not need the money like that. I never liked you much, Patrick, but I like you now. Shall I say we're friends?"

Larry had a friend, Robert Fulton by name, who was in immediate need of a considerable amount of money for the purpose of financing an invention of his—a steamboat to take the place of the old hand ferry to Staten Island. Fulton had been to the big financial men of the island—Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor and the others—and they had laughed at the scheme. In desperation at last he had come to Larry, and Larry, expecting on the second of May to become possessed of the fortune of old John O'Day, had promised to find fifty thousand dollars towards the venture on that date. Now came Robert Fulton to the Delevan home to see what was to be done about it.

"You know," said Larry, "that my fortune has gone. There is the home, of course. I don't know. But if you will give me ten days longer—"

"I cannot delay very much longer, my dear Larry," said Robert. "If you think the investment will strain your resources, by all means stand out."



*Larry Delevan submitted to his guardianship with but little grace.*

"Stand out?" cried Larry. "Listen, Robert. You know how I am placed. You know that if I can hope to keep my place in society I must very swiftly become possessed of much more money than I can command at the present moment. How shall I do this? I know of no better or surer way than by taking up a half interest in your invention. I have that much faith in it."

"You are a good friend," said Fulton, "and I will keep my offer open another ten days as you desire before applying elsewhere for the capital."

Patrick O'Day was sitting not very far away during this talk and as a result of what he heard he hurried down town on the following morning to see his lawyer, John Jacob Astor.

"And well," said the great financier, "and what can I do for the little Irish stranger this morning?"

"You can lend me," said Patrick, "fifty thousand dollars to invest in Robert Fulton's steamboat."

"Indeed I can not," said the great John Jacob. "The venture is the height of folly and I could not countenance such rashness. A steam ferry? Flying machines are as likely. No, no. I will take you out and help to make a business man of you by teaching you to buy real estate. There is good land going this morning at the sale in the neighbourhood of Grammercy Road. You shall invest your fifty thousand there and learn a little sense."

He prepared to go along with the lad, but at that moment Cornelius Vanderbilt came in with some dusty deed that required immediate and

close attention.

"We must postpone our visit to the sale until tomorrow," said Mr. Astor to the boy.

"When the best lots will be gone," said Patrick.

John Jacob showed his appreciation of the boy's astuteness by patting him on the head.

"Why not let me become a man of affairs by bidding myself," urged Patrick.

"It is a good idea." And Mr. Astor proceeded to draw a cheque

in Patrick's favour for the sum of fifty

thousand dollars, and with this the boy took his departure.

He hurried round to the Delevan house, only to find that Larry was out at a grand reception that was being given at the house next door by a wealthy heiress newly back from the wonders of London. Patrick made his way to the garden and stood beside the old sundial. Through the windows of the next house he could see the heiress attempting to charm the good-looking Larry with her foreign ways and acquired accomplishments. She was even singing to him the latest air from London Town. Patrick's eyes became strangely moist at the sight, and returning to the house he took out his little Irish harp and went once more into the garden.

A little Irish melody stole through the scented air. From the piano in the drawing room of the next house Larry crept as soon as he could with politeness and back into the garden of his own home. There he found Patrick.

"You are a strange boy," he said with a sad smile. "Do you know, I prefer to sit here talking to you and listening to your playing than being with the richest heiress in New York."

"I have got that money," said Patrick.

"What money?"

"The fifty thousand you want for Robert Fulton's steamboat."

"What do you know of that? And in any case how can you have obtained so large a sum?"

"I got it from Jacob Astor. He thinks I shall invest it in real estate. Here is the cheque."

"Why should you give it to me?"

"Because, Larry, I like you."

"No, no, I cannot take it from you."



I shall find some other way before the time is out."

Larry rose in some haste and calling for his hat made his way down-town through the quaint old street of the city. In time he came to where the old Fire House stood and was attracted by the shoutings of one Bully Boy Brewster, who was the hope of the pugilistic fireman and who was engaged to fight the Hoboken Terror at the very Fire House before whose door he now stood.

Larry listened for some considerable time to the man's boastings and soon became possessed of the idea that here at last was an opportunity to retrieve his scattered chances.

Hurrying back into the town he proceeded to mortgage all his house and estate property with whoever could be persuaded to take on the deal at so short a notice. He realised close on ten thousand dollars for the lot, and this he promptly proceeded to put on the chances of Bully Boy Brewster for that night's fight. The Bully Boy had few fanciers and Larry did not find it difficult to obtain very favourable odds. He stood to make, in the event of victory, more than double the amount that he had promised Fulton; but in the event of defeat . . . he must lose all.

Fulton had borrowed pretty considerably and the steamboat was ready for the water before the time for Larry's deposit fell due. The day was a Saturday when all New York was free to witness, and it was a proud day in the history of the great city. All along the banks of the Hudson great crowds had gathered, and so heavy was the press on the landing stages that scarcely a moment went by without some small boy or drunken citizen falling into the water. Patrick had, by grace of Larry, been given a place on the *Fulton*, as the new steam boat was called, and in addition there was Fulton himself, Larry, the Vanderbilt family and other leaders of the *elite* in little New York city.

Close on the appointed hour, smoke was seen to be rising from the funnels and, to Fulton's great joy and the citizens' great surprise, the paddle began to revolve. Suddenly it was seen that the great thing was moving forward and the great roar of a thousand cheers rent the air. The *Fulton* was a fact, a success, and people who had scoffed up till an hour before, now crowded round with congratulations and requests to be permitted to invest in the venture.

Patrick O'Day took Robert Fulton aside as the great boat ploughed its way up the Hudson.

"Here," said Patrick, "are fifty thousand dollars—Larry's share in your enterprise."

"He is before time," said Robert. "But why does he not bring it himself."

"Because," said Patrick, "he does not know about it, and he must not. If Bully Boy Brewster wins the fight to-morrow night he need know nothing about it. But if Bully Boy loses—this is Larry's investment. Sure, an' you understand."

"I'm not sure," said Robert, with a smile, "but I'll not ask questions."

"That's the way to talk," said Patrick. And at that moment the Fulton turned and made its way down stream.

The Fire House was packed to the doors—packed to the very street—on the night of the fight with the Hoboken Terror, but Patrick had contrived, by being early on the spot, to secure a good place in which to witness the fight, in a window half way up the staircase to the tower. Far below he could see Larry and his friends.

The Hoboken Terror was certainly a terror, if only to the eye. Patrick had never seen an uglier man before. And ugly as he was as a spectacle even uglier was he as an opponent. Before the fight had been in progress ten minutes a hoarse cry from the corner where Larry sat told that the end was already a foregone conclusion. The town knew of the fact that Larry had staked all on Bully Boy and it knew that if the Terror won it meant ruin for him. And here was the Terror winning!

Suddenly, as the Terror stood poised above Bully Boy, and it seemed a certainty that a blow must fall which

would put the latter out of the fight and beyond all argument, a bell rang out clear and shrill up in the tower and the cry was taken up by ever throat in the packed hall:

"A fire!"

The Terror lowered his fist and looked round at the sudden stirring. And at that moment Bully Boy Brewster saw his chance and took it.

"A fire!" he yelled. "A fire, a fire, a fire!!!!" And he sprang over the rails and ran for his helmet and his life.

The hall was empty in a moment or two. The engines were dragged forth and the quest of the flames began. Nobody seemed to know where the fire was. The madly racing crowds first tore down to the foot of the island, then across to the east side and back into the Broadway. But the further they went the more decisive was the news they gathered. There was no fire in all New York.

And then it began to dawn upon people.

Bully Boy Brewster was a fireman. Bully Boy Brewster was losing. Who had rung the bell in the tower of the Fire House. And why?

Because Bully Boy Brewster was losing? And who stood to lose most by his defeat?

Larry Delevan!

It tore through the town like a whisper of the gods.

Larry Delevan!

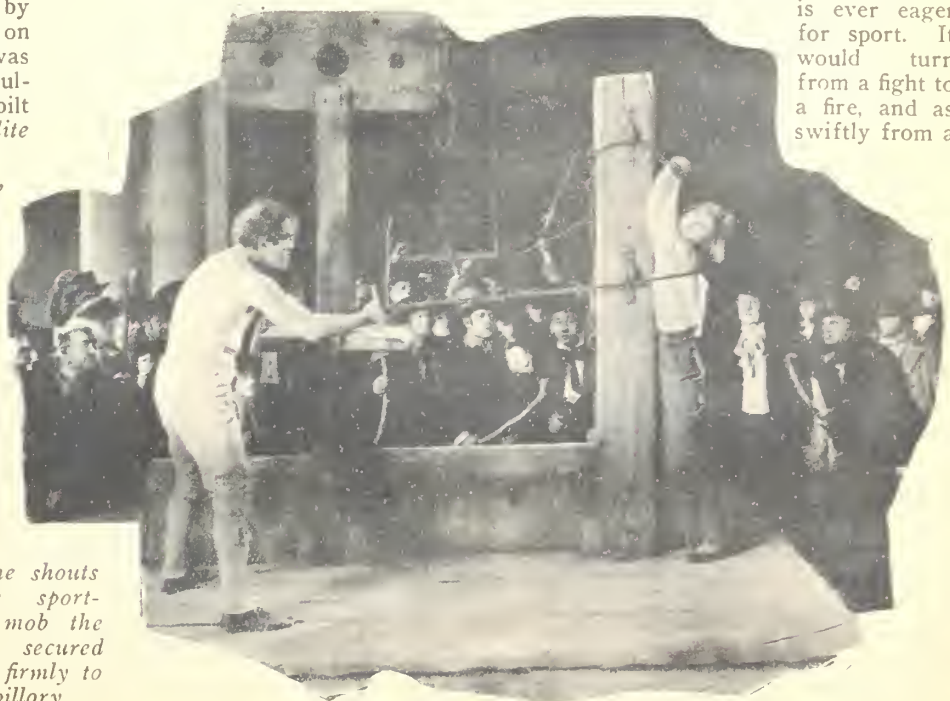
Everybody heard it and everybody took it up. It went up the island and down and island and across.

Larry Delevan!

"Lynch him!"

And even, in one enterprising quarter, was one enterprising gentleman complete with rope.

A crowd is ever eager for sport. It would turn from a fight to a fire, and as swiftly from a



*Amid the shouts of the sport-thirsty mob the Terror secured the lad firmly to the pillory.*

fire—particularly when the fire was not torching—to an informal execution. Lynch Larry Delevan! Who was he, anyway, now that the fight had gone the wrong way. A penniless nobody! Lynch him!

But the few timid onlookers who had kept to the Fire House were suddenly startled by the apparition of a pale and white clad figure that crept down the spiral staircase from the top of the tower and ran across the floor and threw itself against the watchers at the door and cried:

"It was not Larry Delevan. He does not know of this. I rang the bell!"

The crowd swung round again. Here, then, was no opportunity for lynching. This was young Patrick O'Day from Ireland, and Young Patrick O'Day could not stand to gain a penny by the outcome of the fight. *Having told her All that Patrick O'Day done was to spoil sport. He could not be lynched for that. But what could be done to him?*

As it was the Hoboken Terror's sport that had chiefly been spoiled by Patrick's interference it appeared that the wisest thing to do was to leave the disposal of Patrick to the Terror himself.

"Done to him!" yelled the Terror. "I know what we can do to young puppets that butt in and spoil sport. I know!"

Not far from the Fire House stood the old stocks and pilory, with leather thongs, seldom used now except in the extreme cases. But this was an extreme case. The Terror pulled Patrick forward and the delighted crowd on the sport thirsty mob and seized the lad's hands to the thongs. Then he swung round with a vicious spring.

"The whip!" he cried. "Who's on the whip?"

"Somebody found the whip and threw it up. The Terror cracked it twice in the air to test its toughness, and then sprang forward a cor-

"I know what we can do to the puppets, but not!" he cried. "I know!"

The whip lashed through the air and the crowd roared and a steady curl rose on the lad's forehead. He fell groaning faint. The horrible ring through the air, the flash of the white cord whirring. His feet were torn from the stocks and his body hurt began to lurch as he slowly began to fall from the stocks but the whip rose and fell to the vast delight of

the crowd. But at this last development suddenly Patrick turned an appealing face to the Terror and cried:

"Stop! stop! For God's sake stop! I'm a girl!"

The whip dropped. A hush fell on the crowd. But the Terror did not cease to come on. He swiftly unfastened the thongs that bound the girl's wrists and gathered her in his arms.

"Ah!" he cried. "Good! Fine!"

But at that moment there was a commotion on the edge of the crowd and Larry and Fulton and a host of their followers burst through. With one spring Larry was on the platform where the pilory stood.

*Having told her she looked nicer in a crinoline than in a suit.*



"Drop him!" he cried, pointing to the limp form in the Terror's arms, over him and he said no more.

"It ain't a 'im, it's a 'er" grinned the Terror. "An' I found it first."

Larry's fist shot out and the Terror disappeared over the edge of the platform, a hundred running feet passed over him and he said no more.

Larry then took up the insensible form of Patrick O'Day and began to make his way back through the crowd with his followers gathered round him for protection. But it was easier contemplated than accomplished, and but for the intervention of the Fire Brigade, who remembered that after all this young man had backed their

fancy, things might have gone very badly indeed with the rescue party.

The hose pipe that was attached to the town engine was unrolled and brought into service. The crowd was flooded off its feet and chased from the square, and after the wildest night that little old New York had ever known the worn but gallant little band reached the refuge of the Delevan home once more.

It was morning before "Patrick O'Day" was sufficiently recovered to be able to tell her story. Only Larry was there to hear.

"I don't understand," he said, "but I know all you've been trying to do for me, and I can never, never be sufficiently grateful. Old John Jacob is in a towering rage over the trick you played him with the money, and they say that you will be brought up at the Town Chambers to answer to a charge of misappropriating the amount. Tell me, how has it all come about?"

She smiled a tired little smile and told her story.

"It has all come about," she said, "because I am Patricia O'Day and not Patrick. We set sail with my brother as one of our party, but—he died on the way over in a storm. It was then that my father had the idea of this impersonation. I have told you how hard his life has always been. For his sake he consented. But since he died I have been sorry. I have grown to like you, Larry, and what I have done to-night and at other times has just been by way of restitution. Of course now you will know that the fortune is not mine at all by rights, but yours once more. It was Larry Delevan's money that went into the Fulton. . ."

"You have been a foolish, brave little—"

She looked up at him and smiled. "Boy?"

"No—girl. And—"

He looked away, but she taunted him into an answer.

"Well, then," he said, "I like you better now you are no longer a boy. That's all. And now you must get well again and let us all see just what you look like in your crinoline. I am sure you will look nicer than ever in your own clothes."

Even the Town Council was impressed, when Patricia was at length brought before them.

John Jacob Astor took Larry aside.

"If you could get away for a little time until it all blows over," he suggested. "People soon forget, you know."

"That, sir," replied Larry, "is the very thing we propose doing. We are going on a honeymoon."

John Jacob Astor looked first at Larry and then at the girl. And at length he smiled.

"I see," he remarked. "Then that shall be your sentence."

"Thank you," they said.

# The Star of the Month Hoot Gibson

On or off the screen a typically breezy Westerner.

Left: Hoot Gibson in mufti; in his cowboy rig-out; and in "Headin' West," a current release. Right: In "Kindled Courage."



**H**oot Gibson counts himself a veteran cowboy, though he scarcely looks the part. Born in Nebraska, he is not thirty yet, and has won more riding contests than he can recite off-hand, including the gold belt in 1912 as champion cowboy of the world. Movies roped him in as early as nineteen-ten, and his first day "on location" was with Selig's *The Rustlers* company at Nebraska Valley, Los Angeles. Gibson has spent quite a few days there since, for Universal Studios stands on that exact site and he has done practically all his movie work for this company. Two-reel dramas before the War, work with Harry Carey after it, and finally stardom, not at all a bad record. His travels and adventures off-screen would make a thrilling book.

In "Trifling Women"



# The Romantic Touch

His "straight from the shoulder" expression. Lewis Stone isn't always romantic.

Every inch a king in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Of recent years the relentless mills of filmdom have swept into their maw a goodly selection of fresh grist to cater for the ceaseless demand of the picture theatre public for fresh faces.

Because the machinery of the studio is very exacting, the tares have been separated from the real talent. And one who has survived this process of the selection of the fittest with great distinction, is Lewis Stone. He is of the old generation of the stage, but of the fresh generation of film stars.

It is an interesting sidelight upon the eternal survival of romance in humankind, that Lewis Stone has so speedily succeeded on the screen, almost solely with his virile love making and dashing adventure. In these days of psychological studies, eternal triangle dramas, and grotesque screen reflections of abnormal men and women, it is remarkable that Lewis Stone should have won

through with what might be termed love making de luxe.

In the *Prisoner of Zenda*, he injected with his courtly romantic charm, fresh life into the bones of the love stories that crinolined ladies and side-whiskered gentlemen of the early Victorian period, revelled in thirty years ago.

Will the feminists and the advanced women of to-day take up the challenge that Lewis Stone has directed towards them? For his rapidly growing popularity, especially

amongst the vast army of picturegoers of the fair sex, proves that the hearts of modern Eves are as susceptible as ever to the lure of courtly romance. They fall for Lewis like ninepins.

Had he lived in the prehistoric age, he would undoubtedly have bowed politely to the lady of his choice, and in his charming dignified voice apologised for the necessity of the interlude occasioned by the smiting of her husband with a hefty club.

When Lewis Stone rattled his sword in its scabbard in defence of a fair lady in *Zenda*, he leaped into screen stardom in a night. Which provides food for thought in the direction of appreciating the power of the movies. For he had fought for fair charmers for many years behind the stage footlights, yet he was never regarded as a matinée idol. Now the screen has given him a place in the hearts of modern daughters of Eve which is akin to that of Rodolph Valentino.



As the temperamental "Augustus" in "The Concert," with Myrtle Stedman.

Lewis Stone's first picture was *Honor's Altar*, and he made a gallant figure in *The River's End*, *Beau Revel* and *Held by the Enemy*. He is now at work on *Scaramouche*, the screen version of the famous novel of the French Revolution.

This romantic revivalist, who in keeping with the best traditions of successful men, ran away from home in his boyhood to go to sea, is very sincere.

With only a meagre knowledge of music he was detailed to play the part of the famous virtuoso who figures in the screen story of *The Concert*. He spent hours and hours perfecting



With Kathlyn Williams in "The World's Applause."

create on the screen, the impression that he was an accomplished pianist.

In "The Dangerous Age."



Above: "Father Brian Kelly" telling "Wright" (Wallace Berry) that he's wrong. Circle: Lewis Stone joins the North-West Mounted.



A scene from "The Prisoner of Zenda."

himself in the mastering of the music of *Liebestraum*. He was convinced that this was the only way to



Perhaps beneath the courtly romantic exterior which handsome Lewis Stone—the compliment that the Americans pay him is that he looks every inch an English gentleman—brings to the screen lies the inherent strength of the cave man. And in some subtle manner this trait radiates its eternal appeal from the screen to the myriad fair admirers who have acclaimed him as their special hero.

Lewis Stone is a neck or nothing man, though not in the sense of a Charles Hutchison. His risks are reflected in finer shades of human appeal, the portrayals of a strong man, who looks straight-living men clean in the eyes, and smashes his fist against the lying mouths of rogues or hypocrites who betray the trust of fellow beings.

# A Day with Jackie Coogan

The tricycle which shares his affections with his auto.

Right: Jackie in his dressing room. Circle: A little light refreshment.



Left: A little baseball practice.



Jackie with his father and mother.



Left: A scare from his new suit.

Right: In his racing suit.





Beauty's

Worth

Nature's gifts brought lovely Marion Davies into the land of Kleig lights after she had been painted and posterized by all the famous artists in America, but had there not been an alert intelligence there as well she would not have become the popular favourite she is.



Beautiful girls glided with languorous grace beneath the brilliant million candle-power beams of the Sunlight arc lamps which flooded the studio floor over which a polite attendant escorted me. He was in a hurry. I was not. For a dance scene was being "shot" by the tireless cameras, and the flash of silk-clad limbs and the lilt of well-rounded shoulders to an exotic fox trot provided a fascinating panorama of fair femininity.

I peered through an aperture that with eagle eye I discovered between a massive frame of Klieg lights and a remarkably substantial property pillar, and wondered where so much sparkling beauty had been gleaned.

The attendant coughed diplomatically in my ear.

"Miss Davies is waiting in her dressing room," he reminded, and resignedly I resumed my pilgrimage.

But when the beautiful star crossed her apartment to greet me, the diversion of the dainty dancers, who had distracted my faltering footsteps faded from memory.

It seemed as though I had been attracted by the glitter of trivial brilliants, but now the priceless jewel of rare beauty scintillated before me with unchallengeable charm.

Marion Davies as a twentieth-century heroine.

In "Little Old New York," as a girl of days gone by.



*Above:*  
Marion Davies  
with her car.

*Right:*  
With Robert W.  
Chambers, author  
of "The Dark  
Star."

There is very real beauty in Marion Davies' rich golden hair, the dazzling freshness of her skin and blue eyes of almost childish frankness.

We sat in big comfortable arm chairs in her lofty dressing-room with its domed roof and powder blue walls.

"Here is a statuesque beauty," I contemplated, "who will have to be awakened to life, like a Galatea, if she is to be persuaded to be communicative."

But beauty was ever deceptive.

"Being interviewed always reminds me how desperately anxious I was to keep my first debut on the stage a secret," she told me, with eyes full of laughter. "Although perhaps it wasn't very difficult to avoid interviewers in those days," she explained reminiscently, "for no one wanted to know much about a modest chorus girl, I was very nervous of discovery all the same. I ran away from home when I was little more than a schoolgirl and I was afraid that if I was found to be on the stage, the hand of parental authority would reach out and reclaim me."

This little human confession tumbled out of her pretty mouth with an attractive lisp, which almost became a stutter when she grew excited. But it speedily dispersed the first impression that hers was the beauty of a marble statue—cold and unresponsive.

The abolition of those who sit beyond the theatre footlights or in the led light of the world's picture theatres, has not altered her simplicity, which in her childhood days

gained her the life-long affection of the sisters in the convent where she was educated.

When Marion Davies smiled, and the Californian sun glinting through her dressing room window, caressed her delicate golden hair with soft light, she might have been a fairy who had stepped from the pages of some book of romance.

So it seemed appropriate that as she sat in the dainty room where she arrayed her beauty for the cameras, she should unfold a story of her entry into footlight and film fame which was in itself an adventure suggestive of phantasy.

Like the forlorn child of romance she gave up the comforts of home for the glitter of cities. She was wandering disconsolately about town one afternoon when a group of pretty girls congregated around a theatre entrance attracted her attention.

They were fair candidates for places in the chorus of the new revue "Chin Chin."

"One of the girls looked a kindly person," explains Marion, in telling of her first step on the ladder which ultimately raised her to undreamed of fame, "that I went over and asked what she was waiting for. 'There's a call for the chorus,' my new friend told me. 'Why don't you try your luck?' And so through the friendly advice of a stranger I gained the chance of a place in the theatrical sun, for I was engaged at ten dollars a week.

"But it was a very small place," reminisced my beautiful hostess.

"And later you became famous as 'The Magazine Girl,' I reminded her. And I realised how fitting that name was as I gazed at her perfectly poised head and features so exquisitely balanced that even the most mundane physiognomist armed with a foot rule could scarcely have found beauty's measure at fault.



*Left:*  
Marion Davies and  
Carlyle Blackwell  
"refreshing" on  
location.



*Below:*  
Indulging in the  
same gentle exercise  
with Nigel Barrie  
between sets





"For that I have to thank Harrison Fisher," she said with gratitude reflected in her big expressive eyes.

"He saw me on the stage and asked me to pose for him. He taught me a great deal in his studio, which was very valuable to me afterwards when I came to the screen. I do not think the association between the work of artists who bring a realistic suggestion of life to canvas, and the creations of film producers, is so closely allied as it deserves to be.

"Fisher taught me how to express emotion with the tilt of the head, the droop of eye-lashes, the line of the mouth. All those things he had to see, before he could bring them to the canvas. And from his clever artistry I gleaned the essentials of acting as the cameras demand it. The restrained, subtle expressions of the face which radiate realistic emotions from the screen."

As Marion Davies sat talking to me of the inner meaning of screen artistry, I felt rather like the child whose mouth opens with astonishment when a mechanical doll with the aid of mysterious hidden springs produces from its waxen lips a sound approximating to the human voice.

Beauty is judged by the world with conventional standards, and had I confessed it, I too had believed that it was improbable that Dame Nature could have lavished both rare charm and brains on Marion Davies.

"You study the deeper side of screen acting," I said a little shamefacedly.

"Not study, for my work is a hobby," she corrected.

"Why in my first picture, *Runaway Romany*, I wrote the scenario and the screen title. But by the time that I had come to the screen I had a good deal of experience.

with the Ziegfeld Follies.

Here again I was lucky for I was invited to join that exclusive company through the pub-

Right: Marion Davies ready for the Fancy Dress Ball scene in "Buried Treasure."

Below: Another scene from the same film..



Above: A consultation with Robert Leonard, who directed "The Restless Sex."



Left: "Drink to me only with thine eyes—" "Enchantment."



licity which such artists as Harrison Fisher, Pen-hryn Stanlows, Montgomery Flagg and Nell Brinkley gave me. I was a model for them for several years. And there I had an advantage over those whose features are popularised by photographic arts alone. Artists who work on the canvas, can bring out personality and accentuate the gift's of nature in a way that the lens of the camera can scarcely compete with."

And here Marion Davies is certainly right. For it is doubtful if there is a girl whose face has become

more familiar to the world. She has been posterised, coverised and calendarised, until her beauty has become symbolical of feminine charm as linked to the subtle art of advertising.

Marion Davies believes that the stage trains for the screen and her theory is apparently a sound one in her case. For after *Runaway Romany*, in which she appeared for the first time before the relentless film cameras, and at the first time of asking proved a big success, she started on an ambitious career in the movies.

A contract with Cosmopolitan-Paramount speedily followed, and then came her memorable work in *The Cinema Murder*, *April Folly*, *The Dark Star*, *Getting Mary Married*, *Enchantment*, *The Young Diana*, *When Knighthood was in Flower* and *Little Old New York*.

The influence of the gifted artists who utilised her beauty and personality for their canvases, seem to have had considerable influence on Marion Davies' screen work.



"Haskell Coffin," she told me with a little shy laugh, for she is very sensitive for fear that she may convey the impression that she places too great a personal value on her charm, "Used to picture me

insincerity or lack of belief in one's abilities. So one must learn to wear costume with conviction."

As we talked of her many pictures, which represent a length of experience one finds it difficult to associate with this almost girlish beauty, who still seems on the borders of womanhood, Marion Davies confessed that she seldom resisted the opportunity to introduce costume scenes into her photoplays.

the hand of Maid Marion, will do well to plight his troth in shining armour and doff his plumed hat with an old world courtliness. For assuredly she lives in romances of the past rather than the matter of fact courtships of to-day. Sometimes the gift of beauty has its cruelties, but should the time come, then perhaps Marion Davies will forget her old-world romances and be happy.

"Soon I hope to be in London," she told me, as I bade her farewell, so perhaps by the time that these

Frances Marion (with megaphone) directing an impromptu rehearsal.



Above: With Forrest Stanley in "When Knighthood was in Flower."

Right: Verdict—not a very serious case; in "Buried Treasure."



lines appear, her many British admirers will have an opportunity of seeing her rare beauty as it is in reality. And although it may savour of treason, Marion Davies will certainly create to a greater extent than many of her sisters the impression that she is more beautiful away from the screen than upon it.

A profile study of Marion Davies.



as a girl who had a subtle something suggesting kinship with those historic ladies of the past, whose smiles decided the fate of nations, and wrecked monarchies.

"His paintings really reflected my childhood love of costume and the youthful days when I used to strut across the bare floor of the lumber room at home, arrayed in a strange medley of laces and trims, which I tried to carry with the dignity of some high court lady."

"And so my role of Mary Tudor in *When Knighthood was in Flower* was one that especially appealed to me. I just loved the silks and buckles and brocades, which were a welcome change after the satins of modern gowns. Clothes and scenery help one a great deal in providing atmosphere which is an inspiration to an artist. For the cameras are very cruel to you if you do not live in the part that you are portraying. The lens is a relentless betrayer of

"May be some ancestress of mine who turned the heads of the gallants of old has sent me a message down through the centuries." Her deep blue eyes lit with laughter, as she expressed this fanciful effort of imagination, with the happy spirit of a child relating a fairy story.

"You remember in *The Bride's Play*, I figured in a wedding scene set in the Middle Ages?"

I nodded my head.

"Well" she went on a little shyly, her long artistic fingers clasped in her lap and her pretty head bent forward a little eagerly, "If ever I get married I should like to be wedded like that. It is all so impressive and splendid, as I think marriages should be."

For a passing moment I wondered if this beautiful girl who sat gazing into space with a suggestion of wistfulness in her appealing eyes was just a little lonely. But he who wins



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# Walter Tennyson Arrives

The renowned "playing fields of Eton" have now obtained a new distinction apart from their traditional association with Mars. These historical precincts have now produced a British film star in the person of handsome Walter Tennyson, who is an old Etonian.

This tall, blue-eyed Adonis, who of recent months has flashed across the planet of screen stardom with meteor-like rapidity, has broken many traditional beliefs that revolve around the ascent to film fame.

He has no interesting story of some lucky chance, which placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder leading to screen popularity. No kindly fate gave him a helping

hand. In fact he has given a new dignity to success in the movies, for like many merchant princes who rose to wealth from lowly positions, Walter Tennyson never searched for rose-strewn paths but started in on the ground floor.

He is one of the few of the artistes of the screen, whose life story when it comes to be recorded will approximate to the ever-popular narrative which is told beneath such headings as "From Office Boy to Millionaire" or "From Cabin Boy to Admiral."

Wellington said that every soldier had a Field Marshal's baton in his knapsack.



Above: A studio portrait of Walter Tennyson. Left: Walter in meditative mood.



concerning the movies which are essential to screen success.

He became famous in a night but he had prepared the structure of his pinnacle of fame very thoroughly.

Instead of taking a small part in a picture, and as is so often too true in real life, sitting down to wait for the gods to bestow on him a leading role, he commenced to learn his job thoroughly. He sailed across the Atlantic to visit the studios of Los Angeles, where he mastered the technique of lighting, studio management and production. When he was not playing small crowd parts he was helping harassed mechanics to trim the carbons of refractory arc lamps, giving studio carpenters a hand with hammers and chisels, or rushing extra cameras at breakneck speed in motor cars to distant locations.

And so he gradually assimilated the knowledge that was to prove invaluable to him, in his future film career.

Walter Tennyson, who is a descendant of the great Tennyson himself, is regarded as an artiste whose virile and highly intelligent mentality will bring to the screen much of the breadth of outlook and understanding of the deeper phases of life associated with his famous ancestor.

Walter Tennyson, has adapted that famous soldier's words and proved that every film super has the laurels of screen stardom in his modest pay envelope—but just a moment. One must quality that prophecy with the condition that the optimistic extra has the necessary grit and that patience for detail which is akin to genius.

British picturegoers first began to sit up and take notice of big Walter Tennyson in *Tell Your Children*. That picture was his first real debut before the cameras

But he came to the studios with his assimilative mind, arrayed with details of screen technique, production, and the hundred and one matters



With Doris Weston in "Tell Your Children"

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# A Clutton For Work



Since the time when Clive Brook was a schoolboy he has seemed destined to have his temper sorely tried, and to experience all sorts of torture from others.

A typical school boy is always a subject for unkind and rather perverted remarks, and this Clive Brook person. No school cap ever fitted his "big head" (as his brother called it) and his notoriety served his school companions as a good excuse for mistreating him when games were played. Brook, however, fought through and won—emerging from school a hard hammer, more muscular and with a determination which would carry him through any ordeal.

So in later life when he began to play the film he was not used to fill the hole of his school days. The world would tempt him, or he would tempt himself, but he would not let his young years slip. He would not let his young years slip. He would not let his young years slip. He would not let his young years slip.

Reading downwards: Clive Brook in "The Experiment"; with Violet Hopson and Gregory Scott in "Kissing Cup's Race"; A scene from "Shirley," and with Pauline Peters in "Her Penalty." Below: As the Naval hero of "Through Fire and Water."



gree, for not by jeers and taunts is he tortured, but by physical pain as well. In *Through Fire and Water*, a film which is adapted from "Greensea Island," Brook is knocked down, thrown into the docks and nearly drowned, again set upon by his enemies, and nearly strangled, bound and gagged and left to burn to death, and finally shot—in fact he underwent nearly every terror which the screen censor will allow.

As an officer Such parts are tiring in "The Re-but Brook long ago verse of the made a resolution that *Medal.*" he would never grumble at what he might be called upon to do—and he never has done so, although recently his indomitable spirit almost gave way under the severe strain. He had worked before the camera for thirteen hours without a break, during which time he had been through five fight rehearsals and a "strangling" scene. At 10 p.m. Brook was playing a calmer scene, when quietly and unobtrusively he slipped from the chair in which he was seated, in a dead faint. Brandy was administered to him and he revived and worked on for two hours longer.

"It was one of my off days," explained Brook—but others in the studio thought differently.

Brook, by the way, had not thought seriously of acting as a profession until after the War when, having no other profession to which to turn his attentions, he secured (after great difficulty) a part with Edna Best in *Fair and Warmer*. This was followed by other successes on the stage, and it says much for Brook's ability as an actor when one realises that his first screen engagement was also a leading part in *Trent's Last Case*. He is one of the very few British screen actors who have not experienced the awful drudgery of crowd and small part work.



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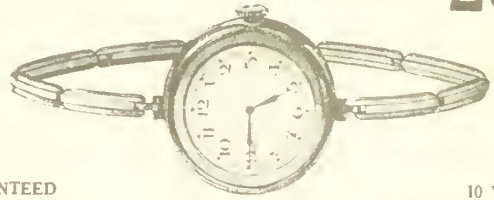
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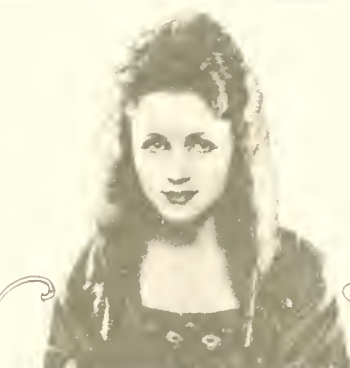
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Set Nazie on a pedestal that nearly reached the sky—  
I've gazed with rapt, admiring eyes at both the sisters Gish,  
And just to have them speak to me is my most ardent wish.  
Then dashing, daring, lovely Pearl I've travelled miles to see,  
And Golden Juanita too, is very dear to me.  
The mystic Theda's "vampish" charms have made my pulses throbb,  
One look from Norma's mournful eyes can make me wildly sob.  
For villainous perfection Cecil Humphreys has my vote,  
And handsome Henry Edwards is a hero of great note.  
Hal Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin both deserve my special praise,  
And little Jackie Coogan, with his taking little ways.  
Yes, I like them, all and sundry, every single one I've seen—  
The dazzling brilliant stars that shine upon the Movie Screen.  
Whether funny, quaint or tragic, their acting's simply fine—  
I'd love to shake them by the hand and call them friends of mine.  
JEANETTE (Chichester).

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Our Nellie is a movie fan,  
To all the plays she goes,  
At night she tells us just what's on,  
While Mother sits and sews  
"I think that Rodolph's simply grand,  
They showed him there to day,  
And Theda Bara's coming soon  
In 'What She Had to Pay.'  
"Now isn't Jackie Coogan sweet,  
And Harold Lloyd's a scream

Oh! Tommy Meighan's on next week,  
I think that he's a dream."  
She never spends her money now,  
On pop or jelly beans.  
But saves it all for picture shows  
And movie magazines.

#### TO ALMA.

Of all the stars that I love best,  
There's none that can compare  
With dainty Alma Taylor—  
The fairest of the fair.  
Her eyes are blue as summer skies,  
Her hair's both long and brown,  
You'll never find a brighter star  
In dear old London Town.  
E. V. H. (New Barnet).

#### A PROPHECY.

Wait a bit; wait a bit; wait a bit longer,  
Fame of Novarro is growing much stronger,  
Very soon you will see,  
Star among stars he'll be,  
Rivalling great Rudee.  
(Can't put it stronger.)  
Ramon with smile so sweet,  
Brings ladies to his feet,  
Soon we shall find them in numbers increasing.  
Film "fans" will him adore,  
Loving him more and more,  
Praise of his deadly bright  
"Beaux yeux" unceasing.  
Thus, at a rapid rate  
Ramon will captivate  
Filmdom entirely, save those that cry "No!"  
Thus will we be agreed,  
I and they are indeed,  
Ramon the glad eyed, and  
Brave Valentino  
"GOOSEBERRY" (Cheshire)

#### PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

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

#### How Do You Know?

In *Mad Love*, just released, there is a scene in a padded room of an asylum. The lunatic tears with his fingers at the padded wall, and then throws a chair upon the bedstead. In a real padded room there is neither a chair nor a bedstead, the mattress being right on the floor, while the walls are padded so tightly that it is impossible to clutch hold of anything.  
R. (London).

#### Pharaoh's Fertile Whiskers.

In *The Loves of Pharaoh*, when "Pharaoh" is left for dead on the desert sand, after the battle, his head is shaved smooth. Yet, when he returns, after two or three days, he has long hair on head and face.  
S. R. (Parkstone).

#### Sherlock Holmes Scores Again!

Some of "Moriarty's" gang in the play *Moriarty* are waiting to trap "Sherlock Holmes" in a gas-filled room. Before he comes in, one of the gang is about to light a cigarette. A fellow conspirator stops him, saying that they will all be blown up if he does so. Yet when "Holmes" arrives he lights a cigar and smokes it, without any disastrous results.  
M. P. T. (Westgate).

#### Maskelyne and Devant in a Motor Car.

When Owen Nares, as "Lord Sloane" in *Broken Sugar*, is pursuing his runaway wife, how is it that, whilst waiting for the tram to pass the crossroads he is alone in his car, and upon arriving in London he is accompanied by a chauffeur. Did the chauffeur drop from the tram or the skies?  
D. P. (Birmingham).

#### Bakers Please Note!

In *A Poor Relation* the parrot is given a slice of bread. He eats quite a noticeable amount and then drops it. A "close up" is shown of the bread, as it lies in the sand at the base of the parrot's perch, and the slice is once more as whole as when cut from the loaf.  
M. C. E. (Cheltenham).

#### Callous.

Dorothy Gish, as "Pat" in the film *Flying Pat*, goes for a flight with her husband's friend. In a moment of alarm she clutches the controls, and the machine crashes earthwards. It strikes a tree about fifty yards from the road, along which quite a number of motor cars and lorries are passing. Yet not the slightest interest is shown in the accident by the occupants of the cars.  
J. P. R. (Manchester).



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# A New Comedian



comedy *In Again, Out Again*. He also appeared with Doug. in *Reach for the Moon* and *Down to Earth*.

Left: In "*The Two Twins*."

Below: Bull wearing the clothes in which he entered America from Italy seventeen years ago.

Left: Bull Montana, who appears in "*The Three Must-Get-Theres*."

As becomes a late sparring partner of Jack Dempsey, the world's heavyweight champion, big Bull Montana has brought a punch to pictures, which many battered supers heartily wish he had left behind in the roped arena.

But Bull, where many whom nature has treated unkindly have failed, has found the way to place a premium on startling ugliness. He has filled his coffers of recent years with far more dollars through the process of smiting studio extras than any rival purse seeker in the boxing ring.

If you analyse his great cauliflower ears, his monstrous square jaw and super neck which requires a twenty inch collar, the result is to realise that Bull Montana's rise to screen stardom is due to his primitive appeal.

He is the new type of cave man, and one who is probably nearer to the human conception of the prehistoric man than the immaculately square-jawed tyrant, who tames woman-kind in the drawing rooms of society screen drama.

It is the old story of ugliness which appeals because it is human, and beneath which an undercurrent of fear lies. Our ancestors paid their pence to see the human freaks in the old-time penny gaffs. To day if the truth were recognised, much the same spirit inspires the admirer of Bull Montana to slip their coins through the paybox windows to view his unusual ugliness on the silver sheet.

And Bull has a sense of humour, which ranges from his original idea of striking matches on the almost hide like skin of his ear at neck, to arraying himself in the garb of a child with his great limbs protruding from frills and flounces with ludicrous drollery.

Lately he has been naturalised as an American citizen, but he was born in Italy thirty four years ago. Ice man, professional wrestler, mimic, shoemaker and now film star, he has had his vagaries of fortune. And it was probably the fact he had been



Bull Montana with Dinkie Dean, Chaplin's new find who appears in "*The Pilgrim*."

# SHADOWLAND

## MOVIE GOSSIP OF THE MONTH



When Fred Niblo ordered seven "square riggers" for use in the pirate scenes of *Captain Applejack* they looked so like the poaching vessels which are the especial enemies of the U.S.A. patrol boats that he had to insure them against accidental scuttling by these sea-police. Since the prohibition laws, the U.S.A. patrol force and Mexican gunboats have hunted down all suspicious looking craft failing to "lay to" on command. And as Niblo's fleet were so constructed that they were unable to come about speedily he ran quite a risk of losing one or two. A Los Angeles Insurance broker took the risk, and framed the peculiarly worded contract as a souvenir.

Moyna McGill makes all too few appearances on the screen these days. She played a smallish part in a Samuelson problem play recently, but seems to cling closely to the art of the stage. Moyna is a delightful actress, and her "Sally," in "Success," at The Haymarket Theatre, London, should not be missed by picturegoers who have only seen and not heard her.

In *The Spanish Jade*, one of the month's releases, you will make the acquaintance of Charles De

Roche, the new Paramount leading man, who has just finished a film opposite Dorothy Dalton. He is called Charles De Rochefort in the cast of *The Spanish Jade* and was "discovered" whilst the company were in Spain. Charles is a very tall, sinewy person, with, however, a romantic smile and an air of command, both of which should commend themselves to "fans" who are seeking a fresh subject for hero-worship.

Percy Marmont, whose "Mark Sabre," in *If Winter Comes*, will be seen here very shortly has signed on for another Fox film. This is *You Can't Get Away With It*, and will be made in Hollywood.

James Kirkwood has been on the sick list whilst filming *The Eagle's Feather* (a Katherine Newlin Burt magazine story). J. K. was on location with a herd of cattle; for he plays a ranch foreman. Stampede scenes were being made and a whole herd of cowboys just out of camera range were heading off the cattle in the way they should go. Kirkwood was on horseback, and though he knew it not, his mount was a trained "stunt" actor. His owner had taught him to leap up in the air and then fall "dead," at a given signal, and made a nice little sum of money hiring him out for movies.

As the filming proceeded, the herd gradually spread so that the camera lost them and the cowboys were ordered to get them together again. With shouts and whoopings this was done, but the excited cattle suddenly charged down upon Kirkwood, who slapped his horse on the side with the reins, to make him swerve out of their way. But this was the signal for the horse to do his little circus act, and this he did with such promptitude and energy that he flung the actor clean over his head and well out of the way of the cattle and then dropped "dead" himself. James Kirkwood lost a good deal of skin over it, and also sprained his ankle rather badly.

Picturegoers will be sorry to hear of the death of Macey Harlam, which occurred in June at Sananac Lake, where he had gone for a rest. He specialised in Oriental rôles and had just completed work on the Pola Negri film *Bella Donna*. Harlam appeared with most of the well-known stars, he was in *The Right To Love* with Mae Murray, and in *Elsie Ferguson* and *Pauline Frederick* films.

Eleanor Boardman, the heroine of *Souls For Sale* is working on a new picture, *The Day of Faith*, with Wallace MacDonald and Raymond Griffith.

Helena Rubinstein  
VALAZE

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George Fitzmaurice directing Pola Negri in "Bella Donna."

Conway Tearle will be seen opposite Constance Talmadge in her new comedy-drama of 17th century England called *The Dangerous Maid*, Willard Mack is the villain of it.

There has been an epidemic of "borrowing" in film circles. Companies have loaned their stars to other companies for this and that rôle which both director and artist thought absolutely too suitable to be missed. Amongst the latest to be borrowed are Monte Blue, the Warner Bros' star whom Tom Ince has annexed for the leading rôle in *Harbour Bar*, a Peter Kyne story, and Tom Wilson, the blackface player of F. B. O. (Robertson Cole), who goes to Griffith for the great D W's next. Al Jolson is to be the star, and Wilson one of the heavies. The subject is a secret, but we hazard a guess that it's another Southern story.

After some months absence from the filmland pretty Renee Adoree came back on the "sets" again in *The Love Bringers*, but she'll remember the manner of her coming for a long long time. There is a big fight in the story, and, as the heroine Renee was actively concerned in the result. So she had to stand just on the fringe of it and register anxiety. Somehow or other the combatants got out of hand, in their struggles they forgot the camera and the spectators. One of them, Fred Kohler aimed a smashing blow at his opponent's chin, missed it by about

half-an-inch, and unable to recover lurched forward, and poor Renée Adoree, who was still registering anxiety, suddenly ceased work. They took her to hospital with the worst black eye she's ever likely to get in her life.

Shirley Mason and Charles (Buck) Jones will be co-featured this autumn in a thrilling melodrama called *The Eleventh Hour*. It is adapted from Lincoln Carter's well-known (in America) play.

Rodolph Valentino has a book of verse ready for publication, which every admirer of his will want as soon as it's "out." It is a slender red volume, with black and gold lettering and inside there are poems written by Rude upon a number of things—and people. Some of Valentino's love lyrics are quite in keeping with Valentino himself, all of them are interesting. He has called his literary effort "Reflections."

When Gloria Swanson stars in *Zaza*, which will be within the next fortnight, H. B. Warner will play opposite her for H. B. has been a deserter from the screen for a long while. He has been on the stage in "You and I." The rôle of "Zaza" which Pauline Frederick made screenically famous is one which Gloria Swanson has wanted to play ever since she joined Paramount. But it is a far cry from some of Gloria's De Mille heroines.

(Continued on Page 54).

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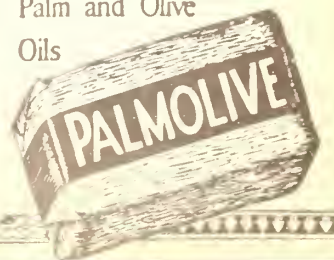
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D. W. Griffith rehearsing Carol Dempster for a scene in "The White Rose."

Tom Mix and Zane Grey sound a splendid combination. Tom has just finished a five-reel version of Zane Grey's *Lone Star Ranger*, out on the West Coast, and it looks like one of his best. Billie Dove plays the heroine, her second appearance in a Tom Mix photoplay.

Mae Murray's newest is titled *Fashion Row*, which may or may not be a continuation of *Peacock Alley*.

Lowell Sherman is back under the Kleigs for awhile. He has been on the stage for many months starring in a rather sensational drama, and is now at work at Glendale Long Island on a picture called *Bright Lights of Broadway*. Webster Campbell directs this and Doris Kenyon is the heroine.

Everybody liked *Penrod*, and doubtless everybody will like *Penrod and Sam*, though the cast is quite different from the first movie. It has several novel features, one of them being the entire absence of make up on the faces of the cast. It is possible that this may set a new fashion in screenland, for it is claimed to be the first feature film without grease paint. No special reason is given for this. Ben Alexander, very much taller since his Griffith days is the hero, with Joe Butterworth as "Sam" and Buddy and Gertrude Messenger as Rodney Pitts and Marjorie (Penrod's Sweetheart) and Roekelife, Fellows, and Gladys Blackwell play Penrod's Parents.

Some years ago Edward Knoblock wrote a play *The Town* which had a great success in America, though only a moderate one this side.

Now it is to be filmed with William de Mille directing, and has been re-titled *Spring Magic*. It ought to make a good movie.

Tom Moore and Viola Dana have a fine supporting cast in *Roughed Lips*, which Viola's brother-in-law, Harold Shaw is producing. George K. Arthur and Arline Pretty have leading rôles, and the story is by Rita Weeman, which means it is about the stage. Viola Dana has quite forgotten her recent rather serious illness and is more "peppy" than ever.

Another stage story just finished is Mabel Normand's *The Extra Girl*, which Mack Sennett wrote and directed. Mabel's rôle is a vivid and sympathetic one, and Sennett declares the film is his best to date.

"When I'm too old to get a job as a screen actress," announces Madge Bellamy "I guess I shall be a compositor. I love the smell of printers' ink, and the wonderful mechanism of linotype machines fascinates me." All this after Madge had spent a week in the composing room of a big Los Angeles Daily, learning how to work one of the big machines, for her new film. She learned how to "set up" a page, how to "lock the formes," and how to read proofs. *Her Reputation*, the film for which Madge became a printer is an Ince production intimately concerned with newspaper life.

Last time we heard from Wallace Beery he was threatening to invade England, both in character as "Richard the Lion Hearted" and in person. If he does come, lets hope he'll bring along his famous red bobbed wig, which, 'tis said, has set a fashion in Hollywood.

**B**uster Keaton has a serious rival in the frozen face business. In a new Larry Trimble film, *The Sign*, there is one player who never, by any chance smiles. Buster has been known to relax on occasions, just to show that his facial muscles are not quite stiff, but Robert Dudley is known to the picture colony as "the man who never smiles." Before he became a film actor he was on the stage, and boasts of his record of playing 102 weeks in "The Travelling Salesman," without smiling once, despite unheard-of efforts on the part of fellow players to make him grin.

**I**t took fifty days to make the ten costumes Lewis Stone wears in *Scaramouche*. He plays a French nobleman of Louis XVI times, and if you're at all well up in history you'll understand that "costumes" and not "suits" is the words to use. One is of salmon colored silk and silver tissue trimmed with jewelled buttons; another of grey moiré, and all have silken hose and high heeled shoes to match, the latter not very much to Lewis Stone's taste. It isn't possible to stride with high heels without a good deal of practice and Lewis Stone declared he had to "mince along" for quite a week before he got used to those heels.

**T**here is one man in Hollywood who, though he doesn't have his name in electricians is well known to every director and picturegoer there. This is John Underhill the screen's perfect waiter. When he doesn't "wait" he "battles," for he likes that best. No one ever casts John Underhill for anything but a butler or a waiter, and as, on his own confession, he has been in movies nearly sixteen years, he knows all the finer shades of his movie profession. Certainly he is the kind of waiter to whom no one would dare proffer anything unsubstantial in the way of a tip. He is a tall, well-built fellow, with grey eyes that can look exceedingly cold and contemptuous if necessary, and grey-brown hair, a little thin in places. An ideal butler type, hence his life-sentence of opening doors and announcing meals on the screen.

**"M**y name is Alden, not Old'm," remarked Mary Alden, when Edward Sloman, her director presented her with a beautiful birthday cake upon which seventy lighted candles blazed merrily. "But it's a lovely surprise, all the same." Mary had just finished a highly emotional studio scene in *The Eagle's Feather*, and tea and the cake were rushed out on to the set the moment the cameras ceased. Miss Alden's maid had let fall the secret of the star's birthday date, so as no one seemed to know her age, Edward Sloman de-

ecided that he would give her the opportunity of a truthful denial of the message of the candles.

**E**velyn Brent is playing in a Peter B. Kyne story opposite Monte Blue and Charles Gerrard. The company, seventy-five strong went to Laguna Beach California, for the out door "shots."

**A**sta Nielson is a' filming again. Just outside Berlin there stands a huge hall from which the Zeppelins used to take their destructive flights during the war. This is now rapidly being turned into a mammoth film studio, claimed to be larger than the largest of which Hollywood can boast. When the arrangements are complete, the studio will have every kind of weather equipment, so that blizzards, snows-storms, etc., can be filmed under its roof. Asta Nielson and a company of German players are already at work there making a film-life of Christ, which they hope to release all over the world simultaneously at Christmas time.

**A**fter viewing about three reels of her new film *Ashes of Vengeance*, Norma Talmadge remarked "Oh, Say it with whiskers!", and set everybody smiling. But she was certainly justified, for such a display of face fungus hasn't been seen amongst extras and others for a long while. Most of them adorn the men-at-arms, who figure largely in this 1572 story.

**T**om Meighan has gone West—for two pictures. He usually works in Paramount's Long Island Studios, but is quite used to packing up and going here and there or anywhere at the bidding of his director. His first Hollywood film will be George Ade's *All Must Marry* and the author will personally supervise the production.

**O**ne of the clauses in the contract which transferred the film rights of *The Virginian* to Preferred Pictures, Ltd., was that all the prints of the eight-year-old original production with Dustin Farnum as the hero, should be called in and destroyed. So, as soon as these were collected, an impressive bonfire was made of them, whilst the former owners and the present owners of the copyright looked on. Quite a hundred thousand dollars worth of celluloid was consumed in a very little while.

**A**fter all Joseph Schildkrant will not play lead in *The Master of Man*; he has left it to Conrad Nagel, and has signed on to appear in Norma Talmadge's next instead.

**I**n all probability Twain's "Tom Sawyer," will be Douglas Fairbanks Junior's first movie. He has a contract with Lasky's, and is usually to be found in their Hollywood studio, where he has already made a great many friends.



Betty Blythe and Jameson Thomas in "Chu Chin Choe."

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A clergyman in spite of himself—Charles Chaplin in "The Pilgrim."

**A Guiltless Sinner** (Feature; Aug 13).  
An interesting comedy drama with an unusual plot explaining how a quiet individual has to pretend to be a very gay dog indeed. Montagu Love stars, and Sally Crute, George Bunny, Helen Weer, Emile La Croix, Edward Arnold, Emily Fitzroy, and Annie Laurie Spence support.

**A Scarlet Angel** (Pearl; Aug 20).  
Swedish production with a powerful story about a woman crook who gives the film its title. Beautifully staged and well acted by Gosta Ekman, Pauline Brunius, Jenny Tschernichin-Larson, Carl Brovallus, Wilham Bryce and Karen Winter. Good entertainment.

**A Woman's Business** (Kilner; Aug 6).  
Olive Tell in a good social drama, in which an ambitious boarding house maid finds a wealthy husband, and finally learns a useful lesson. In the cast are Edmund Lowe, Donald Hall, Lucille Lee Stewart, Warner Richmond, Annette Bade and Stanley Walpole.

**Always The Woman** (Goldwyn; Aug 13)

Betty Compson made this when she had her own company. A romantic reincarnation story in which two lovers of an earlier age are reunited in modern times. Supporting Betty are Emory Johnson, Doris Pawn, Gerald Pring, Richard Rossor, Arthur Delmore and Macey Harlam. Good entertainment.

**The Bachelor Daddy** (Paramount; Aug 6)

Tom Mix stars in a happy little story about a man who adopts his friend's children and finds them a bit of a problem. Laatrice Toy opposite, and also Marie Wayne, Adele Fair, and other interesting names. Barbara Marx, Ben Hurst, and the De Brui family.

**Beyond the Rocks** (Paramount; Aug 13)

Society drama of the sensational

variety as befitting an Elinor Glyn story. Not an exact adaptation of the novel but quite good of its class. Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino head a cast which includes Alec B. Francis, Edythe Chapman, Gertrude Astor, June Elvidge, Mabel Van Buren, Robert Bolder and F. R. Butler.

**The Big Adventure** (F B O.; Aug. 6).  
The late "Breezy" Eason in a pleasing story of the adventures of a waif and his dog. Fred Herzog, Lee Shumway, Mollie Shafer and Gertrude Olmstead support the child star. A heart-interest movie.

**The Black Circle** (Walkers; Aug. 13).  
A newspaper story with Creighton Hale as a young journalist who outwits a gang of smugglers. Virginia Vall opposite, also Jack Drummer, Edwin Denison, and John Davidson. Far-fetched but made with a dash and so that disarms criticism.

**Brawn of the North** (Ass First National; Aug 20)

Or Can dogs have consciences? The dog "Strongheart" is the centre of interest in this Alaskan story, the adventures of the men and women are commonplace. Beautiful scenery and quite good work by Irene Rich, Lee Shumway, Joseph Barre, Philip Hubbard, Jean Metcalf, Baby Evangeline Bryant and "Lady Silver." Good animal fare.

**Broad Daylight** (European; Aug 27).

Lois Wilson and Jack Mulhall in a well-told crook story, interesting all the way through. Ralph Lewis, Wilton Taylor, Robert M Walker, Kenneth Gibson and Ben Hewlett appear in support. Excellent entertainment.

**Broken Chains** (Goldwyn; Aug 6)

Lovable David has a lot to answer for. This amongst other things. A somewhat unpleasant story, about a coward who redeems his character in a terrific and brutal fight. Beautiful settings and excellent acting by Malcolm McGregor, Ernest



Torrence, Claire Windsor, Colleen Moore, James Marcus, Beryl Mercer, William Orlamond, Gerald Pring, Edward Peil, and Leo Willis. Strong dramatic fare.

**The Crimson Challenge** (Paramount; Aug. 23).

Dorothy Dalton as a two-gun woman in a Western romance with a story of love, revenge and fighting in the cattle country. Cast includes Jack Mower, Frank Campeau, Irene Hunt, Will R. Walling, Howard Ralston, Clarence Burton, George Field, Mrs. Dark Cloud and Fred Huntly.

**Cupid's Brand** (U.K.; Aug. 20).

Jack Hoxie doing roping stunts from a motor. Races, chases, crooks and counterfeiters, lend interest to a romantic wild-western feature. Mignon Anderson opposite, also Charles Force, W. McGough, Wm. Dwyer, and A. T. Van Sickeln.

**Domestic Relations** (Ass. First National; Aug. 6).

An interesting and well-told story of matrimonial relationships with Katherine MacDonald and Barbara La Mare as a pair of neglected wives in different walks of life. William P. Carleton Junior, Frank Leigh, George Fisher, Gordon Mullen and Lloyd Whitlock complete the cast. Mainly for the ladies.

**The Divorce Game** (Feature; Aug. 27).

Alice Brady, John Bowers, Kate Lester, Arthur Ashley, John Drummer, and Marie Lavaire in a comedy drama about a hard-up pair, a faked divorce, and an interfering mother-in-law. Fair entertainment.

**False Kisses** (F.B.O.; Aug. 27).

A dramatic story of a blind light-housekeeper and a woman's fight

against loneliness and temptation. Miss Du Pont stars, and Pat O' Malley, Lloyd Whitlock, Camille Clark, Percy Challenger, Madge Hunt, Fay Winthrop, Joe Hazelton, and Mary Philbin support. A good drama.

**The Faithful Heart** (Samuelson-Jury; Aug. 27).

A British adaptation of the stage play by Monckton Hoffe, concerning the love of a father for his daughter. The fine cast includes Owen Nares, Lilian Hall Davis, A. B. Imeson, Ruth Maitland, Lois Heatherley, Rothbury Evans, Charles Thursby, Victor Tandy, Cyril Raymond, and Kathleen Nesbitt. Good entertainment.

**The Fighting Streak** (Fox; Aug. 6).

One of Tom Mix's really good Westerns. A stirring romance about a peaceable blacksmith who is forced to fight for his bride. Supporting Tom, are Patsy Ruth Miller, Al Fremont, Bert Sprotte, Sid Jordan, and Gerald Pring. Excellent open-air stuff.

**Find the Woman** (Paramount; Aug. 20).

A murder mystery story, rather complex but very well told, and brilliantly acted by Alma Rubens, Eileen Huban, Harrison Ford, George McQuaine, Norman Kerry, Ethel Duray, Arthur Donaldson and Henry Sedley. Good entertainment.

**The Flaming Hour** (European; Aug. 27).

Frank Mayo and Helen Ferguson in a somewhat inconsequential story about a hot tempered hero, a disguised husband, and an explosion in a fire-works factory.

Fair entertainment.

(Continued on page 58).



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Eddie Polo in "The Secret Four."

**The Magic Cup** (Realar-Gaumont; Aug 16).

Romantic comedy drama starring Constance Binney as an optimistic Irish scullery maid, who is victimised by a gang of crooks, but eventually reforms them and discovers that she has a titled grandfather. Vincent Coleman opposite, and Blanche Craig, William H. Strauss, Charles Musset, J. H. Gilmour, Malcolm Bradley and Cecil Owen also appear. Good entertainment.

**The Man From Blankleys** (Realar-Gaumont, Aug 27)

A well acted adaptation of F. Anstey's amusing play starring Robert Warwick and Bebe Daniels, with Kid McCoy, Walter Hiers, Robert Milash, Clarence Geldart, Viora Daniel, Robert Dudley, Helen Dunbar and Lucien Littlefield in support.

**The Marriage Chance** (Wardour, Aug 13)

An attempt to fuse farce and melodrama, two ingredients better apart. A story with a dramatic shock as a final effort, and an all star cast comprising Milton Sills, Alta Allen, Irene Rich, Henry Walthall, Laura La Varny, Fuly Marshall, and Mitchell Lewis. Not for the over-critical.

**My Friend the Devil** (Fox, Aug 13)

Treats of the conversion of an exceedingly long lived atheist. Somewhat gloomy drama with sickness and death well to the fore, but tense at times and well played by Bunny Stuart, Myrtle Stewart, Adolph Miller, John Taverner, Charles Richman, Anna May, William H. Foxe, Robert Fraser and Peggy Shaw.

**Oath Bound** (Fox, Aug 20)

William Farnum in a tale of river pirates versus Secret Service men, with some good thrills and chases by

motor boats and hydroplanes. Other players are Ethel Grey Terry, Fred Thomson, Maurice Flynn, Norman Selby, Her-shal Mayall and Eileen Pringle.

**The Old Oaken Bucket** (W. and F.; Aug. 27).

A delightful screen-tribute to a very popular song, depicting the lives of simple, ordinary folk amid unusually beautiful country settings. Played by the late Bobby Connelly, Joseph Smiley, Paul Kelly, Violet Axzell, Mary Beth Barnell, and Kate Blanche.

**The Pilgrim** (Pearl; Aug 27).

Entertaining all the way, as usual, this Chaplin comedy contains a lot of his old Essanay comedy, but also some new stuff. Don't miss it. The cast includes Edna Purivance, Kitty Bradbury, Mack Swain, Dinky Dean, Dash Loyd, Mae Wells, Sidney Chaplin, "Chuck" Reisner and Tom Murray.

**The Radio King** (European; Aug 27).

An exciting serial exceptionally well produced, and dealing with all the latest ideas in wireless. Featuring Roy Stewart, supported by Louise Lorraine, Sidney Bracy, Al Smith, Clark Comstock, Ernest Butterworth, Fontaine La Rue, Slim Whittaker and Joseph North. Excellent of its kind.

**The Real Adventure** (Phillips; Aug 23)

Florence Vidor in a study of married life from the feminine angle. An old theme, but a very good presentation capably acted by the star, Clyde Fillmore, Nellie P. Saunders, Lilyan McCarthy and Philip Ryder.

**Romance of the Rosary** (F.B.O., Aug 20)

A human story of good and evil, with some very good characterisation, acting and thrills. Lewis Stone heads a fine cast comprising Jane Novak, Wallace Beery, Robert Gordon, Eugenie Besserer, Dore Davidson, Pomeroy Cannon, Bert Woodruff, Mildred June and Harold Goodwin. Sentimental romance.

**Rose of the Sea** (Rose, Aug 20)

The troubles and trials of a waitress who drifts into society, and finally marries the father of the man you expect her to wed. Has several novel features and excellent sub-titles and lighting effects. Cast includes Anita Stewart, Randolph Cameron, Hallam



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#### Rough Shod (Fox; Aug. 27).

Charles (Buck) Jones in a tale of love and treachery in the West in which a young lady finds a "tough" Westerner tougher than she bargained for. Plenty of adventure and a fine supporting cast comprising Helen Ferguson, Ruth Renwick, Maurice (Lefty) Flynn, Charles Le Moyne and Jack Rollins. Good Western drama.

#### Seas of Chance (Gaumont; Aug. 6).

A Swedish Biograph production beautifully played and produced. Rather thin, slow moving story of mother love. In the cast are Pauline Bruennus, Tore Svenborg, Renee Bjorling, Bror Berger, Nils Lindell, and Paul Seelig. Sentimental fare.

#### The Secret Four (F. B. O.; Aug. 2).

Eddie Polo's most recent serial seems to consist mainly of fights in which Eddie lays 'em out by the dozen with effortless ease. Many exciting stunts and adventures, and Hal Wilson, Kathleen Myers, Doris Deane, William Welsh and Thelma Daniels. An average serial.

#### Sherlock Brown (Jury, Aug. 30).

Excellent comedy drama in which a simpleton who imagines himself a born detective, by an amazing series of lucky blunders solves a mystery when the Secret Service failed. Bert Lytell stars, and Ora Carew, Sylvia Breamer, De Witt Jennings, Theodor Von Eltz, Wilton Taylor, Haidee Kirkland and George Kinwa support.

**Smashing Barriers (Vitagraph; Aug. 20).**  
Re-edited from the serial starring Edith Johnson and William Duncan and, therefore somewhat incoherent. Very rapid fire fights and stunts.

**The Son of the Wolf (Jury, Aug. 9)**  
A screen version of two Jack London stories curtailed and made into one, making quite a good Arctic love story. Wheeler Oakman and Edith Roberts star, supported by Sam Allen, Ashley Cooper, Fred Kohler, Thomas Jefferson, Arthur Jasmine and William Eagle Eye.

#### Sonny (Cox First National, Aug. 13)

Dick Barthelmess as a soldier boy who assumes the identity of his chum who has been killed for the sake of that chum's blind mother. Cast includes Pauline Garon, Lucy Fox, Herbert Granwood, Patterson Dial, Margaret Fairbanker and Virginia Magee. Fair entertainment.

#### The Spanish Jade (Paramount, Aug. 27)

An adaptation of Maurice Hewlett's colourful novel, filmed abroad on the exact locations and well played by David Bowll, Evelyn Brent, Marc MacDermott, Charles de Rochfort, Lionel D'Aragon, Frank Stanmore, Roy Byford and Harry Han. Good entertainment.

#### The Temple of Dusk (Stoll).

Anne Q. Nilsson in the drama of a man's gamble in money and souls. Robert Frazer, Frank Currier, Kate Blanche, Charles Lane, Robert Schable, Thomas Ross and Nellie Anderson also appear. Fair entertainment.

**They Like 'Em Rough (Jury; Aug. 16).**  
Viola Dana in an excellent comedy-drama about a self-willed and tyrannical girl who is cured by a dose of her own medicine. Supporting the star are, Arthur Rankin, William E. Lawrence, Myrtle Rishell, Colin Kenny, Walter Rogers, Bradley Ward, Elsa Lorrimer and Knute Erickson.

#### The Three Masks (General; Aug. 30).

Henry Krauss, Mme. Barbier-Krauss, Henri Rollan, Mdlle. G. Avril and George Wayne in a story of Corsica, the land of the vendetta. A sensational French production.

#### The Understudy (Jury; Aug. 23)

Moderately good comedy drama, about a stage-struck girl who is called upon to play the part of an understudy in real life. Doris May stars, and Wallace MacDonald, Christine Mayo, Otis Harlan and Arthur Hoyt support.

#### The Valley of To-morrow (Rose; Aug. 27)

William Russell in a full-blooded drama of the West, in which a man avenges an injury. All-star cast includes William Russell, Mary Thurman, Pauline Curley, Harvey Clark, Fred M. Malatesta, Frank Brownlie, Lewis King and Jeffrey Sloan. Excellent entertainment.

#### The Veiled Woman (Herdour; Aug. 20)

Marguerite Snow and Landers Stevens, supported by Edward Coxen, Lottie Williams, Ralph McCullough and Charlotte Pierce in a drama quite out of the usual rut. Excellent characterisation, acting and production.

#### The Vermilion Pencil (Jury, Aug. 6).

Sessie Hayakawa's last American-made film to date. A thrilling and dramatic story of old China, with the star in a triple role and a spectacular climax. Bessie Love opposite, also Ann May, Misao Seki, Sidney Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Lote Du Crow and Omar Whitehead. Excellent entertainment.

#### Where the Pavement Ends (Jury, Aug. 20)

A Rex Ingram production of a South Sea Island love romance with Alice Ferry, Ranton Novarro, Harry T. Morey, Edward Connelly and John George in the cast. We recommend it.

#### White Shoulders (Cox First National)

Katherine MacDonadd in a conventional society drama with a very fine cast which includes Bryant Washburn, Nigel Barrie, Richard Headrick, and Lillian Laurence. Fair entertainment.

#### Women Who Wait (Cox First National, Aug. 6)

A sea story with many thrills and a spectacular climax. Marguerite Clayton, Creighton Hale and George McQuarrie head a long cast. Good entertainment.

## ROMEO DESERTS JULIET

(Continued from page 11).

the town where my stage career was to begin."

From then onwards Ivan Mosjoukine continued his voyage through stageland with considerable success, and soon afterwards made his debut on the screen appearing in short original scenarios and stories derived from the works of Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, Pouchkine and others.

Owing to grave political events in Russia at the time, not many of his films were seen in Europe and it is only since his arrival in Paris two or three years ago that he has become well-known as a screen artiste.

One of his first films was *L'Angoissante Aventure*, and this was followed by *Enfant du Carnaval*, *Justice d'Abord*, and *Tempetes* all of which met with an enthusiastic reception at the hands of ardent picturegoers.

His first really big picture, however, is *La Maison du Mystere* sold to Stoll for release in England shortly. It is by far the best French production seen for three years.

Ivan Mosjoukine is one of those producers who is only happy when he can put plenty of realism into a picture, and this is greatly apparent in *The House of Mystery*. In one of the episodes convicts are escaping in a runaway train and warders on horseback are pursuing them through the rough country, firing as they go. It is a most thrilling scene.

The train was careering madly along when Mosjoukine suddenly noticed a small bridge built rather low over the line, and if the little party of actors had not thrown themselves face downwards on the roofs of the waggons on which they were standing, they would have been killed instantaneously. The train was going at a terrible speed down the incline and they had no time to remove the cameras, indeed they forgot all about them and the apparatus' was flung a hundred yards from the line. Incredible as it may seem they were not damaged and the negative was intact, but it would have been a different story if the members of the company had remained standing!

Again in the same film Mosjoukine and his fellow "convicts" were climbing hand over hand across a rope stretched between two cliffs with a drop of a thousand feet beneath them. Suddenly there was a tearing sound and the rope broke neatly in two and the artistes remained suspended in mid-air with death as their fate if they let go. One of them took the chance and he had nearly every bone in his body broken, but he lives to tell the tale.

In one of the scenes Mosjoukine

has a terrific fight with his enemy Corradin (Charles Vanel) and, although it lasted ten minutes on the screen it took three weeks to take. At the end of each day Mosjoukine used to return to his dressing rooms supported by two artistes, dead with fatigue, his body covered with bruises, his nose streaming and his eyes blackened. Vanel, however, was in no better plight, and this happy life was continued for very nearly a month. It is one of the finest bits of realism seen for



A scene from "My Friend, the Devil," released this month.

a long time, but again goes to prove that the life of the kinema star is not quite a garden of roses.

During their fight a heavy bookcase filled with massive volumes had to fall on the two men battling for their lives (in the film, of course, but very nearly in earnest!), and the producer and stage hands offered to stop the cameras and lay the bookcase gently on the two men grappling on the floor. But Mosjoukine and Vanel would not have it, and the bookcase was left to crash on them with all its might.

After this, the fight is continued on the balcony of the house in which it takes place and Mosjoukine is thrown down a cliff with no nets to save him if he fell too far. He just managed to catch hold of a bush, but if he had missed . . .

At this moment we were interrupted by the raucous cries of an assistant producer searching for Mosjoukine, requiring him to pose with Juliette for some "stills."

"Romeo, Romeo, Romeo! ROMEO, DEAR!"

The shouts filled the theatre and Mosjoukine leaning over the front of the box bade the man to be silent. Mosjoukine is an artiste who will not be hurried in any way and in the studios his word is law.

It was at Montreuil that I was introduced to Kenelm Foss, the well-known British artiste and producer, who takes the part of Lord Mewil in *Kean*. It is he who has adapted Alexandre Dumas' story and the story of the life of Edmund Kean for the screen, and he is now engaged in cutting the film.

I also met charming and pretty Mary Odette who has a most interesting role, that of Anna Danby, tragic and sentimental but one that suits her vivacious temperament. She spoke English, so did Kenelm Foss.

Then I met the well-known Danish artiste, Otto Detfelsen (the Prince of Wales). I forget what language he spoke.

I next had the pleasure of meeting M. Deneubourg the actor. He converses in . . . French.

I was introduced to Madame Lissenko (Mrs. Ivan Mosjoukine) the Countess of Koefeld in *Kean*, herself a most accomplished artiste who has scored a triumph in *Le Brasier Ardent*. She spoke to me both in English and French.

Then I met Nicholas Kollinc, a talented Russian artiste, who plays the part of Solomon, Edmund Kean's prompter in the film. He said he was pleased to meet me and he said it in Russian.

Ivan Mosjoukine thinks stage training is valuable for kinema work. "In my opinion," he told me, "There is so very little difference between stage and kinema acting, and this difference is only a matter of technique, the knowledge of which is speedily gained. I am convinced, notwithstanding, that those who fail on the stage will also fail before the moving picture camera."

I had the good fortune, while at Montreuil, to witness one of the funniest scenes in *Kean* being filmed. *Kean* is being visited by his creditors, and hiding in a room on the second floor of his house he is struck by the amusing notion of dressing up Solomon to resemble a tiger and thus scare away the creditors. Solomon, the Tiger, then leaps down the stairs and clears the hall and front door in no time, while *Kean*, hidden behind a marble pillar his face wreathed in smiles, watches the side-splitting effect of his trick.

I left the Montreuil studio with a feeling that Mosjoukine is another Rex Ingram. With very little he has done much and he has many worlds to conquer. Besides he has a most devoted staff and company. Several of his technicians comprise the biggest names in Russia before the revolution. He pointed out to me among his electricians, two Princes, an Army general and a Cavalry officer who belonged to the Czar retinue. *Kean* is a cosmopolitan production with a vengeance.

SUKY.—It's such a long time since anyone called me by my other name that I've almost forgotten it myself. (1) Buster Keaton's solemn face is one of his "props" on the films, just as Charlie Chaplin's boots are one of his. If Buster were to smile he wouldn't be so unique a comedian. (2) Weep, if you want, at sad pictures—only don't drip salt tears down the neck of the person in front. It isn't "cranky" to be stirred by a picture—it's a tribute to the good acting. (3) People rave over their particular favourite because they can't help it. It's a disease and you ought to feel thankful if you're not a sufferer yourself. (4) Ivor Novello played in *Miarka, the Child of the Bear*. Write again when you like—but not too soon.

M.F. (Esher) and SCREEN (Lincoln).—Send letters to me for forwarding. I should think Bill Farnum will let you have a photo, if you ask nicely, "Screen."

P.A. (West Hartlepool).—You're a very contradictory damsel. First you call me "your false friend" and then you think I must be "a nice young man with sparkling eyes." Now I ask you, could my eyes sparkle so brightly if I weren't the very soul of truth! No, my child, you're in the wrong this time, so own up. (1) Frances Ring is married to Thomas Meighan, not Eddie Polo. (2) Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren are sisters.

P.C.H. (Birmingham).—(1) Some of Thomas Meighan's films are: *M'Liss, Out of a Clear Sky, Don't Change Your Wife, The Miracle Man, The Prince Chap, The Easy Road, City of Silent Men, White and Unmarried*. Later ones are: *A Prince there was, If You Believe It, It's So, Cappy Ricks, The Proxy Daddy, Our Leading Citizen, Manslaughter*, and *The Man Who Saw To-morrow*. Some of James Kirkwood's best known films are: *The Luck of the Irish, In the Heart of a Fool, The Bridging Iron, The Scoffer, Man-Woman Marriage, Bob Hampton of Olney Lodge, The Man from Home*.

# Let George Do It!



*The Sin Flood, Pink Gods, Under Two Flags, and The Ebb Tide.*

MARGESTINE (You don't say where you live).—Yes, George is my name. So I'm the first "answers man" you've ever written to. Your hero, Rodolph, will be in London when you read this. (1) A good many of the American and British films are shown in France, though not all. (2) Agnes Ayres isn't married now. Her husband was a Mr. Shucker. (3) Film folk get "Kleig eyes" when they have been under the "Kleig lights" too much. Complete rest and darkness for several weeks is needed to put them right. (4) Rodolph hasn't done any film work for some time. He left Famous Laskys because he wasn't satisfied with the films in which they were starring him, and, as he's under contract with them until 1925, he isn't allowed to make films with any other Company. (5) An article on Malcolm McGregor appears in this month's PICTUREGOER, so you ought to be very grateful. Write again when you get settled in France—only remember four questions a letter is my general rule, unless they're very, very short ones.

MANOR (Glasgow).—Talmadge is Norma's real name. Her next release is *Within the Law*.

R.H. (Accrington)—Warner Oland

is Swedish. Who wins?

AN INTERESTED READER (Norwood).

—(1) Agnes Ayres has fair hair, of a rather auburn shade. Her married name was Mrs. Shucker, but she isn't married now. She hasn't any children. (2) Miss Du Pont's name is Margaret Armstrong. (3) Dancer in *Four Horsemen*, Virginia Warwick.

M.F.M. (Leyton).—Glad you liked your carol prize. Many thanks for the nice things you say about PICTUREGOER. Your good wishes are returned with interest. Is it possible you're not "sure you've got a film face," and "you're not crazy over Rudy." Shake, my Leyton lassie. You're unique—but delightful.

S.M.H. (Farncombe).—Letter forwarded on arrival. "That humorous encyclopaedia George" is pleased to give you all the information he can, but feels too hot to live up to his jocose reputation. Bessie Love was born at Midland, Texas, September 10, 1898. Her real name is Juanita Horton. She is not married, but lives with her mother at Hollywood, Los Angeles. She also owns a ranch which her father, a doctor, manages for her. She made her start with Griffith directing for Fine Arts Productions, and played in *Intolerance* and *The Flying Torpedo*. Joined W. S. Hart's Company and played opposite him in *The Arvon*, then returned to Fine Arts Company and starred in a series of pictures. She began to lose popularity when she played in four mediocre pictures for Pathé, and a year with Vitagraph completed her downfall. Now she's working her way back to public favour. *Forget-me-not* is one of the best of her later films. Her latest is *Human Wreckage*. Dorothy Davenport's much talked of production. I've passed your "think" along to the right quarter.

ADMIRER.—(1) Milton Rosmer's birthday is November 4. (2) He's

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married to Irene Rooke. (3) His first film, *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* was made in 1915. Prior to that he had had 15 years stage experience in England and America. (4) Milton Rosmer's real name is—Milton Rosmer!

F.D. (Norwood).—Go to the bottom of the class. A page plate of Victor MacLaglen appeared in PICTUREGOER for October, 1922. So I shan't have to try my powers of persuasion on the Editor. (1) Victor belongs to a family of eight brothers, all over six feet three in height. He was born on December 11th, is 6ft. 4ins. in height, and has dark hair and brown eyes. I hate to disappoint a flapper (especially when she writes so sweetly to me) but, alas, your hero is married and has a little son. Before we part, let me thank you for the omission mentioned in your letter. My gratitude is unbounded. I don't think your carol "too utterly utter" and have passed it on to the "Carols Editor."

ETHEL'S ADMIRER (Natal).—Send your letter to Ethel Clayton in a plain stamped envelope under cover of THE PICTUREGOER, and it will be forwarded to her. (2) Page plate of Ethel appeared in PICTUREGOER, May 1921. (3) Some of her latest films are: *The Cradle, Her Own Money, The Remittance Woman, If I were Queen and Can a Woman Love Twice?* (4) She's been filming for about 10 years. By the way, my name is George—I don't answer to any other.

R.Z. (Johannesburg).—(1) Wallace Reid died early this year. (2) I couldn't enumerate all the Gordons on the screen. Some of the best known are: Bruce Gordon, Charles Gordon, Harris Gordon (director as well as actor), Huntley Gordon, James Gordon, Robert Gordon, Eva Gordon, Julia Swayne Gordon, Maude Turner Gordon, Sadie Gordon and Vera Gordon. So far as I know they're not related. (3) Lon Chaney's married. (4) Brunton Studios lay claim to being the biggest in America. (5) The ugliest man on the screen? I should like to say Wallace Beery, but I had a letter from him the other day telling me he's coming over.

MOTHER (Dalston).—As the Editor has grown considerably thinner of late it might be possible to get round him. At any rate I will do my best for you.

BLANCO (Chelmsford).—Why so formal, Blanco? (1) Cast of *Foolish Wives*, "Andrew J. Hughes" Rudolph Christians; "Helen, his wife," Miss du Pont; "Princess Olga Petschnikoff," Maude George; "Princess Vera Petschnikoff," Mae Busch; "Count Sergius Karamza," Eric von Stroheim; "Maruschka," Dale Fuller; "Pavel Pavlich," Al Edmundsen; "Caesare Ventucci," Caesare Gravina; "Marietta, his daughter," Malvine Polo; "Dr. Judd," Louis K. Webb; "His Wife," Mrs. Kent;

"Albert I., Prince of Monaco," C. J. Allen; "Secretary of State of Monaco," Ed. Rünach. (2) Those scenes were photographed through a kind of screen. (3) Helen Chadwick was born November 25, 1897. Don't think she's married.

P.L. (Bradbury).—Wish I had an address like yours these hard times. (1) Agnes Ayres is about twenty-five. Address her c/o this paper, enclosing the usual stamped plain envelope. (3) *The Miracle of Love, The Broken Melody, The Invisible Foe, The Misleading Lady, The Sin That was His and The Devil* are Lucy Cotton's best-known films. Thanks for kind enquiries, all the heat-wave left of us are still going strong.

RUDY'S FRIEND (Emmer Green).—I've patiently perused your rhapsody and if I see Rudy I'll tell him how much you appreciated that photo. So he's superseded Bill Farnum in your young affections after eleven years. Poor old Bill.

ELMO'S ADMIRER (Old Kent Road).—No news of that serial to date. I expect it will find its way to British screens eventually. Watch Shadowland for latest news of Elmo. (1) No glossy p.c.'s of him. Sorry to disappoint you. (2) "Doug," is working on a film called *The Thief of Bagdad*, and he says we shall see a lot more of him in this than we have in any of his previous ones. *Robin Hood* will be released in December.

THE JERSEY KID (Birmingham).—Cut it out, Kid. If I gave you a list of all the reissues, there'd be no space for anything else. If you study the photographs (if any) of films "Now Showing," you can usually see by the

clothes whether the feature is a re-issue. Yes, the old films are quite interesting as you say. Will remember you in my will for those suggestions.

INQUISITIVE (Herne Hill).—A girl, I bet, hides behind that non-deplume. Your first query has been answered before in earlier issues. (2) Howard-Gay was "Gen. Robert E. Lee" in *Birth of a Nation*. (3) Write to Gaumont Films, 6, Denman Street, London, W.C., about those photos. (4) December 1922 issue contains an illustrated article about that film. You can get it for 1s. 3d. post free from Publishing Dept.

THE TERRIBLE TWINS (South Kensington).—Aha! I'm going to have tea with Rudy Valentino when he comes over, so I've got one on you this time. *Open Country* was released some time in March, without first being trade shown.

TRIFE (Liverpool).—Make no mistake, little one, it takes more than a few paltry questions to crush a Human Encyclopædia. When I feel no longer fit to battle with your queries, I shall retire into the ranks of the Movie fans and spend my days in peace, sending long lists of queries to my successor. (1) Cast of *Wealth*: "Mary McLeod," Ethel Clayton. "Phillip Dominick," Herbert Rawlinson; "Gordon Townsend," J. M. Dumont; "Oliver Marshall," Laurence W. Steers, "Irving Seaton," George Perolat; "Mrs. Dominick," Claire McDowell; "Estelle Rolland," Jean Acker; "Dr. Howard," Richard Wayne. (2) Two of Richard Barthelmess's 1923 releases are *Sonny*, Aug. 13th and *Tol'able David*, April 9th.



Marshall Neilan with the cast of his production "*The Rendezvous*." Standing: Emmett Corrigan, Marshall Neilan, Syd Chaplin, Richard Travers. Seated: Lucille Ricksen and Conrad Nagel.



WILL the pair of bobbed-haired beauties who so fearlessly lifted up their melodious voices on the golden sands of—

(name deleted by Censor)—and *To Whom It Most Concerns*.

told the world what they thought of "The Thinker," please accept his heartfelt gratitude. (Foreign papers please copy). Little did they dream, as they sat beneath their blue Japanese sunshade that behind the red one on the right, the subject of their delightfully flattering remarks was emulating the peony in complexion and the ostrich in habits. Because it is disconcerting, even at the end of a perfect holiday to listen to oneself being discussed. However, having now exchanged the 'pale cast of thought' for a coat of healthy tan, I shall do my best to live up to their opinion of me.

HERE'S an interesting theory of Maurice Tournours. He thinks that not until the next generation will motion pictures

be really fine and subtle creations. "A hundred years from now," he commences, "The truly great motion picture will come into being, and the difference between film entertainment then and now will be as great as the difference in transportation of the aeroplane of to-day and the ox-

cart methods of the past. But, though there will be eliminations and improvements on all sides, the most distinctive of all will be in the method of telling the story."

ACCORDING to Maurice, every picture will tell, not a story, but several. Listen. "The picture of the future will suggest,

*Kinema Shorthand.*

rather than depict. Already evidences of this telescoping are visible. A man leaves his home for his offices. We show him to-day at the door, bidding his wife farewell. Then in his office dictating letters. The movie of ten years ago would have shown him leaving the house, entering his auto, and a stage or two of his journey. Then he would have been seen alighting from his car, getting into the lift, opening his office door etc., etc. The picture of tomorrow will go a bit further and jump with the abruptness of a cartoon."

FOR instance, "imagine a cartoon such as appears in any daily paper. Drawing one might show two men Jiggs and Bloggs having an argument. Drawing *When Will Mr. Peelman Be* two would show Jiggs lying flat on the pavement with his hand caressing a fine black eye, and stars rotating round his head,

You don't see him hit, but you know what has happened. Film sequences will be like that bye and bye."

BY the way I notice nearly all the stars get bouquets in the Picturegoers—don't readers ever send in a few brick-bats—it might do good. For

*Does Anyone Need Exercise?* instance in my opinion Sessue Hayakawa and Matheson Lang are two of the most wooden actors I know. Norma Talmadge and Lillian Gish can't act at all. Griffith with all his reputation has produced nothing really equal to Fox's *Shame*, or *The Miracle Man*, and lastly there has never been any individual performance since the screen began to equal John Barrymore's in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.—S. M. H. (*Farncombe*).

"PRODUCERS make me wild," remarks "Enthusiast," (Yorks.). "Why on earth, when they are filming books, don't they

*keep to the books?* See *What The Heat Has Done*. I have seen *Wildfire*, *The Man of the Forest*, *The U. P. Trail*, *The Sheik*, etc., and I think it is so terribly disappointing to film fans when they go to see a favourite novel screened and find it hardly recognizable. Also, why cast Valentino and Agnes Ayres in *The Sheik*? Both are favourites of mine, but they did not put enough "pep" into it."

"THERE are a great many good films I seem to have missed. Either my usual Friday evening haunt has failed to book them, or else I have been a way from home," *A Suggestion for Sundays* writes *Worried* (London, S.W.).

"Some of these, like *The Mark of Zorro*, are a bit ancient, but don't you think picture house managers whose halls are allowed to open on Sundays, might show some of these then? Make Sunday a 'By Request' night, after previously announcing this on their screens, and invite 'regulars' to ask for the older films they've missed. Very few kinemas show the latest films on Sunday evenings, the kinemas are always full, no matter what is shown. What do you think of my idea?" [It's quite good. Put it up to your local management.]—THE THINKER.



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The **FIRST PRIZE, £25**, was awarded to Miss E. B. CURRIE, of Edinburgh, by Miss Margaret Leahy.

The Competition was for general charm and attractiveness enhanced by Pretty Hair, and was arranged in connection with Amami Shampoos. Miss Leahy confessed to a great diffidence in making a selection from among the many thousands of photographs received, and we consequently arranged to more than treble the Prize List for this last scheme, which closed week ending July 14th.

The **THIRD PRIZE, £10**, was awarded to Miss Eve Lynwood, of High Wycombe.



The **SECOND PRIZE, £15**, was awarded to Miss E. DOOD, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

All these girls have been written to personally by Miss Margaret Leahy, who is arranging to meet some of them, and is corresponding regularly with others. As explained below, the new Amami scheme has just commenced.

Girls Shown on this Page were winners in the last AMAMI Competition



# Do You Desire a Career on the Stage?

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Details of our Stage-Career Scheme are being enclosed with each Amami Shampoo Sachet. If yours does not contain the slip, send the empty sachet with a j.d. stamped envelope (addressed to yourself) for entry form and explanatory leaflet to

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# AMAMI SHAMPOOS

(AH-MAH-ME.)



# SEPTEMBER STAR DUST

NOTES AND NEWS OF PICTURES OF THE MONTH



"Within the Law." Norma Talmadge.

**WITHIN THE LAW** Featuring Norma Talmadge.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," has long been an accepted fact but it has been left for Norma Talmadge to illustrate the quotation to the full by the medium of the silver sheet. The first crushing realisation of Fate's cruelty, then the smouldering bitterness, fanned gradually to



Jackie Coogan in "Circus Days"

burning desire for vengeance, until at last a raging inferno of poisonous hatred, fury and passion, scorches her very soul, such are the emotions portrayed by the star in her latest photoplay. As Max Turner, the attractive, innocent shop girl who is falsely imprisoned in "Within the Law," Mrs. Talmadge undoubtedly reaches supreme heights of dramatic artistry. One can visualise the amazing struggle

the relentless warfare against evil being waged in the girl's mind, minute by minute, in the celluloid click through the projector. And there is action too, a wonderful murder mystery and flash of genuine comedy. Of course it all comes right in the end, not all the evil ever wrought either "Within the Law," or beyond its pale, has ever conquered the little god Cupid. And with handsome Jack McHall

in the leading male role, well, what more could you ask? Bayard Veiller's play packed the theatres both in London and the provinces in its stage form, and the picture version is calculated to entertain to an even greater extent. "Within the Law" is a September picture you should not miss.

**CIRCUS DAYS.** Starring Jackie Coogan.

Since "Charlie" first discovered the amazing "kid," little Jackie Coogan has rapidly climbed the starry heights and may now be numbered amongst the richest of the rich. Despite the amazing affluence that it has been his lot to accumulate, Jackie has, however, remained all boy. Marbles vie with movie cameras, artless games with arc lights, in his mind. Picture goers are to have another treat this month, as the starlet will be seen in a First National picture entitled "Circus Days." An adaptation of James Otis' story, "Toby Tyler," or "Ten Weeks with a Circus," it gives Jackie a wonderful opportunity for displaying his talent, whether in the laughter line or in more serious vein. Fat women, thin men, clowns and camels, monkeys and mountebanks combine in assisting Jackie to make an entertainment which has been described as a picture for youngsters from six to sixty. No one should miss it.

**THE HOTTENTOT**

September usually heralds the coming of the dark and depressing days of winter, when dreams of the sea and river have passed and the rather gloomy prospects of rainy nights and overdue income tax sets in upon us. The movie fan is fortunate, however, above others, in that laughter and amusement can always be obtained all the year round, through the medium of the silver sheet. And laughter there certainly is in Thomas H. Ince's excruciatingly funny and thrill-full picture, "The Hottentot." Telling the amusing (and amazing) story of a hater of horses, who in order to win the girl of his heart rode the fast, fiery, furious, kick you out of the stable, whirlwind cyclone of horse-flesh known as "The Hottentot," it is a picture calculated to make one grip one's seat with suspense and hold one's sides with laughter. Wonderful "shots" of a breath-catching steeplechase and screamingly funny action, to which should be added the pleasing personality of Douglas MacLean and the girlish sweetness of Madge Bellamy, go to make this one of the best pictures of the month.



"The Hottentot" Madge Bellamy



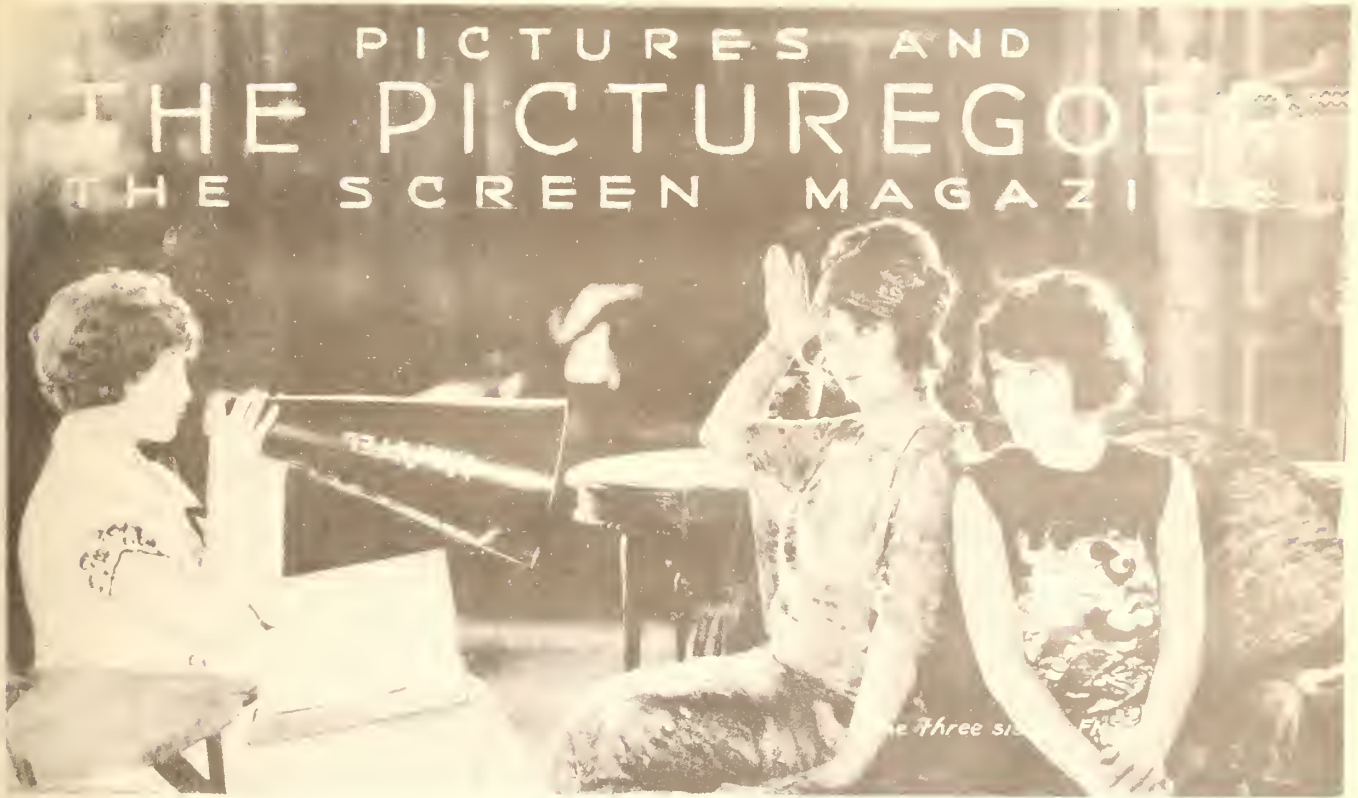
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*Alice Terry*

**BESSIE LOVE**

*Who plays a leading role in "Human Wreckage," is one of those stars who were killed by bad stories indifferently produced. Her resurrection took place last year and she is now*



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# Our September Movie Calendar



CENARIOIST-  
shooting begins.

2.—Chaplin appoints permanent secretary as official confirmer and denier of marriage rumours with extra pay for overtime.

3.—Letter to Hollywood from Thousand Ardent Kinegoers protesting against alterations in filming books.

4.—No effect. "David Copperfield" still issued as "East Lynne."

5.—Moon : first quarter.

6.—Inventor eternal triangle : no quarter.

7.—"500 Flappers" write for Bull Montana's photo. For a bet.

8.—No-subtitle craze going strong. One a week.

9.—No-subtitle craze going stronger. Hundred five-reelers issued as two-reelers.

10.—Scottish Fillums Inc. film "Life of a Fog" as a scenic.

11.—D. W. Griffith, on behalf world's kinegoers, lays wreath inside drawer out of which revolver used to come.

12.—"Hayakawa" first correctly pronounced in Yorkshire, A.D. Heaven Knows.

13.—Ye Unlucky Number. Birthday of new ideas.

14.—Knighthood for only producer who never made "Wild Africa" film.

15.—Death for the others, let us hope.

16.—Statue for man who invented indestructible film for posterity erected 1924.

17.—Taken down by posterity, 2024.

18.—No statue for Author Movie Calendar, Any Time.

19.—Death of Sweet Hortense, 10,000 kinemas, 1923.

20.—1919 Fashion Review scores great hit, Northampton, 1923.

21.—September twentysecond Eve.

22.—September twentysecond.

23.—Death of Queen Anne, 1776— or some other date and year.

24.—Queen Anne still dead. Except in slapstick.

25.—Bill to prevent launchings, scout reviews, foundation stones and horse shows on Topical Bits, introduced 1930.

26.—First slapstick released 1923.

27.—Inventor of slapstick released 1940.

28.—Seaside season ends.

29.—Current releases begin to reach coast resorts.

30.—Scenariost-shooting ends Why?



# Picking the English Peaches by FELIX ORMAN



The work of the movie Casting Director is not easy, but there are many compensations, as the photographs on these pages prove. Who wouldn't be a peach-picker?

Left: Kitty Foster.  
Right: Celia Bird



Ruth Raymonde

“Come with me,” said a London friend, “and I’ll show you some examples of English beauty.”

It was soon after my arrival in England. I had been engrossed in work since I set foot in London a week before and had seen few representatives of the alluring sex.

Frankly, I was looking forward, somewhat eagerly to observing the English type of girlhood, not only because I was personally interested (I admit it without shame), but because of the duties that lay ahead of me as a film Casting Director.

“Where is this Eden of beauty?” I asked my friend.

“A dance club,” he informed me.

Then I experienced an emotion of doubt and disappointment. Perhaps I am old-fashioned, but my notion of no place to study beauty, or personality is in the unwholesome and over-stimulated atmosphere of a night club, with its blasé and bizarre types.

Be that as it may, I went to the dance club.

We were seated at a table in the tightly-packed room. All about us were people indulging in the chatter common to such places—gaily dressed women, well-groomed men. Before us on the floor moved the panorama of dancers, rhythmically in harmony with the swaying orchestral music. It was all colourful and dazzling.

At a table nearby sat a woman, a lily type of blonde, fanning herself listlessly with a collection of coral-coloured ostrich feathers. Her escort did not appear to be very successful in



Margot Greville.

amusing her. Nearly also was a girl of about twenty, dark-haired, blue-eyed, attired in a draped creation of cerise-coloured crepe. She gazed vacantly at the dancers before yielding to her escort's invitation to go upon the floor for a dance.

My friend leaned across the table. “Don't you find the women attractive?” he asked.

I was thinking at the moment of the moan that lurked behind the surging melodic cadenzas of the saxophone and how its mingled poignancy and gaiety seemed reflected in the faces of the dancers. This feeling I communicated to my host, adding that a night club was no place to study feminine attractions, and that certainly I should not judge English types of beauty by what I saw there.

My friend was silent. He looked at me, disappointed and uncomprehending. He was a nonchalant young man who did not hesitate to admit that he was every bit a man-about town. Never having reached such glory, I had a



Eileen Magrath

Above: Cecilia Sturt



different point of view as to beauty and its best environment.

Weeks passed, and I had ample opportunity for studying English types of beauty. Strolling along the riverside, at the theatres, in the shopping centres, on little excursions into the

type of athletic English girl. Has an abundance of curly chestnut hair, blue eyes, rosy skin and unusual animation. Tall and graceful.

Kitty Foster: Has a face like that on a daguerreotype of the early Victorian period. Dark brown hair, parted from forehead to neck and coiled in "Chelsea buns" over the ears; large, thoughtful deep blue eyes, fair complexion and delicately-chiselled features. A cameo-like face.

Nadine March: A beautiful blonde. Has shimmering golden hair and very gay blue-grey eyes, with pink and white complexion and great personality.

Cynthia Mavor: Another cameo-like face. Has dark brown hair and eyes, delicate features and olive complexion.

Ursula Jean: Pure type of Anglo-Saxon beauty. Flaxen hair, blue eyes and fair skin.

Ruth Raymonde: An old-fashioned type of beauty. Has chestnut



Margerie Lawrence.

country, in visiting homes, I had met many young women who appeared to me much more representative of the beauty, charm and character of English womanhood than the examples held up for my delectation at the dance club.

But I must limit my narrative to those I met in the pursuance of my professional work—that lively procession of charmers who, week after week, called upon me at my office to seek film work, and from whose ranks I selected a "Beauty Squad" for three large British film productions, in two of which Lady Diana Manners appeared as the "star," with the inimitable Georges Carpentier standing at the head of the cast of the third.

Here are some of my selected beauties in the order of my choice:

Margot Greville: A brunette of very definite, artistic type. She has been painted by several noted artists, including Augustus John. She has black hair, bobbed and uncurled, with a straight fringe bang; black eyes, and fair skin. Very intelligent, artistically sensitive, and with a pronounced personality.

Winifred Randall: Splendid



Top right: Winifred Randall  
Circles: Nadine March and Ursula Jean

hair and blue eyes, with fair skin. Simplicity and sincerity of style and personality.

Helen Wilson Barrett: Granddaughter of the famous tragedian. Has wavy chestnut hair, blue eyes and pink and white complexion. Poise is suggested in her face and bearing.

Celia Bird: Of the statuesque type, and more of a dramatic kind of beauty. Has brown hair and grey eyes.

Margerie Lawrence: Another statuesque type. Has dark brown hair and deep grey eyes that at first glance appear brown. Tall and graceful.

Eileen Magrath: Dark brown hair and grey eyes.

Cecilia Sturt: Auburn hair and hazel eyes, fair skin.

Ruth Lavington: Titian hair and amber eyes; olive skin.

The English girl is remarkable for her beautiful complexion and for the spirit of youthful healthfulness which she radiates. Whether blonde or brunette, her hair always has a silky lustrousness, and her eyes that suggestion of the inscrutable which adds to the eternal mystery in women.

There is plenty of real ability for film work among English girls, but they will have to realise that such a vocation means hard work and strict concentration. It is a serious professional work, not play and glamour as some are prone to think. All that many of these girls needs is good direction to develop them into actresses of merit. Unfortunately, good direction is a scarce commodity.

Above: Helen Wilson Barrett.  
Right: Cynthia Mavor. Below: Ruth Lavington.





## Paris, California



The sets for Universal's "Hunchback of Notre Dame" are on a mammoth scale. Paris has been reconstructed at Universal City, the buildings including eight streets, the Cathedral and the Court des Miracles.

The cathedral as reconstructed for the picture shows the three doorways, the two towers, the spire, the Gallery of Kings, and the Plaza in front. Thirty-five heroic statues, each ten feet in height, were constructed by Universal City artists for the Gallery of Kings, and for this work, and the exterior sculpturing, over two hundred skilled labourers were employed. The construction of the cathedral set kept three hundred carpenters and workmen busily engaged for many weeks.

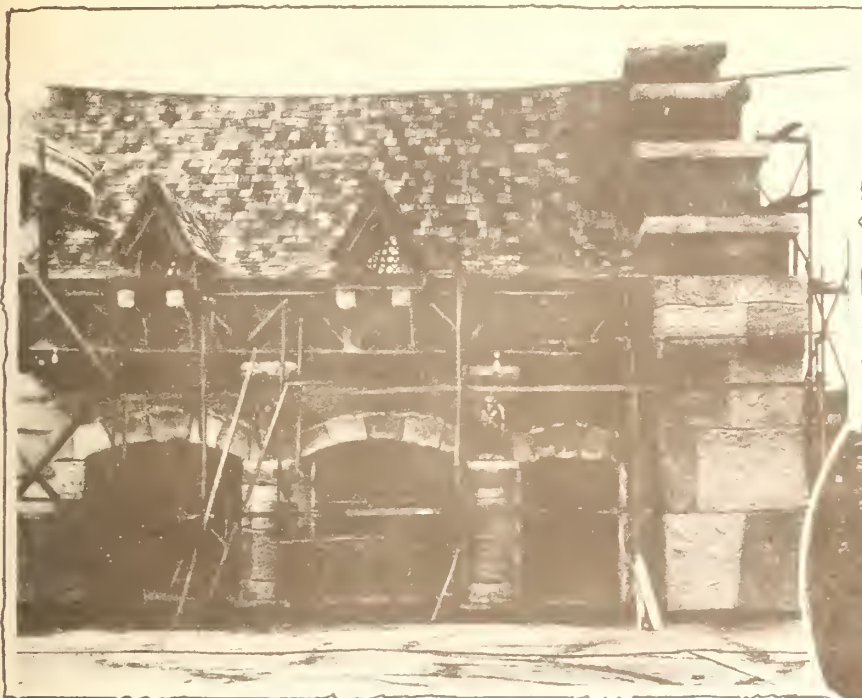
Another remarkable set is the Court of Miracles, a strange quarter of old Paris where mendicants, cripples and thieves used to congregate after their daily business was done. It was called the Court of Miracles because the blind and crippled beggars who lived on the charity of the city recovered their health in a remarkable fashion when they met together for their evening carousal.

A colourful scene in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* is the "Feast of Fools," an annual celebration held in the great hall of the Palais de Justice. On the day of the Feast of Fools peasants, clerks, deans, attorneys, doctors, members of the court, and even of the clergy made their way to one of the great centres of celebration, and *Three mammoth sets used in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame." The paving stones are of cement, artificially aged with acid spray*

Universal's latest million-dollar production *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* goes one better than *Foolish Wives* in the matter of expensive settings. The reconstruction of 15th century Paris at Universal City, California, has taxed the resources of the movie-makers to the utmost. The picture, recently completed, was directed by Wallace Worsley, and the cast includes Lon Chaney, Patsy Ruth Miller, Raymond Hatton, Norman Kerry, Tully Marshall, Kate Lester, Brandon Hurst, and Ernest Torrence.

The building of the cathedral of Notre Dame is considered to be the greatest architectural achievement in the motion picture industry. It is an exact replica of the cathedral as it existed in 1482, and measures one hundred and fifty feet wide by two hundred and twenty five feet high.





A wayside tavern of the 15th Century reconstructed at Universal City.

lost all identity in one great swarming, carefree, boisterous, but good-natured mob.

Inside, the Grande Salle might be likened to a huge melting pot where all the stations of Parisian life, all creeds and conditions of man were moulded into one great conglomerate concretion, moving forwards and back, from side to side as though the great god of congeniality were assuring himself of a good mixture before moulding.

Outside it pushed and elbowed its way here and there, each one in a supreme effort to attain for himself the most advantageous position from which he could view the performance with the maximum amount of comfort. On the pillars, balconies, window ledges and all manner of projections and crevices, they stood, sat, or crawled as the size and shape of the space demanded. The shouts, peals of laughter and clattering of feet made a great noise and clamour that was the very voice of joviality.

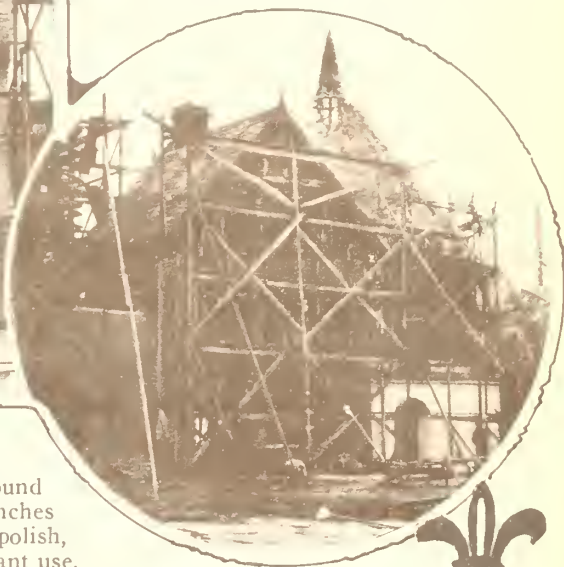
The Grande Salle of the Palais de Justice faithfully reconstructed in the film, is divided in the centre by seven enormous pillars which support the lofty, vaulted ceiling. Around four of these pillars are little stalls or shops for

the sale of trinkets, etc. Around the other three are wooden benches with an almost mirror-like polish, produced by centuries of constant use.

Around the walls are statues of all the kings of France from Pharamond down. All the windows are of many colored stained glass transforming the golden rays of the sun to great kaleidoscopic squares, spread out on the marble floor. Richly carved doors of the rarest woods guard the entrances. The whole interior is decorated with a dull coloring of blue and gold.

At one end of this great oblong hall is the famous marble table, said to have been cut from one piece of

marble, the like of which could not be found anywhere in the world. At the other end is the Gothic Chapel in which Louis XI had caused his own statue to be placed, kneeling before the Virgin. In the middle of the hall, opposite the main entrance is an estrade or short projecting gallery, covered with gold brocade. This was for the prominent personages invited to witness the "Mystery" and the



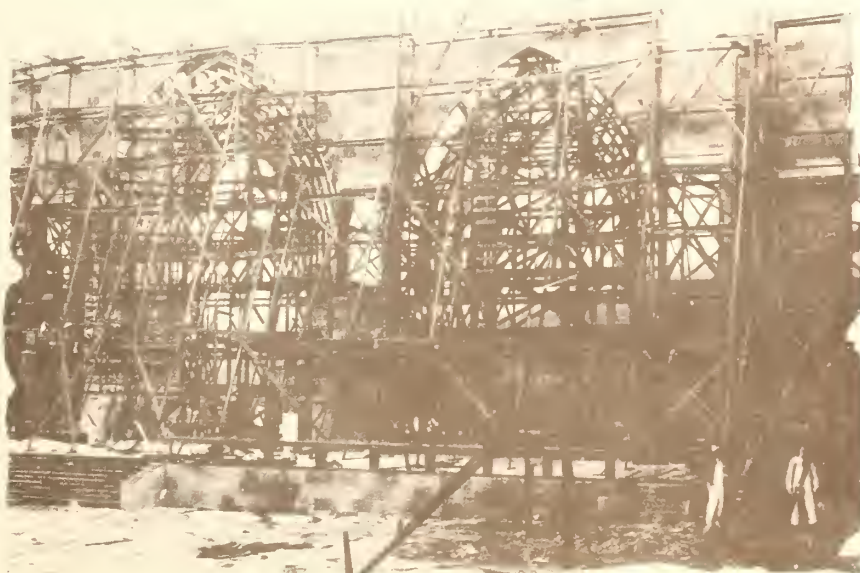
Houses of the 15th Century

election of the Fool's Pope. The performance of the Mystery took place on the marble table and the election from the Gothic Chapel.

It was six months from the starting day until the essential sets stood complete in Universal City. The cathedral sets especially, were works of time, and a shop was set up especially for the reproduction of the hundreds and hundreds of statues and ornaments needed for it. Four hundred "type" players appear in the mob scenes, which were directed by Radio, four loud speakers being in use at once.

The *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, is based on Victor Hugo's story, and judging from the care lavished on the production it should be the biggest thing Universal has ever done.

And Lon Chaney who plays "Quasimodo, the Hunchback" promises something even more startling than usual in the way of make-up.



At work on the building of the Cathedral, Notre Dame de Paris

A fellow once asked me "Why is it that comedians always seem so sad and serious when you meet them in real life? Goodness knows that they have no cause for melancholy with the lives that they lead."

"That's where you are wrong," I told him. "Being funny is no joke at all, and making people laugh is just about the hardest work I know."

He laughed, thinking that I was kidding. When you have a reputation as a mirthmaker, people always refuse to take you seriously. But although it may sound contradictory, I maintain that funmaking is a very serious business. I have worked in a good few fun factories in my time, and I know.

I shall always remember my first comedy. I was attached by a rope to a Ford car and pulled down the face of a cliff, after which I spent eight days in hospital. That is just one of the hundreds of thrills I have had, but it stands out in my memory, because it was the first. At another time, I had to slide off a sloping roof and my head hit the edge, taking off all my hair almost to the top of my head. On still another occasion, I was lying in a bed behind the upper storey of a prop house. A fire engine hit the lower part and the bed, attached to the front, went over toward the camera. They had told me that the mattresses on which I was lying would protect me from injury. But when we fell, I never even saw the mattress again. It went one way, I went another, and I got off with a broken ankle. If people realized what a job it is to make comedies and do this daredevil stuff, they would probably appreciate them more than they do even. But we get used to thrills—they are part of our daily existence.

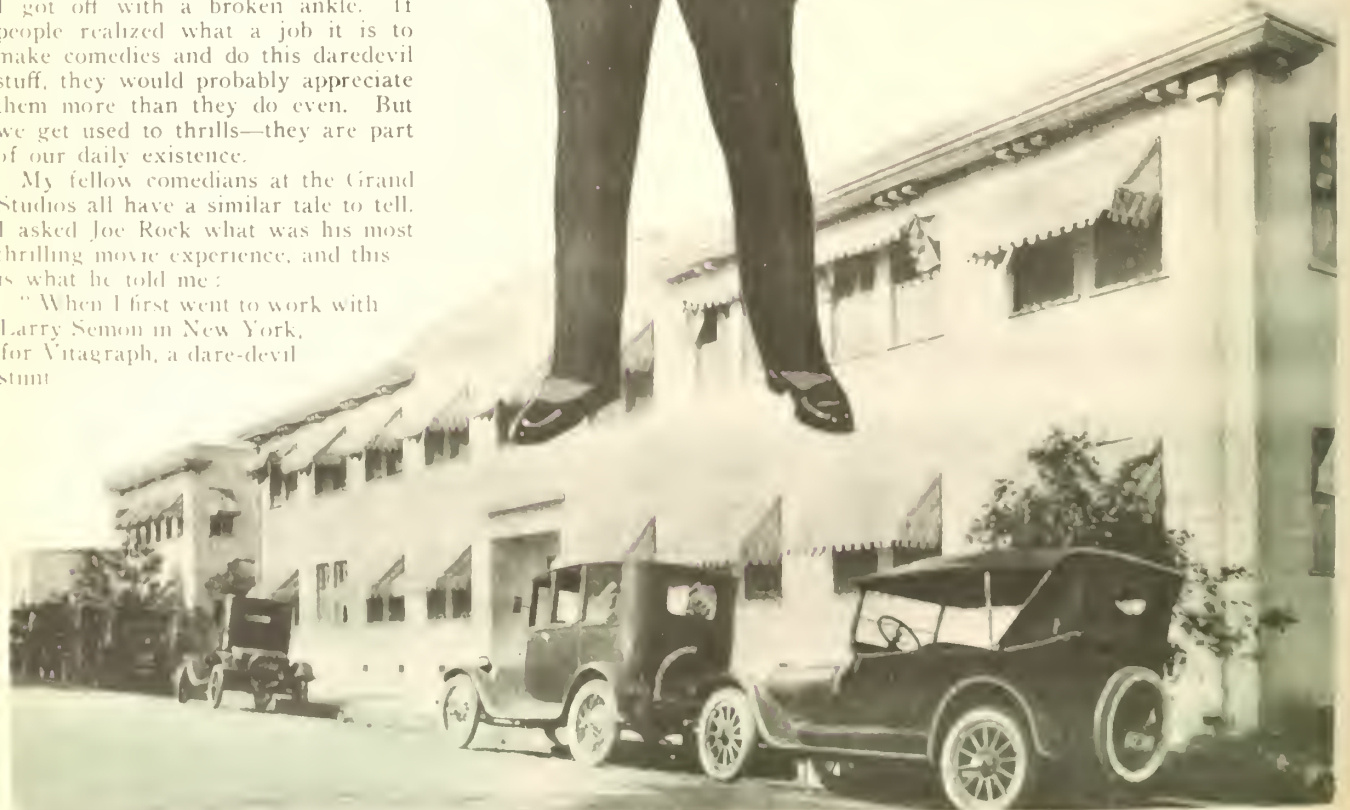
My fellow comedians at the Grand Studios all have a similar tale to tell. I asked Joe Rock what was his most thrilling movie experience, and this is what he told me:

"When I first went to work with Larry Semon in New York, for Vitagraph, a dare-devil stunt

NO  
Joke!  
by  
MONTY  
BANKS



was allotted to me for a picture which was made at Dreamland Pier. The company didn't want me to do it, but we signed a release in case of injury. I received the munificent sum of five dollars a day at that time for taking my life in my hands several times a week. The stunt in question was to drive an old car off the pier into 35 feet of water. There were four of us in the machine, with me at the wheel and another standing on the running board hanging on to the wheel also. Behind was one fat man and a smaller chap. It was the time of the shark scare to make matters more exciting. When the machine went off the pier it dived head foremost. The man standing on the running board jumped and pulled the wheel toward him, which threw me to the left. The machine did a flip flop and the tonneau hit me on the head. I thought it was the fat man, but he had made three complete somersaults clear over the whole thing. I went down like a shot. The machine split in two parts. I thought I'd never reach the bottom and all I could think of was 'sharks.' Then I started up by pushing and kicking, but I was almost out of breath and when I reached the surface it was to find myself right in the centre of all the wreckage. It was a miracle I was not pinned under by it. The life savers from Coney Island were all scattered around and nobody expected me to appear where I did. It was a great shot and a thrill all right—but never again—at least not for



Ab 76. MONTY BANKS, in a mirthful mood, and a general view of a modern fun factory, the Grand Studios, Hollywood, California

# DENTIST



Painless (?) extraction—Monty Banks in "A Concrete Mixup."

five per day! The funny thing was, I learned afterward, the impact would have frightened off all the sharks if there had been any—and sharks were all I was afraid of."

Then Billie Rhodes, Joe Rock's leading woman, joined my symposium with the following experience:

"Riding a racehorse was my biggest thrill," says Billie. "I am a pretty good rider, but never before had I been on the back of a spirited animal like this one—it was in a picture called *Hoop-la*, and I was starring for National at the time. The horse was a beauty and fast. I don't know his exact speed, but it was fast enough for me. When we started and he got his gait, my sensation was that I would go over his head and I kept looking for an easy place to fall. I couldn't stop him but I started pulling him right and left and finally he got confused and stopped suddenly, almost throwing me. But I won't forget the feeling soon. It was like riding in an aeroplane, I imagine."

Lastly, Sid Smith, gave me the following account of a hair-raising episode in his comedy career:

"We were making a comedy wherein I was called upon to walk along a ledge of the Rosslyn Hotel, Los Angeles, about three stories above the street. The space was not wide, and I had to pass from one window to another. In my coat pocket I had a small box and forgot to remove it. As I was midway between windows, the box hit against the side of the building. It takes very little to throw one off his equilibrium under such circumstances and I felt myself starting to go. I looked down and saw a big motorbus and figured that if I went over I would try to hit that—it would be softer than the sidewalk. But by a supreme effort I righted myself and got to the window casing and clung on. But my heart was right up in my throat for about thirty seconds, I can tell you."

A comedy studio is a fun factory, and

as such it is quite as serious as any other place of business. When you see a happy-go-lucky slapstick farce on the screen, you little realise the amount of thought that has gone into the making of each scene.

Mirth is more or less spontaneous when an effort to create it is apparently lacking. But once an individual, or a group of individuals, sets out deliberately to make people laugh, the process is likely to become a difficult one. The most unctuous comedian is the most successful, as a rule. The time has gone by when mere clowning, unless accomplished by a great artist, can affect the risibilities to any great extent.

Take it from me, being a fun-maker is no joke!



Circle: Sid Smith and Diane Thompson in "Hats." Above: Monty Banks in "Taxi Please!"

# Within the Law

Norma Talmadge in a fine film version of a stage success.

When circumstantial evidence, so strong that no frenzied protestations of innocence could save her, sentenced Mary Turner to imprisonment in the dreaded Tombs, the girl, mad with fear, turned and denounced Edward Gilder, her employer. "Some day," she shrilled, "I'll have my vengeance for the years of life you're taking away. Some day you'll—". But they



in the Tombs. The police cannot touch the gang, who keep just "Within the law," but trap after trap is set for them. Mary, with whom Joe soon fell in love, set her keen brain to work and was soon at the head of the gang. She watched Edward Gilder, and when opportunity arose, met and fascinated his son Dick. When Gilder senior tried to buy her off, she announced the fact that they were already married, and disclosed to her father-in-law her true identity.

A robbery, framed up by the police, drew Joe Garson to old Gilder's house, whither Mary followed in the hopes of getting him away in time. In the ensuing complications which followed, one man was shot, and Joe and Mary in turn accused of the murder. Exciting times followed until finally everything is made clear, Garson confesses to the murder, and Mary forgives and is forgiven by her husband and father-in-law.

This is a brief resumé of the plot of the Ass. First Nation film *Within the Law*, which gives Norma Talmadge one of her finest roles to date. As the shrinking shop girl, and later the fearless adventurer, she plays with a dramatic intensity that fascinates. Both she and Eileen Percy, who plays "Aggie Lynch," wore correct and complete penitentiary costumes for the filming of prison scenes, the important exteriors of which were made on the spot at New York city. The cast is a very fine one with Lew Cody as the lovable forger, Jack Mulhall as young Gilder, and Joseph Kilgour as the father. Helen Ferguson, too, has the small, though telling role of "Helen Morris," the girl whose thefts were foisted upon Mary, but whose letter of confession finally clears her.

*Lew Cody and Norma Talmadge*



Above: Two dramatic scenes from "Within the Law."

dragged her out of carshot, and the man, who had made an example of her to stop the continual petty pilfering in his huge store, dismissed the whole affair with a shrug.

The girl worked out her unnecessarily severe sentence and she left prison at last, but the police hounded her from place to place, until, desperate, she flung herself into the river. Rescued by Joe Garson, a forger, Mary found herself one of a gang of clever swimmers, who aided by expert and unscrupulous lawyers, pulled off successfully every kind of blackmail, breach of promise case, and similar shady but profitable scoop. Aggie Lynch, whose baby face and lisping voice belied her business was a leading spirit there, and she, too, had served



# On Location with Tom Mix

by FRANK A. TILLEY



The gentleman with the cigarette is in no danger—Tom is a crack shot.

exact line. Saddle—English straight and severe, Mexican high pommel and padded—hung round the walls and beyond them lariats, bobos and stock-whips. All just as straight and tidy.

"You've guessed it," said the husky, smiling trainer, coming into the room. "Tom's got a real mania for having everything straight and just set in place. "Look." And he opened one of the long wardrobes. Clothes—Clothes! And Clothes! !

Dozens of costumes and suits care-

fully hung side by side, so close that even a mother's smallest thought couldn't have got between them. What suits some of them were! Every kind of suit you could think of—and lots you couldn't. One of blue and white check flannel faced with black patent leather, the kind of clothes the wild imagination of a cow puncher might invent as his dream of a sartorial paradise.

And then in another cupboard, just as regular and orderly, were hats. Mostly big hats, Stetson's, "two-gallon," and "four-gallon" hats. Hats with brims as wide as parasols, hats with crowns as high as the brims were wide. Hats of white fur, comical and high, from Mexico, hats of smooth felt, dented and raffish, from Texas (Yes, Larca, on the Rio Grande).

Beyond the farther door came sounds of gentle strudding—but not too gentle. Soft scuffling and thuds. "Come over" said Mr. Trainer. "Tom's just finished work and he's taking his evening exercise."

I went over. From what I saw as the door opened I should have said that the other fellow was taking it.

There was a ring—a regular, honest—to—Queensbury full sized boxing ring. In the centre, on his feet, was Tom, looking rather concerned. On the floor was a sparring partner, looking very concerned. He got up, blinked a little, and came back at Tom, and they mixed it (yes, I saw the fun first!), for another minute. Then the partner, with a pat on the shoulder and a grin from Mix, climbed out of the ring, while Tom went across and did a few stunts on the trapeze.



Boxing is part of Tom's training routine.

An empty dressing room, so far as occupants were concerned. One long row of boots ranged right round the room, except where wardrobes broke the orderly line. Top boots, moccasins, jack boots, high-heeled riding boots of the cow puncher, varnished wellingtons, brogues, walking boots, fishing boots, mountain boots—and just boots. And more boots.

All of them placed exactly in line, toes pointing direct to the front. Everything on the dressing table put perfectly straight and in the same



Tom Mix in mufti.



*Shooting a close-up of a little bit of gun-play.*

Now I had time to look round. Here, leading out of his dressing room, the Western star has a fully equipped gymnasium—ring, bars, (no, the horizontal and the perpendicular kind—the spiral variety has been abolished by prohibition), trapeze, massage slab, shower bath and plunge.

"Mix has half-an hour of this every day when he's working in the studios," remarked Mr. Trainer. "And he fights pretty hard. Care to have a couple of rounds when he comes off the trapeze?" I said I would care very much, but I wasn't there to collect care. I'd seen Tom sparring with the other fellow. Besides I'd a conscientious objection to being a Mixed grill.

Tom nearly fell off the trapeze at that and came over to see if someone had escaped from the Fox Comedy plant on the other side of the road. Being convinced that I was a human being and not a film comedian he shook hands and said he'd be with me in a few minutes. So I went back to his dressing room to wait while he was massaged—though my hard-gripped hand needed massage more than did Tom.

Presently he came back, and he didn't look a bit like a cow puncher. No check shirt, no chaps, no sombrero, no high heeled shoes, no gun. Just a regular citizen with a bronzed complexion. "Well," he said "How long—" I took out a card, and passed it over. He read it and smiled. Maybe if he hadn't parked his guns—but there, for on the card was this:

Got here last week. Climate is fine. So is the scenery. Came from

New York. Business is good—staying a month."

It saved much time and trouble round the studios.

"Say," remarked Mix, slipping the card in his pocket for future reference, "we're going out on location in a day or two. Out in the desert up Wiley Cañon way. Care to come. The chuck wagons will be there and you'll sure have an interesting time."

So we fixed it up right there.

An early start. Tom to call for me at seven, breakfast at his house at seven-thirty, off at eight, and out in the desert, all among the bad men, cactus patches, black walnuts, sand, rocks and heat, by noon.

The "day or two Later" arrived. So did 7 o'clock. So did Mix. So did the car. And we went off to break last at the house.

"Meet Mrs. Mix and the baby." Smiles, crowing, from eighteen months' old baby Mix. Then sudden

tears at the sound of father's jangling silver spurs, for Tom was all dressed up in check shirt, riding breeches and high-legged, high-heeled high-spurred boots.

So Miss Mix was taken out of sound and sight while we breakfasted on raspberries and cream and frizzled bacon, and Mrs. Mix talked about baby and Tom.

At last we were ready to start. The car was at the door, piled high with baggage, and inside the little baggage was refusing vociferously to say bye-bye to daddy because his spurs made such a jangly noise. So we climbed in, and the sun began to climb up. "It is going to be warm," said Mix. He was an optimist. It wasn't warm; it was hot—so hot that you could see the waves of heat shimmering on the road surface.

On one hand stretched the little mountains, brown and gentle, their slopes white-flecked with the tall flower spikes of cactus blossom. Straight and gleaming white they stood in the early sunshine. "Candles of heaven," the early Spanish settlers called them, and there has yet been found no better name.

Sprawled across the plains on the other side, close packed so that they looked like a lunatic's dream of Eiffel Towers, rose hundreds upon hundreds of gaunt iron oil derricks, their beams slowly rising and falling like the nodding heads of weary age-old elephants doomed to a changeless and aimless task.

Up and out of Lankersheim, into the mountains through the long, long mountain tunnel that is now the road in place of the endless winding narrow track across which the first settlers came



*The author of this article with Tony*



Into Newhall, and out again, off the road on to mountain tracks. Ruts, dust, bumps, sudden curves that doubled on themselves, heat, nothing above but a flaming blue sky and a solitary buzzard wheeling, searching for a sign of life and food on the parched sand and rock below.

Presently a break in the road, a few trees, some camp kitchen fires, which were less hot than the sunshine, benches, forms, a jarring of brakes, the welcome shade and much more welcome sight of an ice-tank.

And we were in Mix's camp in Wiley Cañon.

Water! Ice-cold—not as perfectly clean as the most fastidious might have wished, but who cared. It is a cow camp, and there is ice. Ice? But not quite the same as the hotel ice that you are used to having.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Nuthin'! Why?"

"Well, it looks—different."

"Say, boy," explains the cook, "that's wild ice."

"Wild? You'd be wild if you were frozen."

"You don't get me. That's ice that growed. In the mountains. Way up. Never seen an ice factory, that ain't. That's what we calls 'wild ice!'"

"Good, turn it loose. The wilder the better just now. I'm longing to hear it sizzle on my red-hot throat."

What time Tom gets on a little make-up. How he keeps it from running off in this heat, he only knows.

Then gloves. Gloves! A cow-puncher in gloves!! But presently one learns why

"Come on," says Tom, "get into these."



Tom Mix in his den surrounded by his trophies, souvenirs of an adventurous life

So, using the car for an *al fresco* dressing room I climb into heavy leather chaps, high-heeled riding boots—how the long big-rowelled spurs get mixed up with my feet and what a lot of them there seem to be! —A gun-belt, full of live cartridges, a "four-gallon" Stetson, a silk neck-cloth—not only for ornament but to keep the sun off the back of your neck. And I march (march, did I say?) Hardly, yet. The heels of the riding boots feel like stilts, the spurs are

more like spars and keep fouling each other. At last I get my prairie legs, as it were, and we go.

A little stony path leads, in about half-a-mile, to the Cañon. Sheer red sandstone cliffs rise straight up on either side, so high that it is not easy to see the top. Sage and rosemary drench the air with their scent as they crush under every footstep. Close against one wall, the dry stony bed of a mountain stream winds in dusky solitude, looking tired and disconsolate, raped by the fierce sun of its water.

Drumming of hoof-beats and round a bend in the cañon path come half-a-dozen flying ponies, and in their saddles hard-bitten, grim-faced men. A gun holster flaps comfortably against my thigh. If this is a hold-up

"Gee," says Tom, jumping aside, "we nearly walked into the picture."

So departs another illusion and another hope.

Round the bend we come up to a crowd—an incongruous crowd it is. Camera-men, assistants, cowboys, ponies with Tony in aristocratic isolation; reflectors, cameras; and Lambert Hillyer, the director, looking cooler than if he were taking scenes in Alaska.

Then work begins. Tony is tied to a bush; and Tom climbs a little way up the Cañon side, scuffling for holds with one hand on the burning rock, while with the other he holds a rifle. Now it can be seen why he needs gloves. Otherwise after an hour of this sort of thing, he would have no hands. For the rock is hard, and rough, and hot, and sheer to climb.



Tom Mix revels in stunts and never employs a double

"Get back, way back behind the camera. And keep off the road. Ready, Tom? Right. Camera."

A sharp crack from the place where Tom is hidden, the spatter of a bullet on the road, and Tony is flying up the path, the branch which the shot has severed still hanging to his bridle. Half-a-dozen men in a posse tear after him, their ponies, flank to flank, sending up showers of stones as they fly past.

Tom slithers down the rock and runs after Tony, leads him back and ties him up again and the scene is repeated.

"It is a good thing that Tom is a reliable shot," I remark to Hillyer.

"Oh, that's an easy one. Wait till later on, we can get the scene we want."

Tony is handed over to the care of one of the cowboys and Tom begins to climb. Up and up and still up, till he is almost out of sight. Then Tony is taken a little way down the path and sent galloping off alone, and presently Tom appears, coming down in long strides.

He slips, falls, and for twenty yards rolls head over heels down the cañon-side before he gets a fresh hold. Down into the road, a clutch at Tony's bridle, a shout, and he is galloping up the path and away, shouting defiance at the posse following behind.

Then he reins in his horse, turns and trots back.

"Got it that time," comments the director. And we straggle down to the camp and to lunch.

A dozen or more cowpunchers drift along. Tea, coffee, steak, beans, salad, peaches, ice, pass up and down the benches, and there is a clatter of mugs and plates. Then in ones and twos the boys stroll off and presently from the other side of the trees comes the wail of a violin, and the low, almost gentle, voices of the cowmen begin to sing old songs of the cow camp and the prairie, the desert and the foothills.

At last the singing died away and the wailing of the violins faded into the quivering heat, and we went back to work.

Work? Yes, and tough at that. We halted in the middle of the cañon where the sandstone sides were sheer and gleaming rust red.

A little conference between Mix and the director, the setting up of cameras, and in a run and a jump, Tom was clinging to the side of the cliff, and beginning to climb higher, kicking for each foothold, clinging to little juts of rough stone with both hands, slipping back a yard,

climbing two, till there was a shout below: "All right. You're out of the camera now."

Then he kept climbing. He had seen a hole in the cliff side and wanted to get to it. Presently he hailed us from above.

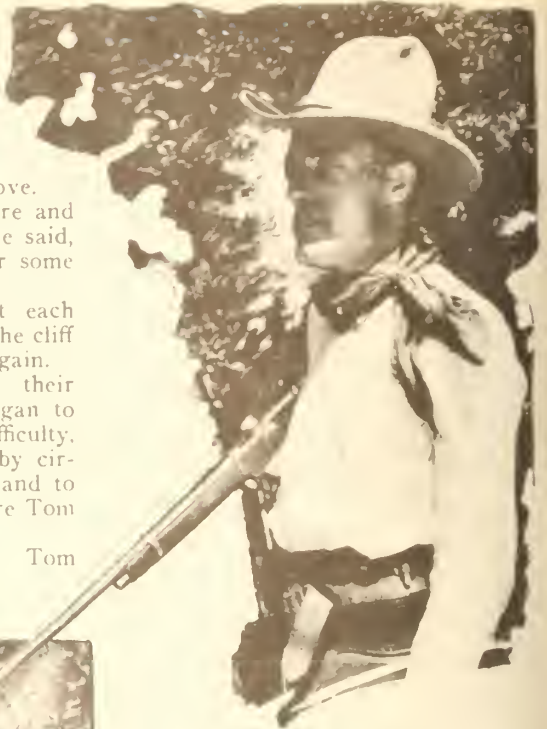
"Come up way off from here and take a few shots above me," he said, "there's a good spot here for some bits."

The camera-men looked at each other, then at Hillyer, then at the cliff side, and then at each other again.

After a moment, slinging their cameras, and tripods, they began to climb. Slowly and with difficulty, finding the easiest spots and by circuitous ways they got above and to the side of the little cave where Tom had disappeared.

The scenes were taken; Tom

Tom Mix and Frank A. Tilley



The Sheriff—a typical hard-bitten Westerner

emerged from the cavern and looked for the posse of bad men that were chasing him, and returned to hiding.

So the climb down began, and when, after sending our hearts into our throats by a twenty-foot slip, Tom reached the path, I saw that his gloves were torn to shreds by the rough sharp sandstone to which he had had to cling.

A rest, with the cow boys again singing low, almost to themselves, and we went off back to camp, not that we had finished. Oh, no. In to cars, trucks and lorries, on to little hardy, restless ponies, and we were off in search of a fresh location for the final shot.

"That will do fine," said the director. So half-a-dozen men—the posse—were sent off, round the bend and out of sight, to gallop up and across the camera, in chase of Tom, who had disappeared.

A thunder of hoofs, a great whirling cloud of dust, and the ponies swept by, coming round the bend almost on their sides. Back again out of sight, another frantic gallop and then—

"If I'm way off in the mountain shooting at these fellows, there's got to be some bullet splashes," observed Tom.

Back they came dashing in a bunch, tearing, galloping, whooping. And Tom stood a little way off and calmly planted a couple of shots on the ground amongst the horses as they galloped past. I was glad I was not in that picture at that moment, even though, as Hillyer remarked presently, "Yes, Tom's certainly a good man with a gun."



# Meet Mabel Forrest



**T**here's going to be another run on the post-offices of the country before long! Fans will begin deluging the mails with letters to the newest screen luminary—Mabel Forrest.

She will be seen in the near future in a number of Ben Wilson productions released by Grand-Asher, in which she plays opposite the always popular Bryant Washburn.

Mabel Forrest hails from Chicago. She might have been a star long since, for she has the ability and the beauty—but somehow she got shifted off the track to screendom and only recently has she consented to appear before the camera. It came about as a result of her doing a leading role in the Screen Writers' Revue, on the stage, in Los Angeles recently. Immediately she was flooded with offers from picture producers.

"Why," they said, "here's a new face—and that's the consummation devoutly to be wished—to find a new face for our screens. The public wants new faces, providing they are pleasing and their owners possess talent as well."

So Mabel Forrest finally succumbed to the offer of the organisation whose pictures she will grace and very soon the public will be saying the same delightful things about her that the more limited audiences at the Revue said when she tripped daintily before them as "Angela" in the show.

Mabel Forrest is of Scotch descent. One of her ancestors was the famous Annie Laurie of the old Scotch ballad. She is probably the greatest reader in the ranks of film actresses. She reads



*Charming studies of Mabel Forrest, a new screen star.*

whenever she has the time or opportunity. Her library is well stocked, she takes in most of the magazines and always she reads with an eye to the screen possibilities of the story.

"If I couldn't read," she confided to me, "I simply wouldn't know what to do. Books and stories form a big part of my life."

The first three pictures in which she will be seen from the Ben Wilson studios are *Mine to Keep*, *The Love Trap*, and *Other Men's Daughters*.

"I love to act," she admitted. "I didn't think I would care for it, for once, several years ago, I did extra work and wasn't very keen about it. But this is different."

Mabel Forrest's work is characterised by its sincerity. She puts her whole heart and soul into the work—and that is the mark of the true genius.

*Mabel Forrest and Bryant Washburn.*



# At the Café Delphine

by  
W.A. WILLIAMSON

Advancing on tip-toe across a floor strewn with electric cables; passing three perspiring musicians who were playing "Fate" as though their lives depended upon it, disregarding the bold glances of a Brazen Hussy, and ducking under a row of Kleig standards—I found myself at last in the Cafe of the Uneasy Chairs.

"So this is Montmartre!" said I to a man who was doing unpleasant things with a fuse-box.

"Montyhell" he replied, tersely.



The scene at  
Dubosc farm.

Carlyle  
Blackwell,  
Madge Stuart  
and Albert  
Chase

"The fuse has gone."

I sidestepped into the shadows and watched whilst a panorama of Bohemian Paris unrolled itself before my eyes. Round the tables of that cafe, Parisian art students, models, grisettes, and tourists were making merry over *biere, vin rouge and citronade*; but on a high stool beside the bar sat one who drank *absinthe*, the drink of the damned and there was no merriment in his eyes. Only tears. As I gazed at the bearded face that frowned, elusive yet familiar, above a ragged fur collar, an involuntary exclamation broke from his lips.

*Paragot!*

It was he,—the Beloved Vagabond, greatest of Locke's brain children. Paragot of the Printed Page, transformed into a creature of flesh and blood beside the bar of the Cafe Delphine.

Then, "camera" said a dispassionate voice in the foreground, and a soft whirl broke the stillness and shattered the illusion.

"Cut!"

Paragot slid from his stool, and crossed to the camera. The tears—they were real—still gleamed in his eyes, and the hand he held out to me was trembling with an emotion he was powerless to conceal. Carlyle Blackwell doesn't act his roles; he fulfils them.

"This cafe scene is the real thing" he told me. "A faithful reproduction

of a café we discovered way up in Montmartre. Great isn't it?"

"So is the role of Paragot," I suggested.

"You're right," agreed Carlyle, with a helpful smile. "But is the hardest part I've ever played. A day at the studio leaves me absolutely exhausted."

Carlyle has played some roles in his time, too. Although still in his thirties his movie record is remarkable. Back in the earliest days of the "one reeler" he built for Kalem one of the first film studios erected in Hollywood. Alice Joyce was his co-star then, and many of the Kalem productions in which he appeared were directed by him. Later he joined Famous Lasky to co-star with Mary Pickford in *Such a Little Queen*, and with Blanche Sweet in *The Case of Becky*. Then he went into picture productions of his own account before playing in thirty-six Noted Film productions, the majority of which are directed by himself. More recent appearances are with Marion Davies in *The Restless Sex*, the title role in *Bull-Dog Drummond*, and Lord Robert Dudley in *The Virgin Queen*.

"I like England," said Carlyle "And I am happier here than I have been in my whole career of movie-making. I hope to complete a number of pictures in this country."

We talked of Albert Chase, the youngster who is playing "Asticot"



Madge Stuart as "Blanquette"

in the film. Statisticians estimate that there are one million eight hundred and fifty thousand young men in these islands who have aspired to become film stars, but who have been compelled to grow up into ordinary people like us. But Albert Chase is the only boy in the world who aspired to be a "bell-hop," and became instead a featured film player. Fate took Albert into the Piccadilly Hotel and here Carlyle Blackwell saw in the would-be bell-boy the very type he required for *The Beloved Vagabond*.

"And I picked well, too," Carlyle told me. "That boy's a young marvel. He'll run away with his part in the picture as easily as Grant took Gettysburg."

Some people have all the luck, and speaking of luck reminds me that Carlyle, too, is on kissing terms with the blind goddess. He is fortunate in his supporting cast for *The Beloved Vagabond*, for his fellow-players include such fine artistes as Madge Stuart, Phyllis Titmuss, Sydney Fairbrother, Irene Tripod, Mrs. Hubert Willis, Emelie Nicole, Alfred Woods, Cameron Carr and Hubert Carter. He is fortunate in his director, Fred Le Roy Granville, of whom much more anon. And he is fortunate in his publicity man, Felix Orman, that world famous connoisseur of comeliness and picker of pulchritude.

It was Felix Orman who ordered, tea during a break for rehearsals; and it was Felix Orman who pointed out to me the peculiar construction of the chairs used in the Café Delphine scene. They were made of curved strips of metal, and looked strangely uncomfortable.

"The idea of these metal curves is that they give with the weight of the body and act like springs," explained Felix. "Just you try."

Being willing to try anything once I sat down in one of the chairs. For five seconds nothing happened. Then suddenly, the chair said "Glumph!" and all the springs went into reverse gear.

"Now get up," said Felix Orman.

"What hit me?" I gasped, when the boy had taken away the empty brandy-glass.

"The chair," said Felix Orman. "You got up too quickly."

I took my tea on a form.

After tea they filmed a dramatic scene between Asticot and the Beloved Vagabond. Asticot enters the Café Delphine, where Paragot fleeing from his sorrows is rapidly drinking himself into a state of stupor, and the pair meet after a long parting. Albert Chase threw himself wholeheartedly into the role, and his grief was unfeignedly genuine.

I was standing by the camera, watching the scene, when Fred



Asticot, Paragot, and Blanquette.



Carlyle Blackwell as "Paragot."

Granville noticed me and said "Don't stand. I'll get you a chair." To which I replied: "Please don't. I've never done you any harm."

Fred Le Roy Granville is unlike any other director I have ever watched at work. Like any skilled producer he plays on the emotions of his artistes as a master-musician will vibrate the strings of a violin, but whereas the average director is essentially cold-blooded and unemotional—(D. W. Griffith is a notable exception)—Granville acts every scene with his players, sharing their troubles and partaking of all their emotions.

The last scene taken that day was a close-up of Paragot coming towards the camera at the moment of his re-union with Asticot.

Seated, behind the camera the producer commenced the scene.

"Your boy. . . your little Asticot. . . He has come back to you. . . back to you. . . Look at him now! Aren't you proud of him! . . . Grown up! Look! It's Asticot. . . Asticot!"

But it is impossible to convey in cold print the vibrations of voice, the halting accents of emotion that governed the producer's speech and served to create an atmosphere of high tension. Carlyle Blackwell, staggered towards the camera with tears streaming from his eyes, and there were answering tears on the cheeks of the producer who felt the dramatic thrill of that moment every bit as keenly as the man who faced the Kleigs.



Albert Chase as Asticot.

# British Studio Gossip

## A Unique Occasion.

Wanda Hawley and Nigel Barrie went through the rather trying ordeal of "emoting" before rows and rows of interested spectators at Gaumonts last month. The Faculty of Arts paid the studio a visit, and a few scenes from *The Lights of London* were filmed to show them exactly how it was done. This intellectual Society boasts of a most distinguished members' list, and celebrities. Dame Clara Butt and other celebrities watched carefully, and afterwards the famous singer chatted to the players.



Madge Stuart and Walter Tennison in "Conscripts of Misfortune"

## As Others Saw Us.

All the visitors were filmed as they came in, and though some acted as to the manner born, most of us had some kind of a shock when we saw ourselves as we appear to the rest of a patient world. Mercifully only a few real artistes were present at the screening. Wanda Hawley said later that even Kreisler's violin solo (they had music to stir up their feelings), wasn't so effective in making her shed tears as usual, for she couldn't get used to the rows and rows of faces right opposite. Even then someone solemnly assured me, tea-time that "they were *lycerine* tears." But they weren't. Wanda's distress was quite genuine. Nigel Barrie spoke his part

as well as acted it, which made it very realistic, from the onlookers' point of view.

## The New Lawley Apparatus.

After tea, we roamed about the studio at will, from the cellars, where the films are stored, up winding stairs to the printing plant, and cutting, joining, and title writers' rooms, and watched the mechanical



Valia as a "Vamp" in "The Woman who Obeyed"

side of movies at work. Gaumont's have a wonderful new printing plant, an Englishman's invention, which accomplishes by means of a 40 h.p. engine, the work that used to take a large staff all their time to cope with. I watched the process right through. The reel of

film runs off a winder, without being touched by hand at all. Then the printed picture runs off another winder into a series of long tubes which descend to the ground level. Next comes a vacuum cleaner, staining tubes, and finally it is dried by means of filtered hot air driven into brass tubes by electrical fan pumps. Of course the tanks which feed the tubes with chemicals, dyes, etc., are filled by hand, but very few operators are required.

## Comprehensive Information.

A thought provoking address on film producing in general was given by Captain Calvert, fully bearing out the claims of the film for attention as an art (The Faculty of Arts has its *Kinema Sweep*), and all of the



Victor MacLaglen and Marjorie Hume in a film of the Regency period.

"outsiders" felt that they knew considerably more about movies when they left than when they came. A perfect model of the country house used for *The Lights of London* won everyone's admiration. The ingenuity with which very common objects of domesticity—sponges, etc., were utilized as trees and shrubs caused much amusement, too. A clump of small bushes proved on examination to be one of those wire entanglements used for cleaning out frying pans (so I was told). Of course it was stained green, but was, nevertheless, quickly spotted by a keen-eyed lady visitor.

## Some Britishers Abroad.

Graham Wilcox Production are at work in Vienna, with Betty Blythe and Maurice Ward at the head of a



Hilda Bayley and Stewart Rome in "The Woman who Obeyed."



Above: Guy Newall, Lawford Davidson, and Ivy Duke in "The Starlit Garden." Right: Betty Compton and Clive Brook in "Woman to Woman."



large company playing in *Spanish Love*. *Chu Chin Chow* is finished, but will not be seen until the Autumn. *Spanish Love* made in Vienna ought to be a very special brand.

**Guy as Novelist.**

Guy Newall took a working holiday this year. After his recovery, upon which readers will join us in congratulating him, Guy pitched his tent on a hill in Norfolk. When he wasn't in the wherry on the Broads, he spent his time up there under an oak tree, busily writing his novel, "Everybody's Secret." It is a story of everyday life, and it is fairly safe to predict that there will be a celluloid edition of it later.

**Scotland for Ever.**

Aberfoyle is once more in the "spotlight," for this picturesque Highland spot forms the scene of another movie. *Young Lochinvar*, with Owen Nares as this hero is in the throes of production there, and Owen finds the clear air up there decidedly good for him. And Gaumont's will make a super of *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, in which Ivor Novello will be the Prince and Gladys Cooper "Flora Macdonald." The principals are already on location, and it is hoped that the battle of Culloden, round which one of the most impressive scenes of the play is centred, will be re-fought on the actual spot.

**More W. W. Jacobs.**

The W. W. Jacobs stories on the screen have a large circle of wel-

Extremes meet—George Robey and Owen Nares.



comers everywhere and the Manning Haynes is now at work upon a short comedy series by this favourite author. *The Constable's Move* is finished, and another, quite one of the funniest, *An Odd Freak*, is being made now. Moore Marriott has a big part in this.

**Stoll's Future Plans.**

More big films are due from Stolls for the winter. After *Henry of Navarre*, with Matheson Lang and Isobel Elsom, *Becket* will be made. George Ridgeway is to direct this, and was waist-deep in volumes of research last time I saw him. Matheson Lang will be seen in *The Wolf* also, which Maurice Elvey will direct. Elvey is contemplating also another Harrison Ainsworth story, *The Tower of London*. Then, *The Beggar's Opera* is promised us, later on.

**Fay Compton's New Role.**

By the time this issue is on sale, Fay Compton will have completed her work in *Mary Queen of Scots*. All the places connected with the life of the unfortunate Queen have been visited. Scenes were made at Stirling, and other Northern spots and the interiors filmed at the Ideal Studios. Fay Compton is still the bright star of "Secrets," but she tells me her next stage role will be that of "Flavia" in a coming revival of *The Prisoner of Zenda* at the Haymarket Theatre London.

**Graham Cutts Directs This.**

Henry Victor and Clive Brook have been working with Betty Compton in her second English feature. This is not *The Prude's Fall* as previously announced, but *The Awakening*, as screen version of the novel "Children of Chance." Scenes have been



Gerald Ames and John Stuart in "Mary Queen of Scots"

made in Switzerland and Devonshire.

**Film Dancing Lessons.**

A novel Hepworth series recently completed is designed to show picturegoers how to dance the one-step, fox-trot, waltz and tango. The teachers are Eileen Dennes and Alec Ross.

**JOSEPHINE EARLE**

*who is appearing with Betty Compson in "Woman to Woman," was born in New York. She has starred in many British productions including "The Fall of a Saint," "The Edge of Youth," "Branded," and "Walls of Prejudice."*



**LEW CODY**

*has sacrificed his famous moustache, but he is still the professional heart-breaker of the movies. Cody, whose real name is "Coty," is of French extraction, but was born in America in 1885. The ladies all love Lew.*

**PAULINE GARON**

*a dainty little lady who bids fair to make a big name for herself in ingenue roles. She has an important part in Cecil B. De Mille's production "Adam's Rib," in which she is seen as a prehistoric maiden and a modern society girl.*



**MONTE BLUE**

*An actor of sterling merit who has played important roles in such diversified pictures as "Orphans of the Storm," "Something to Think About," "M'Liss," and "The Fighting Schoolmaster." Monte Blue is one of the tallest movie stars.*

**PEARL WHITE**

*The latest photograph of the well-known American screen star, who is expected to return to film work shortly. There are rumours that she will star in a spectacular production to be filmed in France.*

# The Screen Fashion Plate



May McAvoy displays a summer sports costume with skirt in two shades of lavender silk.



Leatrice Joy's bugle - beaded tunic evening gown has a foundation of white satin.



Ruth Roland's coat frock in printed marocain reveals the prevailing craze for Egyptian fashions.



Betty Compson wears a smart afternoon coat of white embossed silk, with strips of satin running through it.



Above: Irene Castle's gown of biscuit coloured duvenc. Left: Colleen Moore's tailored costume of satin and serge.



Elmer Clifton

# Directors I Have Met

by ELIZABETH LONERGAN  
No 8  
ELMER CLIFTON



harbours. There are probably a few still in existence, just as there are on this side of the water. I know that English audiences will be interested, too, in the many old-fashioned bits of furniture and dresses used in the picture, many of which are of English origin. The picture was made in New Bedford, Mass., a fishing centre where there are many old-time traditions. The church with its tablets to former members who lost their lives at sea, was the one in which the celebrated John Fox preached and the majority of those in the community can trace their ancestry back to England."

When the picture is shown in England the public will realize what a stupendous undertaking it was. Nearly two years were consumed with scenes photographed in New Bedford, and then the whaling pictures were taken in the Caribbean. Pictures show an actual whale hunt, the first time such a thing has been filmed and there are many exciting moments. During the capture of a big bull, the boat was upset and the actors nearly lost their lives. At last the whale was secured and the fight went on. For more than two hours the whale dragged the boat with the players in it at such terrific speed that it was a thrilling screen sight. Far more so than all the thrills of the most exciting serial! The whale weighed ninety tons and the details of its capture and cutting up, are a wonderful lesson in the relative sizes of whales. He seemed to have "yards and yards" of teeth, for one thing!

Elmer Clifton has been in the picture game for nearly nine years, and has always been known as a clever director, but his association with D. W. Griffith made a great many people think that his cleverness was due largely to the latter fact. A lot of people who never hear of picture makers until their names are in large type letters, had never even heard of Elmer Clifton, but all that is past history.

Just a short time ago, a wonderful picture was released in New York at a little theatre rented for the occasion. The picture was unusual in many ways, but the producer, who was most optimistic, never expected that it would attract the crowds that waited for hours for a chance to see this decidedly unusual story of whaling in the Caribbean, a story that had its setting back in the forties in the most picturesque part of the new country, in New England. *Down to the Sea in Ships* the picture was called and a more thrilling, more absorbing picture of sea life has never been shown.

I went to see Mr. Clifton hoping to get some unusual photographs and data and discovered that he is a Canadian cousin. Yes; he was born in Toronto, has visited England and when this picture was taken, he confesses that he had the English public in mind, as a play that would be of interest to them. "It is not so long ago," he said, "when the square rigger was commonly seen in English



*Down to the Sea in Ships* has an interesting story running through it which takes it out of the educational class and makes it a straight feature film. Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee play the principal roles and McKee took part in all the whaling scenes, spending two months in the South, and, incidentally learning a lot about the habits of whales.

And so did Mr. Clifton, who told me with a laugh, "Those whales got so used to being directed that they finally would take my orders when I called through the megaphone!"



Left: The "Charles W. Morgan," the oldest whaling vessel afloat. Above and right: Two thrilling scenes from "Down to the Sea in Ships"

**E**VEN where there are no social grades there are grades of a sort. Society would say that Laura Bedford and Claribel Hayes were beyond Society's fringe. They both worked in the same smart modiste's shop. But Claribel was a model, and Laura a merc fitter's assistant. Though they were beyond any scale that is recognisable by the authorities on such things, yet Claribel was plainly higher in the scale than Laura. Fitter's assistants are two for a penny, but a model is a kind of aristocrat of the democracy. Claribel was a "somebody" in the eyes of many. Laura was a nobody in the eyes of all.

There is something about a model that makes the men look. And a whole host of men used to look at Claribel Hayes. But none looked more often nor more keenly than Jim Maberne, who drove the taxi that sometimes took Claribel to her home. Fitter's assistants cannot afford taxis. They walk. But when the weather was very bad, Claribel would beckon the taxi that stood on the corner and go home in state. And so she and Jim Maberne came to be on speaking terms. There was even some sort of vague suggestion that Claribel was Jim Maberne's "girl." It had not, of course, originated with Claribel. Claribel's eye was fixed on a spot far higher on the ladder. She did not tell Jim. Jim was good enough to be going on with.

Laura and Claribel had been friends long before they went together to the modiste's shop. They were friends still. But there was a pang in Laura's heart when she realised that Claribel was finding Jim so easy. Laura loved Jim, loved him more than she thought Claribel could ever do, but none but Laura knew. They had very little to say to each other. Sometimes Laura had ridden home with Claribel in the taxi at Claribel's invitation, and the three had stood chatting at the door of Claribel's home; but Laura could not flatter herself that her bearing of fitter's assistant had attracted more than the merest fraction of Jim Maberne's attention. She loved, but she loved in secret; and it seemed that she must love in secret for ever.

And then suddenly came Claribel with the most extraordinary news.



# Poor Men's Wives

by  
**JOHN FLEMING**

"I'm leaving the business," she announced one morning.

At first the bare words were like a stab in the heart to Laura. What could it mean but the wedding of her friend to Jim Maberne? But Claribel's next words showed that the truth was something vastly different.

"I'm going to be married to Richard Smith-Blanton," she said.

### CHARACTERS:

Laura - - - BARBARA LA MARR  
 Jim Maberne - - - DAVID BUTLER  
 Claribel - - - BETTY FRANCISCO  
 Richard Smith-Blanton  
 RICHARD TUCKER  
 Apple Annic - - - ZA SU PITTS  
 The Twins  
 MURIEL MCCORMAC, MICKIE MCBAN

*Narrated by permission from the Walturdaw film of the same title.*

Laura's wide eyes showed her great surprise. Richard Smith-Blanton! His name was everywhere. He was wealthier than five thousand of their class put together. But there had been whispers about him. For one thing, he had been divorced by his first wife, and ugly stories had come about in the courts about the cause of it. Still, he was wealthy; and that counts for a lot in a modiste's shop; not merely with the modiste herself but with her assistants, particularly with her models. Claribel appeared to be more than pleased, and as for Laura she saw here a sudden hope, something distantly burning but not dimly. She offered her congratulations.

"I'm leaving right away," Claribel explained. "Richard is taking me to see a house to-day. I only called in to tell you all."

"I suppose," said Laura, "that we shall not see much more of you now."

"Oh," said Claribel airily, "we shall meet, you know. But I shall have my time so fully occupied—social calls and that kind of thing Still..."

Jim Maberne seemed to be waiting for somebody that night. He seemed to be waiting for somebody for a good many nights after that. And at last he approached Laura to learn if Claribel had left the business, or if perhaps she were ill.

"Didn't you know?" said Laura. She's left to be married. It's

Richard Smith-Blanton!"

Jim at first could not believe it. But when the truth was plain to him at last, and the first shock of it was over, he asked Laura to get up beside him on the car and he drove her home for the pleasure of having somebody to talk to of the wonders of the departed Claribel. He stood for half an hour at the door of Laura's cheap lodgings elaborating the theme, and he ended by telling Laura that any night she wanted driving home and he wasn't engaged it would be all right.

And so there were many more nights on which Laura and Jim rode home together, and the talk came to be less and less centred on the wonders of departed Claribel. Jim awoke one morning with the notion that he had been a bit of a fool. And that night, riding home with Laura, he tried to rectify his folly. Apparently he succeeded. For six months later, Laura and Jim were married and setting up house together in one of the cheapest of the outer suburbs.

"We have got to live very, very carefully," Jim explained. "My pay is small so long as I hire another man's car. But we can put a little by each week and when we have saved sufficient I will buy a taxi of my own, and then. . .!"

And Laura swore to help, and helped her best.

Claribel, of course, did not come to the wedding. She had social duties to attend to. But she sent a ton of congratulations and a solid silver punch-bowl. The punch-bowl must have cost a little fortune of Smith Blanton's money. It was not the slightest use to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Maberne. But it was dazzlingly pretty. Nice to look at each afternoon, when your husband was at



The driver pulled up just in time, and jumped out to help Laura to her feet.

work. . . . Nice to build castles in the air about. . . . The day when you should have a silver punch-bowl to spare. . . .

And so four years went by.

In one of the greatest streets of the great city suddenly one day the two friends came face to face. Claribel was "killing time." Laura was in from the cheap and distant suburb in search of bargains at the cheap sales.

Four years bring their changes and the two old friends of the modiste's shop were almost passing without recognition. But they stopped and turned back and looked again and smiled, and then they were shaking hands.

"Laura!"

"Claribel!"

The fur-clad and bejewelled lady of Smith-Blanton stood off a little and looked at the other, smiling there in her simple homespun.

"You look happy," she said, grudgingly.

"And I am, Claribel!" smiled Laura. "I am the happiest woman in the world. We have another gift to share the place of honour with your punch-bowl—twins! You should just see the twins. There never were such children!"

"Of course not," said Claribel. "I say, dear, come round and see my place. It is not two minutes from here by taxi. You've never called."

Something in the happy smile of Laura had cut into the heart of Claribel like a knife. She herself had everything that a modiste's model could wish for, but happiness. She had a rich house, even if the sight of it was the crowning bitterness of her

life. She had a wealthy husband, even if he neglected her for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. She had everything, but she had nothing—and she knew it. But she hid her jealousy well in an attempt to arouse the jealousy of Laura. A wealthy-married modiste's model can never admit defeat to a retired fitter's assistant.

The home of Claribel staggered the senses of Laura. She had never seen anything like it, even on the moving pictures. It baffled her powers of understanding.

"Mr. Smith-Blanton is very good to you," she exclaimed.

"Y--es," said Claribel, and quickly sought to change the subject by asking about Jim Maberne.

The old friends talked for an hour or so, and at length Laura rose to take her leave. Claribel observed that she had done her work well. A listlessness came over Laura now when she spoke of her "home" and her life and the often trying days with the twins. Claribel, who had never got anything out of the guilt of her own life, was getting at last the satisfaction of another's envy.

"If you could wait a little while," she said, "Richard will be back and can drive you home in our automobile."

"But I really must go," Laura protested, "I am late already."

And late she was, so late that she hurried along and across the streets heedless of the press of the traffic. At one crossing she darted forward, hesitated, stopped, darted back, and was almost under the wheels of a handsome car that was coming across the street. The driver pulled up just in

time and jumped out to help her to her feet.

"I'm afraid I was frightfully careless," he said.

"But it was really my fault," Laura protested.

"Are you going far?"

Laura told him.

"Perhaps, then, I may have the honour of driving you home. Just by way of penitence."

Laura still protested, but he held open the door for her and almost before she was aware of it she was being driven to her shabby home in the wonderful machine—she, the wife of Jim Maberne, who worked on someone else's taxi-cab for next to nothing a week. It was like a wonderful Cinderella dream, something to be enjoyed but not believed. She leaned back in the grey upholstery and gave herself up to wild flights of imagination. The handsome man—the wonderful car—what might have been. . . .

But it had to end. The shabby street was not at the end of the world. And as Laura stepped down to its unclean pavement and thanked the wonderful driver of the wonderful car he smiled again at her and took her hand and said:

"Perhaps we shall meet again? Anyway, I know where you live, eh?"

And with a little laugh he had turned the car and was speeding away down the street.

Laura's home looked shabbier than ever to her eyes that night. She took up from its stand the silver punch-bowl and ran her fingers round it. Somehow, it seemed to symbolise something. Something missed by her in life. . . .

When Claribel sent her invitation to the monster Artists' Ball, there was at first no thought of deception in Laura's mind. She told Jim of the affair at once. But Jim speedily proved himself to be bitterly opposed to any such exploit.

"I have no patience with social life," he said irritably. "It's for the class it's made for, not us. You'd be out of it. You'd better stay at home. There's the twins to look after. Besides it would put silly ideas in your head. We're poor people, and you haven't got to forget it."

"I thought—just for once," Laura pleaded. "If you could let me have the money for a party frock—just a cheap one. I have never had a real good time like that. . . ."

"No," said Jim firmly, and he kissed her and the twins and went out to his work.

All morning Laura pondered the notion. Just one real good time. Just one. . . . There was nothing wrong in it—just one. If Jim had only let her have the dress.

In the afternoon she went out again for a walk round the shops, and she found one most delightful place



where she could take away a gown and a fur coat for an absurdly small deposit and her promise to pay the balance at the end of the week. She was, of course, asked for a reference. She gave the name of Mrs. Richard Smith-Blanton. Her intention was to wear the gown and the coat at the ball and return them both next day as unsuitable. There would only be the small deposit to forfeit and what was such an absurd sum against a night of heaven?

Laura was thankful that Jim was working late that night, that she could make her departure unobserved. She had a few small coins which she invested in a taxi, after making sure that the driver was not Jim; and she drove up to the ball in a very haze of delight. She who walked every day to the cheap shops, riding thus to the Artists' Ball. It was beyond belief!

And the Ball too was beyond belief. Laura could not believe the fact of it, even when her eyes finally rested on its dazzle. There seemed to be thousands of people in the great hall, and how she was to find Claribel in such a throng was something quite beyond her. In the end she gave it up and abandoned herself to the music and the laughter and the colour and the song. Perhaps Claribel would turn up somewhere in the revel.

Claribel, however, did not. But, as if by some act of compensation on the part of the generous gods that had provided this wonderful feast for her, somebody else turned up. The handsome man who had driven her home in his wondrous automobile only a few nights before turned up.

"Hallo!" he said. "Didn't I say we should meet again."

Laura laughingly shook his hand and gladly responded to his invitation to seek a seat away from the din of the festivities. For half-an-hour they sat and chatted, but at last she said that they had better be returning to the ball. He pressed her to remain a little longer, but she was firm, and she herself led the way up the little staircase to the ball room. It was a staircase difficult of negotiation for one who had so long been used to trudging the cheap streets in flat heels; the high red heel of Laura's shoe caught the edge of a step, and almost before she was aware of it her shoe was off and rolling down the staircase. But for the handsome stranger it would have rolled away into the darkness of the conservatory below.

"Quite like Cinderella, isn't it?" he laughed, holding the slipper up.

"Quite!" Laura smiled. She held out her hand for the slipper, but he quickly drew it away.

"A kiss for it."

"No, no!" said Laura. He came closer, but he still held the slipper at arm's length.

"A kiss for it?"

"No," said Laura still.

"I shall keep the slipper."

"And I shall keep the kiss."

She turned and ran from him, frightened by the turn events were taking, and soon he had lost her in the crowds on the busy floor. He looked a long time, and at last he was persuaded that she must have gone. For him the interest in the dazzling gathering seemed suddenly to have vanished. He made his way to the lobby and thence to the street. At the pavement edge was a taxi that was piloted by Jim Maberne. The handsome man strode towards it.

"Cardon House, Park View," he said, and stepped inside.

Arrived at his home he got out and paid the driver; and then suddenly he appeared to be visited by a twinge of humour.

"You'll want a tip," he said.

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out the slipper of the missing girl.

"Here you are!" he said, throwing the slipper to Jim.

In the morning, after Jim had departed to his work, Laura made hasty preparations for the return of the coat and dress to the shop from which they had come. She packed the coat first, and then turned to the little wardrobe in which the dress was hanging. As she approached it she was surprised to hear from within sounds of suppressed laughter. She threw back the door, and at once the world began to swim round before her eyes. There before her eyes, torn to shreds, was the dress for which she could not pay, and decorated in the shreds were the laughing twins.

"We look pretty, mummy?" they asked. And then, no answer being

forthcoming and scenting trouble, they made themselves scarce by hurrying from the room.

Laura sat wearily and wondered what to do. The price on the dress was something that she could not hope to pay if she stinted her housekeeping money for a year. And yet if it were not paid very soon there would be trouble of the most terrible kind about her head. It *must* be paid. There was no way in which it could be paid, but it must be paid. . .

Running her fingers through her hair, she looked up and at that moment she chanced to see, upon the mantel shelf, the little box in which Jim kept all his savings—the money that should one day go to the purchasing of his own taxi-cab—and independence. The sum was as yet nothing like complete. It would take more than a year before he could hope to save enough. And in that time, by scraping here and scraping there, she could . . . return it. . .

She listened. Nobody was near. She stood and tottered across to where the box was. She took it down. . .

A little later she went out of the house. And into the shop. . .

Jim arrived home that afternoon earlier than he was expected. He dashed in full of glee and kissed his wife and seemed more than anything else like a boy about to go upon a holiday.

"What ever is the matter, Jim," Laura asked.

"Matter?" said Jim. "Great news. Percy Howarth is getting rid of his car, and he has offered it to me for three-quarters down and the balance in monthly instalments. It's the



"Go to your fine friends and live with them. This place is too poor for you."



"To-morrow I'm going out to sell that horrid old punch-bowl."

chance of a lifetime. Now we are going to be free—all of us, you and the twins and me. Holidays and things like that at last!"

Laura's face went suddenly pale as he strode across to where the bank-box was. He took it down and rattled it, took out the key and opened it, looked within and then across to his wife. He met her eyes, he saw the sudden pallor that had come over her cheeks. In a flash he seemed to know, without her confessing a thing. He came back to her side and looked down on her.

"Laura!" he said.

She buried her face in her hands and told all. All except the meeting with the handsome stranger. That alone she kept back. But she told how she had hoped to be able to return the dress at hardly any cost, and how the twins had torn it at their play, and of the dreadful crisis that faced her then.

"Where is the dress?" Jim demanded.

She told him and he flung open the door of the little wardrobe and dragged it out. As he did so a little satin slipper fell out too, and he took it up and held it in his hand.

"What is this?"

"My slipper for the dance."

"One?"

"I lost the other."

"Did you! And perhaps I found it! Look!"

He dragged from his pocket his "tip" of the night before and threw the pair on the table.

"Where—where did you get it?" asked Laura.

Jim did not reply. Instead he dragged from another hook her coat and hat and handed them to her. Then he strode to the door and flung it open.

"Go to your fine friends and live with them," he said. "This place is too poor for you."

"Jim!" she cried.

"Go to your fine friends!"

He turned his head from her after that and would say no more. She pleaded with him, but he was as silent as he was hard. In the end she turned from him broken-heartedly and staggered down the street. Down many streets she wandered, to better streets than that of her home. Soon she found herself in Park View, opposite Cardon House, the home of Claribel. Where else in all the world had she to go? Wearily she trudged across the road and rang the bell.

"Mrs. Smith-Blanton is not in," said the maid-servant. "If you would care to wait—"

"I will wait," said Laura.

She was shown into the morning room, and to her came the handsome stranger with whom she had left her other slipper. She stood and stared at him in the greatest surprise, and he in his turn was no little astonished to find her here, in humble attire once more, the girl of his adventure.

"Ah! the little one!" he laughed.

"You!" she cried. "Here?"

"Why not? It's my home."

"Your home? Are you—"

"Claribel's husband!"

"Here, I say! What do you know about Claribel, anyway?"

"She was my friend."

He tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up. Plainly he had been drinking and the simplest thought was too difficult for him.

"Never mind," he said. "Forget it. There's that kiss. . . ."

She drew back, but he followed her across the room. Outside at last

could be heard the voice of his wife approaching, but it only roused him to greater laughter.

It was the twins, and their repeated requests for "mummy" that finally moved Jim to repentant action. A hundred times the little ones had urged him to go and look for her and bring her home.

He did not know where to look. She had not said where she would go. There was Claribel's; but he did not know the address. She might—she might go to—him. He remembered the address to which the man with the slipper had bade him drive. Cardon House in Park View. He turned up a side street and began to run. The place was a mile away, but he ran every inch of it.

The maid-servant was disposed to argue, but he brushed her aside and began a search of the rooms. And he did not have to search long. Approaching the door of one of the rooms he came face to face with the girl who had been Claribel Hayes.

"You!" he said. "Do, you live here?"

They had no time for more. From behind the door came a scurry of feet and a little cry. Jim flung the door back and sprang inside. And there he found the man of the slipper tip, and his own wife. She was in his arms and attempting to drag herself free from his embrace.

Jim did not stop to sort out the details of the intricate situation. He just got Mr. Smith-Blanton by the collar and dragged him away, flung him across the room, followed and sprang upon him when he was once more on his feet. They fought for a moment or two, and then it ceased to be a fight and became a thrashing. At the end of it Mr. Smith-Blanton was left to crawl battered and bleeding from his own house, before the amused gaze of his servants.

And Mr. Jim Maberne was left to listen to the explanation of his wife and her friend, and then to take his wife home to the poor house in the shabby street—and the twins.

"I shall never again want to leave it, Jim," she said when they were home again. "I asked for a lesson. I got one. A good one."

He kissed her, but said nothing.

"You are worrying about your old car," she said. Don't, Jim."

He looked at her.

"You'll get your car yet," she explained. "To-morrow I am going out to—to sell that horrid old punch-bowl that started all our unhappiness. I used to want to get away when I saw that. Well, I'll make it get away instead. I'll buy your taxi for you, Jim. And then—"

And then, of course, he kissed her again and she forgot what she was going to say.

The  
Star of the  
Month:  
"BEBE"  
DANIELS

Beautiful Bebe.



Above: In "A Game Chick."

Beautiful Bebe Daniels was born twenty-one years ago at Dallas, Texas. Of Spanish descent, Bebe is a very wilful young lady and does not believe in any unnecessary waste of time. She made her debut on the stage at the age of three, and later began her screen career as a child actress with Selig.

Suddenly giving up work at Selig, Bebe Daniels joined Harold Lloyd productions and was leading lady in several of his most successful comedies. From then onwards, Bebe's reign as a comedy queen left nothing to be desired; Bebe Daniels was famous and famous she would remain. Three years ago, however, she gave up comedy and was made a "vamp" by Cecil B. de Mille.

Among the many vamping parts Bebe Daniels has played was the Favourite of the Babylonian King in *The Admirable Crichton*, Vice in *Everywoman*, Sally, the second wife,



in *Why Change your Wife* Bebe next played heroine parts in the *Dancin' Fool* and *Sick-a-bed*. Then, one day, Jesse Lasky decided to star her and to-day Bebe Daniels is a very famous screen actress, indeed.

Left: In "Pink Gods," released this month. Below: In "Oh, Lady, Lady."



# The Golden Girl

BY  
**ELSIE CODD**

All about Edna Purviance, who after eight years' work in Chaplin comedies is now a star in her own right under Charlie's direction.



Two snapshots at the Chaplin Studios

**P**ossibly, it will prove less bewildering to my readers, gentle and otherwise, if I explain at the outset that the beautiful lady who is the subject of this article is better known to the general screen-world by her real name, Edna Purviance.

She has been before the public for the past seven years as Charlie Chaplin's inseparable film partner, and with the expiration of the once-sensational "Million Dollar Contract," this ideal comedy partnership has come to an end.

Charlie obviously intends to carry out his threat and take life seriously in the higher walks of screen drama. And Edna, by way of a change, now finds herself a screen queen in her own right, with her first picture directed by Charlie himself.

I suppose loyalty, like virtue, is in most cases its own reward. Still, it is refreshing, once in a way, to be able to record that it occasionally meets with the recognition it has so well deserved.

Nobody needs to be assured that Edna has had her chances of stardom over and over again, but no prospects, however dazzling, have ever been able to shake her allegiance to her old Chief, the man who raised her from obscurity to world-wide fame.

"Mr. Chaplin has promised to star me," she has always said, "when the right time came. And I am quite content to wait."

So the "right time" has come, you see, and the long years of waiting have at last brought Edna Pollolobus her well deserved reward. Why the Pollolobus? You ask.

It is just a little Studio joke, and a very old one at that, dating back to the days when Charlie engaged a new leading-lady and tried hard to persuade her to adopt a screen "alias," because he was convinced that nobody would ever learn to pronounce her real name.

Now, Purviance is a very nice name, and Edna Olga didn't in the least see why she should change it, because Smith and Jones happen to be less elusive. As she pointed out, it presents no insurmountable difficulties, if once you've acquired the habit of accentuating the "v" and pronouncing that letter as you would in the alphabet. (Try it yourself. It's really quite easy.)

Audlow Edna stuck to her name, feeling she had a perfect right to do so considering it was her own. But Charlie to this day will be sure to keep up the tangle that it is a hopeless sort of business to write, and that the nearest he could get at was Edna Pollolobus.

—How And How

Edna is the typical Golden Girl of the Golden West. She remains in my memory as the most beautiful thing I ever saw done on the screen in my ten years in California. She is lovely enough to make a man's eyes glow but the screen with its cruel monotony only makes me realize how wonderful her real loveliness. With her clear and



Edna Purviance with Art Reeves.

troubled brow, her exquisite colouring and serene air of imperturbable repose, she always put me in mind of a perfect Phidian statue warmed into life.

There is a wonderful sense of harmony and completeness in Edna's beauty. She struck me as a girl with exceptionally fine qualities of heart and soul. Rather quiet and reserved, she is apt to somewhat disconcert the professional interviewer. Accustomed to a very different type of "subject," he will describe her as a "good listener," and let it go at that.

As a matter of fact, she simply lacks the genius for any form of self-advertisement, and it is frankly not easy to get her to talk about herself. If she reads Balzac and the Outline of History, which seem to be the fashionable intellectual diet of every screen star who discourses for the benefit of the Press, she evidently doesn't feel the slightest call to tell the world about it, and whatever her pet philosophy may happen to be, it doesn't seem to occur to her that it can be of any possible interest to anyone but herself.

She is essentially natural, womanly and very sincere. She may not be expansive on such subjects as the Higher Mission of Motion Pictures, but when you are with her, you feel that you are talking on equal terms to just another woman, and are gratefully aware of her utter lack of artifice and "pose."

The only time I ever caught Edna in a reminiscent mood was one day when we were doing "location" work out at Pasadena. There was a long pause between a couple of scenes, and she suggested we might both just as well have a little rest. So we sat down together on the pavement kerb and talked of the usual feminine variants of "cabbages and kings."

Something in the course of the conversation took her back to her own girlhood in Paradise Valley, Nevada. Her ambition then, she confided to me, was one day to become a great musician. To this day, she is a remarkably fine pianist, and she owned that she had never had cause to regret the long hours she used to spend with Messrs. Czerny, Beethoven and Bach, even though her first ambitions were never realised.

"You see," she explained, "I have always known how to play just by ear, and then it's such a very natural temptation to "scamp" the drudgery



Charlie and Edna in "The Pilgrim"

which leads to a better understanding of all that's really worth while in music."

Ever since she can remember, she has been an out-of-doors girl. She told me her favourite games way back in Nevada had always been rather rough-and-tumble affairs.

"I'm afraid," she confessed, "I was a good bit of a tom-boy in those days. I can't remember when first I learnt to ride, if ever I learnt at all. Very often I wouldn't even bother to saddle my little pony, but would just jump on his back and go for a mad gallop early of a morning, then come back perfectly ravenous for breakfast."

Circumstances forced her to abandon her musical ambitions and train for a commercial career. Fortunately a discriminating Destiny then took a hand in her affairs, and a perfectly good shorthand-typist was lost to the business-world, when the film-world discovered her for the screen.

It so happened that Edna was holiday-making in Southern California, and seized the opportunity to visit a friend who was working at the old Chaplin Studio on the coast at Niles. Charlie had just completed his first

picture for Essanay and was trying to find a new leading-lady for his next production. He saw Edna making her tour of inspection with her friend of his studio grounds, and then

and there his mind was made up.

An introduction was effected on the spot, and before she actually realised the wonderful thing that had happened, Edna found herself forswearing Pitman and all his works and affixing her neat signature to a moving-picture contract.

That was in May, 1915. Since then, she has appeared in every one of the Chaplin comedies, with the exception of *One A.M.*, Charlie's *Hail and Farewell* experiment as a "single turn."

During these eight years, her place in the general scheme of

Chaplin's pictures has been mainly of a decorative nature. Always excepting *The Kid*, she has had very little real opportunity to prove her undoubted acting ability. All the same, the little she has had to do has always been done so well, that I doubt if any other girl in the screen world could ever approach her in her own line of comedy work.



*Claire Windsor hoping for the best yet fearing the worst*

# What are the Wild Wires Saying?



**D.** W. GRIFFITH was the first movie producer to realise the dramatic possibilities of the telephone, but like the man who invented gunpowder he never knew what troubles he was piling up for posterity. He just looked around and spotted a telephone and said: "I can do something with that." Movie producers have been "doing something with that" ever since. Nowadays no movie is complete without it. Not one. There seems to be something lacking in historical photoplays, and we all know what that something is. The ancient proverb, revised up-to-date runs: "A kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt, or a movie without a telephone."

In the beginning David Wark Griffith used the telephone for such



*Dick Barthelmess gets the wrong number, and Enid Bennett as a patient wife hears the old, old story, "detained at the office"*



simple purposes as summoning the police to a burglar-besieged house, or calling out the fire brigade when the hungry flames were up in Mary's attic. Then he turned his thoughts to bigger game and achieved a masterpiece in which the husband telephoned

to his wife to tell her that he was about to commit suicide and begged her to "listen for the bang." The wife,—Blanche Sweet played the part—got busy in record time. Seizing their infant child she placed him in front of the telephone and let him to prattle childish nothings into the transmitter, whilst she dashed off through the streets at a pace that would have made Mumtaz Mahal look like a butcher's hack.

Shortly after this period some misguided person invented the film serial and the telephone started on a career of crime. Poisoned telephones, tapped wires, dummy transmitters and all the horrors of serial warfare were presented before our eyes. The miserable heroine was always being lured to disaster over the telephone, and the "mysterious hooded character" entered a telephone booth and 'phoned somebody or other at least once in every reel.

Then a new arrival at the studios who called himself the Art Director came upon the scene and took the telephone in hand. He said that the telephone was an ugly beast, and had no right to parade its nakedness in the cultured halls of filmdom. So he set to work and designed telephone coverings,—dolls, and satin cosies, or dinky little cabnets, with which to hide the offender from the public gaze. It was a good idea, but it didn't help matters very much. Nowadays when the heroine wishes to telephone, she undresses the standard in public, which takes up a few extra feet of film, and then goes about the business in the usual way.

It seems but yesterday that the movie-makers started to give us that "new dramatic thrill" which has since done service in scores of pictures. You know the one I mean. The heroine, bound hand and foot on the floor, wishes to summon assistance. But how? Elementary my dear, Watson. She bumps against the table containing the telephone. The standard falls to the floor, the receiver is displaced, and the heroine cries "Police! Police!" into the transmitter.

People will tell you that the British movie maker works under a distinct handicap in comparison with his American cousin. Correct. In America everybody is on the 'phone.

In England people have to write notes to each other, which wastes a lot of time. You know. . . . "and so I am leaving you for the man I love, Freda. . . ."

How much more dramatic to be able to ring up and say: "This is the end, Harold!" Fade out. Fade in close up of telephone exchange, girls laughing blithely as they switch people on the wrong numbers. Fade out. Fade in on Harold, registering tense emotion. "Oh, Freda, Freda! . . . I . . ."—Cut!

# The Reason Why



This is not an answer to the question "why do girls leave home," but an attempt to analyse Rudolph Valentino, the screen's most popular lover. This London interview with the beloved Rudolph gives you an unconventional pen-picture of the man whose charm has been described as "irresistible" by feminine picture-goers all the world over.

*Rudolph Valentino and a cravat in "Beyond the Rocks" Rudolph possesses the happy knack of appearing handsome under all circumstances*

Once upon a time there was a man named Job who had a pretty rough passage through this vale of tears. Job, you will remember, was a patient man. Sarcastic women will tell you that he is the only patient man in the history of the world. I disagree. In my time I have met a large number of patient men, but, without any hesitation I award the palm for patience to a man I met to-day. His name is Rudolph Valentino.

When a celebrity comes to London, journalists foregather in his vicinity like flies round a honey-pot. If he is good "copy," he has to stand and deliver. There is no escape. Clever people can dodge bloodhounds and it is possible to deceive a policeman; but the copy-hound will get you every time.

In a reception room on the first floor at the Carlton I found Rudolph Valentino entirely surrounded by copy-hounds. I recognised the old familiar bark: "And what do you think of England and the English people?" before the door opened to admit me into the presence of the man who rules the ravcs. A moment later I was shaking hands with a very dark man of strikingly handsome aspect, who wore a magnificent dressing-gown over purple pyjamas, and sported rings on his fingers and red Russian-leather slippers on his toes.

There is no denying that the man is devilish good looking, but if he carries the conceit that usually goes with good looks he dissembles very cleverly. For he is quiet and shy and sensible with not so much as a



*Rudolph Valentino as "Julio" in "The Four Horsemen," the picture that changed him from a struggling screen player into a much sought after star*

ha'porth of side about him. Also, as you shall learn hereafter, he is about the most patient thing that ever happened.

For three days and three nights life for Valentino had been one question after another. Yet when I met him on the fourth day of his visit he was as bland and smiling as the man who says, "Yes, we have no bananas." But the burden of Rudolph's song was,

"No, I can't tell you anything about London. I haven't seen it yet."

"Then where have you been?" I inquired.

"Here," said Rudolph Valentino. "Here in this hotel. Answering questions. And the telephone. And letters. I've had to engage a secretary to look after the correspondence. See that pile there? Girls write and say: 'Please may I come and see you, and bring mother and father. Now, what...'"

*Ting-a-ling!*

"He hasn't had a minute's

*Rudolph Valentino in a scene from "The Cheater," with May Allison, one of his early pictures*





Rudolph Valentino turns the camera on Lila Lee during a lull in the filming of "Blood and Sand"

peace," said Personal Representative Robert Florey, a very tall and very polite young Frenchman. "He came here for a holiday, and . . ."

"Of course I am delighted with all your kindness," said Rudolph Valentino, returning from the 'phone. "It is splendid of you to give such a reception to a foreigner. Now if only . . ."

A new journalist stepped into the room, crossed the floor and fixed Rudolph with a glittering eye.

"Tell me," said he, "what do you think of London? And do you like the English girls?"

Rudolph Valentino still smiled.

"Yes, I am on a holiday," he told me when we got together again five minutes later. "A few days in London, then Paris, and then a motor trip to Nice. Afterwards I am going to my home, after an absence of ten years. I will be . . ."

*Tada a lina!*

Rudolph Valentino lifted the telephone receiver with one hand and held out the other to the latest visitant from the Street of Ink.

"Very pleased to meet you, Mr. Valentino," said the new arrival. "How do you like London, and what do you think of the English people?"

Some minutes afterwards I got Rudolph into a corner, and asked him to autograph some pictures for me. I noticed that he signed himself Rudolph Valentino. I suppose he ought to know, but most people spell it Rudolphi or Rodolfi these days.

"I owe my introduction to the movies to Norman Kerry," he told me. "We shared a flat together during my dancing days. He taught me a lot about America, and it was on his advice that I tried for a film engage-

ment. At first I played a number of minor roles. One of my early pictures was *Out of Luck* with Dorothy Gish, but I was not at home in comedy. Being a distinctly Latin type I did not shine in American roles, and I did not get a real chance until *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. As Julio I . . ."

"Excuse me, Mr. Valentino," broke in Robert Florey at this juncture. "This gentleman from the 'Weekly Guzzle' would like to meet you."

"How are you, Mr. Valentino," said the gentleman from the "Weekly Guzzle."

*Below: With Dorothy Dalton in "Moran of the Lady Letty."*

*A straight picture of Rudy that reveals the remarkable fascination of his eyes.*



"I suppose you will be settling down in London by now? How do you like it? And what do you think of the English people?"

Some time afterwards Valentino told me:

"I was in New York when I received a telegram from Rex Ingram and June Mathis asking if I would go to Hollywood to play the part of Julio Desnoyers in *The Four Horsemen*. I telegraphed an acceptance and set out for the Coast at once. It was June Mathis, the scenarist who recommended me for the role, and the telegram was the turning point in my career. I worked very hard because I made up my mind to succeed now that my chance had come. Apart from my acting I helped Mr. Ingram to direct the big crowd scenes and I coached the crowds in the tango palace episodes. I tried . . ."

*Ting-a-ling!*

After the interval, I tried to get Valentino to talk about the ladies. The man who has fluttered more feminine hearts than any hero of the age should be worth listening to on this subject. But all he would tell me was: "A woman is always a woman, whether she wears a straw skirt or a Paquin gown."

Maybe that is why Rudolph is loved by the ladies from Kew to Khatmandu. The screen's most perfect lover understands feminine psychology.

In between telephone calls and visitations, Rudolph told me something



*With Fred Niblo directing "Blood and Sand"*



of his early career. When he arrived in New York at the age of eighteen, he could speak very little English and for some time he had a very rough passage as a stranger in a strange land. His first job in America was as a landscape gardener, but it didn't last long enough to yield him any tangible benefit. So being something of a tango expert he set out to make a living as a professional dancer. He made a living all right, but there was nothing luxurious about it. Indeed for many months Rudolph was perilously near starvation on more than one occasion.

After dancing his way along the way to fame without getting any appreciably nearer to his goal, Rudolph started again as an actor. This time he travelled some distance,—all the way to Salt Lake City with a touring company in fact—but the show went bust, and, with it, Rudolph's hopes.

In 1917 Rudolph played his first speaking part, when he appeared with Richard Dix in a play called "Nobody Home." Still success refused to smile upon him, and after trying in vain to enlist in the Italian, Canadian and British armies, Rudolph began to think that fortune had a grudge against him.

There followed a period of hard-luck days before Rudolph took his first chance with the movies. Some of his earliest picture efforts were *The Married Virgin*, *The Delicious Little Devil* (with Mae Murray), *Eyes of Youth* (with Clara Kembrill Young), *Ambition* (with Dorothy Phillips) and *The Cheater* (with May Allison).

Most of all, Rudolph Valentino hates to be looked upon as a lounge lizard type of man. He is debonaire to a degree, but there is nothing effeminate about him. Amongst other things he is a skilled horseman, and is looking forward to hunting in this country later in the year.

The above brief sketch of Rudolph's career will show you that he has known a good deal of the seamy side of life. Although he made a record jump from the bottom to the top of Fame's ladder, the success he enjoys to-day is by way of compensation for his sufferings of yesterday. Most people, when their luck changes so rapidly, put on airs and lose their mental balance. People who have

known Rudolph from the beginnings of his screen career assert that he hasn't changed at all, which is a pretty high tribute to his strength of character.

Wherein lies the secret of Rudolph's wonderful power over the hearts of film fans? I have but put the question to a number of feminine friends and all returned different answers. "He looks so *thoroughly* wicked," one told me. "He is so adorably handsome," said another. "He is a wonderful actor, that's why," explained a third, whilst a fourth murmured mysteriously: "It's his eyes!"

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino (Natascha Rambova).



Another study of the world's champion heart-breaker

Rudolph's eyes are of very dark brown, and his raven hair fairly gleams in the light. His complexion is swarthy, and he has a well-knit frame suggestive of strength. He speaks in a very quiet musical voice with very little trace of a foreign accent. He is neither voluble nor given to gesture, and during the time I was with him he betrayed no traces of excitement. The 'phone bell rang with steady persistency every other minute, and eager interviewers filed in and out to ask him what he thought of London. But Rudolph came through it all with a smiling face. His patience seemed unexhaustible.

Rudolph Valentino hopes to be back in movie harness again by the autumn when his legal battles will be settled. Rudolph is out to raise the standard of the movies for he holds that screen art is being ruined by commercialism at the present time. "The right to strike" applies to screen stars in Valentino's opinion, and so he struck.

He gave me a scathing denunciation of the methods of American movie-makers.

"There is graft all the way through," said Rudolph, "and it is graft that helps to destroy artistic effect. Here's just one example.



Douglass Gerrard

after a friendly spar

In 'The Young Ralah'



the public cannot tell the difference anyway. The secret is that the listed stores charge the producers double rental prices, one-half of which goes to the grafting manager.

"If a rug of peculiar pattern could be rented at a store not on the list for twenty dollars, a rug of much less value to the picture would have to be selected at a listed store for fifty dollars,

again, and I prepared to take my leave.

"I'm sorry we were interrupted so often," he told me at parting. "We must meet again for a quiet chat. Don't forget to tell the English picturegoers how grateful I am to them for their reception of myself."

On my way down the stairs I met a man who looked uncommonly like a journalist.

"Is that Mr. Valentino's room?" he asked.

I acquiesced, and stood for a moment whilst the inquirer vanished through the doorway. In that moment I heard a mellow voice beginning:

"Tell me, what do you think of London, and . . ."

Like Pontius Pilate, I paused not for the answer. I knew it already. Also I know that I am backing Rudolph for the Patience Stakes. I reckon he can give Job a couple of stone and lose him over any distance.

WILTON LANE.

*Rudy is an expert with the foils*



"Bleed and Sand"

The art or technical director in the production of a photoplay selects the costumes, settings and the properties, that is to say, he creates the atmosphere for the picture. A scene, for example, that calls for a Louis XVI. setting demands furniture and other decorations of that period. Selecting and arranging these articles is the work of the art director. These properties are rented from firms who make a specialty of that business.

Now production companies' managers frequently form a combination with these rental firms, which work out in this way when a picture is made. The technical directors are given a list of stores from which they are compelled to make their art selections, regardless of whether the proper goods are obtainable in them. If a Louis XVI setting is desired, perhaps one such as that of that particular period can be found in the favoured stores. Selections cannot be 90% free from other than those one can see and understand of the quality of the properties. The public know about it. It is always that

the difference going to graft. There is no freedom anywhere. The men who head the different departments under the art director, such as electricians, carpenters, etc., all artists in their line, are frequently replaced by others with no qualifications, but who are friends of the manager, his wife's brother, or his cousin Willie, and so on.

At this juncture Valentino was called away to the telephone



# A Cosmopolitan Christian



Mae Busch

**M**aurice Tourneur is one of those few producers who believe that British stories must be filmed in Britain, American



Mae Busch as  
Glory Quayle



Mahlon Hamilto  
and Mae Busch

Nazimova pictures is the photographer of *The Christian*, and a large share of the success of the picture is due to him. The photography is excellent throughout, with many brilliant effects. The acting of Richard Dix in the part of "John Storm" again goes to prove how very wrong Charles Chaplin was when he said that Richard would never become a successful kinema actor. Dix's characterization of Storm is probably his greatest triumph and this fact alone is worth the seeing of the picture.

The right London atmosphere has got well into this picture and the Derby scenes are exceptionally fine throughout. The whole photoplay could not have been more British had a British producer directed it, with none but British stars. As it is, with a French producer, American and English artistes, a Dutch photographer, an Australian actress (Mae Busch), etc., *The Christian* is a Cosmopolitan success.

"It is not all roses," declares Richard Dix, "to go to Epsom on Derby Day especially when one is dressed in a cassock. I had to make a speech to a huge crowd on the course, and, astonishing as it may sound, I had a very good-natured reception. I had a carefully marked card and a number of betting slips in my pocket of my cassock. I wonder what my audience would have said if they had known."

In the meantime the camera with Van Engen at the crank was recording the very realistic scenes and unknown to the audience some extraordinarily fine pictures were taken.

Richard was well suited to the part of John Storm for he is tall, handsome with strong, prominent features and has a most powerful physique.

It was in this picture that Mae Busch graduated from vampire roles, and it was also the first step to dramatic acting of a different sort than she had done previously.

The story is a powerful one and tells of the clash and warfare of two dominant personalities. Throughout the story, Richard Dix stands out as a fine actor and the only personality that counts. There is an excellent supporting

stories in America, French stories in France and so on. For the filming of *The Christian*, Tourneur travelled many thousands of miles, and scenes were taken in the Isle of Man and New York, London and California. Tourneur does not believe in the reconstruction in studios of towns in foreign countries but always works on the spot even if this means travelling a million miles.

Two outstanding incidents in the film are Epsom on Derby Day and the night scenes in Trafalgar Square. Trafalgar Square from nightfall to dawn was flooded with the light of million-candle-power arc lamps, and a cordon of police prevented midnight strollers from getting too near to the scene of the shooting of the various scenes. Dozens of arcs and sun spots were focussed on to Nelson's Column and Trafalgar Square resounded with the shouts of producers and electricians.

Charles Van Enger, artist of the camera, who will be remembered for his outstanding work in so many



Glory  
on the  
Warpath.

cast which includes Gareth Hughes, Phyllis Hover, Mahlon Hamilton, Cyril Chadwick, Joseph Dowling, and Claude Gillingwater.

# Picture Making in Spain

OSCAR M. SHERIDAN



Above: Oscar M. Sheridan. Left: Felix Ford and Helenita Dambrez



tossing bulls, enraged horses and frenzied matadors, toreadors and what not. If the bulls had not been behind iron bars, and the horses a quarter of a mile from us, we might have been hurt.

Down in the arena a mad bull (I call it a mad bull as this makes the article look so much more impressive), was pawing the ground in front of a trembling horse ridden by Felix Ford, chief star in the new Aubert production dealing with Spanish life, the title of which has not yet been decided.

A wooden palisade built around the arena, supposedly to prevent people from getting a free glimpse, positively shook under the weight of two film directors, a cameraman, three toreadors (off duty) and myself. There we were, seven in a row, sitting precariously on the top of a very unsafe wooden board. Beside me the three toreadors were gesticulating wildly to Felix Ford instructions as to how he was to evade the bull. Twice the camera nearly toppled over, twice we pulled one of the producers back from a terrible death, and twice we tried to push the toreadors off their perch, explaining gently that the palisade would not bear the weight of seven.

An amused spectator of the scenes was the leading lady, Lucienne Legrand, the well-known French cinema star, and she, too, cheerfully gave advice. Then, one of the toreadors climbing back, told Felix Ford for the tenth time that there was no danger as long as the horse kept still and its rider stared the bull in the face.

"That's all very well," shouted back Felix. "I know that and you know that, but does the Bull know it."

Suddenly there was a terrific commotion in the bull ring and the next thing we saw was a terrified horse with Felix clinging to the saddle, clearing the wooden palisade at a speed that would make lightning seem a mere slow motion picture in comparison.

The scenes were finished for the day and Felix Ford and myself adjourned to an inn in the region of the rocky mountains in close proximity to Ronda. There we were served with the most intoxicating liqueur I have ever tasted in my life. It was so strong that they had to serve it in glasses an inch thick. Felix Ford produced a pencil and paper, and wrote something down.

"Say, Hiram, I guess that if we export a half a pint of this licker we'll be able to make enough barrels of fire-water to make the whole lil' state of Pennsylvania get run in for being drunk. What say, Hiram?"

My irrepressible companion heckoned to the waitress.

"Cuánto, señorita?" he asked with a superfluous wave of his hand.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, its Spanish for *How much?*"

"Tac." I said mysteriously.

"What's that," he queried suspiciously.

"Tac is the Russian for *All right!* I replied haughtily.

Some time later the chief producer came running along. "Where's Ford?" he asked angrily.

"Is it already seven o'clock," I

*Continued on page 65.*



Felix Ford and Lucienne Legrand

Hey, Inglés you poke 'im in ze ribs!" This not altogether sound advice, cheerfully given by a grinning Toreador, more Mexican than Spaniard, had the effect of reducing the bull to hysterics. At least that was what it seemed like to me. The bull, I could see very well, objected to receiving violent linges from a wooden sabre in the regions of that part of the body which would have been a saddle had the bull been a horse. Which is the Spanish way of describing a toreador's attack on a bull.

But the gentleman at whom the above expert, but undoubtedly flippant advice, was fired, was not a toreador by any means. Just a film actor, nothing more.

The scene took place one torrid afternoon in a Spanish bull ring on the outskirts of Ronda, two or three days journey out of Madrid. On every side of us were roaring and

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THE CREAM OF FASCINATION



# All About Alice



was fifteen it has been all work and no play for Alice Calhoun.

Alice is a very beautiful woman, and numbers among her many accomplishments a weakness for making hats, delightful little headgears and gorgeous creations. Alice Calhoun is very demure and rather shy. Her eyes are of a beautiful hazel colour; her hair is of light brown and lies across her forehead hiding her ears in silken waves, that ever change colour from nut brown to the colour of ripe corn. She is of medium height and rather slim, and out in the States is known as the "Girl of a Thousand Faces" because of her remarkable talent for portraying the most contrasting types of countenance without the aid of make-up.

California, to Alice's mind, is the ideal country to live in. It is the land of Out-of-Doors, she says, "Sunshine and Blue Skies are the rule—altho' it rains here too—but we must say since we are now Californians that it is the "unusual" thing. The people are less formal. Neighbours welcome you. And one can be oneself at all times."

Out in Hollywood Alice Calhoun has founded a club called after her name, and an interesting bi-monthly magazine, "The Alice Calhoun Journal," which deals with kinema topics on the West Coast is sent to all members.

One of Alice Calhoun's greatest screen successes was the part of Lady Babbie in Barrie's *Little Minister* which she made for Vitagraph. Her first character of a bad girl was in *Little Wildcat* in which production she scored immense success in the role of "Mag o' th' Alley." This was followed by *Peggy Puts it Over*, a picturesque photoplay of rural life. *Closed Doors*, *The Charming Deceiver* and *Princess Jones* are other productions, in which she has been starred.

O.M.S.

"If you want to be successful on the screen, first become a rabid fan and then intelligently observe your screen favourites, read a lot about them, and learn the whys and wherefores of screen acting. If you have talent and are sincere then the rest can be speedily accomplished. You've just got to work, WORK, WORK, and then work some more. And when you are not working you must be studying."

There is perhaps no other screen actress in a better position than Alice Calhoun to emphasise the importance and necessity of hard work to become a successful screen artiste, for her rise to fame has been one long struggle in this direction.

Alice Calhoun got her first chance to act before the moving picture camera by telling a lie, and by reducing her long tresses to coils about her head. She was then only fifteen, but said she was much older and managed to get a number of minor engagements. Not very long after her debut however, she was given her first big part, co-starring with Charles Richmond in *Everybody's Business*.

Alice Calhoun next joined Vitagraph and the first indication of her great popularity on the screen came in the shape of thousands of letters from "fans" which arrived by every post. Those who wrote to Alice also began writing to the President of the Vitagraph. Albeit J. Smith said he was practically forced to make her a star. His first fame, although mediocre, was only acquired by constant hard work, and ever since she

Four studies of Alice Calhoun, the dainty Vitagraph star who has won her screen laurels by sheer hard work. She obtained her first film engagement when only fifteen, and has never looked back since then.





Photo by VAUGHAN & FREEMAN

*Gertrude McCoy*

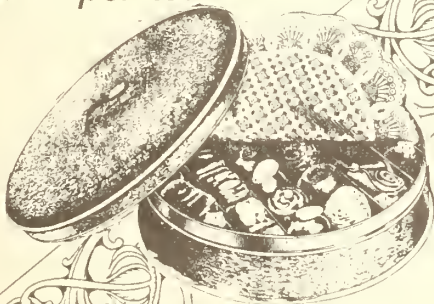
the popular British Screen Star, says:—

*"I like all good chocolates, but I simply love Lyon's. There's such a variety in them and each is more delicious than the last. Don't you agree?"*

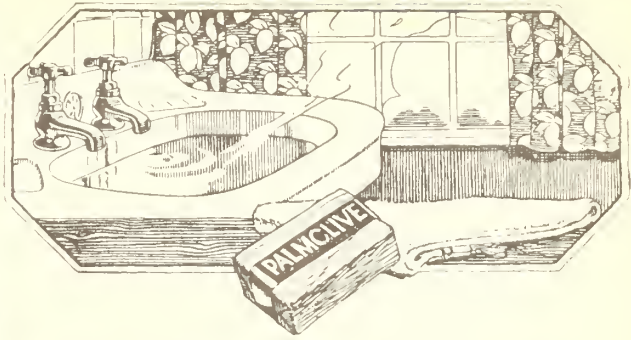
Instead of asking for "chocolates" just say "MAISON LYONS CHOCOLATES—please?" and thus make certain of getting what everyone wants — that's Q-U-A-L-I-T-Y. They are made in over eighty varieties, each the quintessence of its kind.

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## TO BETTY.

In times of old, when knights were bold,

Back in the good old days,  
Folks serenaded ladies fair  
By singing roundelays.

If I could be a troubadour,  
I'd blazon forth your fame  
Until the corners of the earth  
Resounded with your name.

Oh, Betty B., no star but thee  
Is worth a moment's thought,  
Full many a pleasant memory  
Your wond'rous art has wrought.  
They say you're shy, I wonder why,  
Most folks would show conceit  
If they'd a claim to half your fame,  
Won on the silver sheet.

A. C. (Cambridge.)

## MY MATHESON.

I really like you Mister L.,  
The reason why its hard to tell,  
But this I know, and know full well,  
I really like you Mister L.

The man that I admire is Lang,  
The other stars may all go hang,  
For them I do not care a hang,  
The man that I admire is Lang.

BERTHA (London.)

## SKIN DEEP

Some people prize of the handsome  
Face

On a painted doll chappie,  
But give me a man who is really plain,  
And I'll be completely happy.

Some people rave over Owen Nares,  
Or the classical cut of Novello,  
But the only man that I can love  
Is a downright ugly fellow.

For marcelled hair,  
and a dumpled  
chin,

Are soon inclined  
to weary;

But who could tire  
of the masterful  
scowl

On the face of  
Wallace Beery.

Blue-grey eyes are  
a thing to prize,

But I greet them  
with derision,

I'd rather far have  
a lingering look  
At Turpin's cross-  
eyed vision.

Though Gareth  
Hughes, some  
folks may choose,

Though Milton  
Sills is brainy,

I'd never be loth to  
swop them both

For a villainous  
smile from  
Chaney.

A man may be fair, with lovely hair,  
The hne of a ripe banana,  
But far more dear, is the cauliflower  
ear,  
Of that cutie, Bull Montana.

C. C. (LEIGH-ON-SEA.)

## TO MARY PICKFORD.

There are several kinds of horses,  
there are several kinds of cats,  
There are several kinds of dresses,  
there are several kinds of hats.

There are several kinds of women—  
married men know how they vary.  
There are several kinds of film stars,  
BUT—there's just ONE Little  
Mary.

PICKFORDIAN (Newcastle.)

## A RIDDLE-ME-FREE.

My first is in "James," but not in  
"Knight,"

My second is in "Cowley," but not in  
"Wright,"

My third is in "Edward," and also in  
"Earle,"

My fourth is in "Conway," but not  
in "Tearle,"

My fifth is in "Dorothy," but not in  
"Fane,"

My sixth is in "Charles," but not in  
"Lane,"

My seventh is in "Richard," but not  
in "Dix,"

My eighth is in "Tom," but not in  
"Mix,"

My ninth is in "Buster," and also in  
"Keaton,"

My tenth is in "Doris," and also in  
"Eaton,"

My eleventh is in "Cameron," but  
not in "Carr,"

My whole is the name of a British  
film star.

Answer—Mercy Hatton  
BEVERICE SIMMONS.

## PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

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

## An Invisible Valet.

In *Sky High*, Tom Mix as "Grant" fights with about a dozen Chinamen. With his face dirty, and wet, and his hair all disarranged, they tie him hand and foot, but when next you see him calling to the girl above, although his hands still tied, his hair is brushed and his face clean. Who did it for him?  
E. S. (London, W.).

## There's Hair!

When Betty Compson is in bed in *The Law and The Woman*, she has two long plaits trailing over the counterpane, but when in a later scene, she lets her hair down to bleach it, it only just reaches her shoulders. Lost a lot through worry perhaps!

H. W. (Cricklewood.)

## Second Sight.

In *Out of the Snows*, the hero gives the heroine a jade in the form of a heart, and tells her to send it to him whenever she wants him. He then leaves her and goes to his quarters, then to the store for relaxation. Soon afterwards the heroine hands the jade to her maid saying "Give this to him at the store." Smart girl, wasn't she, to know where to find him at once?

S. E. L. (Penang.)

## Stars and Stripes.

In the film *One Stolen Night*, featuring Alice Calhoun, the lover was wounded in the desert. He was then dressed in white robes; he goes straight to the robbers' camp to rescue the girl, and is seen disguised in a blue and white striped robe. He rides away with her, chased by the Arabs, and when he dismounts he is again seen in white. This strikes me as being rather a quick change!

A. F. (London, N.W.)

## Quick Work.

In *Her Husband's Trademark* Gloria Swanson as "Mrs. Jim Berkely" and R. Wayne as "Allen Franklin," were swimming away from a bandit chief. They reached land, their clothes wringing wet, yet a moment later were seen on a rock perfectly dry.

L. B. (London, S.E.)

## A Magic Tin.

In *The Chicken in the Case*, Steve Perkins takes a bun out of a tin. He then sees a letter which he opens, putting the bun back into the tin, with lid open, and goes out. When he returns the lid is shut, and the bun on the cupboard.

F. G. F. (Tambridge Wells.)



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# An Epic of the Sea

Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, the director of the picture.



Malcolm Macgregor, Lon Chaney, and Billie in scenes from "All the Brothers were Valiant," released this month.

**B**EN AMES WILLIAMS, author of many notable sea stories has provided excellent screen material in *All the Brothers Were Valiant* which is released in picture form this month. Lon Chaney in the role of Mark Shore, a braggart seaman, again proves himself to be one of the screen's greatest character actors. For once in a while Lon is allowed to repent before the final reel, and there is a big punch at the end of the film, where he lays down his life in order to save his brother.

Malcolm MacGregor plays the part of Joel Shore, a landsman who goes to sea, as captain of his brother's ship and wins out after many tribulations. At first the sailors are inclined to laugh at their amateur skipper, but Joel soon proves that he has the right stuff in him. Billie Dove is the girl in the story, a young bride who is something of a hero-worshipper. All is well when she discovers that she has married a hero herself. A mutiny on the high seas and thrilling scenes on a whaling-ship are amongst the dramatic moments in *All the Brothers were Valiant*.



# SHADOWLAND

MOVIE  
GOSSIP  
of the  
MONTH



**H**arold Lloyd and Mildred Lloyd, erstwhile Dairs have had a great time in New York. They have been dined, and tea'd and invited to plays, attending golf tournaments at Inwood and Long Bevel and been generally here, there, and everywhere. Now they are back again ready to return to work.

**D**uring his temporary retirement, Bill Hart has been studying the character and work of Patrick Henry, the famous orator, and weaving a film story around him and his times. He has also written a novel of it, called *A Lighter of Flames*, which will be published about the time Hart commences filming it. Big Bill's first work this autumn will be a series of Westerns. He has his own independent unit at Hollywood, and has several western stories under consideration.

**M**onte Blue has had a long session in hospital. Whilst starring in *Loving Lies*, he was making a landing on Laguna Beach in a very small skiff when a heavy squall was at its height. The waves caught the little boat and flung Monte into the sea. He struck out boldly for the shore,

but another roller flung the boat atop of him, crushing a rib and inflicting severe bruises upon the unfortunate star. Here's wishing Monte a speedy recovery.

**S**omething unique in motion picture sets is the pigeon house and pen standing on the Lasky lot for *Spring Magic* (The Faun). It occupies as full a space as an ordinary set, for there are one hundred and twelve inhabitants, and as shots of the birds flying are required, sufficient space has been allotted for the camera to catch them from three different angles.

**M**any scenes for *The Light That Failed* have already been shot at Catalina Island. Percy Marmont has the role of "Dick," with Jacqueline Logan opposite, and David Torrence, Sigiud Holmquist, Mabel Van Buren, and Luke Cosgrave in other roles. It is a Paramount production with George Melford directing.

**J**. Stuart Blackton is at work on his first Vitagraph special, which is also his first American production since his return from England. This is *On The Banks of the Wabash*, a rural drama inspired by a well-

known song. Mary Carr has the leading role, and Burr McIntosh plays an old captain. James Morrison is the hero, with Lumsden Hare opposite Mary Carr. Mary McLaren and Madge Evans have good roles also, and there is to be a thrill climax.

**B**aby Peggy has graduated from two reels into a star in full length features. Her first was *Whose Baby Are You?* and her present one is an elaborate version of "Editha's Burglar," Miss Hodgson Burnett's popular story, which has been made into an American play. Many popular juveniles have starred in this, but none of such tender years as Peggy.

**I**vor Novello has written a film play in collaboration with Constance Collier, and will act in it either the end of this year, or in the spring of nineteen twenty-four. It is a story of Parisian low life, titled *The Rat*, and Ivor plays an Apache, whilst Gladys Cooper, opposite whom he has played in stage, has a dual role. The fair Gladys will enact an Apache girl, a very dramatic character, and the heroine. Both she and Ivor Novello have appeared in *Bonnie Prince Charlie* for Gaumont's



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Frank Lloyd, Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle, Director and Stars of "Ashes of Vengeance"



and Ivor is still under contract with D. W. Griffith for two more films.

In St. Louis, U.S.A., there is a Kinema managed exclusively by girls. It belongs to three sisters, and though it seats eight hundred and is very successful, there isn't a man around there except those who pay to go in. They have a lady operator, whose proud boast it is that her machines are the best cared-for-ones in the state. Girls look after the box-office, the advertising, and they've even a stentorian voiced lady to keep the youngsters in order. It isn't an anti man association, though, for they don't bar male stars from their screen.

The much coveted role of "Anna" in *Anna Christie* has fallen to Blanche Sweet and George Marion will play "Chris Christopherson," the part was played by him on the London stage.

Known as the handsomest man in France, M. De Valdez is going to join the ever-growing French colony in Hollywood. Camille Desly, sister of the spectacular Gaby has been there some weeks and has a small part in *Poujola*. She, too, is a dancer, and also plays very well. She has been giving lessons in French, and teaching the piano in her spare days from movies.

Maurice Tourneur's next will be *Two Little Vagabonds*, a favourite French melodrama, and will be shorter than most of this director's productions.

Dolores Caselli, the favourite Italian screen star has blossomed forth into one of the best women fenceurs in America. She spends most of her days in indulging in her new found art, and declares herself ready to meet any motion picture people (femme gender only). To date there have been only three volunteers.

So interested were some three hundred boys in a New York movie theatre, where *Grumpy*, a Theodore Roberts picture was being shown, that they refused to leave their seats, though an alarm of fire had been raised. They had to be forcibly ejected when smoke commenced coming down from the ceiling. The fire was in the story above, and it was necessary to clear the whole building. The adults soon evacuated, but the children after being made to leave, waited around outside, and as soon as the fire had been put out, demanded to be let in to see the finish of the programme. They marched back to their places, and after some demur, they had their way. Dripping walls and smoke blackened screen held no terrors for them, they insisted on having their full ten cents worth.

Joseph Suchard has just finished an American version of *The Cricket on The Hearth*, which is said to adhere strictly to Dickens' story. Virginia Brown Faire, and Fritz Ridgway co star with Suchard whose fine work in *The Four Horsemen* added new laurels to an already well-known reputation as a character actor.

(Continued on page 34)



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Phyllis Haver has been selected to pose for a statue to adorn the Motion Picture Exposition. Phyllis was told that she typified the American in her ideal form, and is delighted about it. A special Exposition coin will be struck, upon which Phyllis Haver's head *en profile* will appear.

Eille Norwood is going to play "Sherlock Holmes" on the stage this autumn. He was, of course, a noted actor before films claimed him, and his romantic air and sternly handsome features remind many of the late Lewis Waller. Eille was "spotted" by several observant readers of this journal whilst he was on holiday in the Isle of Wight, this summer. The play is called "Sherlock Holmes," but it is a new one, and not the one which has had such a vogue on tour for some years.

Laurette Taylor will be seen on the screen again soon. She will make picture versions of her husband's plays "Happiness," and "One Night in Rome," both of which are familiar to playgoers.

Allen Holubar is going to make four very big productions for Metro. Each one is set in picturesque locations, and Holubar is determined to use the original settings, so he will take his company abroad. Very much so, too, he has an Alaskan story, a South Sea Island Romance, a South American tale, and a Dixie-land idyll. In any case, Allen Holubar thinks it will be far less costly to "take" on the actual spots than to build replicas of them in the studios.

Nowadays, in America, at least, studio buildings are not roofed in, and most of them are unfinished at the top. The set is built up to a certain height, then the continuation is made in miniature, and fixed in

such a position that the camera catches it in its proper focus and joins it into the "shot," so that the fake cannot possibly be detected. It is an ingenious and perfectly legitimate method of working and saves many dollars for the producers. It was by means of a rich effect of distance that the clever "clock" and "sky-scraper" thrills in Harold Lloyd's *Safety Last* were obtained. Here no miniatures were used, but by adjusting the camera at a certain angle, and at a certain distance, two buildings some yards distant appeared as one, and the climbing feats, though quite perilous enough, were not absolutely as hair breadth as they appeared.

An interesting player in Rex Ingram's *Scaramouche* is Gypsy Hart. She was selected by him from a crowd of several hundreds to take the role of "Theroigne de Mericourt," and after a few minutes chat, Ingram found that she was a girl he met some years ago at Universal City and advised her to try motion pictures. She had, in fact, played a couple of small parts there later, for him, and had become fairly on the way to success when she retired for a time. Twelve months ago the screen lured her again, and she started "extra"-ing to get her hand well in. Gypsy Hart is her real name and she isn't related to William S. Hart though she's a Western by birth and a fine rider and shot.

Sessue Hayakawa, the famous Japanese screen actor, is now in Paris with his wife Tsuru Aoki, and both are hard at work making scenes for *La Bataille*, which is being filmed by



Rex Ingram directing Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry in "Scaramouche"

Aubert-Vandel-Delac at the big and well equipped Film d'Art Studios at Neuilly. When seen by the Paris representative of *Picturegoer*, Sessue remarked that he was immensely interested in the French film industry, and that he thought that French films have made great progress during the last few years. "I certainly believe," continued the popular "star" "that before very long there will be some very good work done by the French film-world." Sessue Hayakawa in private life, although very quiet and reserved, is a charming personality, and what is perhaps rather unusual with famous kinema artistes, he is not in the least proud, and treats everyone alike from chief producer to ordinary workman.

It is most amusing to see the other factors in the studio watching him with literally bulging eyes and wide-open mouths, but following his every movement with an expression on their faces and a light in their eyes that suggests that they are trying, possibly by auto-suggestion, to draw secrets out of Sessue. Sessue at the present moment is the one topic of conversation in French kinema circles, and everyone is talking about his remarkably fine acting in various scenes of *La Bataille*. The chief producer is E. E. Violet, the well-known French *metteur en scene* of *Les Hommes Nouveaux*, *Le Voile du Bonheur*, and so many other films.

The second principal role is played by Sessue's charming and vivacious wife Tsuru Aoki, and they are receiving nearly a million francs for their work—a record salary in the French film industry. The other most important role is played by the Englishman, Felix Ford, who takes the part of a British naval officer, but who besides has one of the funniest jobs ever assigned to a screen actor, that is, "guardian" of Sessue Hayakawa, and Felix has to be near him from morning till night to see that "nobody steals Sessue."

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Eille Norwood and Isobel Elsom in "The Sign of Four"

**A Gamble With Hearts** (W. & F.; Sept. 10).

A British murder mystery drama in which everybody distrusts everybody else and the criminal is well concealed. Well played by Milton Rosmer, Madge Stuart, Olaf Hytton, Valia, Cecil Morton Yorke, Margaret Hope, Stacey Gaunt, and George Bishop.

**A Girl's Desire** (Vitagraph; Sept. 24).

Alice Calhoun in a natural and well told love story with a surprise ending. Support includes: Warner Baxter, James Donnelly, Frank Crane, Lillian Lawrence, Victory Bateman, and Sadie Gordon. Pleasant entertainment.

**All The Brothers Were Valiant** (Jury; Sept. 24)

A strong sea story with an out of the ordinary plot, and some fine characterisation and atmosphere. Very fine acting by Lon Chaney, Malcolm MacGregor, Billie Dove, William Orlamond, Shannon Day, Robert McKim, Robert Kortman, Otto Brauer, Curt Righfield, William V. Mong, and Leo Willis. Excellent entertainment.

**The Arabian Nights** (Waltham; Sept. 3)

A Franco Russian production of the age old Eastern story, giving the effect of a serial with wonderful settings and artistic production and acting. Stars Nathalie Kovanko. Good entertainment.

**Are You A Failure?** (Waltham; Sept. 17)

Lloyd Hughes in a pleasing comedy drama in which a correspondence course turns a hopeless failure into a hero. Madge Bellamy, Tom Santschi, Hardee Kirkland, Jane Kaeckly, Jane Godley, Myrtle Vane, and Sam Allen support. Good light fare.

**Any Night** (Kilner; Sept. 17).

Tully Marshall, Robert Edeson, and Lysle Leslie in a well produced drama whose one big dramatic scene at the end is marred by heavy doses of religious sentiment and sermons in sub-titles. Not for the critical.

**A Sporting Chance** (Rose; Sept. 24)

Fast-action comedy drama about the adventures of a young millionaire, a famous gem, and a midnight conspiracy starring William Russell, supported by Fritz Brunette, George Periolat, J. Farrell MacDonald, Lee Hill, Harvey Clark, and Percy Banks.

**The Barnstormers** (Allied Artists; Sept. 20)

Charles Ray directed as well as starred in this rural comedy-drama about a farmer's son who becomes an actor. Very slight story, and not up to Ray's usual standard. Supporting cast includes: George Nichols, Lionel Belmore, Charlotte Pierce, Blanche Rose, Wilfred Lucas, and Bert Offron.

**A Blind Bargain** (Goldwyn; Sept. 17)

Rather gruesome farc, this one. An insane doctor experiments on people and imbues them with the strength and characteristics of animals. Then he is killed by one of his "successes." Lon Chaney stars in a dual role, and Fontaine La Rue and Raymond McKee head a clever cast. Horrible entertainment.

**The Bond Boy** (Ass. First National; Sept. 4)

Richard Barthelmess in a dual role and a grim story of quixotism in the Kentucky mountains. Mary Alden, Mary Thurman, Ned Sparks, Charles Hill, Marles, Robert Williamson, Thomas Maguire, Virginia Maguire, and Jenny Smclair support. Very fine drama.



**The Cave Girl** (*Ass. First National; Sept. 17*).

The story of two women and one man, in which the cave girl lives up to her sobriquet. Teddie Gerrard stars, and Charles Meredith, Wilton Taylor, Eleanor Hancock, Lillian Tucker, Frank Coleman, Boris Karloff, Jake Abrahams, and John Beck support. Beautiful snow scenes and good entertainment.

**The Christian** (*Goldwyn; Sept. 10*).

An American-made version of Hall Caine's novel, containing some fine acting and excellent London and Epsom scenes made on the spot. Cast includes Richard Dix, Mae Busch, Gareth Hughes, Phyllis Haver, Cyril Chadwick, Mahlon Hamilton, Joseph Dowling, Claude Gillingwater, Eric Mayne, Beryl Mercer, Alice Hesse, Milla Davenport, and Robert Bolder. Will please Hall Caine fans.

**Cheated Love** (*F. B. O.; Sept. 24*).

Carmel Myers as an ambitious immigrant who becomes a distinguished actress, and finally quells a panic-stricken audience. Sentimental entertainment.

**Circus Days** (*Ass. First National; Sept. 10*).

Jackie Coogan at his best as a boy who runs away with a circus, makes good, and arrives home in time to save the old homestead. In the cast appear also Barbara Tennant, Russell Simpson, Claire McDowell, Caesare Gravina, Peaches Jackson, Sam De Grasse and De Witt Jennings. Don't miss this one.

**The Clouded Name** (*Walkers; Sept. 10*).

A tale of the lumber camps, with the usual dance hall, fist fights, bliz-

zards, shootings, etc. John Lowell, Corene Uzell, and Edgar Keller head the cast. Fair entertainment.

**The Custard Cup** (*Fox; Sept. 10*).

Mary Carr as the self appointed "mother" of the inhabitants of a tenement. Humor, spectacle, and much heart interest. Miriam Battista, Jerry Devine, Peggy Shaw, Ernest McKay, Myrtle Bonillas, Henry Sedley, and Edward Boring support. Good entertainment.

**The Danger Point** (*Hardour; Sept. 17*).

A husband and wife story in which the other man is conveniently killed off in a train wreck and reconciliation follows as a matter of course. Carmel Myers stars, supported by William P. Carleton, Vernon Steel, Jos. W. Dowling, Margaret Joslin, and Harry Todd. Fair entertainment.

**The Dangerous Talent** (*Rose; Sept. 17*).

Margarita Fisher in a crook and underworld story in which she outwits a pair of rogues by means of her talent for forging handwriting. Beatrice Van, Harry Hilliard, Harvey Clark, George Periolat, and Mary Talbot appear in support.

**The Death Cheat** (*Stoll; Sept. 24*).

Five reels of hair-raising stunts and sensations with Sansonia (Lucien Albertini) as stuntman-in-chief. Good entertainment of its class.

**Diane of Star Hollow** (*U. K. Sept. 17*).

A mystery tangle which love unravels. Charming surroundings, and a good cast comprising Evelyn Greeley, Bernard Durning, Albert Hart, George Majeroni, Sonia Marcelle, Fuller Mellish, Joseph Granby, Charles Mackey, May Hopkins, and Julia Neville. Fair entertainment.



Earle Williams and Cullen Landis in "Masters of Men."

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Mary Miles Minter in "Dreams of Destiny."

### Divorce Coupons (Vitagraph; Sept. 17).

Corinne Griffith in an excellent social drama with good photography, plot, lighting, and acting. In the cast are Holmes E. Herbert, Mona Lisa, Diana Allen, Vincent Coleman, and Cyril Ring.

### Don Juan (Graham Wilcox; Sept. 3).

An Austrian spectacular production dealing with the latter part and end of this notorious character's career. Played by Rex Otto, Olga D'Orta, Werner Schott, Anita Berber, Lya de Pietti, and Max Kronert, and Reinhold Schuramel. Somewhat sordid fare.

### Drums of Destiny (Gaumont; Sept. 10).

An Enoch Arden story with picturesque African and American settings, and excellent acting by Mary Miles Minter, Maurice B. Flynn, George Fawcett, Robert Cain, Casson Ferguson, Bertram Grassby, and Noble Johnson. Fine dramatic entertainment.

### The Face In The Fog (Paramount; Sept. 4)

One of the "Boston Blackie" stories with Lionel Barrymore as this worthy supported by Lowell Sherman, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Seena Owen, Mary Maclaren, and George Nash, Louis Wolheim, Macey Harlan, Joe King, Tom Blake, Marie Burke, Joseph Smiley, and Martin Faust. A fine detective offering.

### The Fighting Guide (Vitagraph, Sept. 10)

William Duncan and Edith Johnson in a drama of the Canadian Northwest with a rather disjointed plot. Fair entertainment.

### Fools of Fortune (Herdour, Sept. 3)

Novel and amusing Western farce adapted from the novel "Assisting Ananias." Well played by Jack Dill, Russell Simpson, Tully Marshall, Frank Brownee, Thomas Ricketts, Marguerite De la Motte, and Lillian Langdon

### Harbour Bar (Walkers; Sept. 24).

A Madge Evans feature about a child who prefers a cottage by the sea to being a rich woman's adopted daughter. Jack Drumer, Kate Lester, W. T. Carleton, Charles Sutton, Estar Banks, Charles Jackson, and Sam Ryan head a long cast. Pleasant screen fare.

### Honour First (Fox; Sept. 17).

John Gilbert in a dual-role story of mistaken identity and a courageous man's reward. Renée Adorée, Hardy Kirkland, Shannon Day, and Wilson Hummel support. Good entertainment.

### The Hottentot (Ass. First National; Sept. 3).

Good comedy-drama about a man who was secretly afraid of horses, who, after various complications masters his fears and rides a thoroughbred to victory in a steeplechase. Douglas Maclean and Madge Bellamy star, and Raymond Hatton, Lila Leslie, Truly Shattuck, Dwight Crittenden, and Harry Booker support.

### The House of Mystery (Stoll; Sept. 24)

A well put together French movie story of a man's treachery towards his friend played by Ivan Mosjoukine, Helene Darly, Charles Vanel, Francine Mursey, Simone Genevois, Colline, Strijesky, and Bortkevitch. Sensational melodrama full of adventurous incident.

### Hungry Hearts (Goldwyn; Sept. 3).

Helen Ferguson's *magnum opus*, a homely story about a family of Russian émigrés and their struggles in New York's Ghetto. Made on the spot and convincingly acted by the star, Rosa Rosanova, Otto Lederer, E. A. Warner, Bryant Washburn, George Seigmann, A. Buckin, and Edwin Booth Tilton. Excellent motherlove drama.

(Continued on page 60).



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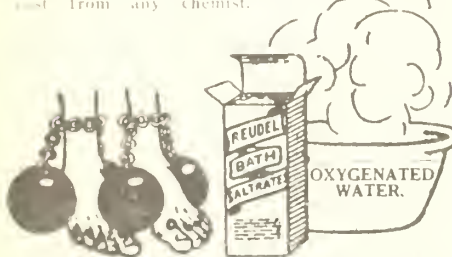
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### The Jilt (European, Sept. 24).

An after-the-war story about two men and a woman who learned her own mind when it was all but too late. Cast includes Marguerite de la Motte, Matt Moore, Ralph Graves, Eleanor Hancock, Ben Hewlett, and Harry De Vere. Good entertainment.

### La Tosca (Gaumont; Sept. 24).

Francesca Bertini in a faithful picturisation of Sardou's well-known tragedy. An Italian production nicely photographed and finely acted. Very good dramatic entertainment.

### Lights of the Desert (Fox; Sept. 3).

A fascinating romance about a theatrical company left stranded in a Western desert town, starring Shirley Mason, supported by Alan Forrest, Andrée Tourneur, Edward Burns, James Mason, and Lillian Langdon.

### The Lion's Mouse (Granger; Sept. 17).

A crook film adapted from C. N. and A. M. Williamson's novel with a very good cast including Mary Odette, Wyndham Standing, Marguerite Marsh, and Rex Davis. Good entertainment.

### Mamma's Affair (Ass First National; Sept. 4).

Constance Talmadge in a humorous story of a sweetly selfish mother. Not overburdened with plot, but will please Talmadge fans. Support includes Effie Shannon, Kenneth Harlan, Katherine Kaelred, George Le Guere, and Gertrude Le Brandt.

### The Man of Bronze (Leature; Sept. 10).

Lewis Stone and Marguerite Clayton in a Western love story in which a dog takes quite a prominent part. Poor entertainment.

### Manslaughter (Paramount; Sept. 23)

A Cecil De Mille super with lavish settings and excellent acting. An attorney sends the girl he loves to prison for her own good. Later, he himself degenerates and is in his turn redeemed by her. Tom Meighan and Leatrice Joy star, and Lois Wilson, John Milern, George Fawcett, Julia Lay, Jack Mower, Casson Ferguson, Raymond Hatton, "Teddy," and Lucien Littlefield support.

### Masters of Man (Vitaphone; Sept. 10)

Earle Williams in an interesting and well acted sea story full of thrills and bluff humor. Others in the cast are Alice Calhoun, Cullen Landis, Wanda Hawley, Henry Herbert, Ralph McCullough, Jack Curtis, Martin Turner, Charles Thurston, and M. Underwood.

### Matri-money (Goldwyn; Sept. 27)

Recommended for the consideration of married fans and those about to commit matrimony. An entertaining exposition of the modern girl, and the troubles of wedded life, starring Helen Chadwick, Gaston Glass, Eleanor Boardman, and H. B. Walthall. Excellent entertainment.

### The Men of Zanzibar (Fox; Sept. 10)

A good mystery story with unusual settings and good African atmosphere. Stars William Russell, supported by



Anita Stewart in "The Yellow Typhoon"

Ruth Renwick, Claude Payton, Harvey Clark, and Arthur Morrison.

### Minnie (Ass First National; Sept. 24)

Leatrice Joy in a Cinderella comedy somewhat mild as to plot but well staged and finely acted by the star, Matt Moe, Raymond Griffith, and a long cast.

### The Morals of Marcus (Realart-Gaumont; Sept. 3)

A new and skilful adaptation of Wm. J. Locke's novel in which the whimsical humour has been well retained. Well acted by May McAvoy, William P. Carleton, William E. Lawrence, Kathlyn Williams, Bridgeta Clark, and Nicholas de Ruiz. Pleasing screen-fare.

### The Mystery of Dr. Fu-Manchu (Stoll; Sept. 10)

A series of detective tales by Sax Rohmer. Sensational thrills which will please serial lovers. Features Joan Clarkson, and H. Agar Lyons. This month's episodes are: (1) The Scented Envelopes, (2) The West Case, (3) The Clue of the Pigtail, and The Call of Sin.

### Neeka of the Northlands (Gaumont; Sept. 20)

Nell Shipman in an out-of-door story containing many stunts and a number of wild animals. Edward Burns, Al Filson, Walt Whitman, C. K. Van Anker, George Berrill, Lillian Leighton, L. M. Wells, and Milla Davenport also appear. For serial and stunt lovers only.

### Nice People (Paramount; Sept. 10)

A slight story of ultra-modern society, and a girl who reforms for love. Good characterisation and acting by Bebe Daniels, Wallace Reid, Conrad Nagel, Julia Faye, Claire McDowell, Edward Martindel, and Eve Southern. Excellent society drama.

### On The High Seas (Paramount; Sept. 10)

Dorothy Dalton in the old old tale of the society girl shipwrecked and forced to make herself useful. Very good entertainment. (Continued on page 62)

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good technically; sea and shipwreck  
scenes excellent. Support includes  
Jack Holt, Mitchell Lewis, Michael  
Dark, Winter Hall, Otto Brown,  
Alice Knowland, and Vernon Tre-  
maine. Good entertainment.

**Outcast** (Paramount; Sept. 27).

A screen adaptation of Hubert  
Henry Davics' stage play, well acted  
by Elsie Ferguson, David Powell,  
Mary MacLaren, and Charles Welles-  
ley. Fair entertainment.

**Out of the Past** (Walkers; Sept. 27)

Concerns a husband who obsti-  
nately refused to remain dead, and a  
mysterious murder, and contains  
many thrills, also Betty Blythe, Hmt-  
ley Gordon, Arthur Carewe, Grace  
Goodall, Blanche Davenport, and  
Little Rita Maurice. Keep away if  
you're in critical mood.

**The Outside Woman** (Realart-  
Gaumont; Sept. 17).

All about an idol and a thoughtless  
wife who, not knowing its value,  
exchanges it for a silk shawl. Wanda  
Hawley stars, and Clyde Fill-  
more, Sidney Bracey, Misao Seki,  
Thena Jasper, Mary Winston, and  
Jake Abrams support. Slight but  
bright.

**Pink Gods** (Paramount; Sept. 7).

Adapted from Cynthia Stockley's  
novel. A story of the Kimberly  
diamond mines and a girl's craze for  
precious stones. Bebe Daniels, James  
Kirkwood, Anna O. Nilsson, Raymond  
Hatton, Adolph Menjou, Guy Oliver,  
George Cowl, and Arthur Trimble  
act well. An average drama.

**Playthings of Passion** (Feature,  
Sept. 24)

Kitty Gordon, Lawson Butt, and  
Mahlon Hamilton in a somewhat dull  
story of a woman's redemption by a  
parson. Fair society drama.

**Poor Men's Wives** (H'ardour;  
Sept. 24)

Melodramatic, but good social  
drama with Barbara La Marr as a  
shabby discontented wife. Cast also  
includes David Butler, Richard  
Tucker, and Betty Francisco. Read  
the story on page 31 of this issue.

**Romance of Lost Valley** (H'ardour,  
Sept. 24)

Or how one girl conquered her past  
and the frozen North. Nell Shipman  
stars, and is supported by Hugh  
Thompson, Alred Allen, George  
Berrell, Walt Whitman, C. K. Van  
Auker, Ah Wing, and many clever  
animals. Excellent open-air stuff.

**The Sacrifice** (Granger; Sept. 24)

A French production starring  
Emory Lym, Maurice Renaud, and  
Andree Pollack, in which the eternal  
tragedy of a young wife and an  
elderly husband is depicted. Good  
entertainment.

**The Scarlet Lily** (Cine First National,  
Sept. 4)

Katherine MacDonald in a stereo-  
typed story of an unjust accusation  
and how it almost wrecked a politi-  
cian's career. Stuart Holmes,

Orville Caldwell, and Adele Farring-  
ton support. Fair entertainment.

**The Scrapper** (F. B. O.; Sept. 3).

Herbert Rawlinson as a pleasing  
Irish-American hero in a story with  
plenty of punch about it. Cast  
includes Gertrude Olmstead, William  
Walsh, Frankie Lee, Hal Craig,  
George McDaniels, Fred Kohler,  
Edward Jobson, Al McQuarrie, and  
Walter Perry.

**Seeing's Believing** (Jury, Sept. 13).

A comedy of complications,  
refreshingly original, with good thrills  
and detail work. Viola Dana stars,  
with Allan Forrest, Gertrude Astor,  
Philo McCullough, Harold Goodwin,  
Edward Connelly, Josephine Crowell,  
Colm Kinney, Grace Morse, and J.  
P. Lockney in support.

**The Sign of Four** (Stoll, Sept. 3).

A British kinematization of Conan  
Doyle's well-known novel. Very  
good detective drama with Eille Nor-  
wood, Isobel Elsom, Fred Raynham,  
Norman Page, Humbertson Wright,  
Henry Wilson, Madame D'Esterre,  
Arthur Bell, and Arthur Cullen in  
the cast.

**Six Feet Four** (Rose, Sept. 10).

William Russell in a thrilling story  
of cowboy life and adventure. Good  
Western fare.

**Solomon in Society** (H'ardour, Sept.  
24).

How a tailor's kindness to a poor  
girl brought him riches and amazing  
and amusing adventures. Brenda  
Moore stars with William H. Strauss,  
Nancy Deaver, Charles Delancy,  
Fred T. Jones, Lillian Herlicin, and  
Charles Brooke in support. Fair  
entertainment.

**Strange Idols** (Fox, Sept. 24).

Dustin Farnum in a powerful story  
of the Lamberlands and a primitive  
man's romantic love for a dancer.  
Farnum is assisted by Doris Pawn,  
Richard Tucker, and Philo McCul-  
lough. Good entertainment.

**The Super Sex** (H'ardour; Sept. 10)

An entertaining comedy of small  
town life adapted from a Frank  
Adams story. Played by Robert  
Gordon, Tully Marshall, Charlotte  
Pierec, Lydia Knott, Gertrude Clure,  
Albert MacQuarrie, Louis Natheaux,  
George Bunny, and Evelyn Burns.

**The Tiger Lily** (Rose; Sept. 3).

Margarita Fisher in a good drama  
about a double vendetta. In the cast  
are also Emory Johnson, George  
Perolat, J. Barney Sherry, Rosita  
Marston, Beatrice Van, and Frank  
Clark.

**The Toll of the Sea** (Technicolor-Jury;  
Sept. 17)

A poignant little drama beautifully  
produced in colour and strongly  
reminiscent of Madame Butterfly  
except for the fact that the heroine  
is Chinese. Very good acting by  
Anna May Wong, Kenneth Harlan,  
Beatrice Bentley, Etta Lee, Ming  
Young, and Baby Marian. Excellent  
entertainment.

**Trifling Women** (*Jury; Sept. 10.*)

Rex Ingram's tragedy of a Parisian enchantress who comes to a direful, though not undeserved end. All-star cast includes Barbara La Marr, Pomeroy Cannon, Ramon Navarro, Edward Connelly, Lewis Stone, Hughie Mack, John George, and Joe Martin.

**The Wandering Jew** (*Stoll; Sept. 17.*)

Matheson Lang in a British made screen version of his stage success. Hutin Britton, Winifred Izard, Florence Saunders, Hubert Carter, Lionel D'Aragon, Malvina Longfellow, Shayle Gardner, Lewis Gilbert, Isobel Elsom, Gordon Hopkirk, Hector Abbas, Louise Conti, Fred Raynham, and Jerrold Robertshaw appear in support. Excellent entertainment with the star in his best form.

**Weavers of Fortune** (*Granger-Davidson; Sept. 27.*)

A pleasant pastoral containing some pleasant characters and charming scenic backgrounds. Henry Vibart, Myrtle Vibart, Dacia, Mrs. Hubert Willis, and Derek Glynn act well. Good entertainment.

**When Knighthood Was In Flower** (*Paramount; Sept. 3.*)

A pseudo-historical spectacular romance, showing Tudor England as she wasn't. Lavishly produced and capably played by Marion Davies, Forrest Stanley, Lyn Harding, Pedro de Cordoba, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Charles Gerrard, Flora Finch, Macey Harlam, and William Norris. An excellent though unconscious comedy burlesque.

**White Hands** (*H. & F.; Sept. 3.*)

Strong, slightly sordid drama of a young girl's danger in the desert, and how a child reforms a brute. Hobart Bosworth stars, and Robert McKim, Elinor Fair, Muriel Frances Dana, Freeman Ward, and Al Kaufman support. Forceful but interesting.

Jack Dempsey and Dinky Dean.



**White Youth** (*F. B. O.; Sept. 10.*)

Edith Roberts in a frail farcical comedy about a girl who insists upon following her own wishes as to marriage. Alfred Hollingsworth, Thomas Jefferson, Arnold Gregg, Hattie Peters, Lucas Luke, Sam Komella, Phyllis Allen, Alida D. Jones, Gertrude Pedlar, and Olga Mojean are in the cast. Fair entertainment.

**Within The Law** (*Ass. First National; Sept. 24.*)

An excellent picturisation of the popular play with Norma Talmadge as the girl, who, falsely imprisoned, revenges herself by eluding the law and marrying the son of her first accuser. The capable supporting cast includes Jack Mulhall, Lew Cody, Eileen Percy, Helen Ferguson, and Joseph Kilgour. It will have a two weeks run at the Marble Arch Pavilion, London.

**Within The Maze** (*Legrand-Granger; Sept. 10.*)

Rather a weak story of Mrs. Henry Wood's effectively picturised, and acted by Gerald Ames, Jean Angelo, Sylvia Grey, Christiane Lorraine, and Constance Worth. A fair mystery and adventure romance.

**Wonder Women of the World** (*Regent; Sept. 3.*)

The first four of a series of Two-reel historical romantic dramas. *Madame Recamier* (Sept 3), Malvina Longfellow and Charles Barrat; *The Empress Josephine* (Sept 10), Janet Alexander and Charles Barrat, Sylvia Caine, and Reginald Bach; *Simonne Evrard* (Sept 17), Marjorie Hume, Charles Barrat, and Dacia and *Henrietta Maria* (Sept. 24), Janet Alexander and Russell Thorndike. Good entertainment.

**The Worldly Madonna** (*Gaumont; Sept. 6.*)

Clara Kimball Young in a dual-role drama concerning the life of twin sisters, one a novice in a nunnery, and one a cabaret singer. Prominent in the supporting cast are: Richard Tucker, George Hackathorne, Count de Limur, William Marion, and Milla Davenport. Fair entertainment.

**The Yellow Typhoon** (*F. B. O.; Sept. 17.*)

A worst-woman in screenland melodrama with Anita Stewart as a bad character and a good one. Dual-role melodrama redeemed by fine acting and excellent production. Ward Crane, Joseph Kilgour, George Fisher, Donald MacDonald, and Edward Brady support.



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ARAMIS (Aberdeen).—You're a young lady of decided tastes. Have handed your postcard to *The Thinker*. Try Allied Artists, 86-88, Wardour Street, for stills from *The Three Musketeers* (Doug's.).

PERCY AND OTHER SEMONITES (Bolton).—So you're still at the head of the tribe, Percy. Thought I'd lost you. (1) Larry Semon's latest is *No Wedding Bells*, but this won't be released just yet. (2) Reginald Denny's a Lancashire lad who started his dramatic career in the Manchester Operatic Co. Served in the Air Force during the war and afterwards went to the States, where he was soon making pictures. His first starring role was in *The Leather Pushers*. Others in *The Kentucky Derby*, *The Suburban Handicap* and *Jaws of Steel*. He is a splendid boxer, and at one time thought of taking this up professionally. Married to Irene Haisman with one daughter, Barbara.

SIX IMPROVERS (Birmingham).—If you go on improving at this rate, PICTUREGOER ought to be an ideal paper. I'll bear your remarks in mind but I don't hold out any great hopes.

G. F. W. (Lancaster). *Lines of Fate*, the screened version of "The

Tragedy of the Korosko," by Sir A. Conan Doyle, has been filmed in Egypt by the Gaumont Co. Some of the players are: Wanda Hawley, Pedro de Cordoba, Nigel Barrie, Stewart Rome, Douglas Munro, and Edith Craig.

WATTLE (Queensland).—A melodrama is a play (or film) that makes an undisguised appeal to the emotions. Generally the action is slightly exaggerated to increase the effectiveness of the plot. "Sthat clear?"

W.M.S. (Blackpool).—Your little song of praise should fall sweetly on Von Stroheim's ears after the howls of hate to which they are accustomed. (1) Your hero is in the early thirties. (2) One of your requests was granted ere asked. An art plate of Garth Hughes appeared in PICTURES, July 1922. I'll put the other two on my list. (3) I never put readers' letters in the fire, when the note paper is such a thing of beauty as yours. "I would be vandalism."

ROD LOVER (Manchester) is surprised (pleasurably) to find that I'm not "a grey haired old dear," but "quite young." She then proceeds to bring my not yet gray hairs in sorrow to the grave with four pages of ques-

tions. (1) You have my sympathy, but I'm afraid I can't make film stars write to you. Send your letters to me in future and I'll see that they're forwarded to the right addresses. (2) Certainly it's not a wig. Her hair is lobbed. (3) Douglas Maclean's 5ft. 9½ins. in height. (4) Gloria Swanson's 5ft. 3in. in height. (5) All film stars do *not* have false eyelashes, so cease these unworthy suspicions. The make-up used makes the lashes look so long and wiry. (6) Ralph Forbes was "Stephen Greenfield" in *The Fifth Form of St. Dominics*. Write him e/o PICTUREGOER. You're qualifying for that Rod my lass. More another time.

MAUREEN (Sutherland).—Your questions are answered in the interview with Rudolph, appearing on another page of *Picturegoer*. You're evidently a young lady of decided opinions.

Y. B. A.—Sorry, your turn's only just come round. "Chiripa" isn't mentioned in the cast of *Blood and Sand*. Try Famous-Lasky, 166-170, Wardour Street, London, W. 1.

AN INTERESTED READER (Norwood).—The late Beatrice Dominguez danced the celebrated tango with Rudolph Valentino, in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*—not Virginia Warwick.

G. R. D. (Baker Street).—Many thanks!

PICTURE MAD (Saltash).—(1) Rudolph will probably return to the screen in the autumn, if his legal difficulties are settled. (2) Films are often shown outside London, before their official release date. (3) Much is being done to stop cruelty to animals on the stage and screen, and I think you can rest assured that most of the good Film Companies, don't ill treat their four footed actors. (4) Jackie Coogan's latest are *Circus Days* and *Long Live the King*.

RUDOLPHY (Berks).—I shall have to be very severe with you. No more remarks like these in your letter, please or this column will see you no more. Sorry, we haven't that cast.

TOSC (Aberdeen).—Cheer up laddie. Even Aberdeen can't be so bad as all that. (1) Violet Hopson is married. (2) Interview with Ruth Roland appeared in *Picturegoer* for June, 1921. Some more of your favourite's photos will appear shortly.

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**RUDY'S FRIEND** (*Emmer Green*).—Glad you had such a nice letter from your favourite. At present he is touring the Continent, on his way to his birthplace, Italy, but he may possibly return to England later.

**L. D.** (Rhos-on-Sea).—Many thanks for my identification disc. It will relieve the strain of having to remember my own name. Hope you have a nice holiday.

**HELEN** (of Troy), **MACGREGOR** (Edinburgh).—Having at various times been likened unto Wallace Reid, Ralph Graves, Henry VIII, and the parish curate, your assertion that I resemble Earle Williams moves me not at all. (1) You're right. Milton Sills in June *Picturegoer*, page 20, not Monte Blue. That was a slip of the caption writer's pen. (2) Rex Davis isn't married at all—certainly not to Lillian Hall Davies. (3) Alma Taylor's next releases are *Comin' Through the Rye* and *Strangling Threads*. (4) Earle Williams was born at Sacramento, California, 1880. After a long stage career, he decided in 1911, to turn his attention to the screen, and his first picture was a one reeler entitled *The Thumb Print*. Some of his films are *The Grell Mystery*, *The Seal of Silence*, *The Highest Trump*, *A Rogue's Romance*, *The Hornet's Nest*, *The Wolf*, *The Black Gate*, *The Christian*, *My Official Wife*, *The Juggernaut*, *The Purple Cipher*, *Diamonds Adrift*, *The Silver Car*, and *Lucky Carson*. Write and ask your favourite for a signed photo. I'm sure he will let you have it if you ask in your usual winning manner. Send the letter here and I will see that it is forwarded to the right address.

**CYMRU** (Llandudno).—Glad you like *Picturegoer*. I note that you belong to the mighty Sisterhood of the "Rave-over-Rudy's."

**STARK STARING MAD** (Cheltenham).—You have my sympathy, but you're not alone in your affliction. (1) Send all letters to film stars in plain stamped envelopes, to this office, and they will be forwarded to the right addresses. (2) All you want to know about Rudolph is contained in the interview with him in this issue of *Picturegoer*. The next person to draw me with a beard will suffer a sudden and painful death.

**YOUNG FRUIT** (Burnley).—No, I don't mind, anything cool in this weather. (1) You'll find a list of British Studios in *The Studio*, 2d. post free, from The Publishing Dept., Long Acre. (2) The late Wallace Reid was 32 when he died. His widow is Dorothy Davenport, the film star. (3) The latest film is *Human Wreckage*, dealing with the menace of the drug evil. The girl who can get on the films (and stick there), now, when hundreds of

experienced players are out of work is one of the celebrated "Seven Wonders." Take my advice and play charades at home, if you must have an outlet for your dramatic talents.

**STELLA MARIS** (New Brighton).—Your letter has been sent to the Publishing Dept. An interview with Rudy appears in this issue of *Picturegoer*. One with Mary Pickford appears in *Picturegoer* for January, 1922.

**SHARLEY** (Park Lane).—(1) Tom Moore and Isobel Elson appear in *Harbour Lights*. (2) Cast of *The Silver Lining*, "The Angel," Jewel Carmen, "Robert Ellington," Leslie Austin; "George Johnson," Cort Albertson; "Evelyn Schofield," Virginia Valli; "Gentle Amie," Julia Swayne Gordon; "Big Joe," J. Herbert Frank; "George Schofield," Edward Davis; "Mrs. George Schofield," Marie Coverdale; "Billy Dean," Gladden James; "Eugene Narcom," Theodore Babcock; "Burton Hardy," Charles Wellesley; "Mr. Baxter," Henry Sedley; "Mrs. Baxter," Jule Powers; "Friend of Baxter's," Arthur Donaldson; "A Detective," Paul Everton; "The Dancers," Carl Hyson and Dorothy Dickson. (3) Clive Brook plays with Lillian Hall Davies in *Stable Companions*.

**TWINKLE** (Penge).—Rudolph's left England now, but he'll probably be coming back later. Lillian Gish was "The Woman Who Rocked the Cradle" in *Intolerance*.

**NICOLETTE** (Hampton Wick).—An interview with your favourite—*used* I say his name?—appears in this issue of *Picturegoer*. *Blood and Sand* was filmed on the Famous Lasky set—not in Spain.

#### Free Stage Training for Girls.

One of the most attractive offers ever made to would-be stage-stars is announced by Messrs. Pritchard and Constance on an advertisement page in this issue. A competition, the prizes for which include free stage training with all living expenses paid and a liberal dress allowance, is open to all users of the celebrated Amami Shampoos. The conditions are extremely simple and no aspirant to theatrical fame should miss this chance of a life time. The contest is being run in conjunction with Mr. Andre Charlot, the famous London revue producer, who will personally sponsor the fortunate prize-winners on the commencement of their stage career. We hope that all our feminine readers will communicate with Messrs. Pritchard and Constance, 57, Haymarket, London, W.1, from whom full particulars may be obtained. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope and an empty sachet of Amami Shampoo, and you will receive full details and an official entry form. Mention "*The Picturegoer*" when writing.

## PICTURE MAKING IN SPAIN

(Continued from page 44).

ejaculated, roused from my reverie. "Seven o'clock, seven o'clock," shouted the producer, roaring with laughter, why it's Wednesday! You've had too much of that wine."

Most of the exteriors in this new Aubert film were taken with the aid of a small moving picture camera, so small that it could be placed in the pocket. The camera in question is a new idea altogether, and although it can only hold fifty feet of film at the time it can be loaded in daylight and is decidedly useful.

A great deal of mountain climbing had to be done for this picture, and it was quite out of the question to take with them such large cameras as are now in use in French studios.

There surely was never a more beautiful nor more docile animal than that horse Beppo before it met Felix Ford. But every time it saw us coming in the distance it wrinkled its nose into frightful grimaces and turned its head away.

We asked the reason of this to the keeper of the cabaret. "It is quite simple," he said, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders, more like a shimmy movement than anything else, "you both look so terribly English in your Spanish costumes that the horse is disgusted. In your European clothes you look as if you were born in Barcelona!"

Three days later I left Ronda for Madrid on my way back to London.

"Adios, *Picturegoer*!" said Felix Ford, wiping away a tear.

"What does that mean?" I asked testily.

"It is the Spanish for Good-bye *Picturegoer*!" he said.

"Prussic Acid to you, Senhor," I replied with a farewell handshake, "that means Good-bye in every language."

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THIS month's post seems to have brought in a very fine crop of grumbles. We must put it down to the heat waves, I guess, for you

*Seasonable  
Spart.*

have let yourselves go full pelt and the air is blue with cuss-words. Stars, films, producers, and picture palace managers have all come in for their share. But grumbling is after all, a healthy sign, for if you grumble intelligently, your wrongs will be righted sooner or later, and, as a letter from Yorkshire dated in August reminds me, it's certainly the open grouse season now.

"I think the booming of screen stars very foolish," writes W. F. (Leeds). "It hits the very people responsible, *i.e.* the producers in the long

*Every Little  
Bit Helps*

run, for as soon as the star is known and liked, either a tremendous increase in salary is extorted, or else another film company gets his or her services. I say one person does not make a film, support counts quite a lot, even the 'supers' help a little not to speak of the invisible army behind the scenes."

IN a weekly paper a hot discussion has been carried on by letter about the adaptation of novels. Opinions are very mixed, some authors swear by the *Get Busy* scenario, who adapted their works and swear at all others, and vice versa. One producer declares

that the blame for unsatisfactory adaptations lies in the books themselves, since they were written before the screen was dreamed of, and that the remedy lies in original screen stories by favourite novelists. What do you think? *Marius (Turnham Green)*.

"I have seen my favourite actor in my favourite book, that is Rudolph Valentino in 'The Sheik,' and both were splendid. But Agnes

*Batches of  
Them!*

Ayres spoilt the film, she was nothing like the 'Diana' of the book. Eileen Percy would have been lots better. Why have the producers spoiled a splendid film by miscasting the heroine in this fashion?" E. T. (Nottingham). A similar epistle from *Picture-ite (Bury St Edmunds)*, waxes furious upon George Carpentier in *The Gipsy Cavalier* thus: "Why should so promising a cinematographical infant be handicapped thus. They are trying to make him run before he has learned to walk."

"SOME of Dickens' works would make really sensible, interesting serials," volunteers F. M. (Harringay). Not the ridiculous

*Sensible  
Serials*

collections of stunts and thrills that come via America under that name. I feel sure that thousands of Dickens' fans would attend regularly if they could see well produced long versions of their favourite author's works. In conclusion, we should recollect that

nearly all Dickens' novels were written for serial publication, therefore if the written word can stand that form, surely serial films would be acceptable."

"MOST of the films now showing are sob-stuff," complains *Phyllis (Yorkshire)*. "Full of domestic troubles which most of us

*Craving for  
Romance.*

can see for ourselves outside the movies. Who wants to know why she left him, and what brought her back again? I'm sure I do not. I like to be carried far away from this work-a-day world and its worries when I go to the pictures. Why do we not get more productions like Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm*, and *The Four Horsemen*, which is the greatest film of all I think. These are the pictures everyone needs."

"LEAVE eternal triangle movies to the Americans," is the burden of *Charles II (London's)* song. Yankees understand such stuff and do it well. But

*Advice for British Producers.* actors, actresses, and all concerned

do not shine in such stories. Therefore I beg them to stick to costume romances, spending more time and money on them than they do at present. Then these would command an international market. 'King Arthur and His Knights,' and 'Canterbury Tales' are crying out to be picturised, and I expect they will be—by Americans—sooner or later. Shame!

"TO add my mite," declares *Thinkette (Hull)*. "At

the present time Milton Sills is doing the best work, and he should be heralded as one of the great stars. The British public, to be true to their temperament, should prefer him to Valentino—indeed to Tom Meighan and poor Wallace Reid, who, tho' sterling actors, just lack the final polish that the Britishers' *piece de resistance*. Whoever is the rage in America seems to become automatically the centre of attraction in the United Kingdom. It's all wrong. We are essentially different from the Americans, and we've surdy enough originality and freedom left to support our own choice, and I could write reams on this subject, but being merciful, I desist." Thanks!

*The Thinker*



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# WHAT OCTOBER BRINGS

## NOTES AND NEWS OF THE MONTH'S BEST FILMS.



Guy Bates Post as Omar *The Tentmaker*.

**O**MAR THE TENTMAKER. Behind the artistry of the picture is a story of surprising dramatic strength. The curtain rises upon young Omar, the student of whims who neglects his books to idle in the tavern, scribble verses and plan an improved calendar, the mere thought of which was regarded as heresy. His companions are Nizan and Hassan and his love, the beautiful Shireen, only daughter of Imam Mowaffak.

Shireen had the misfortune to please the eye of the Shah of Shahs who demanded her for his household. She and Omar had been secretly married but dared not tell. When she spurned the Shah she was thrown into a dungeon until the arrival of her child made her name a disgrace and caused the Shah to order her death. She sent her baby girl to Omar for protection, expecting the end; but the attendants feared to kill the daughter of Imam and sold her into slavery instead.

Years rolled on to the time when people recited Omar's verses and looked upon him as a poet. He stitched his tents, quietly protecting the girl he had adopted and cherishing the memory

of her mother. His old blood comrades had separated, Nizam to become Grand Vizier and Hassan Governor of Naishapur by Nizam's appointment.

Omar comes into disfavour because of his stand against the thievery of the officials. An escaped Crusader makes his way to Omar's home and is given shelter by Omar and Young Shireen. Discovery follows and death by torture is ordered for Omar for sheltering one of alien faith. To reminders of former friendship Hassan, only too anxious to be rid of one who might expose the grafting of officials, is deaf. The pledge of eternal friendship is forgotten.

The torture is invoked. Omar suffers excruciating pain and is ready to succumb when word of his plight is brought to Nizam. The Grand Vizier has not forgotten the pledge. He rushes to the rescue at the head of his troops, frees Omar and metes justice to Hassan for his perfidy towards friends and duty.

The return of the long lost elder Shireen and her reunion with Omar, following her freedom, reveals to young Shireen that she is really Omar's daughter and results in a happy reunion.

This entrancing romance set in a wealth of scenic environment is well worth while.



Virginia Brown Faire in "Omar."

**T**HE DANGEROUS AGE. Most motion picture writers and directors believe that to make an entertaining picture it is necessary to tell a tale of lovers, with their impending marriage as the climax. But there is one daring motion picture director who has smashed this precedent.



He generally starts his stories where other directors leave off. In other words, he begins with a tale of married life. And his success has been sensational. This director is John M. Stahl, whose productions are released through Associated First National Pictures. Stahl has demonstrated that it is possible to produce a photoplay with a powerful appeal even though it is not based on "puppy love."

In *The Dangerous Age*, his latest and best production, the chief characters are a couple of forty. The man does not feel his age, and continuously seeks diversion, while his wife is thoroughly domesticated and does not sympathise with his views. Out of that situation Stahl has made a picture that is destined to take its place as among the best of the year.

**F**URY. *Fury*, Richard Barthelmess' new production, has brought about the screen reunion of the star and Dorothy Gish. *Fury* is an English story of the sea. To get the proper atmosphere, a four-masted schooner was especially chartered and was at sea for three weeks. The result is a picture which has earned the praise of D. W. Griffith as one of the greatest pictures ever produced.



Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish

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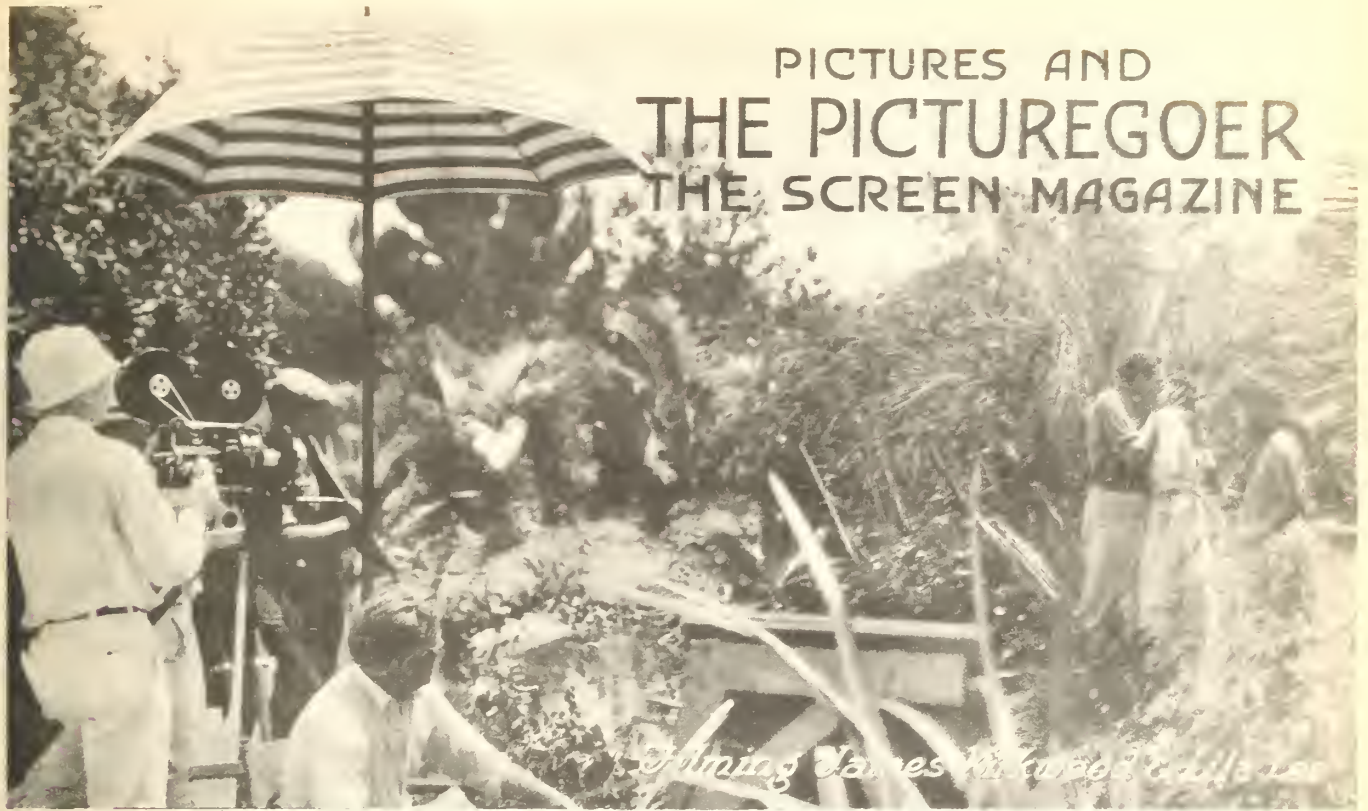


*Florence Vidor*

**BILLIE DOVE**

*A recruit from the Ziegfeld Follies who made her screen debut with Constance Talmadge and rose rapidly to stardom*

# PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN MAGAZINE



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## Our October Movie Calendar



ON this date we come to the end of Summer Time in the film industry. Clocks put back ten years.

2.—Twice one.

3.—Anniversary wedding Miss Dot Dash, eminent film star.

4.—D. W. Griffith demands to be told what *Daily News* means by "better pictures."

5.—Tivoli, London, running latest American features before New York, 1923.

6.—Tivoli, Rome, ditto, 55 B.C.

7.—Pictures first produced by wireless, 1930.

8.—Protest against same by other mechanical producers.

9.—Anniversary wedding Miss Dot Dash.

10.—Mr. William Sykes opens Super Kinema in London, 11 p.m.

11.—Violet Hopson's birthday. Or some other date.

12.—Tom Mix makes personal appearance British Kinemas, 1925.

13.—Secretary Colossal Movies, Ltd., makes personal disappearance.

14.—Woman scientist perfects talking pictures, 1945.

15.—Eternal triangle joins trade union as protest against over-work.

16.—Los Angeles renamed Mt. Ararat, 1924.

17.—America's latest and greatest released. Shade of Columbus apologises.

18.—Swedish photoplayer arrested for happiness, 1923.

19.—Last two-reel comedy, 1919, it seems to us.

20.—Anniversary birth Movie Serial. National mourning.

21.—Editor *Picturegoer* cuts joke about "Hearts and Flowers" out of Movie Calendar. Says it's beyond a joke now.

22.—Eminent producer claims film criticism is a crime.

23.—Eminent critic claims it is a punishment.

24.—Talmadge pictures create furore in Shetlands, 1999.

25.—Gent. in uniform completes tenth year at door of certain Kinema, 1923. Congratulated by critics.

26.—Mr. Somebody opens kinema in Lapland. Verdict: "Death through Misadventure."

27.—Anniversary wedding Miss Dot Dash.

28.—Eternal triangle commits suicide.

29.—Scottish Movies, Ltd., favour one-reelers.

30.—Scottish Moviegoers, Unltd., favour ten-reelers.

31.—November Eve.



*Sessue Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki*

# Japan Invades France

OSCAR M. SHERIDAN

**B**oom, Boom, Boooooom!  
The thundering of heavy naval guns in the distance heralds the approach of enemy war craft. The Japanese fleet centred around Port Arthur awaits the signal that was to send its men-of-war at top speed in the direction of Tsu Schima—a grim, foreboding island of grey rock.

High up above the island wreaths of greyish black smoke tell of the impending danger—tell tale clouds that came from the blazing, red hot furnaces of the Russian war vessels doing 24 knots in an attempt to reach Port Arthur and take the Japanese fleet unawares.

Japanese light cruisers sent out of Manchurian waters, reconnoitre and send back word of the approach of the enemy fleet. Vigilant eyes from the conning towers of submarines, from the "look outs" of immense dreadnoughts, and from the summit of the fortress of Port Arthur, confirm the fact and a hundred guns are trained on a spot in a direct line between the Manchurian port and the Japanese waters.

In one of the look-outs towering over all others, with a line of vision looking far down into the funnels of the destroyers and other battleships beside it, the Commander of the Fleet is watching the awe-inspiring scene with the light of battle in his eyes, his hands clutching the rails of the tower, his whole body crouched in an attitude of impatience as he waits for the appearance of smoke on the horizon. Thousands of eyes are directed, first towards Tsu Schima and then towards the Admiral of the Fleet, the Marquis Yorisaka Sadao, strikingly handsome, slightly built, of rather small stature, one of his hands gripping the rails before him so tightly that his blue veins stand out like knotted whip-cord, and the other resting on the lever that directs the fire controls.

A hissing of steam, a short, sharp hoot of the syren, and . . . nearly a hundred guns spoke . . . in no uncertain manner. The scene in front was hidden by a wall of water, huge typhoon-like jets, hundreds of feet high and a blank wall of smoke.

Then the fleet began moving—eager

for the first encounter. Firing as they advanced, first one, then another of the fast light cruisers set off, followed at a more leisurely pace by the stately dreadnoughts in battle formation. A barrage of fire, a sea of rolling, tossing waves, interspersed with red fire and huge clouds of yellowish smoke and vapour, the smell of burning gunpowder—and the battle was in progress.

The hand that started the fight now held a gold and silver sword, and the face behind it was aglow with excitement, and exultation at the thought of the fierce encounters that from then onwards would be the *ordre du jour*.

Three hours of fierce fighting and the Russian vessels withdrew into port—the same port as the Japanese fleet it may be mentioned and arm in arm, Japanese and Russian sailors, captains and commanders adjourned for lunch. It was a welcome change from the scenes of a moment ago.

In a cabin aboard the "Jean Bart," one of France's finest battleships, I had lunch with the Admiral of the Japanese fleet (admirably made of French vessels) the Marquis Yorisaka Sadao,



or to give him his real name, Sessue Hayakawa. On his right at the table sat Commander Herbert W. Fergan, in other words Felix Ford, while at the other end of the dining-table sat Gabriel Signoret, the well-known French screen artiste and Mdlle. Gina Palerme.

"Well, what do you think of the battle scenes. Are they not very realistic?" asked Sessue Hayakawa. Judging by the weird noises I was experiencing in the head and my buzzing ear-drums, they must have been. Also that feeling inside of me! Listening to the pounding of 14-inch naval guns while the battleship itself was doing its best to leap out of the water into the air, believe me, is not the ideal existence.

On my left sat M. Vandal, whose production *La Bataille* is, and on my right M. E. E. Violet, the French *metteur en scene* and chief producer of the screen version of Claude Farrere's novel.

It is M. Violet's intention to make *La Bataille* the most realistic photoplay yet attempted by France. It was five years ago that the idea of filming the story first came to Violet and ever since he has been laying his plans with great care. The talented French producer, however, came to the conclusion that there was only one man to fill the role of the Marquis Yorisaka Sadao, and that was none other than Sessue Hayakawa, the famous Japanese actor. Therefore he and his wife, Tsuru Aoki are here.

Mr. Hayakawa rose from the table and we went on deck. A few minutes later the remarkable and realistic battle scenes were renewed. These scenes alone cost two and half million francs to stage as the cost of gun-powder and various other accessories has to be taken into consideration, and although the big expenditure, that of the hiring of the vessels was avoided by the kindness of the Minister of Marines, these little items soon mount up.

It is probably the first time that such a realistic battle on sea and land has been waged for the purposes of a film, and Toulon, the French port where it took place, resembled during those few days more a town under bombardment than a peaceful little sea-port.

The rolling of the battleships was so pronounced that the cameras had to be tied to the deck with ropes and pulleys, and it was only by entwining their arms



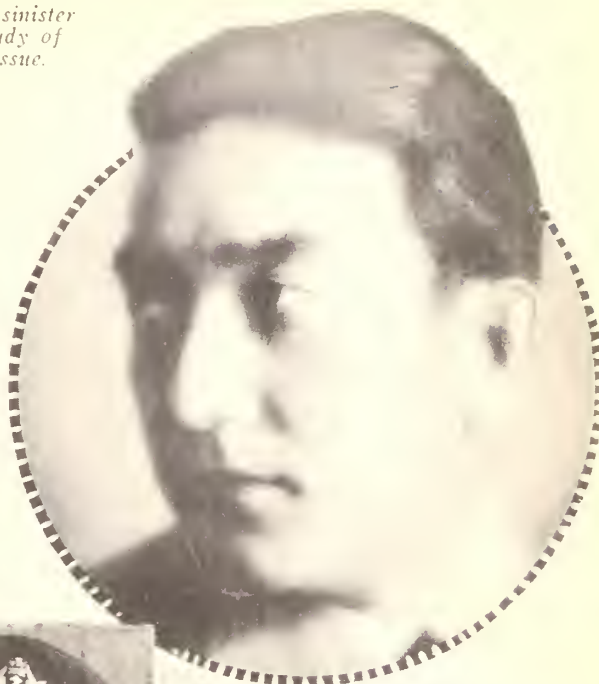
Hayakawa and his wife on the way to the studio

about the tripods that the cameramen were able to stay near their apparatus. "It is the most fatiguing experience we have ever had," said M. Asselin, the chief cameraman, "every few seconds immense waves came hurtling across deck, drenching us to the skin, while shells (and even dummy ones are dangerous) passed so close to us, that we had to duck to evade a collision."

"Anyhow it is the most 'true-to-life' picture I have ever taken part in" was Sessue Hayakawa's comment.

Hayakawa is not as handsome off as on the screen, he is infinitely more so. His skin has a healthy tan and he looks, at times, like an Englishman whose

A sinister study of Sessue.



Right: Felix Ford as Herbert W. Fergan.

travels abroad have given him a foreign appearance. He is of fine, athletic build, and the very mould of his countenance suggests great strength of character. Most interesting about him, however, are his eyes. At moments they are steely in their gaze, compelling one to drop one's own, and at others they rivet one's attention so that it is impossible to remove one's glance before he does. But usually they are smiling and shine with a sympathetic light.

There is one really big drawback in producing *La Bataille*, and that is that M. Violet does not speak a word of English and M. Hayakawa hardly any French. However, they manage to get along all right with the help of Ford, who interprets, and the filming of the novel is "progressing favourably."



The Hollywood home of the Hayakawas.

# Gamblers All

they had a great deal of trouble to find enough professional gamblers to appear in those scenes. Amateurs wouldn't do. They handled their "winnings" too lovingly for one reason. Some of them touched their cards as though they were red-hot and this all registered too faithfully. So "Von" imported over a hundred professionals and

had them coach the others. One or two of these liked Hollywood so much that they settled down there and soon found themselves in active demand in the studios to superintend gaming scenes in movies. In *Renunciation*, for instance, another Universal production, four gamblers whose names are known all over America, supervised the Western scenes. These were The Montana Kid, the Cherokee Kid (retired now, but once the most notorious gambler in the world), Lee Glowner, a New York Professional, and a certain Charles Brinley, who had been in Goldfield and Reno years ago when these places were in their hey-day. All producers are not so careful though. If you are well up in these things you can often spot inaccuracies. Watch the next Wild West picture carefully. When the card players get busy in the "den" notice whether they're seated on stools or chairs. If it's chairs then someone hath blundered. The real Western gambling hall always has stools.

All sorts of games are shown on the screen and all sorts of gamblers. There are very interesting Venetian gambling hall scenes in *The Man Without Desire*, and the room is also shown, where the aristocrats of that period used to foregather before and after their game, to talk scandal, or compare notes upon their fortunes. There are certain definite ideas as to what a gambler ought to look like. The "joint" shown in *The Old Nest* was peopled with real gambling types, hand-picked by police experts. When it is a question of Chinese gambling to be done, things are easy because all Chinese indulge in this pernicious pursuit from birth. When Betty Compson's *At the End of the World* was filmed at Lasky's, a selection of Chinamen

Henry Walthall in "The Long Chance."

If the lights in a picture theatre were suddenly turned fully on in the middle of one of the big gambling scenes so prevalent in the movies, the odds are twenty to one that the intent "gambler's look" of the actors therein would be found reflected faithfully upon the faces of nine-tenths of the audience. For the gambling instinct is strong within most of us and Great God Chance finds his devotees everywhere. Concealed beneath some unlikely exteriors sometimes. Like the perfect type of maiden aunt who watched the Monte Carlo scenes in *Foolish Wives* with strained attention and declared audibly that they were the only parts of the film worth seeing and that they had been taken on the spot. Everyone knows by now that they weren't taken on the spot, but on the huge Universal "set" Eric of the Monocle put up in Hollywood. What everyone may not know is that when it was being made



Above Harold Lloyd has original card-playing methods. Below: Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter gamble tête-à-tête in "Don't Tell Everything"



The Monte Carlo scene in "Foolish Wives"



Viola Dana skins Buster Keaton at Poker.

was made from the Los Angeles Chinese quarter. The sinews and implements of war were provided and they got busy at once. The trouble was to stop them once they started. And when one won and began to sing, and the others joined him in a sort of chantey, the whole studio went down on its knees to them and prayed them to desist. If you've ever heard a Chinaman sing you'll sympathize. Quite the funniest comedy card incident to date is the one in *Doctor's Orders*, wherein Harold Lloyd promises a girl to break-up a poker game. He does so by surreptitiously handing all four players cast-iron cards, and the expressions of these worthies before and after the show-down are a study. Big events often hang upon the turn of a card in movie plots. In *The Girl of the Golden West*, the heroine plays for her lover's life with Rance, the Sheriff. She wins one hand, he wins the next, and the third time she uses

cards she had previously concealed in her stocking. In *The White Raven*, the only Ethel Barrymore film extant, the whole plot hinges upon the fact that the heroine plays cards with herself as the stake.

For one of her recent dramas Pauline Frederick had to impersonate a woman who ran a kind of hotel in the South Seas, and to make her characterisation complete, she studied with an expert at cards and games of all kinds for a fortnight. She was in despair of ever learning to turn a roulette wheel with the necessary nonchalance. Especially when her instructor remarked one day that it takes years to learn those artistic little flicks and touches which stamp the professional at this gentle pastime. Really, it's too bad of them to put gambling scenes into films at all. But they have always done it from the earliest days of the kinema. One of the most popular serials of its day was *The Trey O' Hearts*.

Grace Darmond in "Girls Don't Gamble"



Dorothy Dalton as a gaming-hall girl in "A Fool's Paradise."



Hoot Gibson and a fair deceiver

and its intriguing title was not the least of its manifold attractions. Cleo Madison has many a tale to tell of this movie. Tom Gallon's *The Touch of a Child*, was a movie in which chance was to decide which of two men had to die. And chance here took the form of a kiddie who loved both. The one whom the child touched first was to be the chosen man. Fate stepped in and inspired the baby to put an arm round the neck of each simultaneously and so both situation and bloodshed were saved. Still, gambling is an evil habit, it is certainly stage three on the downward path, and the consequences are awful. But it is inevitable that it should pervade motion pictures for the movie game itself is the biggest gamble of all. J.L.

# Protean Pauline

Pauline Starke is a versatile little star.

Pauline Starke really is a surprising young lady. She is so intense and lachrymose, (when she isn't being persecuted) on the screen that one might naturally expect to find her a serious-minded girl away from the studios. But she isn't. She's very serene, but very light-hearted—quite an ordinary carefree ingénue.

"Meet my best pal and severest critic. I thank thee, Merton, for teaching me that phrase," she began, the moment I entered her Hollywood home. As there was no one there, but Pauline and no one had entered except myself, I looked around in some surprise.

"She's here," said Pauline demurely, pointing a long finger at herself. I sank into the nearest chair to recover.

"I suppose you know best," I murmured, "It's too hot to argue, anyway."

Pauline Starke in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"



Pauline agreed. "I think it's too hot to talk, really," she teased. "I suppose you couldn't ask questions in dumb show and have me answer in the same language?"

"You'd find it too hot to act the story of your life surely?"

"It's never too hot or too cold or too anything for acting," replied Pauline Starke, mighty serious, all of a sudden. And knowing what I knew of her career, I knew she was speaking right from her heart.

I knew Pauline, you see, when she and her mother came to Fine Arts Studio. That was when Griffith was making *The Birth Of A Nation*. Polly Starke was about fourteen, all eyes and legs and freckles. Her pathetic little face has altered some since then, though she still has that air of wistful, childlike appeal; but her eyes, as then, are her most remarkable feature. They are grey, and rather wide apart, and their usual expression is one of haunting sweetness. But they reflect every passing mood, and are most fascinating to watch. For the rest, Pauline is a dainty little person, slender and graceful, with curly dark-brown hair and pale clear skin.

"Of course you know how I revel in emotion," she continued, after a moment. "I've just been informed by little Thelma Salter, who is in my new film that I'm too serious. So I'm doing my best to remember I have got a funny bone. I think I shall have to try playing in a comedy-drama once, just to see how I like it."

"Don't do that." I interrupted.

"Oh Please let me do a comedy-drama. Just one," she pleaded mockingly. "I've wept through so many pictures. Do you know the troubles I've been through during most of my best screen impersonations? I'm always the

poor orphan, full of vicissitudes, or the poor relation nobody wants."

"Or the injured innocent," I put in, as she stopped for breath. "But you've never been a fluffy ingénue."

"No, I'm not the type," she said, regarding herself in the long glass that stands in one corner of that charming putty and rose room.

"I'm rather glad. I don't want to fluff."

She likes character make-up though and fairly revelled in her South Sea Islander's role in *Lost and Found*. "It was very thrilling playing with Antonio Moreno," she confessed. "I used to watch him when I first went to Vitagraph's for *Marge O'Doone*. I hadn't an idea then that we'd meet at Goldwyn's later on." Looking far too childlike to have had all that experience Pauline rapidly sketched for me her early career.



Pauline as herself and in a character role



That night, the child met her at the door of their very humble lodgings with the money she had earned triumphantly held aloft, and cried. "See, see, mother! Now I've found something I can do and you won't have to work so hard." How could she scold?

Anyway, Pauline went on being an extra. She had to wear padded clothes often, because she was given adult roles. After a month or two she was taken into D. W. G's regular stock company. With Mildred Harris, Carmel Myers, Bessie Love, Mary Alden, Mae Marsh and Constance Talmadge she was guaranteed the minimum of two day's work every week at five dollars a day. Extra days, extra dollars, of course. "Mother used to play, too, sometimes," she told me. The rest of the time she was sewing. We lived in an hotel, quite near the studios, but I never wanted to go home. I liked to stay watching things. I was in *The Shoes That Danced*, and *Innocent's Progress*, and *Irish Eyes*, and many other Triangle plays. Then when Triangle broke up

fer twice, and stand all the way going home often.

She progressed, though slowly. From a maid's part in an Olive Thomas picture, via a good role in *The Romany Rye*, and the coveted honour of being Clara Kimball Young's sister in *Eyes of Youth*, to playing opposite Jack Pickford in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, and since then has never looked back or been out of work.

Pauline Starke and her mother are devoted to each other. They are quite alone in the world, and Pauline vigorously scouts any idea of marrying. "No time to spare," she said when I asked her why she hadn't settled down. She finds time for golfing, riding, swimming, car drives, and dancing, however.

At present she's playing in an all star production for Choice Pictures, directed by William Clifford, with Eileen Percy, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Eva Novak, Sheldon Lewis, Truc Boardman, and other interesting folk.

Just as I took my leave Mrs. Starke arrived, and Pauline with an arm around her shoulders called after me.

"You know I misled you with that first remark of mine, *This is my*—you know the rest of that sentence I believe. I've lots of pals but mother is the only one who really counts." Which is exactly what the little girl in the green sweater told me the first time I met her.

VIOLA McCONNELL.

In "Passions of the Sea"

"We were poor," she said. "Very poor when I was a kiddie. Mother was working in the costume department at Fine Arts Studio, and I was at school. And I was promised a day at the Studio if I was very good."

"It was a wonderful experience, my first sight of Griffith at work. I stared and stared and stared. I don't know if it was my eyes or the bright green sweater I had on over my best frock but Griffith came over and spoke to me for a minute or two. He said something to mother about my having the makings of a screen player in me."

The next chapter in the story came when the small sinner, instead of going to school, followed her mother to the studio, hung about well out of her parent's sight for a day or two and then had the good luck to be engaged as an extra in a scene or two of *The Birth Of A Nation*. Imagine the surprise of Mrs. Starke, when, answering a hurry-call to repair a flounce on Lillian Gish's gown she saw her daughter chattering excitedly as she adjusted a big bonnet over her rather heavily "made-up" face. Pauline's mother, though, was wise and went away without saying a word.



There is a world of pathos in her eyes.

Ince's kept me on as stock player and I reported every day for six months without ever having a single bit to do. I had all the time I wanted for looking about me then. I had to go right out to Culver City, a two hours' journey from home."

"Different now," she smiled. "When our car takes Mother and I anywhere we want to go. Then it was board a street car at the corner, trans-



# Studio Scandalmongering

Sheridan in the Studio.

It was a tropical afternoon, with not a breath of air stirring the branches of the trees in the studio grounds. I collapsed on a divan just inside the studio and took a deep breath and decided that after all there were hotter places. Scarcely had I seated myself, however, than I heard what at first seemed to be a poultry farm let loose, but after squeezing myself through a forest of "flats" and furniture, I discovered that the "cackling hens" were none other than members of "The School for Scandal" doing their worst.

Like a mother hen telling her companions all about the high price of eggs. Mary Brough sat amidst the leading scandal-mongers of the famous School, and I heard her say "And they do say—" and what she said about a certain lady of the play nearly shocked me. I had always liked Mary Brough, but I had never believed her capable of tearing anyone's reputation to such shreds! Then the click of the camera ceased and the deep voice of "Mrs. Candour" called for something cool to drink.

Bertram Phillips, who was directing the scene, sat beside the camera wearing a long white linen coat—one which reminded me of Lord's Cricket Ground. He looked hotter than any of the artistes, and by his exclamation when I greeted him it proved that he felt hotter than he looked.

Then Queenie Thomas, the "Lady Teazle" of this five-reel film, literally swept on to the "set." Although she had been working for some weeks in the billowy and voluminous frocks of the period, she had obviously not succeeded in getting them properly under control. "Ooh!" she gasped, as she advanced.

*Joseph's advances are not welcomed with delight by "Lady Teazle."*



Queenie Thomas who plays Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal"



Joseph Surface (Basil Rathbone), Sir Harry Bumper (Fatty Phillips), and Charles Surface (John Stuart), engaged in one of their favourite pursuits

"Now what's the matter?" enquired Bertram Phillips.

"You've never worn a frock with an 18 inch waist when the temperature is 115 degrees, or you would say it too,"

Queenie replied. "But 'They do say'—murmured Phillips, returning to the script—"Yes!" he announced.

"This is where the scandal-mongers get at you and Joseph," he told Lady Teazle, and after rehearsing the scene several times with Basil Rathbone, looking resplendent in the white wig and satins of "Joseph," Queenie collapsed into the nearest chair.

After a word to Miss Thomas' dresser, the costume was loosened a little, and filming proceeded. Whilst listening to Mary Brough's marvellous imitation of a lady whose sole business was to repeat scandal, I concluded that the best way to avoid being talked about was to avoid the members of "the School"—lest even innocence should give rise to suspicion. So I left the studio, wondering what "Benjamin Backbite," and the rest of them would find to say about me.



# Chu Chin Chow

"In days of Yore and in Times and Tides long gone before there dwelt in a certain city of Persia two brothers, one named Kasim Baba, and the other Ali Baba—" Thus runs the old Arabian Nights story of The Forty Thieves. This twentieth century edition is an animated version-de-luxe, telling the favourite Tale of the East anew in celluloid.

Sunrise across the boundless waste of the great desert. Afar a cavalcade of fierce bearded horsemen, striking camp as the first rays of morning gleam upon the steel trappings of their steeds. At a word from their Arab leader, they gallop smoothly, almost soundlessly over the mighty sand banks. Over the palm-fringed oasis, a roseate light touches the white tents and the circle of tethered horses marking the abiding place of a desert tribe. A ring of metal against metal as a turbaned warrior leaps from his steed and uplifts his voice in song. "O for an hour with thee, Love, and one golden hour, My Desert Flower." Girlish laughter rippling from within the largest and finest tent of all, and from without the sound of many voices "Awake Zahrat." "Come Forth." "Thy Omar waits for thee." "Thy wedding day, O Desert Flower."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sunset, blood red athwart the Great Desert. Flame of camp fires leaping high reflected in the oasis pool. Flame of gleaming eyes and feasting and laughter and wild bursts of desert music. And on the horizon a small black speck. Nearer it draws, nearer, nearer, unheeded by the desert revellers. Dismounts, divides, then obeying the peremptory gestures of a huge Arab on a white horse, descends like a wave upon the startled village and revellers. Shrieks and



Zahrat and Mustafa on their way to Kasim's house.



Above: Jeff Barlow as Mustafa "I sit and cobbler at slippers and shoon From the set of the sun to the rise of the moon."



Oval: Herbert Langley. "I am Chu Chin Chow of China. No blood fine as mine in China."



Below: Herbert Wilcox with photographer René Guisart, and one of the big Bagdad sets.

groans, and scarlet stains upon the desert sand. A wedding feast without an ending and without a wedding, for the bridegroom rides bound and bleeding between two fierce Kurdish chiefs, and the bride droops senseless across the Arab's saddle bow. With the speed of the wind they are off again, whence they came, making straight for the red ball of the dying sun, over the horizon and into the blackness of the sudden Eastern night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus got Abou Hassan the Robber Shayk of Khorassan his beautiful slave. Thus came Zahrat-al-Kulub, the desert flower, to the secret camp of the robber band, whence she was taken by Abou and sold to one Kasim Baba, the wealthiest merchant in Bagdad, there to be Abou's spy and aid his plans for relieving Kasim of certain of his riches. Twice already had Abou Hassan despoiled Kasim Baba, for the wily bandit took a



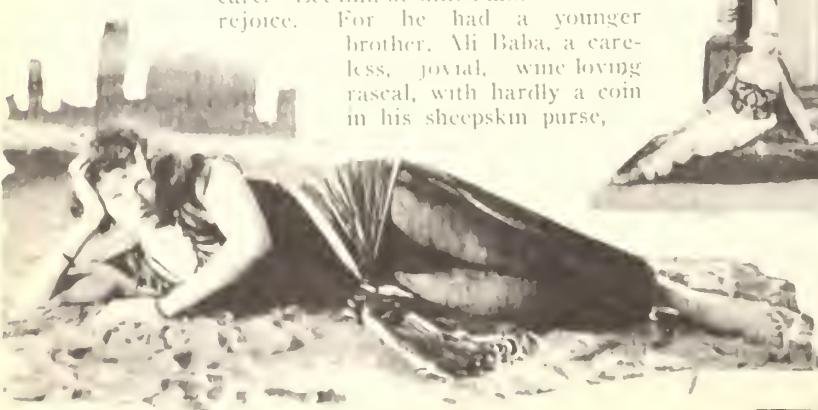
but a merry heart and a song for every hour in the day. Ali had nothing save what brother Kasim chose to dole out. But when Kasim should be with Allah, then Ali would have the palace and the gold, and the slaves, and, delicious thought, Alcolom herself with the rest of the harem. Such is the law of Bagdad. So Alcolom locked her knowledge within her heart and smiled on the splendidly attired Mandarin. Zahrat entreated "Chu Chin Chow of China" to set her free now that she had aided him to rob his favourite victim yet again, and "Chu" swore that he would do so. But Zahrat was sold back to him at an auction with other choice slaves. Then, despite her frantic betrayal of his true identity to the crowd of merchants assembled there, Abou and his band decamped with not only Kasim's slaves, but the money and valuables of everybody in the slave market save only those of Alcolom, between whom and

saturnine pleasure in robbing the merchant whose gold was his one passion. As a merchant from a far province, he had sat at meat with Kasim by day and fled with his moneybags by night. As Abou Hassan, he had waylaid Kasim's laden caravans and transferred their silken bales, and jewels and gold to his secret camp outside Bagdad. Each robbery had Zahrat aided. Her message told the route of the caravan, her dancing held Kasim somnolent whilst the band plundered his palace. When Kasim Baba made a great feast in honour of a travelling Mandarin, a certain "Chu Chin Chow, of China," who elected to rest awhile in his house, on the way to the slave market, she alone knew that the Oriental and his retinue were no strangers to that wondrous palace of Bagdad. Her plans did not miscarry, but, hoping to compass the death of Abou Hassan and thus gain her and her lover's freedom, Zahrat whispered to Alcolom, Kasim's head wife, the identity of the stranger guest. Also the details of the scheme, whereby Abou was to gain all Kasim's slaves and all Kasim's properties, besides the gold of all the buyers who attended Kasim's great slave auction. But Alcolom had no wish to thwart Hassan's plans. Let her tyrant husband be robbed, she would not care. Let him be killed and she would rejoice. For he had a younger brother, Ali Baba, a careless, jovial, wine loving rascal, with hardly a coin in his sheepskin purse,

At the South Gate of Bagdad



Slave market scene. Betty Blythe as "Zahrat," with her desert dancers



Above: Eza Moore and Judd Green "At Time's Kissing Time."

Left: Betty Blythe as "Zahrat-al-Kulub

"Chu Chin Chow" certain promises ha been exchanged. Ali, seeking wood near th



rock watched them pass one by one into their secret cave, which opened to the password "Open Sesame." When they had left after depositing their booty, Ali tremblingly uttered the magic words, entered the cave, and helped himself to the treasures heaped there, promising Zahrat whom he found chained to a rock, that he would return and set her free. Ali left Bagdad a poor man and in debt; he re-entered it overflowing with wealth, bought him clothes finer than Kasim's own, paid his debts, and flaunted his new-found gold in his brother's face. Kasim soon learned his brother's secret, but was caught by Abou and his band and hacked to pieces. Returning to keep his promise, Ali found the remains of his dead brother, which he and Zahrat carried home. Late in the evening, Zahrat stole out disguised as a water carrier, and, from a mean street, bribed a poor cobbler to come blindfold and sew up the carcase, so that it might not be known how Kasim met his end. Abou Hassan planned one final descent upon Kasim's palace, hoping to slay everybody who knew his secret, but after many plots and counterplots was unmasked and killed by Zahrat, who hastened to free her desert lover, leaving Ali Baba happy with Alcolom and the rob-

*Mutiny amongst the Forty Thieves.*



*Kasim Baba enters the Robbers' Cave.*

It was a replica of an old Persian palace, and its "marble" columns represented six thousand hours labour in the papier-maché department.

In all, four thousand, eight hundred people took part in *Chu Chin Chow*, headed by Betty Blythe, the beautiful American star, whose "Queen of Sheba" lifted her from a favourite leading woman into the position of one of the ten best known stars in the world. Betty originally studied for an operatic career; she is very tall, with reddish-brown hair, and expressive, vivacious features that would make her noticeable anywhere. She wears

*Oval: Some of the Forty. Arabs, Ethiopians and Kurds from Algiers filled these roles. Below: Betty Blythe and Jameson Thomas.*



her hand exterminated.

So, in a blaze of spectacular magnificence, ends the screenplay with which Herbert Wilcox hopes to make movie history. The musical rights of *Chu Chin Chow* were acquired by him and many of the scenes were "shot" to Frederick Norton's famous airs.

His production which cost £1,000,000, is the biggest British super to date. Its exteriors were made in Algiers, though acres and acres of realistic Bagdad streets were put up in a huge studio near Berlin. The huge gate of Bagdad contained thousands of tons of material, and was as large as St. Paul's Cathedral. An artificial river, with temples in the background was constructed. Like the play which ran for five uninterrupted years at His Majesty's, the *Chu Chin Chow* film is very spectacular. One interior set, a fine example of studio art, represented Kasim's Hall of a Hundred Pillars.



Herbert Langley  
and Randle  
Ayrton.

as the Chinese mandarin, the Water Seller, the Fakir, the Oil Merchant, and the Indian Prince gave him great scope for his finished and impressive art. Jameson Thomas, the "Omar," has a larger part in the film than George Parker in the play, since the early life of the heroine is fully told in the film version. Eva Moore who plays "Alcolom" (Aileen D'Orme's part in the play), is well known to stage and screen lovers, and looks very stately in her magnificent Oriental costumes. Randle Ayrton, a Shakespearian actor of note, makes an excellent "Kasim Baba," whilst Judd Green as the lovable "Ali Baba" has a rôle after his own heart. Ballet dancers from France, Italy, Vienna, and Russia under the leadership of "Dacia," about the only member of the original play cast of *Chu Chin Choe*.

Below: Herbert Wilcox teaching Betty Blythe how to hate.



Circle: Betty Blythe and Eva Moore. Below: "Zahrat - al - Kulub" the dancing slave.

many wonderful costumes as "Zahrat," the role Lily Brayton played at His Majesty's Theatre, some of which were designed especially for her by Barnet. To Herbert Langley sometimes called the British Lon Chaney, falls the title rôle, created by Oscar Asche, part author of *Chu Chin Choe*. Langley is a man of Kent, Ramsgate being his birthplace, and is certainly every whit as versatile as the American star referred to above. He is well known in the operatic world, where his characterisations range from "Valentine" in "Faust," and "Sharples" in "Madame Butterfly" to the broadly comical "Buck" in "The Merry Widow." In the theatre he is famous for his sinister character studies in *The Wonderful Story*, *Flames of Passion*, and *Chu Chin Choe*. In the last named his various disguises,



to appear in the film, are seen in the slave market and dancing scenes. "Dacia" appeared in the oasis scene of the play as a dancer. Olaf Hyton, almost hidden behind a long and flowing beard, is also in the cast and Jeff Barlow's "Mustafa" is another good character study. "Abou Hassan's" band of forty ruffians were genuine Eastern types, recruited mainly from Kurdistan near which province the desert scenes were photographed. Acting in a film appealed very much to these wild spirits, and they flung themselves realistically into their rôles, performing unexpected feats of horsemanship which delighted the producer though sometimes startling the other players. Hardly any stage properties figure in *Chu Chin Choe*. Instead, museum and antique shops were ransacked to find furnishings, carpets, and utensils. Herbert Langley's "Short, sharp scimitar," with which you remember "Cut and shee'd his symmetry, To hit him for the cemetery," was a beauty and was insured for £400. Kinema tried this, in colourful fashion, as befitting its character, this romantic Tale of the East looks like repeating its stage success in filmland.

# Thoughts Across the Sea

—by **JAMES J. TYNAN**

*An American interview with Evelyn Brent.*



storm, so she piled her hair on top of her head, lengthened her skirts several inches and sallied forth to heard the producer in his mahogany-lined den.

Evelyn Brent was a big laugh, to the producers, but not to Evelyn, she had reached a point where she wanted to take herself seriously, and wanted others to do likewise.

"Go home and let your hair down, and pull up your skirts," said one producer, "you are nothing but a child, long skirts and a high head dress do not make a grown-up."

Rather a sad reception to a youngster anxious to grow up, but Evelyn simply wouldn't be nonplussed, or whatever it is folks refuse to do, when they have made up their minds to do something else.

Somewhere Evelyn Brent had heard, or read an old saying which says something or other about a "prophet not being without honour save in his own country." So she determined to move.

Meanwhile romance had entered her life, just a few years before, but that is another story, which will be told just before the final fadeout.

Looking around for some place to go, Evelyn Brent decided that England was the place for an ambitious girl who had been laughed at by producers in her own country. So she took ship, and sailed away from the States to tempt the fates in England.

Arriving in London, as a grown up, for she still had her hair up, and her skirts lengthened, Evelyn Brent was for the first time in her professional life taken seriously. She had hardly gotten rid of her "sea legs" when she was engaged to play a leading role in "The Ruined Lady" at the Comedy Theatre, which had a tremendous run and placed the erstwhile *ingenue* on the topmost rung of the ladder.

Following this, offers poured in from motion picture producers, and for a period of two-and-one-half years, Evelyn Brent, more or less damned to perpetual curls and little girl roles by American producers, was playing the roles she loved for English producers.

So that is why Evelyn Brent wishes she were twins.

During her two-and-a-half years in England, Miss Brent appeared in *Sonia for Ideal*; *The Door without a Key* for Alliance; *Laughter and Tears* for Anglo-Hollandia; and in *Spanish Jade* for Famous Players; in all this little lady who wanted so hard to grow up, appeared in over 15 pictures during her stay in England.

Why did she return to America? Ah, that is the other story. When Evelyn Brent was 12 years old, living in New York, Romance or something or other took her by the hand and placed her in the path of a white-haired boy who fell in love with her; and she fell in love with him, if love can be spoken of between a pair so young. Be that as it may, love or whatever it was, is the thing that brought Evelyn Brent back to America, for hadn't this white-haired lad stood on the dock as she sailed away, his eyes filled—but enough of that, anyway, Evelyn came back, and they were married and are still married. His name, oh, yes, it is B. P. Fineman, an independent producer in America, and he may yet produce a picture with Miss Brent in the stellar role, for he says, "in the studio, on the set, is one place where a husband would have the last word."

**E**vvelyn Brent wishes she were twins. Extraordinary wish isn't it? But there is a reason. As Evelyn herself put it, "If I were twins, one of me could be in America playing in pictures and the other could be in England doing the same thing."

It appears from a recent chat with Miss Brent, that she was born in Tampa, Florida, U.S.A., removing therefrom shortly to take up her residence in New York City, where at a very early age she commenced dancing under various tutors, until she had run the gamut of all the best dancing teachers of New York rapidly absorbing everything they knew, until she reached a point in her career as a dancer where she ran out of dancing masters to conquer.

In fact she had learned all any of them had to teach.

Naturally Miss Brent turned to the stage, always as a little girl, with her hair in a braid.

From the stage, the pictures lured Miss Brent, but always as a little girl, playing what she terms as *insipid ingenues* until she reached a point that she hated the sight of a young girl.

One day she determined to take the world of pictures by

# Movie Meals



"The Song of the Soup."

**Y**ou are hungry, remember. Famished. Both of you. And when they bring you the square meal you've ordered you fall on it, like wolves. Now, are you ready? Camera . . ."

Two men dressed in rags swaggered into a wayside hotel room. "Bring us the best you have. And bring it quickly. We're peckish," ordered the tall one, in tones which contrasted oddly with his appearance. He and his shorter companion had hardly seated themselves before the first course of their meal arrived. They literally flung themselves at the food and were well away with its consumption when a man in a straw hat walked up to them. "Hello, what's up here," said he. Words, not many but charged with meaning, hurtled through the air at the unlucky interrupter's head.



Above: Dorothy Gish fries buckwheat cakes; Bebe Daniels refuses food

"Can't you see we're filming." "This is a scene from *The Great Gay Road*." "Spoilt a fine take." Grins from the minion who served the meal. Groans from Stewart Rome, who played chief tramp. "I've taken the edge right off my appetite" he said, as they cleared the decks for fresh action.

They repeated their performance of ordering, and fell to again with great fervor. "Hey! Stop!" yelled the producer in frenzied tones. "You can't be a tramp in a wrist watch. And just look at Stewart Rome's shiny boots! Mess 'em up somebody."

For the third time the hungry (?) men greedily grabbed the food a patient servitor supplied to them and ate with every appearance of keen satisfaction. But the producer wasn't pleased.

"You aren't savage enough," he grumbled. "Just try that scene again without the camera."

Stewart Rome loosened his belt. So did his friend. They wrestled manfully with more and fresh food for another ten minutes. Then they made one supreme and final effort and got the filming over. "Fine!" said the producer. "Now we'll stop and have something to eat!"

*The Great Gay Road* is Stewart Rome's favourite film, but he says he'll never forget the anguish that eating continually and at that rate for over an hour caused him, both mentally and otherwise. But that is the way of a movie. A leading man who has just finished a good square meal may have to eat and keep on eating for a day should his role demand it. Whilst some poor extra, whose meals are few and far between has to toy languidly



Above: Sampling mother's cakes—Mary Alder and Albert Hackett in "A Woman's Woman." An Island scene—Dick Cruikshanks and Doreen Woufer in "The Blue Lagoon"



Above: Bert Lytell in "The Face Between." Circle: Fred Groves and Lilian Douglas in "A Master of Craft."



with a property ice, and refuse dish after dish of tempting food that is offered him in the restaurant scene in which he is "atmosphere."

Most movie meals consist of real food. At one time fake dishes were common, but now the only thing that is not always what it seems is the "champagne," and similar articles of liquid refreshment. It's an odd thing but you cannot name a movie without at least one meal in it. Picnic scrambles, midnight supper parties, in school dormitories, or gilded palaces, teas, tango, and otherwise,



Tea time scandal in "The Parrot."



scratch meals of all sorts and much comedy. Call to mind the milk that Mary shot into her eye and someone else's in *The Eternal Grind*. Also the chortles of mirth her rough and ready cookery (one sausage and an egg that had seen service!) in the first *Tessibel of the Storm Country*. But she extracted much pathos from her first meal in her new home in *Rags*, and gave a subtle lesson in subjugation to all who cared to profit by it in the well-known picnic scene of *Daddy Long Legs*.

(Continued on page 65).



Frosty fare in "The Golden Square."

suppers for two, or for two hundred, you see them all on the films. There you may also learn how and what to eat. Also when. And why.

Emotional stars can express a whole number of things when they are seated at the dining table. For instance, He will pettishly push aside dish after dish and when She coaxes him with glycerine tears in her beautiful eyes to "Try a little of this, dearest," and he pushes more pettishly than ever and finally gets up and goes out, the answer is "A Vamp in the offing." And so on *ad infinitum*. The latest movies



Bad food causes a mutiny in "Masters of Men."



Ivor Novello  
as the hero in  
"Bonnie  
Prince  
Charlie."

Marjorie Benson and Warwick Ward in "The Great Turf Mystery."

## British Studio Gossip

### Famous Film Firms Combine.

An interesting announcement is this one. From now on, Hepworth films will be handled and released by Ideal Films, Ltd. This will give Cecil Hepworth and Henry Edwards far more time for producing than they have hitherto had. For there are countless details and business duties connected with the distributing side which Hepworth, and Henry Edwards, who has been for some time a director in the Company's offices as well as in the Company's studios, will be not at all sorry to dispense with. Fewer films than usual have come from the Walton Studios this year. This is partly because of the extensive alterations, but you may look forward to a more extensive output henceforth.

### More Indian Love Stories.

Inspired, no doubt, by the approval expressed by the critics of Stoll's *Indian Love Lyrics* film, a company of Indian players are going to make an absorbing screen romance. Its story concerns the well-known Taj Mahal, one of the most wonderful sights in India. This glory of white marble and gold and lacquer is one of the world's Seven Wonders, and was built by the Emperor Shah Jahan in memory of his

beautiful wife, the Empress Mumtaz Mahal. For the benefit of all and sundry, I had better add here that the film has nothing to do with racing, or the Aga Khan's famous racer, "Mumtaz Mahal." It deals extensively with the love romance of the Indian Emperor and Empress, and the settings will be the real thing in Indian interiors. *Indian Love Lyrics* strikes the beholder as being not so much Indian as Eastern and Oriental. It is an elaborate movie, and will delight all lovers of the tuneful and well-known song-cycle.

### Robey's Roving Whiskers.

George Robey has finished his work as the hero in *Don Quixote*, and is busy on *The Story of Aladdin*, taken straight from the "Arabian Nights." Robey plays "Widow Twankee," and seems to be giving a great deal of attention to his role. George and his beard provided a lot of fun in the studios during the early stages of the production of *Don Quixote*. It was a stubby little affair, because everyone agreed that the Robey features were too good to camouflage. But it is whispered that George got playing tricks with it, at any rate it came off after the first four days, and the scenes were all re-taken. The change is all to the gain, for the comedian's features have now full play.

George's eyebrows haven't lost any of their strength, though.

### About Bertram Burleigh.

Bertram Burleigh, who plays "Carrasco" in *Don Quixote*, ("Carrasco" is a nephew of the hero, who amuses himself and others at the expense of the deluded "Don" and his faithful "Sancho.") was originally a stage artist. Not a conjuror, though conjuring is his hobby and an effective sideline. He was invited to play in a film by the author of a West-end play, in which he had a part at that time, and, more to oblige his friend than for any other reason, accepted and was lost to the stage for many years. He has been seen recently in "Partners Again," at the Garrick.

### Adventures in Africa.

Molly Adair, who was so charming in *The Blue Lagoon*, has been away on location with African Productions for a long while. They have been filming another De Vere Staepoole story, *The Red of Stars*, and have been working on the spots selected by the author. It is a story of love, jealousy, and piratical adventure in Africa and the tropics, and Molly Adair has a dual rôle, Harvey Braban is the leading man and Dick Crunkshank has a distinctive rôle.

**Condolences.**

Picturegoers and others will join us in offering sincere sympathy to Ivy Close, one of our most charming film stars, who has lost her husband, Elwin Neame. He it was, who took the famous "Daily Mirror" photograph that established Ivy Lillian Close as England's loveliest girl and gave her great public prominence. He afterwards photographed several of the early short films in which his lovely wife appeared and I believe, appeared himself in one concerning Lancelot and Elaine. He was killed in a motor-cycle and motor-car collision in Hyde Park. Another death recorded the same week was that of Saba Raleigh, who has done much good work on the stage and screen. She was in the British-made version of *Kismet*, and has been seen in various other society screenplays made at the Famous-Lasky London studios since. She died of a chill.

**Benson-à-Becket.**

I have no absolute proof, but I strongly suspect that there is a great deal of truth in the report that when Sir Frank Benson who plays in "Becket," heard that the company were going to Canterbury for exteriors, he moved Heaven and earth and George Ridgewell (the producer) to get down there for cricketing week. Anyway they have now made the necessary scenes outside and near the Cathedral there. Canterbury, more perhaps than any other Cathedral town has retained its atmosphere and old-worldliness. It seems to dream in the mellow Kentish sunlight and so peaceful are the purlieus of the great church (when the charabancs have departed!) that one can stand there and readily conjure up Pilgrims and dignitaries of the Age of Romance. "Fair Rosamond" and all the other characters associated with Thomas à Becket figure largely in the screen play.

**Marjorie's Safe Bet.**

Marjorie Benson, whose photograph appears on the opposite page told me an amusing story anent her latest film rôle. "I played 'Tony Sheldon,' you know," she said, "The jockey who wasn't a jockey but a woman, and we used to argue a bit as to whether what happens in the film could happen in real life. The author of the story said that it could, provided that the apprenticeship papers submitted to our Jockey Club in England weren't English. Because a woman cannot register as a jockey, as everyone knows. Then we argued about disguise, and I was told, much to my disgust, that if I went into the paddock of a race-course in my jockey kit I should be spotted at once and ordered out. I bet him a bet to the contrary. Well, Miss Hopson, James Lindsay, and I went to a certain course for certain scenes, and we decided the bet there. Arrayed in my jockey clothes, I had to



*Above: Phyllis Lytton, co-starring with Nigel Barrie in "Diana of the Islands." Circle: Hilda Bayley and Stewart Rome being domestic in "The Woman Who Obeyed." Below: Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper in "Bonnie Prince Charlie."*

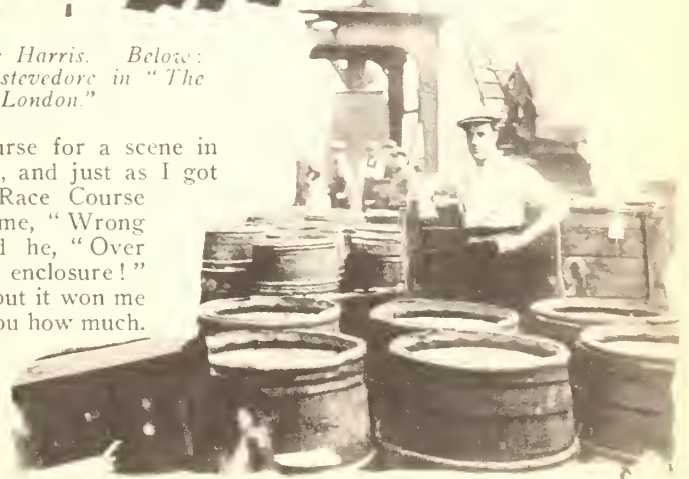


*Top right: George Harris. Below: Nigel Barrie as a stevedore in "The Lights of London."*

walk up to the course for a scene in the film—I did this, and just as I got near the gate, a Race Course Official ran up to me, "Wrong door my lad," said he, "Over here's the jockey's enclosure!" It spoils the scene, but it won me —no, I shan't tell you how much. Yes, he did pay and look pleasant and so did I."

**Some Beaver!**

Like Samson's, George



**AL WILSON**

Co-star with Fred Thompson and Ann Little in "The Eagle's Talons" serial. He is one of the screen's most fearless stunt actors and has doubled for many famous film stars, so that you have seen him oftener than you may suppose.



**EVELYN BRENT**

*Known as "The Florida Enchantress" because she was born at Tampa, Florida. Evelyn had the courage to cry off her contract with Fairbanks because he didn't start work soon enough, and was rewarded with the star rôle in "Harbour Bar."*

**EDWARD HEARN**

*Has had a varied screen career extending over a period of eight years. He played opposite Ruth Roland in "The Avenging Arrow," and other of his pictures are "The Lure of Luxury," "Idle Wives," "Down Home," and "The Things Men Do."*



**HELENE CHADWICK**

*Was born at Chadwick, New York, and has appeared in many screen successes, including "Girls," "Heartsease," "The Long Arm of Mannister," "Scratch My Back," "The Cup of Fury," "Go Get'em Garringer," and "Godless Men."*





Above: Mary Beth Milford displays an attractive black and white sports suit. Centre: Vola Vale's gown of brocaded cloth of silver.

# Screen Fashion Plate



Above: A bizarre Mae Busch creation topped with a white wig. Centre: A pretty sequin gown worn by Jackie Saunders.



A black georgette sleeveless afternoon gown worn by Blanche Sweet. There is an attractive trimming of blue taffeta flowers.

# Aquatic Golf

A game that screen stars play.

earn her own living.

Miss Hartje left the millions flat on their backs, drawing interest, and she invaded California to take the motion picture world by storm. She took it too. She was engaged for one picture after the other, but there was always a period between engagements which threatened the young lady with a

relapse into the social butterfly thing, so she took the matter up with Deryls Perdue, and Warner Baxter, both Powers Stars with whom she had appeared in pictures, and they decided that something had to be done about it.

So the three of them laboured, and the modern game of "Aquatic Golf" was brought forth to further complicate the "golf bug disease" which has many million victims in America.

The game of "Aquatic Golf" is played in any well regulated swimming pool, and the *modus operandi* is as follows: A heavy rubber ball is used, one that will stand a good wallop from an iron club. The drive is made from the edge of the pool into the water and the object is to make the round of the course in the least number of strokes.

Floating on the water are nine discs of wood, about three feet in diameter in the centre of the disc is the hole or cup, rising from this davit. The game looks easy, but try it over on your favourite swimming course some day and see how complicated it can be.

The drive is easy, but it is the approach and the putting that is difficult, particularly when some person not keenly interested in the game takes a high dive from the spring board, just as you are about to make a three or four foot put.

The splash of the diver makes miniature waves, and the same miniature waves cause the otherwise well behaved rubber ball, to slip or from under your club, and the chance are you will fan the air and probably go under yourself.

The illustrations were made during a match game at the Ambassador Hotel swimming pool, with Swimming Instructor Frank Horbow, acting as judge of the course, referee or caddy according to which ever position happened to be most useful in at the time.



Above Warner Baxter shows Deryls Perdue his idea of a correct follow through. Below Warner Baxter makes an approach shot under the critical eyes of Mary and Deryls.



Warner Baxter and Deryls Perdue with Mary F. Hartje demonstrating a shot.

It's a great game, so say those who have played it, but shiver my miblick if I think it compares with tiddle de winks.

It all came about when Mary F. Hartje, heiress to the Hartje and Scott fortunes of Pitts burgh Pennsylvania became tired of being a social butterfly, and was one over for many count of one or ten million dollars, and decided to go to work and





# If You Believe it, it's so by JOHN FLEMING

Chick Harris was a leader of men. If you could call them men. They picked locks and pockets. Chick picked them better than anybody; hence his leadership. Throughout New York he was famous.

Chick had a favourite ground for the practising of his art, and this was the Grand Central Station. He would mingle with the vast crowds, wait his moment, indulge in a gentle touch here and a gentle touch there, yawn maybe, stroll away as if nothing had happened, and count it all up in some quiet spot afar. One day, in this excellent place, he met Mr. Ezra Wood, who looked like his name and came from where a man with a name like Ezra Wood would come from. Tuft of whiskers on the chin, glasses, gape, slow walk—you'll know. The hidden corners of the world are full of Ezra Woods. They have soil on their boots and good straw in their hair.

Chick found him as he had found so many other simple souls—wanting to know the way to somewhere. Chick told him the way to somewhere at the same moment that he was tucking a thousand dollars of Ezra's savings away into his pocket. But even then Ezra seemed not too inclined to go.

"I've heard a lot about the city's dishonesty," he said. "Back home I was warned against the hotels. You don't know, I suppose, of a nice quiet place where a countryman like me could put up for a night or two?"

"You mean," said Chick, "where you won't be robbed?"

Ezra shook his head. "I'll not be robbed," he said. "I have that much faith in human nature. Do unto others . . ." I treat the world well, my boy. Why should it treat me ill?"

Chick was struck with the extraordinary faith and simplicity of the

old fellow. He did not immediately make his way off. He stayed to talk to the old man and learn more of his extraordinary trusting viewpoint of life.

"But it is a bad city," he said. "There are people here who would take every cent you possess, you know."

CHARACTERS:			
Chick	-	-	THOMAS MEIGHAN
Alvah	-	-	PAULINE STARK
Ezra Wood	-	-	JOSEPH DOWLING
Sky Blue	-	-	THEODORE ROBERTS
Col. Williams	-	-	CHARLES OGLE

*Narrated by permission from the Famous Lasky film of the same title.*

But Ezra shook his head again.

"Why should they?" he asked. "I've done them no hurt. I reckon if I let them alone they'll let me alone. If I was to start rough with them, now, I guess perhaps they might start something on me. But I'm a peaceable old sort. I 'spect they'll let me be. Men ain't so bad, if ye have faith in 'em. We're all of one big family, you know."

"And you have faith in them?" said the amazed Chick.

"Why, you bet I just have," said Ezra. "What's the use in goin' on livin' if you ain't no more faith in your fellow men. Why, even the worst of 'em ain't so worst. He's got a chance, somewheres . . ."

Chick puckered his brow and stared at old Ezra in dumb surprise. After a minute or two had passed silently, he took the old man's arm and said:

"Look here, I'll put you on your way to a good little hotel. There's all sorts and you might pick a loser. I know just the one. You'll seem like being back home in it."

He took Ezra round to a quiet little hotel of which he knew—one of his unofficial resorts, a place quite honest,

and when the old man insisted on Chick's accompanying him to his new quarters he had no chance of refusal. Not that he particularly desired to refuse.

Ezra's first action in his new quarters was to take off his coat and ease the laces of his boots. Then he felt for his pocket case and put it on the table. But some suspicious lightness about it caused him to immediately take it up again and open it and look at Chick and gasp:

"Gone! My savin's! Every cent on it—gone!"

And then, before Chick had time to utter a word, this extraordinary old man was down on his knees and praying to the Lord to forgive the thief and show him the error of his ways and let some good come of the money after all . . .

Ezra sat up and looked at Chick.

"It's took me an' my wife thirty years to save all that money up," he said. "We'd made such plans about what we was goin' to do with it, an' now it's gone. Well, p'raps the Lord planned it so. P'raps it's better to have gone. It may do more good where it's gone to . . ."

Chick gasped.

"You sure are the trusting sort," he said. And then Ezra looked up and caught a queer glance stealing over his face.

"What's the matter, boy?" the old man asked.

"I don't know," said Chick. "I don't know. Everything . . ."

"Something wrong?"

"It's the way you're so trusting and—friendly—to everyone. The way you believe in things, and all that . . . I don't know. You're sort of making me feel silly. Saved the money up all these years, eh? You and your wife?"

Ezra nodded and sighed.

"There's some people," said Chick, "it's a duty to steal from. But you're different." He put his hand in his pocket and took out a purse. "Take your money, old man," he said. "I haven't the heart to rob you. You've made things seem all different. Good-bye. I hope you have luck. Take my advice and don't be so trusting."

He went out leaving a gasping Ezra behind him, and sought a retreat in the Grand Central Station again. But the touch—or the wish was gone. He could not pick pockets again to-day—or he had not the wish to. He left the station and made his way back to



Thus Richard met the old man's niece

the haunt of the gang. He thought very deeply on the way. It seemed such a little thing to alter his viewpoint of life—the robbing of this country simpleton—and yet it had altered it completely. The spice had gone out of this kind of adventure for Chick. He didn't want to rob again. It was the trusting manner the old man had had, the way he prayed and bore no resentment at all. Why, he was happier losing the savings of a lifetime than Chick himself was in gaining them. Chick thought and thought and thought a very great deal on his way down town and out of his thoughts something came very clearly to him in the end.

"He was straight and he was having a good time. I'm not straight and I'm not having a good time. Some people'd call it a good time . . . But not happy . . . And he was happy. I don't trust a soul and he trusts everybody, and he's happy. Happy and straight . . ."

It was not the first time that Chick's thoughts had run on these lines. For a long time a growing discontent had been creeping over him, and it had wanted but one little thing in the balance to weigh down his whole career far across the scales. Now this little thing had come—in the person of a hayseed countryman who had not minded being robbed. Chick strode into the saloon that was the headquarters of the gang with a frown on his brow and at first sat apart from the boys. They noticed something was on. They thought that perhaps he was hitching a new one and preferred to be left in peace, as was sometimes the case with him, but after a while he rose and crossed to them and said: "Boys, I'm quitting."

"What?"

Someone began to titter.

"I tell you it's right. I've had a lesson. I needed it and I've had it. Well, I reckon I can learn. I'm going where there is no more graft and crookedness. I'm clearing out."

The suddenness of it gave to the happening the quality of a joke. Someone else began to titter. But Chick waited for no further comment. New York's leading counterfeiter of money, Sky Blue, got in his way and attempted to make him see reason, but he shook off the other's grasp and strode to the door. He looked back a moment and smiled at them.

"You think it's a joke," he said. Well, I'm on the right end of the joke. I can afford to laugh . . ."

He went out.

St. Clare was a little way-back town of no account. There was money in it but not much fame. When Richard Davies came first to it he was impressed chiefly by its quietness. It seemed a pleasing town in which to settle.

Richard walked along its Main Street on the look out for some homely place in which he might get lodgings. Its one hotel seemed a little too pretentious for his modest purse and the kind of place he was wanting would have to be a little house or cottage where he could feel he was at home and not a lodger. It was many years since last Mr. Davies had had a real home.

He was passing a saloon, and trying to decide which of the many inhabitants about would be the most likely to set his feet in the right direction, when suddenly the saloon doors swung back and an old gentle-

man staggered out and collapsed in the gutter. Richard started from where the old man had fallen to where a burly bartender stood between the swinging doors. The bartender's hands were big and his shoulders were broad. He had the fiercest eye in St. Clare.

"Get me," he was shouting. "And the next time you show your face in here out you go again. See? You come here when you've money. When you ain't no money, keep away. This ain't the poorhouse."

Richard helped the old man to his feet and then strode across to where the bartender surveyed the earth.

"You threw him out?" he gasped. "An old man like that!"

"I sure did," grinned the bartender. "What of it? You want throwing out too?"

Richard did not answer. Raising his right fist before even the thought of such a proceeding had entered the mind of the sharpest-witted there, he sent the bartender spinning across the pavement. The big man was soon on his feet and coming on with a rush, but sooner still he was sprawling across the street again. The second time he rose with more deliberation and came on a little more unsteadily. He stood before Richard and waited, then raised his fist and dashed. But he dashed back again and went down for the third time. Still it seemed incredible to him that this thing could have happened. In St. Clare he had a reputation for hitting. How did it come about that he was the one now to receive the hits? He closed with the strange now to save another fall and the fell to in grim earnest, collapse together, rolled here and there across the road at the feet of the cheering crowds. Then Richard broke loose, clambered to his feet and waited. The bartender staggered up, came on, went down to a cracking blow, tried again, liked it less than ever on this time lay still. A little cheer arose in the crowd and the old man whose fall had brought the incident about made his way through to shake Richard by the hand.

"Steve's asked for it' for years said somebody. "He's deserved and he's got it. Young man, we'll all friends of yours. Anything we can do for you, you've only to ask. Reckon you're one of us."

Richard led the old man away from the crowd, and in a moment or two was learning his life story. His name was Colonel Williams and he had fallen on evil days. The family fortune was gone, the family estate were shrunken to the extent of remaining shabby mansion with a few grounds worth noticing, and the old Colonel lived alone with only his niece to care for him.

"And you?" he asked.

"Come to the town to set up a little business," said Richard. "A New York firm has sent me down here to represent it. Selling some



When we fell over each other I was looking for a place to live."

The old man scratched his cheek.

"You could—" he said, and stopped.

"In the old days the Williams' were famous for the open door," he went on soon. "If you'd care . . ."

"As a boarder," Richard insisted, after another glance at the bare seams of the old man's coat.

"Thank you," said Colonel Williams.

And thus Richard Davies came to the ancient mansion of Colonel Williams and met the old man's niece and fell in love with her. One was accomplished as soon as the other. And Richard ever afterwards declared that it could not have been otherwise.

But now at once did he declare his love to Alvah. He was a newcomer to St. Clare, untried, unknown. He had yet to make good. For the present he must love her in silence and wait. Love her and—earn her. Well, he had come to St. Clare to make good. He was not passing in the night. He could wait. But he could wait with greater hope now that there was something to wait for.

He had at least made a good start. The stranger in the crowd who had assured him that every man in St. Clare was his friend had spoken only bare truth. For a long time the heavy bartender had been an ogre in the place. Now the ghost was laid low, and the little town could not do too much for the layer. Richard opened his little store and it flourished. He opened, too, an account at the local bank and that flourished as well. Every week found him a little wealthier than he had been the week before, every week found his friendship with Alvah ripening into something richer, every day brought nearer the day when he could tell her all that was in his heart and ask her the question that had sprung to his lips on their first meeting.

After the spring came the summer and the idyllic setting for his idyl. Soon it must be, he decided. When he had five hundred dollars of his own in the bank—in three weeks time.

One evening when he was strolling through the meadows with Alvah he gave him a most surprising bit of news—not surprising in itself, perhaps, but in St. Clare even change in the weather was a disturbing enough event. And this was much more startling than a change in the weather. An eminent stranger was coming to St. Clare.

"His name is Professor Culbertson, of London," said Alvah. "He is going to take up a fund in the town and endow an orphanage. He has written the mayor to say that the climate of St. Clare is the finest in the world for sick city children and he will double any amount that we may raise locally."

Richard was interested. He asked if he could help in any way, and Alvah said that it was her father's wish he should have the organising of the local fund. He had so impressed the townsfolk with his honesty and his capacity for business that they were agreed there would be nobody in the place better fitted for the task. It was supposed to be a little surprise being kept for him, but she just had to tell him. She couldn't keep it back . . .

"Why?" asked Richard.

Alvah's only reply was a blush. But Richard seemed well satisfied.

The reception of Professor Culbertson, of London, was the grandest event that had ever taken place in St. Clare. The mayor was present and with him the old Colonel and Richard, with Alvah very close to Richard's side and looking proudly up into his face. The train steamed in, the little local band struck up a lively air, the carriage door opened, the eminent Professor stepped out, a general handshaking commenced and—Richard Davies felt suddenly giddy and knew that the colour was draining from his face.

The Professor was introduced first to one and then another of the local celebrities. As he shook hands with Mr. Richard Davies his eyes narrowed for a moment but he said no more than "Good afternoon. How d'you do?" The party adjourned to the only hotel for the pre-arranged banquet, and the Professor proved to be the very soul of mirth. He was genially interested when he learnt that Mr. Richard Davies was the organiser appointed for the collection of the local fund. He suggested a little conference between just the two of them a little later in the evening, and then he fell to telling funny stories the like of which would not in the normal course of events have reached St. Clare inside the next three years.

*Richard and the surly bartender closed and fell to in grim earnest.*

The opening of the campaign was an undoubted success. A meeting was arranged for collection in the Town Hall upon the evening of the following Friday, toasts were given, a song or two was sung, the Professor was voted by everyone to be one of the best, if not indeed the very best, and then the little party broke up for the day.

That evening, according to the made arrangement, Richard Davies made his way to the hotel, and sought out Professor Culbertson in his private room. The Professor greeted him with a grin, asked him in and closed the door suddenly.

"Chick Harris," he said in high glee, motioning his guest to a chair. "Otherwise Mr. Richard Davies, eh? Very good, boy, very, very good."

"And the last time I knew Professor Culbertson he was known to the boys as Sky Blue," retorted Richard. "At least Richard Davies is my real name."

"Well, well, we'll say no more about that," said Sky Blue. "It is lucky we have met. It will make my task much easier."

"What's your task?" asked Richard.

"You must know. They're raising a few thousand dollars for an orphanage here. I'm the orphanage. Of course, there'll be pickings for you. I'm willing to split."

"I'm not," said Richard.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. What I said the last time we met. I've quit the game for ever, that's all. Count me out."

"You mean you won't organise this fund for me?"

"I sure do."

"Aha." Sky Blue rose and towered above the other. "That's it, eh? Well, well. Listen Mr. Chick Davies, or whatever your name is. You stay on the job with me. You collect the doings. You hear that? Stand out and I expose you to the townsfolk here. Have you got that down?"



*Alvah gently slipped a hand across his lips and smiled at him.*



"I reckon the townfolk wouldn't mind," said Richard. "They'd stand by me whatever my past."

"Maybe. But what about the little bit of goods you're trailing?"

Richard shot a sharp glance, but said nothing.

"I kept my eyes open at the feed and I've asked a thing or two since," Sky Blue went on. "I reckon you wouldn't like Miss Alvah Williams to know a thing about Mr. Chick Harris, eh? Now you run along and think out some bright ideas for getting money out of these hayseeds and bring it along to me after the meeting next Friday, or you'll know what's what. Run away and play now, I'm tired after my long journey from—London."

A world seemed to have crumpled to bits over the head of Richard. He dared not meet the wonderful eyes of Alvah. He kept away from the house as much as he could, and stayed at the little store where he was building up his business so steadily. He tried a hundred devices for cheating time, but the week seemed to pass like a nightmare flash. Almost before the blow had fallen, Friday seemed to be here. Almost before Friday had dawned, it was Friday evening, and the little town was dressing up for the great meeting when their wonderful local organizer was to hand over the fund to the wonderful Professor Culbertson.

Such was Richard's local popularity that a tremendous sum (for St. Clare) had poured in for the orphanage. Richard had banked the lot at his own bank and drawn a cheque for the full amount. At the very moment when St. Clare was dressing for the Town Hall meeting, the cheque was reposing in Richard's pocket case, ready to be presented.

He rose and went slowly down stairs. In a little rosery of the

garden, Alvah was sitting waiting the appearance of Richard and her uncle. The family carriage stood at the gate in readiness to

drive them to the Town Hall. Lines were on Richard's brow that he would not betray the little town that had befriended him he was resolved and yet how he could save the place without having all his hopes dashed to the ground he could not see. Unless he turned over the money to Sky Blue, Alvah would immediately be informed of his past. There seemed no way . . .

And then, as in a flash, the way was clear. What happiness he had known had come through honesty. That was the way that old Ezra Wood had shown. His future happiness, too, would depend on his honesty.

He crossed the little lawn and sat beside Alvah.

"Alvah," he said, "there is something I want to tell you . . . something I should have told you long ago. I came to you all here a perfect—or an imperfect—stranger. None of you knew a thing about me. You thought me an honest man. But my past—"

Gently she slipped a hand across his lips and smiled at him. "Never mind the past," she said. "The past, you know, is always dead."

"This past, however, has come to light again," said Richard.

Colonel Williams came down at that moment and Richard beckoned him across.

"If you'd sit down," he said, "and listen—"

The Colonel sat, and Richard, disregarding all the girl's protests, told everything from the days when he had been leader of the gang in New York, of his meeting with Ezra Wood. "Funny old gny he was," he mused. "Looked the regular hayseed. Mangy whiskers, spectacles. Simple. You've said it. When a fellow walks around

New York City with his wallet sticking out of his coat pocket and his wad sticking out of his wallet, he's past praying for. In New York City, I took his wad. Then he asked me to tell him some place to stay. Me. I took him to one of my own lays. Somehow I kinda liked the old Mutt. Then when he found his savings all gone the funny old stick knelt down and prayed for the crook who'd got 'em. Asked the Lord to forgive the thief. It fair got me. I slung the money at him and left him there gasping." Richard mentioned his resolve to go straight, and of the appearance of the bogus Professor Culbertson of London. When he had finished, the old Colonel reached out and clasped his hand, but Alvah could only sit and stare and stare with great moist eyes.

"Believe me," said Richard, brokenly. "I did this to save you good folks here. You—you don't know how hard it's been for me. But—but now you know, and he has no further hold over me, I can turn the tables on the Professor and run him out of town. The money will go to the cause for which it was intended. St. Clare shall have an orphanage. But—but you don't know how hard it's been for me to—to do this. To—smash up all my hopes . . . wreck everything like this . . ."

He rose and stood waiting a moment.

"I'll go on first," he said. "I want to see the Professor. I don't think he'll appear at the meeting after I've interviewed him. The cheque is here, Colonel. If you'll see it to the proper hands . . ."

"Richard!" said Alvah.

He turned.

"Where—where are you going then?"

"I don't know. Away somewhere . . . Anywhere . . . Nowhere."

She rose, too, now and came to his side.

"After this—this revelation understand that you never could," she said with a little smile.

"Never could—what?" he said with a start.

"And so I will. Richard—I do!"

He felt his heart beating and could hardly find breath for his next word.

"You do—what?"

"Love you!"

He held her at arm's length for full minute while the old Colonel transferred his interest to a curra-bush. Then he said brokenly.

"You—mean that? A—a crook like me?"

"Richard," said Alvah, "I think you're the most honest man in the world."

"You believe that?"

"Indeed I do."

"It rested with you," he said as gathered her in his arms. "If you believe it, it's so."

# The Star of the Month Viola Dana

Two characteristic poses of the dainty little Metro star.



A scene from "A Noise in Newboro'."



Amongst other claims to recognition, petite Viola Dana enjoys the distinction of being the first movie star to bob her hair. After which she bade farewell to serious drama forever, and became the screen's brightest comedienne in her own particular line. Viola, who commenced her screen career with Edison at the tender age of eleven in *Molly, the Drummer Boy*, was known there as the youngest stage star in New York. She was playing the title rôle in "A Poor Little Rich Girl" (play), and aspired then to be an emotional actress. Picturegoers will remember her early four reels were all heavily dramatic offerings. Then she met and married John Collins, a Metro director, who

starred her in *Satan Junior*, as a vampish flapper, a type which she has made peculiarly her own ever since. Viola is an excellent dancer, both privately and professionally, she does most



Viola with her brother-in-law, Harold Shaw, and Edna Flugrath



Viola's father and mother hustle her off to work

things well and is always near the top in popularity contests. She has been with Metro since 1918, and is one of their best-liked stars. Viola is the middle one of the famous Flugrath sisters, and rivals the one and only Mary in the excellence of her child characterisations.



Hugh Wright and Betty Balfour.

**M**y new season's hats are for sale at half price, for they are no earthly use to me now. I have been mistaken for a movie star in the half-light, and my pride is the pride of the beautiful and damned.

"We are shooting some night scenes for *Squibs, M.P.*" said Thomas Welsh to me one afternoon. "Come to Willesden at nine o'clock and watch us." So I borrowed a car and went.

There was a big crowd watchfully waiting outside the Welsh-Pearson studios, and my arrival created quite a sensation. Audible whispers: "Here comes the star!" assailed my sensitive ears, as I ran the gauntlet along the side entrance. "It is, I tell you; they'll soon be starting now. Who is it, d'y'know?" "Search me!" "Fancies himself a bit, anyway."

"Fred Groves will be jealous when he hears about this" said I to myself, as I scuttled through the doorway like a

An election scene—Betty Balfour, Fred Groves, and Hugh Wright.



# A Willesden Night's Entertainment

by W.A. Williamson

shot rabbit. "I wonder if those people would have made the mistake in full daylight?"

Inside the studio I found Thomas Welsh, George Pearson, Betty Balfour, Hugh Wright and Fred Groves feverishly playing the game of "Yes; No; I don't know,"



"Squibs"  
—a deluxe edition.

whilst waiting for the shades of night to fall. Next to "Shove-Halfpenny" this is their favourite studio pastime, and they are all experts, particularly Fred, who holds the London-to-Paris record.

I thought that Hugh E. Wright was looking more melancholy than ever, and when I asked him how he was he replied politely: "Thank you I'm dying."

"What's the trouble?" I asked him.

"Internal," said Hugh Wright. "My inside is slowly solidifying. Its a fact. Plaster of Paris. We have been taking some comic bill-posting scenes this afternoon. Betty had the poster pail, I had the paste. I swallowed about a quart of it. That paste contains Plaster of Paris, and I contain the paste. Internally I am now a plaster cast."

"Don't listen to him," said Betty Balfour, "read this letter. It's the funniest thing I've ever seen."

She handed me a letter just received from a Continental admirer. An amazing farrago of broken English, in which the sender claimed kinship with the star, and stated that he had "great expecorations" of her reply.

"I wonder what's the nationality of the writer," said Fred Groves, looking closely at the complicated caligraphy; and Betty Balfour, who is going to grow up into a



Dignity and impudence. Policeman Fred Groves and a pert young citizen.



Betty, Fred, and Hugh.

wit if somebody doesn't catch her in time, responded instantly: "Flemish!"

Then George Pearson told me about a studio rough-house in *Squibs, M.P.*, that nearly developed into a riot. They were making an East End election scene for which the producer had selected three hundred tough types and Mr. Pearson was very anxious to get a good effect.

"I want a real rough-house," he told them. "Give me the real thing, even if you have to smash up the studio. Let yourselves go, just as you would at a

Betty Balfour, Irene Tripod, and Hugh Wright.



Hugh Wright and an embarrassing background.



genuine election meeting. I'll give half-a-crown to the first man who lands on Frank Stanmore, and half-a-crown to the first six men who throw the chairman off the platform. Don't spare him; there are plenty of mattresses about. Get ready for the whistle!"

From which you will see that George Pearson asked for it. He got it. So did Frank Stanmore, who stopped three chairs with the back of his neck before the echoes of the whistle died away. In three seconds there were so many bashed-in hats floating about that it looked like a Dunn's Benefit Night. Then the crowd got hold of Frank Stanmore, and it took ten minutes to stop the riot.

At this juncture the Assistant Director stopped further reminiscences by announcing that the lights were ready, and we trooped outside the studio, one door of which had been converted into the entrance to an election hall. A large crowd of several hundred people, five dogs and half-a-million moths awaited us.

We stood round and cheered as Squibs drove up in her milk-cart accompanied by Fred Groves and Hugh Wright. There was a little trouble at the door with some professional bashers, who did not want to admit Squibs to her rival's election meeting, but the resourceful Betty managed to elude their vigilance. She entered the door carrying a basket of eggs, which indicated that somebody was in for a sticky time.

The first rehearsal went off all right, but on the second attempt the five dogs jumped in, barking joyously, and gave us an unrehearsed effect. Knowing the futility of reasoning with the screen-struck, George

Pearson gave orders for them to be impounded, before shouting "Camera!" The next scenes taken showed the chucker-out being chucked out by the friends of Squibs. The two bruisers at the door were splendid types, and they put many deft, comedy touches into this scene.

It was now about midnight, and even a movie producer is entitled to some sleep, so George Pearson decided to call it a day, much to the disappointment of the onlookers. "Who is it, d'y'know?" said one girl to another, as I passed them on my way back to the car.

"Frank Stanmore, I think. The chap who got bashed about so the other day."

"He looks it," said the girl.

# Putting the Lean in Helene

By James J. Tynan

Helene Chadwick makes acquaintance with the high cost of reduction.

"You are twenty-two pounds over weight, and you must get rid of that excessive poundage. And that's that!" And so saying, the speaker, who was none other than Rupert Hughes, world-famous novelist and motion picture director, now associated with Goldwyn, turned on his heel and walked off.

Nice way to greet a young lady who had just reported for work following an eight month's vacation due to a lawsuit over a contract, and who was full of pep and ambition to go on with her work.

But that is the way Helene Chadwick was greeted by Rupert Hughes, who is directing his own story, *Lave against Lave*, which has something to do with divorce laws in the United States, where it is possible for a man and woman to be legally permitted to wed in one State only to be guilty of bigamy in another.

However, Helene Chadwick was, and is to play the leading feminine role, but when she reported for work, Mr. Hughes spoke to her in the words at the beginning of this yarn.

Did Miss Chadwick immediately go into tears, and call Mr. Hughes a horrid old thing? She did not, she simply hopped, that is, she hopped in so far as that extra 22 pounds would allow her, to the telephone and called up "Pep" Kerwin, well-known California physical director, and engaged him to put her through a course of sprouts that would remove that excess weight in a big



Boxing practice; note the elaborate face guard worn by Helene.



A little exercise with the medicine ball

hurry, and she agreed to pay him so much per pound for each pound taken off.

If "Pep" has his way, Miss Chadwick will soon be a mere sylph, for she is adhering to a schedule that would put a pugilist in the "pink," in fact it is exactly the same course that Kerwin gives ambitious boxers who come to him for training.

At six a.m. Miss Chadwick arises, does "sit ups" and "dips," takes a run

of a mere five miles. Takes a tepid bath, a rub down and a very light breakfast.

She then rests, but only for a short period.

After that comes a period of rope skipping by rounds, Miss Chadwick skips three minutes, rests one, and continues this until she has skipped ten rounds. This makes thirty minutes actual skipping with the rope.

A short rest is then permitted. Then comes a half hour of tossing the heavy medicine ball.

You would think that by this time the twenty-two pounds would have taken their departure the very first day, but such is not the case. Kerwin estimates it will take at least three weeks to get rid of that terrible "22 pounds."



Skipping is excellent exercise

But wait a moment, now comes the most strenuous part of the whole exercising plan, that is the six rounds of actual boxing indulged in by Miss Chadwick and Mr. Kerwin.

Helene is dolled up in a leather head gear, with heavy leather and rubber guard for her nose and mouth, while a heavy protector for the body is placed under her sweater.

She now goes to it with Kerwin, and confesses that she really likes this part of her daily grind better than anything else, because it is competitive, and not merely performing a lot of stunts that at first glance mean nothing.

By the time this article is being read, there is little doubt but that those twenty-two annoying pounds will have gone the way of all surplus poundage that is attacked in the right manner.

And with the passing of the pounds, will return the smile of Rupert Hughes, and the "lean will return to Helene."

# Don't Call her Beatrice

Her correct name is Leatrice Joy, but people still say "What a funny misprint for Beatrice."

"And if you'll come along right now," murmured a clear soft voice, whose pretty modulations and attractive slurring of vowels even a telephone wire could not disguise. "I have a full hour to spare and you may do your worst."

So I came along. Along, that is, from the outer portals of the huge Paramount studio, past a stage or two, and through a big door. Past the Gothic chapel in the very centre of the studio wherein the omnipotent Cecil B. De Mille was, 'twas whispered, even now chasing a sudden inspiration into a corner so that he might capture and embalm it in celluloid. Hence, I was told, the fact that Leatrice Joy was accessible at this hour and at this place. Her dressing room was ajar. And from within a merry voice trilled, "Yes, there'll be no emoting—There'll be no emoting to-day," breaking off to bid me "Come right in." Leatrice Joy is refreshingly direct and natural. She laughed as she asked me whether I had fully appreciated her music. "Because," she said, "I've just heard that I'm through for to-day and I felt like bursting forth into melody. I very seldom do that here. It's rather against the accepted rules. You know what I mean, I suppose?"

I registered negation as I accepted her hand.

"Well, y'know, it's supposed to be the thing for a De Mille leading lady to be very dignified and rather aloof during business hours." Leatrice's dark eyes fairly radiated fun and mischief as she drew her small self up to her fullest height and simulated aloofness in her best "Lydia Thorne" manner.

"But I do like to be natural in my leisure hours. Mr. De Mille thinks one should act all the while. When one's dining out or dancing or lurching. He calls it 'maintaining the illusion,' and really some stars do it awfully well. "Some again," she paused to give me a I-could-a-tale-unfold glance that spoke volumes, "Don't. This one has never tried it. I love acting, but only in the studios. Minus my make-up box I'm just Leatrice Gilbert, that's all."

"Leatrice, not Beatrice, please. I like my uncommon name though no one else seems to, else why should everybody persist in labelling me Beatrice the way they do?"



*A camera study of Leatrice Joy.*

"I thought," she continued, after a moment, "That we wouldn't waste this lovely afternoon indoors, but drive out to Laurel Canyon and call on Jack, my husband. He'll be so mad. He's told everyone he's out of town because he's busy growing whiskers for his next film and he really does look rather dreadful."

"How long has this interesting growth been going on," I queried.

"Oh, about a month now," said Leatrice, "and 'tis very black and not at all beautiful." She slipped her arms into a natty little navy coat, gathered up a few necessary possessions and we sought the open air once more.

*Leatrice as a lady from the Land of the Living. Note the tortoiseshell fingernail sheaths.*

I am not going to try to reproduce Leatrice Joy's accent in print. It would mean misspelling many words in a fashion that would look ridiculous, and give the printer-men convulsions,



although it sounds charming in itself. For instance she leaves off many finals, says "befo'" for "before," "goin'" for "going," and so forth and so on. For she comes from the Sunny South, and her five years' absence from her native New Orleans have not succeeded in causing her to lose her prettily slurring accents.

She was charmingly dressed in a navy blue coat and skirt trimmed with touches of scarlet, and a cute creamy silk jumper with the merest suggestion of the same colour in its intricate embroidered bands at waist and elbows. This latest De Mille beauty has a natural charm and womanliness about her that was conspicuously lacking in some of her predecessors. She is vivaciously charming one moment, almost gravely naive the next, but always sincere and possessed of a very palpable sense of humour.

As we bowled smoothly along towards our reprehensible goal I asked Leatrice Joy for some details of her movie career.

"I am no newcomer to films," she answered solemnly. "I have had five years of more or less hard work. I've loved it, though, every single bit of it. Even when I've had to do stunts and things and hurt myself or be a target for custard pies, and I wouldn't be without a particle of any of it."

"I didn't know you had ever been a Mack Sennet girl," I interrupted.

"I haven't," laughed Leatrice. "I was with Black Diamond Comedies, up North, but not for long, because I really prefer character or emotional work and I seized the first opportunity that came my way to do some."

"Of course you know I come from Way down South," she continued. "I was born in New Orleans on November 7th, I went to school at a convent there, and afterwards to High. I was still attending High when I was lucky enough to be elected Queen of the Mardi Gras. Oh those jolly days and nights. Shall I ever forget them! Then a day or two after the final ball, the director of a film company working in New Orleans rang me up to know whether I'd consider joining the cast of his next film as leading lady."

"It wasn't a big concern, of course, but it *was* a big opportunity. My dad had been ill for a long time, and though none of the women of our family ever had worked for their living, I determined that I'd be the pioneer. So, with the help of my brother, I arranged to go down to the studio for a test."

Early next morning she slipped away, and found herself one of half-a-dozen other pretty girls, two of whom had figured prominently in that same Mardi Gras procession. "Had any experience?" asked the Director—in French—he had only recently arrived and couldn't speak any English. Only one voice answered, also in French, the others didn't understand. "Non,

Three home pictures of the latest De Mille star. Monsieur—etc., etc.

(I don't speak French myself so you must take the rest of the conversation for granted) However, Leatrice was the chosen one of the bunch, she went home ablaze with enthusiasm, and spent the rest of the day persuading her family that being a motion picture star was rather a fine thing and that the pay was good. What there was of it. Salaries were small then.

"The next day," reminisced Leatrice, her expressive dark eyes looking straight ahead at the long white road our car was eating up so rapidly, "my photo was in all the newspapers. I had certainly become a somebody. The Nola Film Company wasn't a very big one, neither, alas, did it flourish.

After three dramatic films, it fizzled out. Mother wanted me to give up acting then, but I couldn't. So, like the dear, darling person she is, she sold up our home and we all, she, my little brother and I went East to make our fortunes. At least I was going to make theirs, we fondly believed."

You would instinctively like Leatrice Joy for the way in which she speaks of her mother. She says the word with a capital "M" always, and when I remarked upon this she said:

"Down South, one's Father and Mother are on quite a different plane to oneself. Whatever they say *goes*. Mother gave me my quant name, you know, our





name's Zeidler, which is Austrian, and too long for a professional, so she re-christened me Leatrice Joy and told me to live up to it."

"I think I had quite a lot of good luck in pictures. Roscoe Arbuckle happened to be watching us at work once and told me to look him up if I ever went East. So when we went to New York I wrote him, but he was away. I was a "trouper," extra, y'know, for a month or two. There were a bunch of us, all friends, but, Vola Vale and Mary Anderson (Sunshine Mary Anderson they called her) were my especial friends. We were all terrible lie-a-beds, and anytime you took a stroll past the line of extra ladies you could count upon seeing Vola, Mary and Leatrice at the end of the queue. Mary landed most of the parts, though."

"My first acquaintance with Famous-Players Studio came that year," she told me. "Do you remember the Victor Moore comedies? Well, I made comedies there at the same time, and mine were released alternately with his on the Paramount programmes. I don't know how on earth I managed to get up early and be on the "lot" in time, I'm sure."

For early-to-rise is still Leatrice Joy's bugbear, she has never grown fond of getting up with the lark.

After that she went out to California with Roscoe Arbuckle's company and played in comedies. She worked at Inceville in several pictures, then there was a slump (it was War time), and Leatrice made a little money by posing for a big Art school at a dollar an hour.

"I spent it on car fares to and from



A Chinese girl supervised Leatrice's "Tale of Two World's" make-up.

of hers that obtained for her a position in stock with a San Diego company. Leatrice Joy had eight months' experience there and between times, she played lead in a Warren Kerrigan picture, ingénue in a Dustin Farnum film, and a character part opposite Walter Mc Grail. George Loane Tucker cast her in his *Ladies Must Live*, and then advised her to go back to stock again to "tone down a bit," as he phrased it.

When I had finished a year's work (in all), playing a different part every week, I went up to Inceville after a part in a Charles Ray film and got it. Lead, actually lead! I was congratulated on all sides and then—plunk. Like a bolt from the blue came a note, courteous but irrevocable to the effect that an artist already engaged on a long contract would be at liberty, and that, of course, she would play the part. To add to my sorrows, I'd had an interview with Cecil De Mille, under whom I'd always longed to work, and he had decided that I was too inexperienced to appear in his productions. George



Above: Filming a scene from "Down Home." Right: Her early morning tee.

the Studios looking for work," she confessed. "And I used to take in carefully every word the master told his pupils because I drew and painted myself. My early ambition was to be a magazine illustrator. I believe that a certain amount of knowledge of art and art values I acquired there and at different times later have been a lot of help to me in my picture work. Ah, times were bad then. I lived in a tiny hall bedroom and I ate just when I could. When I couldn't—well—I didn't. That was when I found it difficult sometimes to live up to my surname."

She did it, though, and it was her never-failing optimism and high spirits and that irrepressible "pep"





A  
pensive  
pose.

Loane Tucker was ill, and I was almost in despair.

"I think disappointment brings out many dormant qualities, though," she went on with a wise smile.



Some of the exclusive creations Leatrice Joy wears in current screen-plays

her handsome young actor-husband who became a director and has only recently returned to acting. He met Leatrice on the "lot," they worked in *Ladies Must Live* and one or two other films together without taking much notice of one another, and finally met again and eloped in romantic fashion after a very short engagement.

We went into her charming low ceilinged drawing room, and she showed me several water colours and oils of her own. Also the magazines in which appeared some of her dainty and romantic verse. Her favourite is the one dedicated to her mother, titled,

"To Her," with "God's Ideas," published in Scribner's, a close second. I noticed a somewhat frayed and be-thumbed newspaper clipping carefully enclosed in a small hammered silver frame. Leatrice followed my curious gaze. "That's my motto," she enlightened me. "I've had it since I was a child. I cut it out of a magazine, but I had it for years before I framed it, hence its dilapidated condition."



She read aloud in her delightful voice, "Oh God, help me to win, but in Thy inscrutable wisdom, if thou wiltest me *not* to win, then, O God, make me a good loser"—Ali Baba. It's a bit fatalistic, isn't it; But then, so am I." And I believe she is, too.

"I ought to be a vamp with my colouring," she laughed, "but I've steadfastly refused. It isn't in me. I can't trail and slither and slide."

She's right. She has none of the so-called Southern languor despite her rich Southern beauty. She speaks and gesticulates while she speaks with the same nervous intensity which you've doubtless noted on the screen. The sincerity is there too, all of it, and there is great depth to her personality. She bade me a cordial "Adieu," as the evening shadows began to gather. "I must go and make my peace with my husband," she called, as her ear swept me back whence I had come. I shouldn't think that would be very difficult. For though John Gilbert is as serious as she is joyous, they are a well-matched and happy pair.

JOAN DRUMMOND.

# Continental Gossip

By Oscar M. Sheridan.

While down at Deauville a few days ago, I came across Fanny Ward, the famous American kinema actress, who communicated to me exclusively for *Picturegoer* readers the extremely interesting news that she has decided to return to film-work.

Miss F. Ward, who was looking as pretty and as young as ever, said that she was tired of doing nothing, and that the prospect of going back to the screen proved too great a lure for her, and she finally came to the conclusion that her return to the life of a film-star was bound to happen sooner or later.

Although absent from the silent stage for many many months, Fanny Ward is still the recipient of thousands of letters from her countless admirers,

all of them imploring her to make some more films. Hence the decision.

"I may tell you," said Miss Ward to me, while sipping orangeade at the Potinière, "that I am not going back to America to produce films. It will either be France or India; which country I am not quite sure yet. At all events I am looking forward to going back to my work, for the kinema has always been, and is still a greater



The Dolly Sisters who are making some French two-reelers.

film, and Pearl herself believes that it will be the best film she has ever made. José, the well-known American producer, will direct.

Rudolph Valentino, the Sheik of Sheiks as one American newspaper called him, has taken Paris by storm. This is rather astonishing, considering the fact that "Rudy" is not too well-known in the French capital, as only the *Four Horsemen*, and three other films of his have been shown here. Notwithstanding this, however, thousands of letters from all over



The Valentinos with Jacques Heberot and Oscar M. Sheridan.

attraction than ever—the most important thing in my life!"

"And now," said Miss Fanny Ward, with a fascinating smile, "you may take a picture of me!" And I did.

When these lines appear in print Pearl White will be back again at her original work of looking for revolvers in drawers, dropping out of aeroplanes into automobiles, and threatening villains, to say nothing of making the life of the hero worth living. In other words the "serial queen" will be making one of her famous mystery stories; this time in a French studio, Eclair, at Epinay. Pearl, too, has been long absent from the screen, but here again the attraction has been too strong.

Pearl White is painting the whole of her studio black, for she believes that the best results are achieved by the use of artificial light for the "shooting" of the scenes. Many thousands of pounds are to be spent on this



Marthe Ferrare and Charles Vanel.

France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Algeria, and Morocco began to arrive the very day of his arrival

The same scenes that were enacted at the Carlton in London, took place here, and hundreds of callers disturbed the rest of the handsome film idol.

"That!" said the pretty little Parisian *midinette*, the Society beauty and the gay Boulevardier "is the World's Most Beautiful Man!"

And so the popularity of the screen Adonis grew so much that to-day he counts many hundreds of thousands more admirers and neither he nor Mrs. Valentino can walk down the Champs Elysées without being recognised by everyone within a mile of the Arc de Triomphe.



Fanny Ward at Deauville.



Marie Prevost entirely surrounded by salary.

Every day, etc., etc., the high cost of movies is getting higher and higher. Nineteen-twenty-one saw nearly a million dollars spent on single photoplays and since then many have topped the million. Whether they ever brought it in again is a vexed question. Several did. Griffith's *Intolerance*, which was a failure financially cost nearly three-quarters of a million. Then came Fox's *Daughter of the Gods*, for which Mr. Fox paid four hundred and fifty thousand dollars and spent half as much again on exploitation and advertising in America alone. But he made a profit on it eventually. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* is quoted as the first picture to bring in a million dollars in its first season. In nineteen-twenty-one, its total profits were nearly three millions and by now the sum total must be nearer five. But this does not go to the producer, more's the pity. It is high time that the mind which conceives and carries out these really worth while pictures should receive a percentage of the total profits. England paid £15,000 for the British rights of *Intolerance*, but the money came back very quickly. Another money maker was the famous *Tarzan of the Apes*. Neither the producer or the buyers had the slightest idea of their gold mine. The picture was made as a novelty, and it proved a pioneer. It also brought Elmo Lincoln well into the spotlight. But it is interesting to note that nearly all the really big money-making films have no particular star. *Traffic in Souls*, which was made by the late George Loane Tucker, who spent eight thousand dollars on it, was originally scheduled as a two reeler. This was made in 1913, and the aspiring young director was somewhat staggered when he found himself with ample for a seven-reeler when he'd finished shooting. However it brought Universal over half-a-million net profit in its first year, perhaps the most ever made by a film in proportion to its cost. For the enormous amount of dollars poured into productions to-day, seldom, if ever, come back again. If the exact figures were revealed it would be found that most of them, even the most artistic, show a loss. The profits were bigger in the early days of the movies, in proportion to the outlay, that is. For at the present moment films are being made at Hollywood alone to the value of £3,000,000 (not dollars). Amongst these, *The Ten Commandments*, *The Thief of Bagdad*, *Rosita*, and a couple of Goldwyn productions account for a good deal of it. Chaplin's comedies are the surest

## A Few Film Figures

money-makers in the market to-day, Charlie is still the screen's biggest drawing card, with Mary Pickford a close second and the Talmadges next. Charlie's *A Dog's Life*, for instance, earned 13,000 dollars in a week in one theatre in New York when it was first shown. And *The Kid's* popularity and "pull" will continue *ad infinitum*. Colleen Moore and Jane Novak were the highest paid stars of last year, 1923 however, sees several freelance players exceeding Colleen's respectable fifteen hundred dollars a week. Claire Windsor, perhaps equally popular, however, receives only three hundred and fifty a week, she made a long-term contract with the company for whom she stars during the great slump, and is still bound by it. The same applies to Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Nita Naldi. The most expensive luxury in the way of leading men is undoubtedly Conway Tearle, whose modest little honorarium stands at 2,500 dollars weekly. Wallace Beery beat him on one occasion, for Wally charges 1,500 dollars for his services, and once worked on three pictures simultaneously; thus drawing a total of 4,500 dollars weekly for six weeks. So that salaries alone account for some of the cash that goes to make movies. To conclude with a few further statistics, ten thousand men and women are regularly engaged in film production in America and their total salaries will amount to over eight millions in the year. We, in England, cannot come near anything like this. But then there are only thirty perfect filming days in an average British year, whilst America, particularly California can truthfully boast of two hundred and seventy. Which is probably the reason why nine-tenths of the U.S.A. Studios work by artificial light!

Elaine Hammerstein dreams of wealth untold

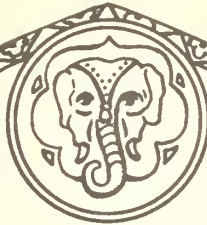




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# They All Love Jack

Popular Jack Mulhall is a screen matinee idol.

Some studies of the handsome juvenile lead whose winsome personality is well-known to the kinema public all the world over.

John Joseph Mulhall (which is another way of describing Jack Mulhall, the twenty-eight-year-old, brown-haired, blue-eyed, "matinee idol") ought to be a thoroughly spoilt star, for he is one of the handsomest and most sought-after leading men, and his mail-bag never contains less than 80 letters a day from devoted admirers. He isn't though; on the contrary he is singularly modest and unspoilt, with the romantic temperament inherited from his Irish ancestors counterbalanced by more than the average share of sound commonsense. He began his career as an actor at the age of fourteen—by doing odd jobs at the Whitehead Opera House at Pasaic! It wasn't long, however, before he had got "inside," and he was soon doing vaudeville work with James K. Hackett, who recently took London by storm with his "Macbeth." He didn't take long in getting on to Broadway in good productions, and once there two years proved sufficient to make him the matinee idol of American flapperdom.

It was Rex Ingram who made Jack break into pictures—to the delight of thousands of English fans. Rex met him at the studio of an artist when Jack was posing for book illustrations (Oh Jack!), and hauled him off to the studio forthwith. His very first job at the old Biograph was to make a picture in company with Blanche Sweet, Micky Neenan, Lionel Barrymore and Antonio Moreno. Not a bad start for a beginner! With

Biograph he played leads for four years and then other people began to clamour for the services of such popular young man.

For Universal he made, among many others, *Madame Spy*, which caused male fans to lose their heads to handsome Jack masquerading as a woman!—*The Midnight Man*, *High Speed*, and that popular serial, *The Brass Bullet*. Metro claimed him to play opposite dainty Viola Dana in *The Off-Shore Pirate*. This was not the first time he had appeared under Metro's banner. Previous to that he had played opposite Alice Lake in *Should a Woman Tell?* and appeared in one of the leading parts in a production of *The Hope*, the film version of the Drury Lane melodrama.

Rex Ingram having been responsible for Jack's entry into pictures, kept his eye on him, and when he had a part that just fitted him was after him like a shot. This was "Joe," the leading male role in *Turn to the Right*. In this film Jack played opposite Alice Terry, in company with Raymond Hatton and Edward Connolly. Recently he has just finished a series of "shorts" for Universal, film version of Jack London's famous "Tales of the Fish Patrol." To see his athletic six feet of wiry manhood in the stirring stories of the sea, makes difficult to realise that he was once a rather delicate boy! Now he weighs 10st. 10lbs. and rides, fishes and swims with the best of them.

Lucky Jack! He is one of the few who have come from the stage to the screen who have no desire to go back to it. He confesses that he misses his audience, but he is perfectly satisfied to play the triple role of screen star, husband and father. For there is a young Jack, who, his father hopes, will one day be coming to develop into a first class gentleman.





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Larry Semon in  
"The Barnyard."



# Kinema Carols

## MY CHOICE.

Rudolph, 'tis not of you I sing—  
You much acclaimed young movie  
king—  
Nor Ivor of the Grecian nose,  
Nor Thomas Meighan's rugged pose.  
No young Adonis claims my praise,  
But he to whom I pen my lays  
Has charms more plentiful by far  
Than any youthful movie star.  
He holds my heart and he alone—  
My movie hero, Lewis Stone.  
ERMYNTRUDE (London).

## TO BUSTER.

I go to all the cinemas,  
I know the stars by name,  
And if I met them in the street,  
I'd know them just the same.  
But Buster Keaton beats the lot—  
He really is a sight—  
So, if you're feeling blue, see him;  
He'll cheer you up alright.  
D. N. (Folkestone).

## A RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in "Ethel" but not in  
"Clayton,"  
My second's in "Lewis" but not in  
"Dayton,"  
My third is in "Doris" but not in  
"May,"  
My fourth is in "Albert" but not in  
"Ray,"  
My fifth is in "James" but not in  
"Knight,"  
My sixth is in "Pearl" but not in  
"White,"  
My seventh's in "Tom" but not in  
"Mix,"  
My eighth is in "Richard" but not in  
"Dix,"  
My ninth is in "Agnes" and also in  
"Ayres,"  
My tenth is in "Owen" but not in  
"Nares."

My eleventh's in "Billie" but not in  
"Dove,"  
My twelfth is in "Bessie" but not in  
"Love,"  
My thirteenth's in "Fannie" but not  
in "Ward,"  
My fourteenth's in "Francis" but not  
in "Ford,"  
My fifteenth's in "Doris" my last in  
"Keane,"  
My whole is the handsomest star on  
the screen.

ANSWER—Herbert Rawlinson.  
F. M. S. (Brighton).

## CONSTANCE TALMADGE.

I'm tired of childish charmers,  
The vamp, the tragic queen,  
Who occupy so large a place  
Upon the silver screen.  
But now I'm never bored because  
In spite of all remonstrance,  
I only go to pictures when  
They're showing bright-eyed  
Constance. J. T. H. (Liverpool).

## OCCUPIED.

'Twas only just a while ago  
I had no favourite star—  
I didn't like the perfect saints  
That some film heroes are.  
But now I've been to see "The Sheik"  
And Rudolph I've espied.  
My heart's no longer marked "To  
Let"—  
I've put up "Occupied."  
C. R. (Manor Park).

## THE ONE AND ONLY.

Say Charlie, you're a "stunner,"  
Your antics are unique,  
It's worth while going twenty miles  
To see you every week.  
If you could see your pictures here—  
How well they always take—  
You'd have to laugh to hear the noise  
Both "kids" and "grown-ups" make.  
A. KIN (Calcutta)

## PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

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### One of the "Secrets of Nature!"

Most of the scenes in *The Brutal  
Breaker*, featuring Frank Mayo are  
laid in a lumber camp, far up the river  
and "miles from anywhere." There  
are no roads and the only means of  
transport is by the river or by horse  
yet during part of the film a motor is  
seen in the distance. How did the  
driver manage to pilot it through the  
trees? S. R. S. (Balham).

### Don't Ask Questions And . . . !

In *For Big Stakes*, Tom Mix is  
stated to have a six-shooter revolver.  
But when he is shooting at one of his  
enemies, eight consecutive shots come  
from his six-shooter, although Tom  
has obviously not had time to re-load.  
Can you explain this?

M. P. (West Ealing).

### Tell Me The Old, Old Story!

The villain in the film *Pages of  
Life* is knocked down and horse  
whipped by the hero. When you  
see the villain on the ground, his  
flannel trousers are decidedly dirty,  
yet a second later he appears outside  
the building with his trousers clean  
and well-pressed. D. J. (Wallasey).

### Aunt Jemima Makes a Bloomer.

In a film called *Aunt Jemima's Tele-  
gram*, "Aunt Jemima" addresses her  
telegram to "Holly Lodge," but its  
destination is called "Kingswood."  
G. N. (Bridlington).

### Hence The Title!

Lewis Willoughby, the hero in *Blue  
Dark Night*, goes into a very dark attic on a very  
dark night. He lights a piece of  
candle, about an inch in length, and  
immediately the room is flooded with  
light. Such a candle must be worth  
having! D. W. (Leicester).

### Who Healed the Hero?

In *A Woman's Place*, featuring  
Constance Talmadge, the hero, who  
the hooligans are raiding the hall  
where the final women's meeting  
being held, gets a blow on the forehead  
with a brick which makes  
nasty bruise. The very next morning  
the bruise has miraculously disappeared.  
C. P. (Preston).

### A Meter In The "House"

House Peters in *Rich Men's Wives*  
blows up a balloon for his little so  
His wife ties up the end whilst it  
still in his mouth. On releasing the  
balloon it floats upwards to the full  
length of the string, as it will not  
do when filled with gas! Does House  
Peters breathe gas? E. H. (Sheffield)



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# From Film Fan to Film Star



The romantic screen career of Gertrude Astor.

Every film-fan hopes in her heart of hearts to one day become a film-star herself, but it is given to very few to realise this ambition. Gertrude Astor, is, however, one of the fortunate few. She was an exceptionally pretty and gifted child, playing piano and violin well at the age of seven. Four years later she toured all



John Stahl directing Gertrude Astor in "The Wanters"

and the wise guidance of the directors of Biograph films. Her first role was in a film called *Asentea*, which was a great success.

After a year there, Gertrude went to Los Angeles, and was seen in many Fine Art and Selig features, notably in a series of twenty-four films, the first of which featured Marshall

Neilan. A short and sharp experience as a serial heroine followed, and Gertrude has many an amusing tale to tell of the hardships, some faked, some real, which were hers during that time. With Marie Walcamp and Thomas Lingham, she did desperate deeds and emerged scatheless in the final close-up.

Gertrude Astor was in *The Price of a Good Time*, the first Mildred Harris feature, indeed there are few famous stars with whom she has not worked at one time or another. Mitchell Lewis, Bill Farnum, Lew Cody, Mahlon Hamilton, Richard Dix, and Reginald Denny, are some of the famous "heroes," who have made love, violent or otherwise to the pretty gentle looking girl with the large, soft eyes whose expression is very reminiscent of Mary Pickford's. Perhaps it was for this reason that she was chosen to play Mary's mother in *Through the Back Door*, which is her favourite role. Gertrude Astor is a tall girl, taller than the average movie star, for she registers five feet seven and a half inches without her pointed high heeled shoes and fully an inch taller with



Above and below Gertrude Astor and Thomas Menahan in "The Ne'er-do-Well"

them. She has fluffy blonde hair and very appealing blue eyes. Versatile and charming, her Hollywood flat is a regular evening rendezvous for the musically inclined. Gertrude is "a home" most evenings, and round her concert grand may always be found a group of popular and famous kinem. celebrities, trying this or that favourite air. She has been a free-lance lately, though much of her time has been spent at Paramount Studios where her latest films include *The Impossible Mrs. Bellew*, with Gloria Swanson. Gertrude confesses to a long suppressed desire to do a little directing herself some day. Since she achieved her first ambition, which was to be a movie star, there's no knowing how soon she will achieve her last.



Gertrude Astor in her dress



over the United States with a company for thirty six months, and on her return to New York went on the stage. It was about then that she became a film-fan. She used to spend every spare evening at the Movies, and her screen idols were Maurice Costello and John Bunny. And it was not long before she forsook music and the stage for the cold bare studios of that time

This month's most interesting announcement is that Kipling has consented to allow his "Kim" to be filmed. This story, more, perhaps than any of his other long ones has great film possibilities, and speculation is still rife as to who shall have the title role. Our vote goes to Wesley Barry with Gordon Griffith as second choice.

Charles Christie, brother of "Al" of the same ilk, was in London recently and is thinking about bringing a band of fun-makers over to make comedies here next summer. Charles declared that his first day in town gave him sixteen comedy ideas and that England's capital holds unending opportunities for comedy "shots."

Marjorie Daw has now joined the bobbed-haired brigade. She sacrificed her locks on September 25.

The leading lady in *Woman Proof*, will be Lila Lee, who is among the newest of the film colony's newly-weds. She and husband James Kirkwood separated almost at the altar, for James had to go to Georgia for Goldwyn's *Wild Oranges*, and Lila will have to go to 'Frisco quite soon with Meighan and Co. But their new home in Benedict Canyon, Beverley Hills, will be about ready for them by the time they are back in Hollywood again. Lila has no intention of giving up her screen career.

The three principal roles in *Anna Christie*, will be played by Blanche Sweet, William Russell, and George Marion.

Now that his Paramount contract is nearly ended, Theodore Kosloff announces that he will spend the next few years of his life in trying to help his native Russia. He has formed a five-thousand-dollar film corporation in Los, for the purpose of bringing peace and plenty to Russia, and Kosloff will go to Paris as soon as he can to confer with his brother-in-law upon the subject; for the organisation will have its headquarters in Paris.

"Russia to-day needs two things," says Theodore, "Bread, and happiness, and the movies will help to bring both. We mean to make films, and also exhibit films other countries have made; and we shall have English actors, French designers, and Russian directors, whilst our corporation embodies Russians, Americans, French, and Germans." Kosloff himself will have a unique position, as he will be director, actor, producer, and exhibitor.



He came to America as practically a war refugee, though with an international reputation as a dancer, becoming a dancing teacher and film director and actor, he is now a very rich man.

Hollywood has its own Big Four these days. Consisting of Tom Meighan, Al Green (director), Tom Geraghty, supervisor, and George Ade, author. This team are working hard upon *Woman Proof*, their joint Paramount production. George Ade, whose "Fables" are well known both sides of the Atlantic has written several screen plays for Tom Meighan. This last one has a delightful title, anyway.

Lubitsch has now completed *The Spanish Dancer*, with Mary Pickford as "Rosita," and goes to Warner Bros., this month. There he will produce *Deburau*, with possibly John Barrymore in the title role. It is good news that Barrymore will make at least one other film besides *Deburau*. He was in London for four days in September but vigorously denied himself to interviewers.

Vaudeville has claimed many favourite screen players. Nazimova and Charles Bryant are appearing in a new dramatic playlet which suits them both very well. Theodore Kosloff will make a short excursion into variety before he leaves America in a series of spectacular dances, and Pedro de Cordoba is in a pirate play with Carroll McComas. William Russell and Mary McIvor, too, are contemplating a visit to London, where they will appear on the halls in a sketch.

Morgan Wallace, of *Orphans of the Storm* fame is now playing the "heavy" in Constance Talmadge's new film, *The Dangerous Maid*.

Barbara La Marr has adopted another baby, a girl this time. Whilst she and Jack Daugherty were honeymooning in Italy, a little girl of five called Rosa Siccardi attracted their attention. She was a forlorn little waif, but today, as Barbara and Jack's adopted daughter, she is looking forward to seeing America soon.

Dorothy Dalton is vacationing in Europe, and may make one film in England.

Pola Negri returns to costume drama again in her new film *The Spanish Dancer*. It is set in the Velasquez period, and Pola plays a peasant girl who fascinates a king. One of the most picturesque sets ever erected was the reproduction of the well known "Square of the Galloping Charger" in Madrid. It was put up on the Lasky ranch at Hollywood, where the hills formed a natural and beautiful background.

Eighteen hundred people assembled there when the procession scenes were filmed. The heat was intense that day and Pola and Tom Moreno enlivened the occasion with picturesque remarks in their native tongue anent the state of the atmosphere and the weight of their seventeenth century clothes. Tony sports a little black moustache for this film, like the one he used to wear in his earliest Vitagraph days, and Wallace Beery is a more than usually wicked villain.

# AUTUMN AND FADING BEAUTY

IT is Autumn! All Nature reluctantly sheds its glamour of Summer beauty, and faces the forbidding austerity of Winter.

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Mary Clare is playing two Queens these days. She is the "Queen Eleanor" of Stolls *Becket* film, and also the heroine, "Sally" in that clever cockney play "The Likes of Her," at the St. Martin's Theatre, London. "Sally" is a kind of uncrowned queen of Bridewell Court, Stepney, a rough and ready young lady with a ready wit and a decidedly caustic tongue on occasions. Mary Clare gives a very fine performance, though she looks very much unlike her screen self in the velvet and "fevvers" of the coster heroine.

Flora Finch has just made her reappearance on the New York stage. Flora is British, and was on the stage for some years before Vitagraph made her name and John Bunny's a *sine-qua-non* for mirth when the movies were young.

Hope Hampton is in Europe. She will be the heroine when *Irene* is filmed, and will work at Hollywood in Warner studios.

At last Mary Miles Minter's *The Little Cloven* has arrived and will be released next month. Enquiries have continually reached us about this ever since the first pictures of Mary as "Pat" appeared in these pages, and "fans" will be glad to know that it is an exceeding pretty story and a charming film.

Lyn Harding is playing in Marion Davies' new film *Yolanda*. He returned with her from Europe. Marion had no time to spare for London, after all, but promises faithfully to pay a visit there next summer.

Harrison Ford, despite his name, is the only film star in Hollywood who does not own or drive a motor.

George K. Spoor (the S of Essanay films), has just perfected a wonderful discovery. Ever since the birth of the film industry, producers have sought after the third dimension in motion pictures. Now, it seems, they have, or at least one of them, has got it. Eleven pictures were shown to a private audience, pictures which had not only height and width but depth also, and were free from distortion at all angles.

Then came the new projector, which projects pictures "in the round" upon the spiral screen. This screen has a transparent curtain placed some 135 feet away from the camera lens. This is part of the projector and is actually "interference lines." But the effect is wonderful and will revolutionise the industry. (We seem to have heard that phrase before somewhere!) Essanay are going into the business again, and will handle the whole thing, making the equipment and the films, and releasing them direct



Mary Clare, stage and screen star as "Sally" in "The Likes of Her."

The figures walking into the screen seemed to stand out from it, and when one actor passed another there was a distinct impression of distance between them. The process is complicated and necessitated the construction of a special screen and a new camera about four times the size of an ordinary one. Using two lenses, one picture is super-imposed upon another on a film, two and a half inches wide. The ordinary movie film is one inch and a quarter across. This camera box took years to perfect.

The successful play "East of Suez" is about to be filmed. Allen Holubar is to direct it and has already re-titled it *Life's Highway*.

One of the best short stories of the year, "Broadway Broke," is being filmed, with a fine cast including Mary Carr as the actress heroine, Gladys Leslie, Percy Marmont, Sally Crete, Doré Davidson, and Edward Earle.

The Borrowing Fever from which movie studios are suffering shows no signs of abating. Claire Windsor was loaned to Universal by Goldwyn's; Malcolm MacGregor is working in Fox studios for one screen play, by kind permission of Metro's. Maurice Tourneur has sent an S.O.S. for Jane Novak, who is under contract with Chester Bennett productions; Laskys have lent one of their prize screen "rotters," Clarence Burton to Associated Authors; while D. W. Griffith has leased Lloyd Hamilton for a while from Hamilton White productions.

Ernest Torrence is playing with Glenn Hunter and May McAvoy in *West of the Water Tower*, at Paramount's Long Island studio. May had a slight difference with her unit on account of what she considered an unsuitable role, and severed her connection with it. But apparently all is peace once more.



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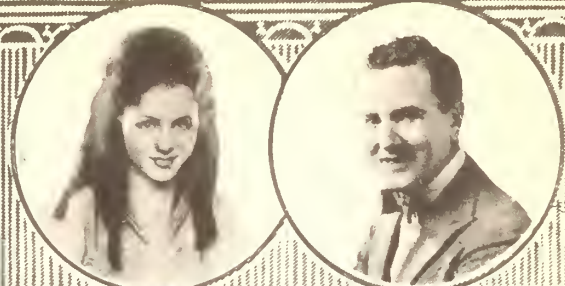


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Now that Jack Warren Kerrigan has come back so triumphantly in *The Covered Wagon*, he is not going to be allowed to retire again in a hurry. He will be seen next as the hero in the George Barr McCutcheon story "The Man from Brodneys." This will be a Vitagraph special with Alice Calhoun opposite Jack, and Wanda Hawley, Miss Du Pont, and Pat O'Malley in other prominent roles. It is a romantic story after the Graustark pattern, and the action takes place in Europe and the South Seas.

During nineteen hundred and three and four, Ernest Torrence was playing romantic roles at the Savoy, London. He has been in America since 1911.

Four Goldwyn players "got it hot" in Yellowstone Park last week. Rupert Hughes took Lew Cody, Helene Chadwick, George Walsh, and Carmel Myers up to Yellowstone geysers to film scenes for *Law Against Law* there. Whilst the camera was turning, the geyser apparently became screen-struck for it unexpectedly sent forth a stream of steam and boiling water over the unsuspecting stars, who were fortunately more startled than hurt.

After one more feature under Rex Ingram's guidance, Ramon Novarro is to be given his chance to stand alone. Metro will star him in his own productions.

Sentence of death has just been passed upon "Charlie," the famous movie elephant of Universal Zoo. Three months ago, this heretofore, peaceful pachyderm suddenly turned upon Curly Secker, his trainer, and nearly killed him. Curly was Charlie's best friend for the past dozen years, and now that he can no longer control the great animal, Charlie will have to go west. Since he came to America, 28 years ago, Charlie has killed five men, and injured about ten. He used to wreck his shed and go out in a wild joy rampage once every eighteen months or so.

Altogether he has played in 180 movies, and is a born leader of his tribe. In Raleigh (N. C.), and San Francisco, Charlie has been known to lead other elephants in wild stampedes through the towns, wrecking everything in sight, and pulling down any telegraph poles they encountered. He was struck by lightning once, and lost the sight of his left eye. He savaged Curly Secker because the howdah he was wearing in *The Brass Bottle* had become loose and the swaying of it irritated his lordship. Had not a carpenter distracted his attention at a crucial moment, Curly would have been his sixth victim. Conferences between his owners and the N.S.P.C.A. have resulted in Charlie's number going up.

Gerald Ames asks us to state that his address for some time to come is c/o Haymarket Theatre, London, W.C. Gerald is playing there in "The Prisoner of Zenda," which looks like having a long run, and would like you to address your letters to him there, instead of to any movie studio. Ames will not be able to do much filming during the run of the play, in which Fay Compton plays "Flavia."

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### Adam's Rib (Paramount; Oct. 1).

A Cecil de Mille movie in which the mechanism, though perfect, is painfully apparent, and the plot is as old as Adam. Jungle and jazz settings, also Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson, Pauline Garon, Clarence Geldart, George Field, Robert Brower and Geno Corrado. Spectacular social drama.

### Across the Continent. (Paramount; Oct 1).

A coast to coast motor race story, featuring Wallace Reid as a stunt motorist. Excellent subtitles, producing and acting by the star, Betty Francisco, Mary MacLaren, Theodore Roberts, Walter Long, Lucien Littlefield, Jack Herbert and Guy Oliver. A pleasing romance.

### Across the Deadline (F. B. O.; Oct. 1).

Frank Mayo in a weak melodrama about a Western feud. Contains good storm scenes and some hard fighting. Fair entertainment.

### The Altar Stairs (European; Oct. 29)

South Sea island romance with an interesting story, and some unusually picturesque seascapes and storm scenes. Frank Mayo stars, supported by Louise Lorraine, Lawrence Hughes, J. J. Lanoe, Harry de Vere, Hugh Thompson, Boris Karloff, Dagmar Godowsky, and Nick de Ruiz. Good entertainment.

### All That Glitters (General, Oct 4)

Old fashioned Western drama featuring a new star, William Fairbanks. Plenty of riding and fighting and an adequate supporting cast. For confirmed cowboy lovers only.

### The Amateur Widow (Feature, Oct 8)

Zena Keefe in a pleasant little comedy drama about a girl who poses as the widow of a man who isn't dead, which leads to amusing complications. Pauline Dempsey and Hugh Dullman, Jack Drimmer, William Black, and Charles Ascott lend capable support.

### A Motion to Adjourn (Pearl; Oct. 15).

Effective light comedy concerning a black sheep who was not so black as he was painted. Marjorie Daw and Roy Stewart star, and Harry Rattenbury, Evelyn Nelson, Norval McGregor, Charles King, and Peggy Blackwood support. Good entertainment.

### A Noise in Newboro' (Jury; Oct. 18).

A typical Viola Dana movie in which a very much snubbed girl gets her own back on her hometown—with interest. David Butler, Allan Forrest, Betty Francisco, Malcom McGregor, Alfred Allen, Joan Standing, and Bert Woodruff support the star. Good light fare.

### A Prodigal Knight (Paramount; Oct 29).

Somewhat pointless social drama suggested by Schnitzler's play, "The Affairs of Anatol." Wallace Reid meanders through four love episodes supported by a wonderful cast. Cecil de Mille directed, and the other players are Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Polly Moran, Raymond Hatton, Julia Faye, Charles Ogle, Winter Hall, Shannon Day, Elmor Glyn, Fred Huntley and Alma Bennett. A better-never-than-late movie, we can't recommend it.

### A Self Made Man (Fox; Oct 15).

William Russell in an ordinary comedy-drama with foolery, fist financial fights and bright titles. Renee Adoree, Mathilda Brundage, James Gordon and Richard Tucker support. Breezy entertainment with the star at the top of his form.

### Backbone (Goldwyn, Oct 22)

None whatever in the story which is of the mystery persuasion, well acted, and with a big fight climax and good North West Canadian settings. Edith Roberts and Alfred Lunt head the cast. Good production and photography and quite good entertainment.



**Bell Boy 13** (*Ass. First National*; Oct. 22).

Douglas MacLean, Margaret Loomis, John Stepling, Jean Walsh, and Eugene Burr in a fast-action comedy with several original touches. Good comedy fare.

**The Belle of Alaska** (*Walkers*; Oct. 15).

Jane Novak in a mystery romance of the Alaskan goldfields. Noah Beery, J. Frank Glendon, Florence Carpenter, and Leslie Bates also appear. Fair entertainment.

**The Beloved Blackmailer** (*Walkers* Oct. 22).

How a spoon-fed youth suddenly wakes up and changes into a man of muscle. Well played by Carlyle Blackwell, Evelyn Greeley, W. T. Carleton, Isabelle Berwin, Jack Drumier and Rex MacDougall.

**The Blue Lagoon** (*I. V. T. A.*; Oct. 8).

A very good British-made screen version of De Vere Stacpoole's famous novel, starring Dick Cruikshanks, Mollie Adair, Arthur Pusey, Val Chard, and Doreen Wonfer.

**Bringing Up Betty** (*Walker*; Oct. 8).

Evelyn Greeley, Reginald Denny, Morgan Wallace, Lyster Chambers, Ben Johnson, and Grace Carlyle in a rather feeble comedy about a father who feigns bankruptcy to show up his daughter's fortune hunting admirers. A mediocre movie.

**Calvert's Folly** (*Fox*; Oct. 22).

John Gilbert in a powerful though depressing mystery romance about a man and his conscience.

**The Case of Becky** (*Realart-Gaumont*; Oct. 1).

The acting is the chief attraction in this dual-role story of hypnotism and near-tragedy. Constance Binney stars, and Montague Love, Frank Mc Cormick, Glenn Hunter, Margaret Sedden, and Jane Jennings support.

**Chu Chin Chow** (*Graham-Wilcox*; Oct. 15).

A Herbert Wilcox production of the popular play. Read about it on page fifteen of this issue. Stars Betty Blythe, and Herbert Langley, supported by Randle Ayrton, Judd Green, Jeff Barlow, Olaf Hytten, Dacia, Eva Moore, and Dora Levis. A British made Super. Don't miss it.

**Crinoline and Romance** (*Jury*; Oct. 25).

Pleasant light comedy about a secluded girl who rebels and runs away to be a jazz baby. Viola Dana stars, with Claude Gillingwater, John Bowers, Allan Forrest, Betty Francisco, Mildred June, Lillian Lawrence, Gertrude Short, Lillian Leighton, and Nick Cogley in support.

**Dawn of the East** (*Realart-Gaumont*; Oct. 15).

An intriguing story of China with good dramatic situations and excellent characterisation and acting by Alice Brady, Kenneth Harlan, Michie Itow, America Chedister, Betty Carpenter, Sam Kim, Frank Honda, H. Takemi, and Patricia Keyes.

(Continued on page 58).

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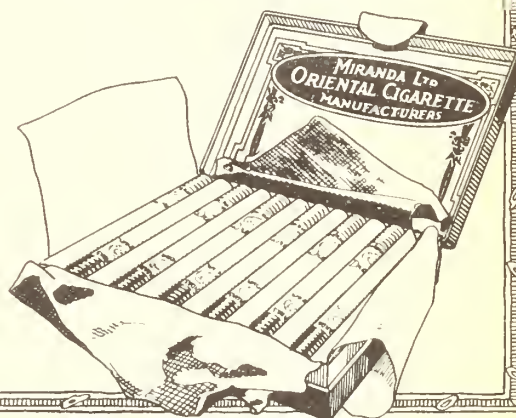
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### Devil-Dog Dawson (U. K.; Oct. 15).

A typical Jack Hoxie Westerner which will please lovers of open-air fare. Helen Rossom, Wilbur McGough, and Arthur Mackley support the star.

### The Deuce of Spades (Wardour; Oct. 4)

Charles Ray in a crook story, with a somewhat jerky scenario and a fair supporting cast.

### Do and Dare (Fox; Oct. 29).

Adventure, in ancient and modern times, treated farcically, with Tom Mix in two roles. Two stories in one movie, and many new thrills and stunts. Supporting Tom are Dulcie Cooper, Claire Adams, Claude Payton, Jack Rollens, Hector Sarno, Wilbur Higby, Bob Klein and Gretchen Hartman.

### Drums of Destiny (Realart-Gaumont; Oct. 18).

Mary Miles Minter playing a grown-up role in an African romance of intrigue and adventure. Cast also includes Bertram Grassby, Maurice B. Flynn, Robert Cain, George Fawcett, Casson Ferguson, and Noble Johnson. Excellent entertainment.

### The Face Between (Jury; Oct. 25)

Self sacrifice on the part of a devoted son, to his over-romantic father forms the keynote of this movie in which Bert Lytell plays father and son and is supported by Sylvia Breamer, André Tourneur, Hardee Kirkland, Frank Brownlie, Joel Day, and De Witt Jennings. Good entertainment.

### The Famous Mrs. Fair (Jury; Oct. 1)

Not unlike *This Freedom* in theme, though not so well characterised. How a woman's career wrecked her home life. Efficiently acted by Marguerite de La Motte, Myrtle Stedman, Huntly Gordon, Cullen Landis, Ward Crane, Carmel Myers, Helen Ferguson, and Lydia Yeamans Titus.

### Flesh and Blood (F. B. O.; Oct. 1).

Lon Chaney in a sentimental drama in which a man breaks prison in order to wreak vengeance on the man who wronged him, but finally renounces the idea for his daughter's sake. Too many close-ups of the star mar an otherwise good drama. Edith Roberts, Jack

Mulhall, Ralph Lewis, and Noah Beery head the supporting cast.

### For the Defence (Gaumont; Oct. 8).

Ethel Clayton in a good murder mystery drama of circumstantial evidence and a hypnotist villain. Vernon Steele opposite, also Zasu Pitts, Bertram Grassby, Mayme Kelso, Sylvia Ashton and Mabel Van Buren.

### Fortune's Mask (Vitagraph; Oct. 8).

A colorful adaptation of O. Henry's "Cabbages and Kings" with Earle Williams and Patsy Ruth Miller in the star roles, supported by Milton Ross, Eugenie Ford, Henry Hebert, Arthur Tavares, Frank Whitson, Oliver Hardy, and William McCall. Spectacular and good on all points.

### The Golem (F. B. O.; Oct. 22).

A picture of medieval magic and mystery woven around a legend of ancient Prague. Fantastically produced, but this is in tune with the subject. Made in Germany by Paul Wegener, who also plays the title role. Excellent entertainment.

### Great Expectations (Jury, Nordisk; Oct. 22).

An interesting Danish adaptation of the Dickens novel, though much diluted and not too convincing. Well cast and acted by Gerhard Jensen, Ellen Roosing, Martin Herzeberg, Harry Komdrup, Olga D'Org, Peter Nielson, Emil Helsingreen, Marie Dmesen, Egill Rostrup and Ellen Lillien.

### Her Gilded Cage (Paramount, Oct. 22)

Gorgeous Gloria Swanson in a gorgeous gilded stage romance with ultra-lavish settings and good story and acting. Cast includes David Powell, Harrison Ford and Anne Cornwall.

### Hitting the Trail (Walkers; Oct. 22).

Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley in a strong drama of love and redemption, supported by Joseph Smiley, Geo. MacQuarrie, Mabel Bunyca and Muriel Ostriche.

### Hornet's Nest (Butcher; Oct. 1).

A Walter West production starring Florence Turner, James Knight, Lewis Gilbert and Fred Wright in a story of village life. Good entertainment.

(Continued on page 60).

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### The Indian Love Lyrics (Stoll; Oct. 15).

A British spectacular film written around the popular song cycle. An Eastern story of Court intrigue and romance starring Owen Nares, with Malvina Longfellow, Catherine Calvert, Fred Raines, Fred Raynham, Shayle Gardner and Daisy Campbell.

### The Lady Owner (Butcher, Oct. 15).

Violet Hopson in a racing story told in an interesting and pleasing way. The star is well aided by James Knight, Warwick Ward and Fred Raines.

### Little Wild Cat (Vitaphone; Oct. 22).

A novel slum and society story, starring Alice Calhoun in one of her finest roles to date. Ramsey Wallace, Herbert Foster, Oliver Hardy, Henry Hebert, and Maude Emery also appear. Good entertainment.

### Little Miss Nobody (Butcher; Oct. 29).

A British screen version of a play of theatrical life starring Flora De Breton, supported by Aubrey Fitzgerald, Sydney Paxton, Donald Searle, Gladys Jennings, James Reardon, and Celia Bird. Good entertainment.

### The Leather Pushers (European, Oct. 1).

Series three of the popular boxing two-reelers starring Reginald Denny. Round 13 to 18. Cast and director as before. Excellent of their kind.

### The Lonely Road (Ass First National; Oct. 29)

A well handled domestic drama starring Katherine MacDonald, with Orville Caldwell, Kathleen Kirkham, Eugene Besserer, William Conklin, James Neill, Frank Leigh and Charles Franck in support. Good entertainment.

### Love, Life, and Laughter (Gaumont, Oct. 22)

A Welsh Pearson feature which lives up to the expectation aroused by its title. Betty Balfour stars, with Harry Jonas opposite, also Frank Stanmore, Aime Esmond, Harding Steerman, Audrey Ridgewell, Gordon Hopkirk, Nancy Price and Eric Smith. Excellent entertainment.

### Mary of the Movies (F. B. O.; Oct. 15).

Not so pretentious as *Souls for Sale*, and with a very poor story, redeemed by excellent sub-titling, several novel angles, and glimpses of forty famous stars at work and play. Cast includes Marion Mack, Bryant Washburn, Rosemary Cooper, Creighton Hale, John Geough, Raymond Cannon, and John McDermott. Excellent entertainment for star worshippers.

### Men, Women, and Memories (Rose, Oct. 1).

James Kirkwood in a strong drama of villainy and wrecked lives. Mary Thurman opposite, also Noah Beery, Philo McCullough, Rhea Mitchell, Bernard Durning, Georgie Stone, Eugenie Besserer, and Ward Crane. Somewhat sordid fare.

### The Millionaire (F. B. O.; Oct. 15).

Fairly interesting mystery melodrama starring Herbert Rawlinson as a wage slave who becomes suddenly rich. Cast includes Bert Roach, Verne Winter, Lillian Rich, Mary Huntress, Doris Pawn and E. A. Warren.

### My Wild Irish Rose (Vitaphone, Oct. 15).

Sentimental melodrama adapted from Boucicault's "The Shaughraun," beautifully produced and well acted by Pauline Starke, Pat O'Malley, Helen Howard, Maude Emery, Edward Cecil, Henry Hebert, Bobby Mack and Richard Daniels. Good romantic stuff.

### The New Teacher (Fox; Oct. 8)

Shirley Mason in an appealing romance about a society girl's work amongst the poor in the slums. Opposite the star appear, Allan Forrest, Earl Metcalfe, Pat Moore, Ola Norman, Otto Hoffman and Helen Stone, Saccharine, but quite up to Shirley's usual standard.

### The Old Homestead (Paramount, Oct. 15).

A film version of a famous American melodrama, starring Theodore Roberts, supported by George Fawcett, T. Roy Barnes, Harrison Ford, Fritz Ridgeway, James Mason and Kathleen O'Connor. Excellent entertainment.

(Continued on page 63).

# The Only Gramophone In The World Perfect For Dancing

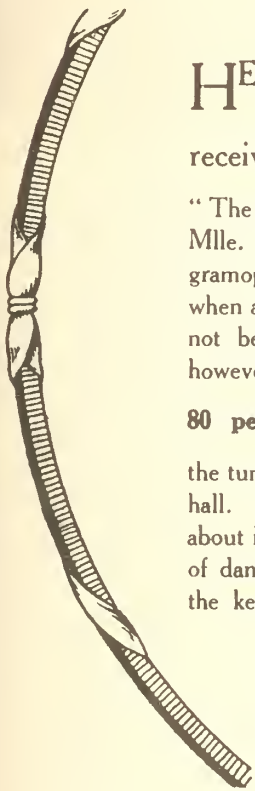
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the tune could be heard in all parts of the hall. Everyone was most enthusiastic about it, and I shall certainly hold a series of dances. I shall be given no peace by the keen dancing folk here unless I do."

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# A Magic Shadow Show

Right: Guy  
Bates Post and  
Patsy Ruth  
Miller



to realise that these wondrous gardens, these panoramic views of a city of mosques and towers, these shadowed archways and seemingly solid palace walls are not what they seem. Actually, the whole action of the movie took place against black velvet curtains on a little stage at the back of Ferdinand's Pinney Earle's studio, which he calls his "cyclorama." Then this action which is, of course, photographed with absolutely mechanical precision, is introduced into the small black and grey pictures by several processes invented and patented by Mr. Earle. Double exposure is one of them. A very fine cast interpret the film, headed by Guy Bates Post, and including Virginia Brown Faire, Nigel de Brulier, Noah Beery, Maurice B. Flynn, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Edward Kimball.

*Below: Death to the Infidel*



*Above: "A  
Flask of Wine,  
a book of Verse  
—and Thou"*

Right: Shirreen scorns the proffered gifts

WHEN the Persian poet-philosopher, Omar Khayyam wrote his famous *Rubaiyat*, he little thought that one of its most-quoted quatrains was an intelligent anticipation of the motion picture or that he himself would one day form the subject of a film play. A realistic drama has been woven around the life and love affairs of Omar by Richard Walton Tully, who spent three years writing it, after reading every available line written about this hero and his times. Intimate scenes of Persian life and customs are shown in the film, which is a pioneer movie, for it inaugurates Ferdinand Pinney Earle's beautiful painted backgrounds. Instead of studio "sets," or actual locations, a series of remarkably lovely paintings in black and grey, all of one size were made by Earle in his Hollywood atelier. Watching the screen play, it is difficult



**The Old Nest** (*Goldwyn; Oct. 15*)

A re-issue of the popular sob story of motherlove featuring Mary Alden and an all-star cast. Excellent entertainment.

**Omar the Tentmaker** (*Ass. First National; Oct. 1*).

An interesting picturization of the famous "Rubaiyat," made by Richard Walton Tully and James Young, starring Guy Bates Post, Virginia Browne Faire, Patsy Ruth Miller, Kathryn Mc Guire, and Ferdinand Pinney Earle patent painted settings. Excellent entertainment.

**Only a Shop Girl** (*Walturdaw; Oct. 15*).

Stock-pot melodrama, turning the spotlight upon New York's slums and gaming houses, restaurants, etc., and very finely acted by Mae Busch, Estelle Taylor, Wallace Beery, Willard Louis, and Josephine Adair.

**Over the Border** (*Paramount; Oct. 8*).

A Royal-North-West-Mounted Police love drama, starring Betty Compton and Jack Holt, supported by Casson Ferguson, J. F. McDonald, Sidney D'Albrook and Jean de Briac. Excellent entertainment.

**Passion** (*F. B. O.; Oct. 8*).

The much discussed German "Du Barry," a spectacular entertainment, well acted and characterised, starring Pola Negri. Historically incorrect in parts but interesting always.

**The Shock** (*European; Oct. 16*).

Somewhat gruesome melodrama starring Lon Chaney in an Underworld story ending with the San Francisco earthquake. Virginia Valli, Christine Mayo, Jack Mower, Walter Long, William Welsh, James Wong, and Henry Barrows support.

**Souls for Sale** (*Goldwyn; Oct. 1*).

Kinematized from Rupert Hughes' novel, making a melodramatic movie, interesting because of its glimpses of studio life and stars at work. Spectacular fire and storm scenes, and a good cast headed by Eleanor Boardman, Richard Dix, Barbara La Marr, Frank Mayo and Lew Cody. Excellent entertainment.

**Trouble** (*Pathé; Oct. 1*).

Specially written for Jackie Coogan. Wallace Beery and Gloria Hope play the chief supporting roles. Excellent entertainment.

**What Fools Men Are** (*Wardour; Oct. 8*).

A film with a moral, though exactly what moral is a mystery. The heroine is a flirt, excellently played by Faire Binney; the cast also includes Lucy Fox, Joseph Striker, Huntly Gordon, J. Barney Sherry, Florence Billings, Templer Saxe, and Harry Clay Blaney.

**When Danger Smiles** (*Vitagraph; Oct. 1*).

A very wild Western story set in New Mexico with William Duncan and Edith Johnson in the star roles supported by James Farley, Henry Hebert, Charles Dudley and William McCall. Exciting entertainment.

**Where the Pavement Ends** (*Jury; Oct. 15*).

Rex Ingram has neatly filleted a John Russell story of the South Sea Islands. Features Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro, also Harry T. Morey, Edward Connelly, and John George. Excellent entertainment.

**Wolves of Society** (*European; Oct. 22*).

Jack Mulhall and Margaret Livingston in a novel serial all about a fictitious kingdom, a princess, and a young war-hero who assumes the role of a fop for his father's sake. Very well acted and photographed.

**The Woman of Bronze** (*Jury; Oct. 29*).

Clara Kimball Young in a somewhat stereotyped triangle story with a man at the apex. John Bowers opposite, also Katherine McGuire, Edwin Stevens, Edward Kimball, and Lloyd Whitlock. Heavily emotional drama.

**Women Who Wait** (*Victor Savile; Oct. 22*).

Drama, concerning a conflict between two brothers, with a thrill climax, featuring Creighton Hale, Marguerite Clayton, and George McQuarrie. Fair entertainment.



Flora Le Breton and John Stuart in "Little Miss Nobody."

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# Let George Do It!



HELENSBURGH (Scotland).—I always like to hear from you "one-question" folk. You're such a refreshing change. Cast of *The Wallflower*, "Idalene Nobbin," Colleen Moore; "Walt Breen," Richard Dix; "Pamela Shill," Gertrude Astor; "Prue Nickerson," Laura Laplante; "Roy Dunecan," Tom Gallery; "Phin Larrabee," Rush Hughes; "Allen Lansing," Dana Todd; "Mrs. Nobbin," Fanny Stockbridge; "Mrs. Nickerson," Emily Rait.

A WELL WISHER (Ilford).—I'll bear your suggestion in mind and see what can be done for you in the near future.

ERMYNTRUDE (Burnley).—(1) Page plate of Wallace Reid in *Picturegoer* for December 1921. (2) Not yet, so there's a chance for you. (3) There are still several of Wally Reid's films to be released. *Across the Continent* and *The Prodigal Knight* are two of his which will be seen next month. (4) Wally met his wife, Dorothy Davenport, at the Trans-Atlantic Studios, where he was leading man, and she, leading lady. One of the films in which they played together was *The Lightning Bolt*.

A. M. A. (Weybridge).—If your "one ambition is to be on the films,"

I'm sorry for you. I'm afraid its not likely to be realized at the present time—too many professionals out of work as it is. Sorry to damp your youthful ardour, but you'll get over it. They all do. Mae Marsh is married, and has a little daughter, Mary. Her husband's name is Louis Lee Arns.

P. M. (Newmarket).—Glad you have had such nice photos from your two favourites. You certainly have a varied correspondence!

V. B. (New Malden).—The little girl with Wyndham Standing in July "Picturegoer" was a little neighbour, not his daughter.

ANOTHER NEW READER (Haslemere).—You might write to Famous Lasky's, 166-170, Wardour Street, for a photo of Rudolph in *The Sheik*. Regarding the stamp question, I, too, have known—but like you, I see the error of my ways.

BEACHCOMBER (West Hartlepool).—I'm really sorry to disappoint one who signs himself "yours fraternally," but we have no record of Yvonne Shelton. *The Greatest Love* seems to have been the only film of any note in which she has played. If I get any news of her at a later date, I will let you know through these columns.

VALENTINO-ITE (Shoreditch).—We now have four different postcards of Rudolph. The latest is an extra special signed glossy one, which is voted the best yet. Send for it.

A. H. (Transvaal).—That "Fault" appeared in *Picturegoer* a short time ago.

STRATHMORE (Forfar).—(1) *The Covered Waggon* is released now. (2) Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm afraid your friend was right. (3) Cast of *This Freedom*. "The Rev.

Harold Aubyn," Fewlass Llewellyn; "Mrs. Aubyn," Adeline Hayden-Coffin; "Rosalie," (their daughter at the age of six), Bunty Fosse; "Rosalie" (at 17-40), Fay Compton; "Hilda," Joan Maude; "Flora," Faith Carden; "Anna," Iris Delany; "Harold," Percy Field; "Robert," Mickey Brantford; "Gertrude," (the maid), Gladys Hamer; "Aunt Belle," Gladys Hamilton; "Uncle Pyke Pounce," Charles Vane; "Laetitia," (their daughter), Julia Hartley-Milburn; "Miss Keggs," ("Keggo"), Athene Seyler; "Harry Oecleve," Clive Brook; "Mr. Sturgiss," Myddleton Evans; "Mr. Field," Robert English; "Rosalie's Children," "Huggo, at 8," Maurice Hopkins; "Huggo, at 22," John Stuart; "Doda, at 6," Betty Gardner; "Doda, at 20," Nancy Kenyon; "Benji, at 3," Tony Laing; "Benji, at 17," Albert Brantford; "Darkie Blake," Richard Atwood; "Prescott, the Governess," Sylvia Young. You're certainly one of the lucky ones. You Scotch certainly have a way with you!

A CRITIC (Calcutta).—Thanks for all the nice things you say about *Picturegoer*, and my encyclopaedic self. (1) Violet Hopson's married to Walter West. (2) Some people will do anything for half-a-crown! (3) *Rob Roy* was released in England last April. (4) Quite right—the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, are amongst the biggest in America, but *Rob Roy* wasn't produced there. It was filmed by the Gaumont Company in England. Best wishes!

L. F. S. (Tunbridge Wells).—Casts you want are: (1) *Way Down East*. "Anna Moore," Lillian Gish; "Her Mother," Mrs. David Landau; "Mrs. Tremont," Josephine Bernard; "Diana Tremont," Mrs. Morgan Belmont. "Her Sister," Patricia Fruen; "The Eccentric Aunt," Florence Short; "Lennox Sanderson," Lowell Sherman; "Squire Bartlett," Burr McIntosh; "Mrs. Bartlett," Kate Bruce; "David Bartlett," Richard Barthelmess; "Martha Perkins," Vivia Ogden. "Seth Holeomb," Porter Strong. "Reuben Whipple," George Neville; "Hi Holler," Edgar Nelson; "Kate Brewster," Mary Hay; "Professor Sterling," Creighton Hale; "Maria Poole," Emily Fitzroy. (2) *Grandma's Boy*, "Grandma's Boy," Harold Lloyd; "The Girl," Mil-

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dred Davis; "Grandma," Anna Townsend; "The Rival," Charles Stevenson; "The Rolling Stone," Dick Sutherland; "The Sheriff," Noah Young. (3) The scenario of *Way Down East* was written by Anthony Paul Kelly.

ELMO (Clapham).—(1) Some of Elmo's films are: *The Battle of Elder Bush Gulch*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, *The Kaiser*, *the Beast of Berlin*, *Treasure Island*, (Fox), *The Beachcomber*, *Tarzan of the Apes*, *The Romance of Tarzan*, *Adventures of Tarzan*, *Elmo the Mighty*, *Elmo the Fearless*, *The Stroug Man*, *The Lightning's Eye*, *The Flaming Disc*, *Quincy*, *Adams Sawyer*, and *Elmo*, *The King of the Jungle*. (2) *The Adventures of Tarzan* has never been re-titled. (3) Elmo is married. This is authentic—I have said it! (4) Cast of *Tiger Truc*, "Jack Lodge," Frank Mayo; "Mary Dover," Fritzi Brunette; "Mrs. Lodge," Eleanor Hancock; "Larry Boynton," Al Kaufman; "The Baboon, Whitey," Walter Long; "McQuire," Charles Brinley; "Sanford," Herbert Bethew; "Mr. Lodge," Henry A. Barrows.

F. R. (Sevenoaks).—Mahlon Hamilton's films are: *The Hidden Hand*, *The Danger Mark*, *The Death Dance*, *Daddy - Long - Legs*, *Kingdom of Dreams*, *In Old Kentucky*, *Ladies Must Live*, *The Deadlier Sex*, *The Third Generation*, *Earthbound*, *Half a Chance*, *That Girl Montana*, *The Truaut Husband*, *I am Guilty*, *The Lane That Has No Turning*, *Green Temptation*, *Under Oath*, and *Peg O' My Heart*. (2) Wallace Beery's films are: *Victory*, *Last of the Mohicans*, *Romany Rye*, *The Round-Up*, *The Last Trail*, *The Unpardonable Sin*, *The Golden Snare*, *Tale of Two Worlds*, *Behind the Door*, *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, *The Rosary*, *Trouble*, *Hurricane's Gal*, *Robin Hood*, *The Talisman*, *Bavu*. (3) Cecil Humphreys' *Sorrows of Satan*, *The Pride of the North*, *Greatheart*, *The Swindler*, *The Romance of Lady Hamilton*, *The Winding Road*, *The Four Just Men*, *Sherlock Holmes*, *The Profligate*, *The Tavern Knight*, *The Amateur Gentleman*, *The House on the Marsh*, *Shadows of Evil*, *The Elusive Pimpernel*, *The Veiled Woman*, *The Glorious Adventure*. (4) Stewart Rome's: *Snow in the Desert*, *The Great Gay Road*, *Her Son*, *Comin' Through the Rye*, *Trclawncy of the Wells*, *Dicky Monteith*, *A Daughter of Eve*, *The Prodigal Son*, *The White Hope*, *What the Butler Saw*, and many others, too numerous to relate. Look up our interview with him in the August issue.

MARGESTINE (Tourcoing).—Glad you've had a signed photo from Rudy, *ma petite*. (You see, you're not the only one who understands French). The best way to send that money is to get an International Coupon for the amount from the post office. *Merci, pour l'offre de* French papers,

*mais je get 'em sent over chaque semaine*. (This sounds well if you read it quickly). May your *Santé* be as good as my own!

QUEENIE (Cheltenham).—(1) Those allegations were quite unfounded, so you may still allow your favourite his daily portion of hero-worship. (2) At present Carpentier is going in more for boxing than for picture work. (3) Them's my sentiments, too.

F. M. W. (Altrincham).—Lewis Stone is somewhere in the early forties. He is married to Laura Oakley, who was once his leading lady, and he has two daughters. He has had a long stage career, has fought in two wars, and has appeared in a number of films. His first picture was *Honour's Altar*. He has also appeared in *The Dangerous Age*, *Muffled Drums*, *Nomads of the North*, *The Concert*, *The River's End*, *The Northern Trail*, *Don't Neglect Your Wife*, *Trifling Women*, *the Prisoner of Zenda*, and *Held by the Enemy*. His next release will be *Scaramouche*.

BROWN EYES.—Whatever gave you the impression that I'm a very wonderful man? Thanks, I'll do my best to live up to my reputation. (1) Walter Tennyson isn't married. (2) Buck Jones is married and has a little daughter. Some of his films are: *Sunset Sprague*, *Just Pals*, *Forbidden Trails*, *The Last Straw*, *Two Moons*, *Truc Blue*, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, *The Square Shooter*, *The Mediator*, *Straight from the Shoulder*, *To a Finish*, *Bar Nothin'*, *Pardon My Nerve*, *Trooper O'Neil*, *Boss of Camp 4*, *Binbo* and *The Footlight Ranger*.

L. L. (Guildford).—Cast of *Way Down East* appears in answer to another correspondent, in these pages.

#### The Hall-Mark of Elegance.

In the East, the beauties of the harem stain their finger and toe nails bright red with henna. Here, we admire bright shining nails, the hall mark of a well-kept hand, but scarlet stain would be looked upon with disapproval. An excellent preparation for the nails is Swandale Enamel which imparts a brilliant gloss lasting for about ten days. It does not "come out in the wash," but makes the nails brighter if anything, and is warranted not to discolour or crack them. It costs 1/3 post free in a daintily got-up bottle.

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The North Wind doth blow and we shall have—colds in the head unless we carry one of Dr. Mackenzie's Smelling Bottles about with us. It's only a little bottle, goes into your waistcoat pocket if you're a he, or into your handbag if you're a lady. A few occasional sniffs and colds will pass you by, no matter how the winds blow. And if it's too late and the cold has got you, then try it as a cure. You can get it direct for 2/3 post free, from Dr. Mackenzie's Laboratories, Reading, if your chemist does not stock it.

## MOVIE MEALS

(Continued from page 21).

Charles Chaplin, too, is fully aware of the mirthful values of the meal-ticket. Observe his catering in *Shanghai'd*. The food he gives these unhappy sailors is enough to kill anybody—with laughter. There is also a classic moment in *The Pilgrim*—when a pudding (consisting of a gentleman's bowler hat chastely covered with custard, and beautifully iced), refuses to be cut, and an indignant visitor discovers his long lost hat. Jackie Coogan usually strikes the note pathetic at meal times. Nobody who has seen his *Oliver Twist* will ever forget his request for "More," and the wistful look which went with it. It is strange that Jackie can put over things like that. The little fellow has such a ehubby, round face, yet he can absolutely wring the spectator's heart when he looks at food with covetous eyes. His culinary efforts in *The Kid* deserve a page to themselves. "We may be poor," he seemed to say as he gave his finger nails their daily pre-meal manieure and polish, "But we observe the little customs which mean so much to us." One artist, Wallace Beery, will always be remembered for his "King Richard Coeur de Lion" in *Robin Hood*. He and the great big bone which he gnawed with ferocious, if a little mkingly enjoyment. Beery and his bone were an outstanding feature of *Robin Hood*. Another kind of movie meal is that common to interviews. Read carefully the interviews that adorn the movie magazines. There's usually a tea in each. If it's a male interviewer it's sometimes something stronger than tea. Most movie stars when safely corralled by the insistent interviewer endeavour to soothe his savage breast with baked meats. Which reminds me of a certain pair of charming sisters who visited London a couple of years ago. The editor of this journal sent his star interviewer to tackle these ladies, who proved rather difficult of access. At length it was arranged that he should meet them at an hotel at 2.30 p.m. He did; went there straight from lunch, wearing a most ingratiating smile, which faded a little as the girls confronted him across a groaning lunch table. Of course all stars believe that all interviewers are always hungry, and this holds good generally. This one had to make pretence of eating, and do his questioning as best he could, whilst the girls made an excellent and prolonged meal. So excellent it was that their replies were mostly nods, and the interviewer tore his hair. They had to hurry away immediately the meal was over and the poor scribe was left lamenting. Finally, the interview was cut down to one page instead of two, and all was well. Now turn up your *Pictures* files and find that interview. Yes, there will be no prizes.

JOSIE P. LEDERER.



A perfect hurricane of letters, anonymous and otherwise has engulfed the Editor and staff this month. And the burden of their song is mainly abuse. You have told us what you think of *Picturegoer* and of us in no measured terms. Now I'm going to tell you what I think. Firstly, I think you should not kick the Editor, nor George, nor me for what is, after all, not our fault, but the printers'. The Editor etc., as above, feel worse about it than you do. Secondly, if you compare this issue with last month's, I think you'll find a very big improvement. Thirdly, I think, no, I'm sure, next month's issue will be better yet, and will give you a really pleasant surprise; and lastly, I think that's enough about that. What do you think?

In Answer To Yours.

An interesting point is raised by *Tandy* (Golders Green). "To how many of the living personalities in Filmland may the word Genius be truthfully applied? I have been trying to make a list of twelve, but I am three short. Here's my list: Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Jackie Coogan, D. W. Griffith, Eric Von Stroheim, Henry Edwards, Betty Balfour, Giv Newall, Rudolph Valentino. Were he living I should unquestionably include Wallace Reid, that many-sided personality who possessed, among other things, a perfect genius

for pleasing and making unseen friends everywhere. Whom do you suggest for the other three?" My selections for the others are George Pearson, Victor Seastrom, and John Barrymore. But I disagree with certain names on *Tandy's* list. What of Nazimova, Ernst Lubitsch, and Ferdinand Pinney Earle, to name only a few. There are others, too. What do you think?

"I strongly protest against the screening of 'Charley's Aunt.' Much would have to be added, the humour of the dialogue lost, and 'Lord Babberly' *Kinematisation* is being chased by *Desecration!* 'Spettigue' over several feet of film, won't be half so funny as across the stage. Besides, those who have never seen the play would be reminded of American slapstick work, and the play would possibly suffer in consequence. If film producers want to create something else, what about that nursery classic, 'Alice in Wonderland' and its companion 'Through the Looking Glass?' Every child not educated at a Blimber hothouse has read it; it could be a screen pantomime, and the fashion would not have to be altered. Teniel has 'dressed' Alice, and there it can stick." *Phrynne* (Yokohama). Alice in Wonderland has already been kinematized. It was released at the end of last December. But both Alice books are perennial favourites, so bring your thought to the notice of your pet producer.

"WHY do producers borrow stars?" asks *Merrythought* (London). "And who started that game, anyway?" Nobody knows who started it, *Wandering Stars.* *Merrythought* but I agree with you that it has reached its zenith these days. It is also a little unfair upon many quite good players who remain idle whilst certain favourites of the moment work on three films at once. The reason for this borrowing is probably because producers, rather than give a big part to a hitherto untried player, prefer to pay a bonus for the services of some well known star to the film Co., with whom he or she is under contract.

SAYS *Super-Struck* (West Kensington), "I am a very old Film Fan; I can remember the first Hepworth moving pictures. What a difference between those days

*Life in the Old Screen Still* when films were just an item at the end of a music hall show, and this month of September when no less than eight 'Supers' are being shown as a full evening's entertainment at West End Theatres. There are *If Winter Comes, Cradle of the World, Enemies of Women, Chu Chin Chow, Little Old New York, The Covered Wagon, Where The Pavement Ends, and Climbing Mount Everest.* I must say I've enjoyed them all, and I think this an emphatic reply to those killjoys who say the film industry is on its last legs."

"WHY is it that producers, or whoever is responsible, cannot all agree to put on every sub-title the name of the film? Several of our English firms do so, and one or two Americans, but if one happens to 'drop in' during the screening of a film, whose title does not appear, it is very annoying. Some firms kindly put it at the end, and if the operator is good enough, we may perhaps catch sight of it then, but if each sub-title contained it, our interest in watching it would be doubled, especially if we had come purposely to see that film! The same applies to casts, which I think should be shown twice. Once at the beginning of every film, and once again at the end, thus giving all a chance. What do you think?" *Blanco* (Chelmsford). I think you're quite right, but the Powers that Be always have their weather eye on footage, hence your complaint.

Concerning Sub-titles.

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# NOVEMBER NOVELTIES

*Pictures You should see this month*



*The Battle on The Isle of Lost Ships*

**T**HE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS. With the arrival of the dark days and drawing in of the evenings, one's mind naturally travels to firesides, ghosts stories and strange imaginings. A particularly happy release, therefore, is Maurice Tourneur's new First National production *The Isle of Lost Ships*, a fantastic tale of the sea, which rivals in its adventurous and imaginative story, even the weird fiction of Jules Verne himself. Telling in a series of dramatic scenes of the adventures of three castaways, who find themselves thrown upon a strange island in the mysterious Sargasso Sea, where the hulks of century-old galleons are homes of a band of shipwrecked sailors ruled over by a Czar-like captain, it is packed with moments of dramatic intensity, seldom surpassed on the screen. For on *The Isle of Lost Ships*, a strange law obtains, whereby a woman is forced to choose her mate within twenty-four hours. A terrific hand-to-hand fight—the escape in the submarine, and the battle on board ship are moments of action which you will love

*Abe and Mawruss disagree again*



**M**IGHTY LAK' A ROSE In the early days of last month, the convict inmates of Dartmoor Prison sat enthralled, as foot after foot of this remarkable story of a family of rogues redeemed through the power of music, was unfolded before them. Thus for the first time in England, was a motion picture shown to the inmates of a convict prison. The picture was *Mighty Lak' A Rose* in which Dorothy Mackail is seen as a blind violinist, who by a stroke of fate redeems a band of underworld habitués by the subtle magic of her melody and turns shadow to sunshine with the sweet strains of *Mighty Lak' A Rose*. Based on the famous song by Ethelbert Nevin, the picture holds a wealth of heart-appelling moments. There is "a tear trembling on the eye-lid at every jest," yet they are tears that you will love to shed.

As an example of genuine true-to-life drama, it is a picture that you should certainly make a point of seeing.

The cast is all that could be desired, one of the outstanding performances being that of Paul Panzer in the comedy role Edwin Carewe, a rising young director was behind the megaphone.

*Dorothy Mackail*



*And she played him "Mighty Lak' A Rose"*

**P**OTASH AND PERLMUTTER On the Screen at last! Bringing to it all their subtle fun, their clean, clever, chuckle-creating comedy, Potash and Perlmutter have arrived! One rocks with delight at the amazing and amusing adventures of these kinds of comedy. Mawruss and Abe, the ever-quarrelsome business men, yet ever fast friends, whose business worries are only equalled by their family troubles, are delightful. There is a splendid love story, too, to entrance and hold one spellbound. Spectacular settings, birth-making moments, delightful dancing and dynamic drama, combine to make *Potash and Perlmutter*, one of the big screen successes of the season. The original stars have been engaged for the production, in Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr, and Vera Gordon (mother of "Humoresque"). There are, too, the Ziegfeld Follies and Music Box Revue Beauties, nor must one omit to mention the "Fokine Dancers."

The success which the original stories and the stage plays met is almost certain to be repeated, and we advise readers to make a point of seeing the screen version.

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Dorothy Gish



### MAE MURRAY

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# Our November Movie Calendar



RITISH film companies begin exterior work.

2.—Matheson Lang says produced Guy Fawkes in England to save Guy trouble of having to explain Building to Yeomen of Guards.

3.—Scottish Monster Studios erected and insured, 1930.

4.—Scottish Monster Studios burnt, 1930.

5.—Author Movie Calendar burnt, 1923.

6.—Bill Hart goes to Sweden to produce comedies, 1924.

7.—Sherlock Holmes discovers plot of "Covered Wagon," 1999.

8.—First film to be like posters outside, 1980.

9.—First £500 million-dollar film produced Glasgow, 1934.

10.—First \$1,000,000 million-dollar film produced U.S.A., 1987.

11.—Producer with sense of humour offers Sam Mayo film contract.

12.—Public complaint that lighting at Ifit Picturedrome so bad pictures cannot be seen.

13.—E. A. Baughan sends little gift manager Ifit Picturedrome.

14.—Comma discovered in American subtitle. Subtitliste fired.

15.—Owing to scarcity of ideas on part Author Movie Calendar geraniums should now be planted.

16.—Daisy Dash, eminent star, celebrates majority, 1923-4-5-6-7.

17.—Eternal triangle takes monkey-gland course.

18.—Eille Norwood completes Sherlock Holmes films, 1954.

19.—Eille Norwood fails to recognise Eille Norwood, 1954.

20.—Children under ten no longer allowed in picturedromes, 1930.

21.—Children under ten no longer allowed to produce movies, 1940.

22.—Queen Anne gets Censor's job, 1925.

23.—D. W. Griffith produces his twelfth world's greatest, 1924.

24.—Justice Darling asks "Who is Charles Chaplin?"

25.—Moving pictures compulsory in jails, 1928.

26.—*Daily Mail* declares happiest men in movie business are commissionaires outside.

27.—Educational films still fail to teach their producers anything, 1930.

28.—Join Blinketty's Christmas Club. (Advt.)

29.—America produces it greatest yet. (No advt.)

30.—Approach of Christmas brings boom to seaside kinemas. Now open two nights a week.

# With Seastrom in Culver City

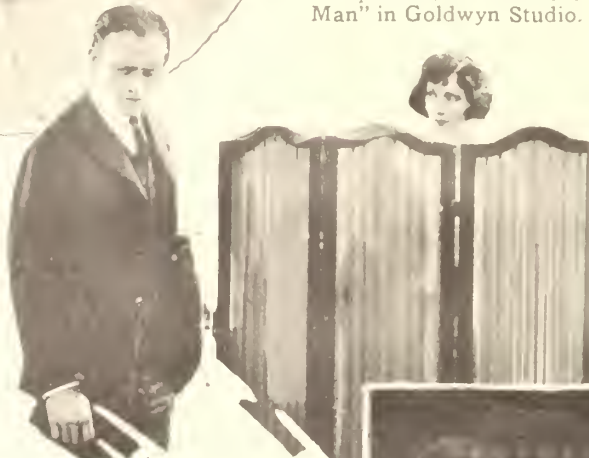
by Frank A. Tilley



Patsy Ruth Miller as "Fenella"

When it was announced that Victor Seastrom, the great Swedish director, was going to California to make pictures, everyone interested in the progress of the screen took heart afresh.

"Now at last," they said, "America has realised that something beyond her own wonderful mechanical perfection is necessary if picture-making is to advance. She has given us all she has to give—technical advance beyond all anticipation—lavishness and spectacular effect. But she has given us in her pictures no soul, no meaning, and very little heart. Because she cannot give what she has not got. But now she has realised the need for these things to be added to her own material perfection, America should give us pictures which come close to the realisation of all the



An impression of Victor Seastrom, the great Swedish Director, at work on his first American picture, "Name the Man" in Goldwyn Studio.

"Be as Mac Busch's resting, deadly, and a rip-up in the picture 'The Man'." *News*

hopes of all of us who believe in the ultimate triumph of the motion picture in reaching a sphere in which it can be claimed as an



Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seastrom, with their family, in the picture which is taken at the whole family together.

as his first story Sir Hall Caine's "Masters of Men." Now the picture has been completed it has been changed (in the typical fashion which renamed Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" *Male and Female*) to *The Judge and the Woman*, and changed again to *Name the Man*. In justice to Goldwyn, however, it needs to be said that another film with the title of *Masters of Men* has recently been shown, and there is consequently a better excuse for renaming the story.

Originally Joseph Schildkraut, who was the hero in D. W. Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm*, was "chosen" by Seastrom, but after part of the picture was taken it was decided that Schildkraut had been miscast. Conferences were held, everyone on the executive side was in a state of anxious bewilderment, and by diplomacy—mostly on the part of Seastrom—Schildkraut was persuaded to realise that he had been miscast.

After much testing and discussion, Conrad Nagel was put into the part and the scenes retaken—which necessitated a journey to San Francisco and several days' extra work.

Seastrom had some little difficulty in acclimating himself to America. There the methods are almost exactly opposite from those in Sweden, where perfection of theme and convincing sincerity of story direction and acting. *Conrad Nagel is the actor that best will appear in 'The Judge and the Woman.'*

are the first considerations.

He found the atmosphere of the American studio entirely different. There the first consideration is putting the "movie stuff" into the picture—which inevitably means casting the story in a so-called mould. Casting, again depends, in a big organisation, not entirely on the suitability of the artists, but on the fact that he (or she) is under contract.

When I saw him it was in the early morning. He was due in at Los Angeles station from Frisco at seven thirty and was leaving again at nine

and as well as a manufacturer."

So they went with the greatest movie star in the world on his first work in America.

At the outset it was announced that Seastrom was to choose his own story and his own cast. He chose



o'clock to go East some hundred miles to meet his wife and his two children who were on their way out to join him.

Sitting in the station buffet at breakfast, we discussed his last two pictures, their defects, the reason for their making, and the terrific difficulties which faced a director of the artistic perception and feeling of Seastrom.

It is impossible to escape from the vicious circle. The American producer has flooded and still does flood the world with his product. The biggest market is in his own country, where the public taste is the lowest in the civilised world.

As a consequence, a good picture (in the artistic sense) has little chance of commercial success. If it does not conform to the American standards of "movie stuff" laid down by the people who rule the Trade there, no one in the States will put it out. And without the American market the foreign producer can hardly hope to carry on. Not merely because he needs the return which an American sale will bring, but because the flood of American pictures prevents his finding an adequate market in other countries.

After breakfast we occupied the interval by going uptown to look over the new automobile which Seastrom had bought. But he was much more concerned to impress on us the fact that he did not want and would not have the typical publicity-stunt "reception" when he arrived with his family later in the day. He was very emphatic about it—and he has a forceful manner. As the picture on which he had started was only in its first throes, he got his own way.

In the studio he has created a great impression. His quietness and his charm are things hitherto foreign to the American and to the studio, and many of the people who come into contact

mental difference between his temperament and methods and those of a typical director.

Seastrom was taking a scene in which a terrific storm is going on outside a cottage. The door opens and an old man staggers in. He has just seen a newly-dug grave—and he believes that it is for his daughter's unwanted baby.

In spite of the fearful whirr of aeroplane propellers producing the storm effects and the slash of the water as it was blown heavily through the doorway, Seastrom's voice never once rose. He walked about the set and spoke quietly to the artistes, he stood equally quietly by the camera and watched them rehearse till he was satisfied and ready to take.

*Mae Busch (Bessie), in a tearful close-up.*



*Seastrom from Sweden.*

While this was going on there came from the other end of the studio a loud noise of shouting—hoarse voiced shouting, with stamping of feet and many objurgations to Heaven and the reverse.

Anticipating that here was at least a violent murder scene in process of being taken.

I walked down the big stage till I reached the screened-in set from which

the megaphoned voice proceeded.

Inside the screens I saw—a director at work on a close-up of a transparency of a cathedral window. No actors, no action—nothing but a piece of camera work. And the director was directing the lights and the photography!

As I said, that is the difference between Seastrom and a typical American film director.

What that difference produces *Name the Man* will probably show.



*Mae Busch, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Creighton Hale, awaiting the Judge's verdict.*

with him are bewildered at his manner. For he is a gentle man and a gentleman, and thus Hollywood finds him a new type.

While I was watching Seastrom direct a very intense scene in his picture, I saw an example of the funda-

*Filming "Name the Man" Victor Seastrom with his camera-man and other assistants on location.*



# All Scotch!

By  
JOSIE P. LEDERER



*Hugh Miller, Gladys Cooper, and Ivor Novello*



*Breath there a fan, with soul so dead who doesn't envy  
Gladys Cooper*

Breton's kipper undoubtedly had atmosphere, and David Hawthorne certainly said . . .

"I don't think she'd better come in," interrupted Bernard Bromhead, the studio manager.

"Let her in," pleaded the publicity man, who is a friend of mine, "and I'll stand surety." "It's a church scene this morning," said Bromhead, "so you can follow me. The Holyrood Ball is this afternoon." We

climbed the stairs to the studio where the interior of the Macdonald chapel occupied most of the floor space. There were stained-glass windows, an altar, a lectern and pews. And standing on the lectern, with his back to us, was Ivor Novello, executing what looked like a Scotch shimmy. Captain Calvert, Gladys Cooper and a villainous-looking Highland shepherd were holding an inquest over a piece of rope. We



*Circle: Gladys Cooper and Benson Kleeve Below: Filming in Scotland.*

**H**ave you ever stewed in your own juice? If not, don't try it; the sensation is most unpleasant. This is disinterested advice from one who has. "Knowing your fatal fondness for bad language," said Gaumont's Studio Manager to me, barring with his body the door of the place, "which extends even to reporting it when it doesn't occur, I must ask you for your word of honour to write the truth the whole truth, and nothing but the truth before I let you in this morning."

"This is a journalist. I ask you?"

"Journalists never lie," I replied.

"If I mentioned bad language then you may bet I heard some. Since it was a film story I should think it was b—"

My companion hastily put his hand over my mouth. "Hush," he said. "It was B's and Bloaters last time."

"I was only going to say believable, anyway." "You can't fool a journalist," I told them, "Flora Le





out your rope to tie him up, then looking up, see the figure on the stained-glass window here, and have an attack of conscience. See? Now we'll rehearse that." "It's really too bad," said Ivor Novello, plaintively. "Here have I been standing nearly fifteen minutes wearing 'Flora's' bustle and no one has even noticed me." Gladys Cooper hastened to collect her property. "Goodness only knows where he found it," she laughed. "I shall need it this afternoon."

Left: Calvert with Gladys Cooper and Ivor Novello. Beneath St. Peter stands the hero of this article. He isn't as harmless as he looks.

We watched "Flora" help the staggering "Prince Charlie" up the aisle. Midway he fell, exhausted, and she dragged him to the foot of the altar, tearing off her bonnet to make him a pillow.

"Camera," said Calvert. "Saturday night," said Novello gaily, giving a realistic imitation of intoxication for my special benefit. Bernard Bromhead raised his hands in horror. "Now she'll report drunkenness on the part of the leading man," he shuddered. "Why did we let her in?" After the scene was filmed, Calvert forbade Ivor Novello to move from his none too comfortable

Left: Sidney Seaward, Ivor Novello, and Hugh Miller.

Gladys Cooper as

Flora Macdonald

settled ourselves in a side pew, out of the way.

"Bonnie Prince Charlie, severely wounded, is dragged into this little chapel by Flora Macdonald," explained Calvert. "She leaves him, to fetch assistance and meanwhile, you, Kleeve, come in and recognise him. You get



Above: Bernard Bromhead, Gladys Cooper, and Pamela Bromhead. Left: Flora disguises Bonnie Prince Charlie as her maid.

position on the floor until they had taken some "close-ups." Ivor grinned and waggled one foot at us. Then someone brought cups of tea all round. The real studio manager arrived at about quarter to twelve in the person of Miss Pamela Bromhead, aged 17 months, and work ceased on the set for fully three minutes while (Continued on page 34).

# Pearl in Paris by OSCAR M. SHERIDAN.

Paris always welcomes Pearl White with open arms, for the daring Serial Star, is first favourite with our neighbours across the Channel.

If there is anything I particularly dislike it is ringing people up. Especially when they are kinema stars. I am quite agreeable to unhook the receiver of my telephone when it rings, but I draw the line at asking for the wrong number to get the right one, waiting ten minutes for it and being told that the subscriber in question does not reply. However, the exception proves the rule and after listening to a conglomeration of weird noises I was put through to Pearl White.

"Who is it?" enquired the famous American kinema star, rather annoyed at being rung up at one o'clock in the morning. Yes, that was the time, Greenwich.

"The King of Spain," I replied, politely and modestly. "Will you lunch with me tomorrow, or rather, to-day? I shall call for you at the studio at midday . . . Have you noticed, by the bye, that this telephonic conversation rhymes. . . ."

She hadn't. But that did not matter as she accepted my invitation. The next morning a fast Voisin brought me to the studio, an hour late. Pearl White

*Pearl and her gymnasium master*



*How Pearl keeps fit*

awaited me, but she was not yet ready. Another ten or twelve minutes, I was told.

At last Pearl White rushed off the "set," and brandishing dangerously a couple of revolvers, calmly informed me that she was ready. "I am sorry," she said, "that I cannot lunch with you; we have to go on 'location' this afternoon; but I hate to disappoint you . . . won't you lunch with me at Enghien."

"Yumph," I said.

"That," remarked Pearl White, "probably means yes!"

"It may mean anything," I muttered darkly. I handed the Serial Queen into the luxurious limousine, the Picturegoer's modern and expensive means of travelling around the French studios, and as we bumped and jolted along the battlefield-like roads to Enghien, the American

serial-star confided to me a few of her plans.

"First tell me, please," she commenced, as we lighted some excellent cigarettes, "whose car is this?"

"Thank you!" I said, "the shot told."

"I think that this film I'm making now will be the most interesting picture I have ever attempted," ruminated Pearl White, gazing dejectedly at the flying telegraph poles and trees and other cars, the result of a dare-devil chauffeur. "It is called *Terror*, and it is a mystery drama in six episodes but to be shown in a complete film. In other words it is a complete serial, which will be exhibited at one performance. The story is the best ever attempted . . . seven men wrote it . . . but then I am telling you too much . . ."

And as she undoubtedly was it was extremely fortunate that we had arrived at our destination—the Thermal Establishment and Grand Hotel of Enghien-les-Bains, once described as a "Parisian

Monte Carlo" by either a joker or a fool. The introductions were astonishingly informal.

"Please meet Mr. What's-his-Name.!" I shook hands heartily with Mr. What's-his-name.

"I think you've already met HIM," I had, but I shook hands all the same.

The third introduction had me beat. "Mr. Sheridan, this is Greaummlumph, he is a very great Humphcrumph."

At the lunch table I had a better opportunity to find out who my companions were. Mr. What's-his-Name, I soon discovered, was no other than Edouard José, the American producer, who is directing *Terror*. "Him" was Robert Lee, the well-known American film star.

It is expected that the new Pearl White production, *Terror*, adapted from the scenario by Felix Orman will be completed in about three months. The picture is being produced at the Eclair studios at Epinay-sur-Seine, a suburb of Paris. Pearl much prefers working entirely by artificial light and therefore the whole of the studio has been painted black. The company is at present working on 2,200 amperes, which is a record lighting power for any French studio.

For a very long time interesting offers of engagements by leading French film companies were made to Pearl White. At one moment it was agreed that she was to play in a one-reel-thriller with the inimitable Max Linder, but that, also, fell through. However, Pearl White surrendered to Reginald Ford and A. Ullmann, for Fordys Films, a new but ambitious firm, and to-day she is playing for the first Fordys film, *Terror*.

M. Edouard José, is undoubtedly one of the best-known of American directors, having directed a veritable galaxy of "stars" during his stay in California.

Some of the most daring stunts yet attempted on the screen will be enacted for this picture, and Pearl White will be supported by Henri Baudin, Paoli, the French athlete, Marcel Vibert, Arlette Marchal, Mdme. Delacroix (the French Mary Carr) and many others.



Above: Pearl White's jazz jumper. The colours are red, white, and blue.

Left: A beautiful art study of Pearl White meditating death to all serial villains.



It is a fact that Mildred Davis made Harold Lloyd promise never to make another *Safety Last*, before she would consent to name the day. But all the stunts shown on the screen in *Safety Last* are not quite what they seem. Risky enough, though, for there is not an inch of trick photography anywhere. Then how was it done? Like this.

In Los Angeles there is a business district, and very close to this area several hills rise very abruptly from the street. From the top of any of these you can get a fine bird's eye view of the whole district. One of them, which interrupts a main road that leads to



# All High and Dizzy



Four thrilling moments in "Safety Last."

Hollywood has hotels and office buildings on each side and is a particularly happy hunting ground for movie makers. For the street goes under the hill by way of a tunnel. Therefore, on a little elevation immediately above this tunnel, a set can be built which, when photographed from the hill, with the camera looking towards the level, gives the illusion of great height from the ground. The false building on the plateau appears to be part of one of the skyscrapers in the street, and anyone standing on a window ledge there, looks as if he were sporting himself on the fifty or sixty-storey instead of only a very few feet above the ground. Therein lies the secret of the comparative safety of *Safety Last*. Lloyd chose for his location a building not far off a corner, which when photographed appeared to stand slightly detached from the other buildings in the

street. Accordingly, the storey upon which his most hairbreadth feats were performed was erected the other side of the street and about three stories off the ground at most. The angle from which the scenes were shot, lighting, or rather chiaroscuro, and the mind of the spectator did the rest. By chiaroscuro is meant that the colour of the "set" which was darker than the colour of the real buildings, caused it to fall back a trifle in perspective in comparison with them. But the sameness of colour or "lighting" at the points where the camera saw them joined made them merge one into the other when photographed. It is really a marvellous optical illusion. Lloyd actually built fake corners on the tops of real buildings and photographed these so that the projecting roof did not show. If you watch the distances between the eck and the cornice you may be able to spot something. But it's doubtful. Harold used the same kind of illusion for *High and Dizzy*, one of his earlier comedies, and so did Douglas MacLean in *Bell Boy* 13.



# Adam Triumphant



Jackie Coogan, the one and only Kid.

Every little doggie has his day and these must be the dog days judging by the size and the volume of fan mail received by the masculine movie stars of the moment.

**E**mphatically this is the day of the Male in Movies. Past are the times when a fair lady's name is upon every film-fan's lips and her picture upon his dressing table. For since such stars as Pauline Frederick and Nazimova rose and set, no others have appeared who have soared to quite such spectacular and universal heights of popularity. Players like Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge, Chaplin and Fairbanks, are not so much stars, as institutions, so they hardly count. Nowadays the He-bird is undoubtedly



Reading downwards: Ivor Novello, Jack Holt, Norman Kerry, and James Kirkwood. Left: John Gilbert.



Harold Lloyd.



to the lesser rôles of leading woman, scenario writer, art director, and similar positions, rather outside the beams of the spotlight.

No other star, not even Mary in her heyday, or Wally, the Well-beloved, ever evoked such a wave of absolute adoration as Rudolph Valentino, the Sheik of Sheiks. Rudolph came at a time when the screen was crying out for novelties. He was a new type, with his olive skin and sleek hair; his Continental style of acting, and certain alternations of elemental he-man stuff with an almost boyish appeal, went straight to the heart of susceptible America, and Europe followed suit. Rudy is graceful, can wear clothes that would make an Englishman or American helplessly self-conscious, dances divinely, and is blessed with more than the average share of good looks, plus acting ability and obvious sincerity and love of his work. This has kept him his place, despite three bad films to every one good one, and despite a prolonged and enforced absence from the studios.

Then there is Jackie Coogan. Jackie is our favourite screen actor, and we are apt to enthuse about him. The little chap is something more than a

precocious child with a host of sweet little ways and pair of velvet eyes. He is a thoroughly finished actor, with a fine sense of style and an instinctive *flair* for doing the right thing in the right way. Jackie has by sheer force of personality tided over two very weak scenarios. Given a good sound story, he is irresistible. True, he had for his first director, a man who is amongst the greatest in filmdom, Charles Chaplin, and everybody predicted that without Chaplin, Coogan would be negligible. For once everybody was wrong. The influence of Chaplin was distinctly noticeable in *Peck's Bad Boy* and in *My Dad*. But by the time

the big noise in filmland, and seems to have somewhat ungallantly relegated the ladies, for the moment, at any rate,

"Itchie"  
Headricks.



really clever acting won him featured rôles in his first year before the Kliegs. Peter Jances very nicely, and is unusually intelligent, but, alas! he's growing very fast, and his days of short socks, long curls, and satin suits are numbered.

Britain, too, boasts of Ivor Novello, a Welsh boy who won fame at a very early stage as a singer and composer.

Right:  
Gerald Ames  
Below: Percy  
Marmont as  
"Mark Sabre."



Clive  
Brook

Ivor is a most romantic-looking fellow, with blue-black hair, dark brown eyes and the most perfect profile in the British Isles. He has, also, give the



chap his due, a strong sense of humour, and, since he went to America, has quite lost that somewhat detrimental shyness of his. Ivor is a good-natured, cheerful soul, and his antics on the Studio floor are always worth watching.

After convulsing a party of press people one afternoon during the filming of *Bonnie Prince Charlie*,

Ivor suddenly turned serious, and drew forth really wonderful music from a harmonium to help Gladys Cooper's tears to flow for a few necessary "close-ups." Jack Holt, another film favourite of the hour, is a reformed screen-rake, and you know (if you are a woman) how fascinating such characters are. Jack made a good thing out of bad deeds, but found eventually that the straight and narrow was the better way after all. He appears as a clergyman this month in *When Satan Sleeps*, as a sort of exhortation to all bad movie men to go and do likewise. In

*Merry - Go - Round*,

which Eric Stroheim commenced and Rupert Julian completed, Norman Kerry gets his first big chance. Norman is extremely good-looking, and has been on

the screen a full five years, without heretofore doing anything very startling. From now on, though, his career should be worth watching.

The gentleman with the soulful expression is James Kirkwood, the ideal strong, silent man of the movie



Above: Gaston Glass  
Right: John Barrymore and Lewis Stone

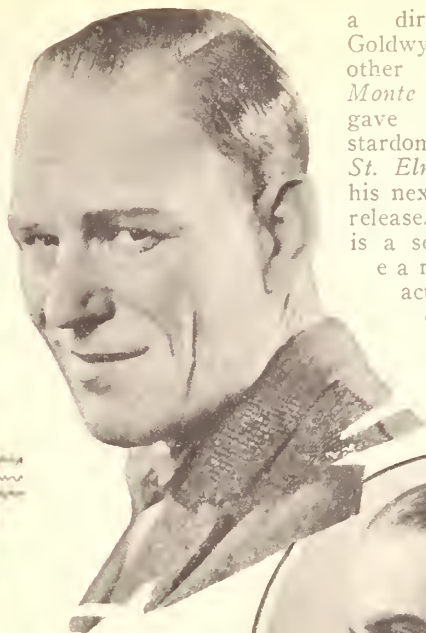
Above: John Stuart

*Trouble and Oliver Twist* were made Master Jack had found his small self, and he improves steadily. We can safely predict that Jackie will not fade into oblivion when he is about sixteen, but we often feel inclined to add a codicil to Everyfan's Litany, as follows: "Good Lord, please don't let Jackie Coogan grow up!" Britain has produced a very appealing youngster in the person of Peter Dear, whose mass of curly golden hair charming features and





domestic drama. Kirkwood has had a varied and interesting career. He is an Irishman, whose first bid for film fame was as a director. Then he played opposite Mary Pickford in *The Eagle's Mate*, as "The



Lon Chaney.

Eagle," a character that could delight all good Ethel M. Dell devourers and

a director, at Goldwyn's and other studios. Monte Cristo gave him stardom, and *St. Elmo* is his next big release. John is a serious earnest actor, he doesn't specialise in comedy. leaves that to



Dick Barthelmess.

his wife, Leatrice Joy, but has a steady and ever-growing following, both sides of the Atlantic.

Harold Lloyd is too well-known to need description. He made good long ago in Pathé two-reelers, made history with

Left: Ramon Novarro.

Below: Rudolph Valentino.



*Grandma's Boy*, and can be counted amongst the "steadies" in making consistently good and original comedies.

To Walter West goes the credit of introducing Clive Brook to picturegoers. Clive was just back from the war, a sterling actor, who soon graduated from sporting drama into powerful and thought-provoking character studies such as those he gave us in *Sonia*, *This Freedom*, *Reverse of the Medal*, and *Woman to Woman*. Please, Clive will you give us your idea of *The Dop Doctor*, some time?

Gerry Ames is a "London-er" both by birth and by profession. He was one of the best of the old London Film Co.'s stars and is alike excellent as either hero or villain. His "Rupert of Hentzau" is evergreen in the hearts of British picturegoers, un eclipsed by even the spectacular Ramon Novarro's. A fine fencer and rider, Ames is also a versatile stage



Conway Tearle.

true. J. K. next reverted to directing again, and made all Mary Miles Minter's first features, playing in many of them himself. Then he returned to the stage and retired from the screen for several years. *The Luck of the Irish* brought him back again, and a succession of James Oliver Curwood stories followed. He alternates between stage and screen these days.

Fox Films inform us that their prize offerings in the way of movie men, are Tom Mix, John Gilbert and Buck Jones. Tom Mix deserves his title of the Cowboy King. Originally a U.S. sheriff and Provost Marshal, he drifted into Movies by accident and stayed there by universal desire. One of the best is Tom Mix, straight riding and straight dealing and as fearless as only a screen stuntman can be. Buck Jones is younger; a nice personality, and a fairly good actor, and a very good

Right: Bryant Washburn. Left: Milton Sills.



rider and stuntman. John Gilbert has only just recently been starred. He has made *St. Elmo* at the moment, a refilming of the favourite novel. He, too, was originally

actor and puts in some time behind the footlights every year. If *Winter Comes* was the

whether it be in frivolous trifles like *The Man on the Box*, or sinister studies like his "Hyde," in the *Jekyll and Hyde* photoplay. He is making *Deburcau* at the moment. Whether he ever will make a Byron film, or a screen version of Wilde's "The Picture of *Dorian Gray*," we do not know. We'd rather like to. Rex Ingram says that Lewis Stone is amongst the only four people on the American screen who can wear period dress as it ought to be worn. Rex is a pretty good judge so we'll say he's right. Lewis has other claims to fame. He is a polished easy actor, his good looks are most decidedly not of the pretty-



Above: Eric Von Stroheim. Right Forrest Stanley. Left: Victor MacLaglen. Below: Bert Lytell in "Rupert of Hentzau."



Right: Wallace Beery in "Richard the Lionhearted."

apotheosis of Percy Marmont, Percy had been doing very fine, if inobtrusive work for a number of years, but he and "Puzzlehead Sabre" were absolutely made for each other. After the Hutchinson hero, Marmont landed another plum in the movie world—the role of "Dick Helder" in *The Light that Foiled*. England is waiting very impatiently for that film. John Barrymore is undoubtedly the First Gentleman of Filmland (no double meaning intended here). He is a delight to watch,



Theodore Kosloff.



Tom Meighan



Stewart Rome



pretty variety, and he is a right down regular fellow. Space forbids detailed mention of the rest of the stars whose photos appear here. Likewise of Chaplin, Matheson Lang, Owen Nares, Lionel Barrymore, Matt Moore, Sessue Hayakawa, Monte Blue, Harrison Ford, Guy Newall and many others. But sufficient has been set forth to prove that Adam is well on the top these days and has, as usual, proved that when he puts his mind to anything, he does it well enough to give Eve points. Still, the screen is a great see-saw and probably half-a-dozen years will find scribes and others lamenting the dearth of really good screen stars male, and pronouncing the movies a "Woman's Game!"



Reading downwards: Four studies of Peggy and her inseparable companion, "Brownie," the Century dog.



Century comedies—the dogs, the birds, the baby chimpanzee and various other wove them all,"

Sartorial splendour evolved for Baby Peggy's sole use.

lips Peggy in her curiously intense little voice, "and I think they wove me too." She looked down at Brownie, the famous Century dog, who was nuzzling his head against her hand. Brownie seemed to be in no doubt about the loving. But then Brownie is a privileged being where Baby Peggy is concerned. You see, he is Peggy's screen godfather; it was he who first discovered her eighteen months ago, when he was a famous comedy star, and she was a plump, almond-eyed baby, romping among the hills of Yellowstone Park.

One day a child was needed on the Century Comedy lot, to "support" Brownie in a two-reel film, and Peggy, who was on a visit to the studio with her parents, was chosen on sight as a more than possible winner.

The director put her through a rapid screen test, found her cute and interesting, and began to congratulate himself on the discovery of a prodigy.

To-day Baby Peggy is the youngest and the most highly-paid star in the world. She has made half-a-dozen two-reel comedies which have already found their way into the picture houses—*Peg o' the Movies*, *Sweetie*, *The Kid Reporter*, *Taking Orders*, *Carmen Junior*, and *Tips*. She has also ready a series of short films based on the old fairy tales, in which she appears as "Jack," in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, as "Red Riding Hood," and as the heroine in *Hansel and Gretel*.

"Acting's quite easy, you know," cooed Peggy. "You don't do anything, you just be peoples. My daddy just says cry, and of course I cry. It's quite easy to cry . . . wis is my daddy," she added, as the dressing room door opened and Mr. Montgomery came in.

Mr. Montgomery is a Baby Peggy fan, but he wouldn't for worlds have Baby Peggy know it. He is Peggy's business manager as well as her teacher, and has bought her a lovely house out of her own salary in Los Angeles, which is to be Peggy's nest egg when she grows up.

Meanwhile Peggy had picked up a tiny rope

and proceeded to "wasso" her Daddy from across the dressing room. "Bill Hart" she cooed proudly. Then the blow fell, the blow that is the only bitter spot in Baby Peggy's young life.



In "Peg o' the Movies."

She was unceremoniously picked up and laid on her back across her daddy's knee, while he proceeded to make her face up, in the manner that one would paint a Dutch doll.

"Just as if I wasn't a weal star," she wailed. "Warwara La Marr isn't put on any daddy's knee to be made up." I rose to go.

"Do you want to be an actress when you grow up?" I asked finally. The wails ceased.

"No," said Baby Peggy, emphatically, "I want to be a lady!"

I am still wondering what she meant!

E. R. T.



# British Studio Gossip



Mildred Evelyn in "Mary, Queen of Scots"



Gladys Jennings

### Helen of Stolls.

Since her fine work in *Rob Roy*, Gladys Jennings has come very much to the fore. She went back to Stolls again for *Young Lochinvar* and *Becket*, and is now at work upon another film in the same studios. Gladys is much fairer than she looks on the screen, but her golden hair has a rich tint, and this makes it photograph many shades darker than it is. "After playing two Scottish Helens," said Gladys, "it was a relief to portray the sweet and gentle 'Lady Rosamund,' and of course working with Benson was delightful. I've always admired him. Sometimes we used to stray on to the other set where *The Royal Oak* was being made and amuse ourselves by 'tipping out of our century.'"

### Our American Invaders.

Betty Compson hoped to be back in 1923 for the premiere of *Wemmie to Home* when she bade me farewell last September. She means to do some more film work in England. To console me for her absence, however, we had 2000. Hayakawa and his wife, and Miss Marie Dore, who is playing "Sally Benson" the part rumour assigned to be Pauline Frederick, then Nazimova. Thurston Hall is still with us, and is playing at Ideal Studios in *The Great O. P.* Thurston was busy at his favourite position lately, when I saw him at 2000. I saw Royal Oak. He afterwards made a few swipes at Betty Compson with a rapier. Cordially I never met such a blotto. Thirsty man.

screenically. Sans make-up, however, Thurston Hall is mild as milk and a very likeable fellow.

### Clift For California.

It looks as though America will see Denison Clift's *Mary, Queen of Scots*, first. Clift sailed for home early last month, and he will stay for some time in California producing for Fox Films. His first will be *Loyalties*, from Gals-



worthy's play. During his thirty-six months in England, Clift produced eleven pictures, the most successful of which were *Sonia*, *A Bill of Divorcement* and *Out to W'in*. His journey will not be direct, but will be via Paris, Vienna, Athens, Egypt, Palestine, India, China and Japan, Honolulu and 'Frisco. Denison Clift told us recently that he is a staunch believer in the future of British pictures and will surely return to work again this side. Everybody will join us in wishing him all sorts of good luck.

### Flora's Farewell.

Flora Le Breton, who sailed on the "Mauretania," on the twentieth of last month wishes you all *Au Revoir*, and will be pleased to hear how you like *I Will Repay*, and *Tons of Money* when you see them. Write her c/o this journal. Flora is bound for Hollywood via New York, where she is at present domiciled under the chaperonage of Madame Clara Novello and Lady Doughty. "I feel," Flora told me a few days before she sailed "that dearly as I love to work in my own country, I have come to a sort of deadlock there. I want to do big things. Very big things; and America has been tempting me for a long time. So I am going to make my working address California for awhile. But when I do come home. Ah!" And she let me into the secret of a really charming project of hers, of which more later.

Betty Compson and Clive Brook

in "The Royal Oak"



Picturegoers will join us in wishing Flora "*Bon voyage et bonne chance.*"

**Rale Irish.**

Another re-filming of *The Colleen Bawn* is taking place. British this time, for W. P. Kellino is making it for Stolls with Peggy Worth, a pretty American star, in the title role. With her are Stewart Rome as "Myles," and Henry Victor as the wicked "Hardress Creegan." The company have finished the exteriors, which were made in Ireland

**Wonderful London.**

I had a preview of some unusually interesting short films last week. Titled as above, the series of twenty are the work of H. B. Parkinson, and depict phases of well-known and little-known London life. Fleet Street, the fire brigade, the river, London's free shows, theatreland, dockland, the markets, the bridges, etc., etc., are all cleverly and entertainingly snapshotted. One of the best is *Unknown London*, which shows the foot rule in Trafalgar Square, the pair of "desirable residences" in the Arch at the top of Constitution Hill, the little known Holborn Square, where the night watchman still follows his calling, and various other similar localities. Look out for these two-reelers early in the coming year.

**The Fair Maid of Perth.**

This favourite Scott novel is being kinematised by Edwin Greenwood with a fine cast of players headed by Sylvia Caine. You will remember Sylvia as the good fairy of *The Soul's Awakening*, which starred Flora Le Breton and David Hawthorne. Other players are Wallace Bosco, Kate Gurney, Donald Macardle, Leal Douglas, Benson Kleve, and Lionelle Howard.

**Picking Winners.**

Adrian Brunel feels very proud of his powers of perspicacity these days. Two clever girls he picked out of a crowd for parts in his own productions have recently achieved stardom, and all three are very pleased about it. "Annette Benson, Brunel averred "was chosen by George Pearson to play "Squibs'" sister in two *Squibs* screenplays, after she had appeared in one good role for me. And Nina Vanna, whom I starred opposite Ivor Novello in *The Man Without Desire*, has since been playing leads in several Stoll productions. Both these girls have just been engaged by Commonwealth Films of America to appear in a new screenplay with Clive Brook. They will work this side." To which I will add the fact that Brunel had Ivor Novello under contract when Griffith "discovered" him. Ivor is at present starring in *The Rat*, his original story, with Constance Collier and Gladys Cooper.

**An All-Star Cast.**

Owen Nares has just finished work on *Miriam Rozella*, which boasts of one of the most wonderful casts of the year. This comprises Ellaline Terriss, Moyna Macgill, Gertrude McCoy, Mary Brough, Ben Webster, Russell Thorndike, Gordon Craig, Henrietta Watson and Marie Vinten. It is being made at Alliance Studios.



Alma Taylor, Eileen Denness, and Shayle Gardner in "Comin' Thro the Rye."



Langhorne Burton who makes a manly hero in the stage play at Drury Lane. Oval: Julie Suds, who specialises in classical and "pep" dancing. We're for the last-named, whatever it may mean!



**More Romance.**

Gaumont's *Claude Duval* promises to be a fine romantic drama. Production was scheduled to start last August, but owing to the fact that neither of the principals was disengaged, it had to be postponed. Nigel Barrie and Fay Compton play the leads, with Hugh Miller and A. B. Imeson attending to the "dirty work."

**Concerning the Newalls.**

For a man who had just finished writing a first novel, Guy Newall was looking very fit when I had a chat with him yesterday. Judging by the prowess of "Sammy," Ivy Duke's big Sam-oyede, in the gentle art of making love I should say that either Guy Newall has an apt pupil there, or that like most males, the way to Sam's heart is *via* an organ not mentioned in polite society, and it was the cake, not me, he was adoring so unblushingly.

Below: Chrissie White and Henry Edwards in "Boden's Boy."





**PETER DEAR**

*An exceptionally sweet and charming British child actor whose biggest successes have been in "The Wandering Jew" and "The Cross of St. John." You will see him next year in "The Royal Oak."*



### ESTELLE TAYLOR

*Who played "The woman who did not care," in "A Fool There Was," and has gone merrily onward from bad to worse on the screen ever since. Her home wrecking career seems to agree with her.*



### LEWIS STONE

*He is "an actor's actor," and very much admired by fellow members of his own profession. Born at Worcester in 1879, he has been a soldier, cowpuncher, sailor, big game hunter, and actor.*





**CONSTANCE TALMADGE**

*Now making her initial costume picture "The Dangerous Maid." Constance's charm lies in her vivacity and wit; she is also a prize ballroom dancer, plays a fine game of golf, and swims like a fish.*



**HOPE HAMPTON**

*Has improved greatly histrionically this year. Both although of the kind was necessary. Hope's latest film is 'Lawful Larceny'. When she has finished seeing Europe, she will be starred in 'Irene'.*

# The Screen Fashion Plate



Above: Mary Philbin's mole-skin wrap. Centre: A magnificent kolinsky coat worn by Margaret Livingstone.



Above: May McAvoy wearing a cape of eastern mink. Note the large collar, and diagonal stripes.



Above: An evening wrap of beige ermine, appertaining unto Mae Busch. Its sleeves are formed by flaring panels, which can also be worn draped round the figure.



Above: Beige caracul, with cuffs and collar of beige fox fur forms this wrap worn by Mae Busch. Centre: Claire Windsor's ermine shawl-cape, edged with white Spanish fringe.

# A Little Hero of the Movies

"Freckles," Barry celebrated his seventeenth birthday just recently.

*Above and below: Wesley Barry in "Heroes of the Street." Circle: An International Three-leaf-clover, Aaron Mitchell, Wes Barry, and Walter Chung.*



The small boy who asked his father how many legs a caterpillar had certainly started something! But if he'd enquired how many freckles Wesley Barry has, there'd probably have been a funeral! It is certainly a clear case of his face being his fortune, for Marshall Neilan couldn't resist a sight of those freckles when he saw them one day in Los Angeles. The result was that he straightway took Wes under his wing, and by dint of careful coaching made him into the popular young star he has become.

It seems only yesterday that he was playing the part of the freckle-faced kid in *Daddy Longlegs*, but even then it was obvious that better things than minor roles were only a little way ahead for Wesley. And they were—*Penrod*, *Dinty*, *Bob Hampton of Placer* and *Go Get It* quickly established his right to stardom.

Being a star before he was thirteen, and having already earned enough money to live on comfortably for the rest of his life, if he wished, has not spoilt this typical American boy. He is still the same thoroughly human bundle of energy and mischief that he was when, as a schoolboy, he had a healthy dislike for clean white collars and cuffs, and infinitely preferred mixing with good clean dirt to keeping his nose inside his schoolbooks! In fact (let us whisper it!) he is still a regular

"boy" outside the studio, and positively hates school and Saturday-night baths in the way every right-minded boy should.

Even a boy star can't earn big money without a good deal of real hard work, and although Wesley's days are full of interest, he is kept at it, for Marshall Neilan is determined that his discovery shall do him credit. Wherefore he gets up at seven in the morning, and, unless the studio claims him, spends the time in being taught all the tricks of the regular movie star—riding bucking ponies, branding, rope-throwing, boxing, swimming and fancy diving. Exciting? Yes—but distinctly *work* when it is done in earnest and every day! In the afternoons he goes riding with his tutor, and in the evenings he reads—just sits and reads. All right, of course, but sometimes a great trial to a healthy human boy!

Wesley has two real troubles. One is that his freckles are real! He considers they don't go well with carroty red hair and eyelashes and sort of bluish-grey eyes! Those who saw him in *Rags and Riches* and *Heroes of the Street* will agree that it isn't a trouble anyone need worry about!

His other trouble is that in the eyes of a stern law he is still a minor. As this means in America that he is forbidden to appear on a public stage he is considerably worried by the knowledge that thousands of American fans keep demanding to see him. He tried to meet the difficulty by making a personal tour of the picture theatres, but the authorities said this was a breach of the law and arrested him. In fact they arrested him quite a lot of times, till he began to complain that he was a thorough-going jailbird! However, time will settle this trouble for him, for he'll grow out of it! In spite of it all he has just finished a six months' tour of personal appearances throughout the United States, so probably, as in the case of Prohibition, there are ways and means of doing things which Uncle Sam says you mustn't! Now he is back at work (Wesley says nothing would ever tempt him to venture out of Hollywood again!) making *The Printer's Devil* in which he has a five-man job all rolled into one. "Freckles" Barry will positively appear as the chief engineer, janitor, reporter, assistant editor and printer's devil of the *Briggsville Gazette*! Some job!



# Guy Fawkes

by  
JOHN FLEMING



Remember! Remember!  
The Fifth of November!  
The Gunpowder Treason and Plot!

ALL the little boys but one were chanting it; all the little boys but one were dancing round the guy or lighting crackers at the great bonfire. Red lights and green lights turned the houses around the big square into mysterious palaces. There was the jolliest, most wonderful cracking and fizzing and spluttering everywhere. One little boy alone was aloof. At a window high in the tallest house, far above the square, he gazed at the scene with wide-open eyes of longing, and when his father came into the room he asked: "Who was Guy Fawkes, Daddy?" "A naughty man who tried to blow up the King!" was the reply. "Why?" "Because the King was a Protestant and Guy was a Catholic." "You're a Catholic, Daddy," said the little boy then—"why not blow up King George?" "Because nowadays," replied his father, "everyone is allowed to worship in his own way." And what an avalanche of "Why, why, whys" did that call forth! At last the father sat down by the little boy's side and told him the story of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot.

In a low tavern in a small coast town of Holland, a gentleman of fortune sat

making merry. He was a tall, handsome figure of a man, with pointed beard and black moustache; unscrupulous, maybe, easy of occupation, but likeable withal. There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he raised his glass aloft and toasted any passing stranger who happened to get in the

at you. White pussies mean black luck. Is the future to be uneasy? What comes, I wonder?"

What came immediately seemed to offer little cause for alarm. It was but a woman, lowly and hopeless of countenance, who appeared to be seeking long after her last hope of finding had gone. She came noiselessly across the tavern to the handsome stranger's side and took a seat at the table.

"You are an Englishman?" she asked in a whisper.

"I am an Englishman," he replied.

"I married an Englishman!" she said then, with the trace of a snarl.

"It has been done," said the other carelessly. "But I, madame, am not your Englishman. Why do you come to me?"

The woman laid upon the table a miniature portrait and a marriage certificate, made out in parchment in the cramped handwriting of some country priest.

"I know no other Englishman to appeal to," she said. "This man is my husband. He married me and deserted me. See, here is the priest's certificate. I would have news of him. I would know where he is. How can you help me?"

"Heaven knows!" said the Englishman carelessly. "But I can try. Leave these things with me. I may be to England very shortly. If I trace

#### CHARACTERS:

Guy Fawkes	- -	MATHESON LANG
James I.	-	JERROLD ROBERTSHAW
Salisbury	- - -	LIONEL DARAGON
Catesby	- - -	HUGH BUCKLER
Father Garnett	- -	EDWARD O'NEILL
Tresham	- - - -	PINO CONTI
Radcliffe	- - -	ROBERT ENGLISH
Humphrey	- - -	SHAYLE GARDNER
Mounteagle	- - -	DALLAS CAIRNS
Heydcocke	- - -	WILLIAM PARRY
Viviana	- - - -	NINA VANNA

*Narrated by permission from the Stoll Film of the same title.*

way of his glance. He laughed at the landlord and laughed at the serving maids and even he laughed at a little white cat that rubbed against his legs and seemed to find in him its only friend.

"Though, to be sure," he said, "I find small reason why I should laugh

"Danger,"  
Fawkes laughed,  
"does not  
frighten a  
soldier of  
fortune."



this worthy fellow for you I will get news to you quickly enough. I have accomplished harder things in my time."

The woman thanked him, talked with him a little longer, gave him instructions and told him how he might communicate with her on the conclusion of his task and then made her way into the shadows of the night. For some moments he sat gazing raptly at the certificate and the miniature; then, with a shrug, he tucked them away and relighted his pipe. When he looked up he found somewhat to his surprise that he was not alone. Two men stood before him, with secret urgency in their manner.

"Guy Fawkes?" asked the elder.

"My name," the Englishman assented.

"Mine is Radcliffe, and that of my friend, Tresham."

"Excellent," commented Fawkes. "Though, to be sure, I like not the way friend Tresham bitch his nails. But sit! The flagon is still half filled. Make merry whilst you talk."

When the glasses had made their round and the pipes were filled and well puffing, Radcliffe leaned forward and said:

"We come to you because your reputation for fearlessness has reached us over the seas. It is said that you will dare anything. We bring you news of a great risk to be taken and we offer this risk to you—with, of course, satisfactory remuneration

Listen. Salisbury has persuaded the King to pass a new law against the Catholics, and James, like the weak fool he is, has consented. From now, all who give shelter in England to a Catholic priest must pay the penalty of death! The members of our party have met in secret to consider the position, and as James and his Parliament have decreed death against us we have decreed death against James and his Parliament. We are almost resolved upon the plot. We are already resolved upon the man

Will you undertake whatever our party may ask of you?"

"We cannot over-rate the danger," added Tresham.

Fawkes laughed.

"Danger," he said, "does not frighten a soldier of fortune. He lives beneath the hand of Fate. Well, I will undertake your task. Why not? Nothing else offers. Life is dull here, with the wars over."

"Then," said Radcliffe, "come to Ordsall Hall one week from to-day?"

Fawkes nodded and the conspirators shook hands and parted.

The moon was shining on Radcliffe's home, Ordsall Hall, the stronghold of the Catholics, when Guy Fawkes came to it a week later. It was shining, too—and smiling, for it seemed to understand—on two lovers, a Protestant man and a Catholic maid. The girl, Viviana, was the daughter of Radcliffe; the man was an exile who had risked his very life to come thus and say farewell to his sweetheart. Guy Fawkes, coming into the garden on his way to the Hall, saw them in their embrace, and heard the girl declare that rather than marry another man she would take the veil. Guy understood perhaps better than the moon; he understood the danger that threatened, and he hurried the lover away and escorted the girl to her home.

The conspirators were already assembled on Fawkes' arrival. There was Radcliffe and Tresham, Catesby the fortune hunter and a dozen others, with Father Garnett, a Catholic priest whom Radcliffe was sheltering. No words were wasted in formal greetings. The plot had been hatched in Catesby's fertile brain, and Catesby it was who now explained it.

"Beneath the Houses of Parliament is a vault," he said. "I have taken a lease of it and in it we shall store gunpowder. The King and his Parliament will assemble on the evening of the fifth of November. We will set fire to the gunpowder and blow it up. Fawkes is the man who will do this and Fawkes will take up his abode in the vault twenty-four hours before the appointed time."

The others looked round in the direction of the soldier of fortune, who merely smiled grimly and nodded his head.

The details of the scheme were gone into and made watertight; then

one by one the conspirators slipped away as furtively as they had come, leaving Guy alone with his host and his daughter. The hour was late. When Fawkes was shown to his room he stood a moment at the window gazing on the glory of the moon-lit scene below. Then he slipped from his belt the miniature that had been handed to him by the distressed woman in the Dutch tavern, and a sly smile spread over his features as he looked at it. It was a portrait of Catesby!

The days sped by and waiting was dull. Exciting only to one were the events of those times—to the oldest of them all, to Radcliffe, the father of Viviana. The strain of the plotting and waiting proved in the end too much for him and on a day, but a little while before the appointed time for the culmination of the plot he suddenly died, and Viviana was left now without father and lover; almost, it seemed, without friend.

"My father dead and my lover in exile!" she sobbed when the old man was laid to rest in the churchyard. "'Tis better now that I enter the convent . . ."

Only Catesby and Father Garnett were with her at this moment.

"Your beauty is for warmer embraces than that of the church," said Catesby, suddenly, taking her in his arms. But the girl indignantly repulsed him.

"Dare to molest me again," she cried, "and I will acquaint his Majesty with all I know!"

She left them, and when they were alone, the priest turned warningly to Catesby.

"She holds our lives in her hands," he said.

"Then," said Catesby, "marry her to me! The law decrees that a wife cannot testify against her husband!"

He made enquiries and learned that Viviana was intent on carrying out her decision to enter the convent and that she was to go there by coach. Approaching the postilion a moment or two before the departure, he whispered, handing gold to the man: "When you pass my manor your horse will cast a shoe . . ."

And so, as it had been arranged, the horse cast a shoe quite near to the manor of Catesby, and Father Garnett, who was accompanying the girl gave it as his opinion that there was nothing to be done but to put up for the night at the home of friend Catesby. He took her hand and led her to the house.

But they had not been five minutes within its walls before the significance of all these sudden happenings was very plain to Viviana.

"Here shall your honeymoon be spent," said Catesby with a smile; and when in terror she looked for explanations to Father Garnett, the priest nodded.

"You must marry this man to safeguard the Cause."

She protested. She even sprang to the door and attempted an escape. But

Catesby thrust her back, pressed her against the wall and thrust a ring upon her finger while the priest mumbled phrases from the marriage service that seared her soul like hot iron. Struggling free at last she fell back panting against the door and cried that the priest must know that this could be no marriage—this brutal farce.

"Then," laughed Catesby, "you shall be my wife without a wedding."

With a shriek of terror she sped across a room, through a door and by dark ways to a room above. Just in time she stumbled within and closed the door and turned the key . . .

Below, Father Garnett sighed and shook his head and looked appealingly to heaven and seemed to be quickly reaching the decision that his act had been a mistaken one. He was wishing, now that it was over, that what had been done could be undone. Nearly he was hoping for a miracle . . .

He went out and down the long road to Ordsall Hall. And no sooner were his feet upon the way than he met with Guy Fawkes, urgently speeding to the Hall with important news for the conspirators. Quickly to him, as relief for his agitated soul, Father Garnett told all.

"And—and he is now married to her!" he faltered. "I married them myself . . ."

"Ha!" cried Fawkes. "But be not too sure. The fellow is already married, and here in my belt is proof of it. Come!"

They sped back to the Manor House. The door was locked but this afforded Fawkes no agitation. The old place was covered with ivy. He gripped the thick branches and began to climb.

Viviana, meanwhile, was on her knees behind the locked door of the upper room, praying that she might be delivered from the hands of Catesby. But even before her lips were still from the prayer, a sliding panel slid back and Catesby was beside her. Laughing at the terrified girl he seized her in a rough clutch, and she had already drawn a slim dagger and was preparing to defend herself when the case-ment flung back and Fawkes was in the room.

"Ha! ha!" cried Guy, leaping forward with flashing sword. Viviana with a glad cry ran towards him.

"I demand to be told the reason of this intrusion," said Catesby. And for answer Guy held forth the marriage certificate and the miniature that had come with him all the way from Holland.

"A reminder from—your wife!" he said.

"Ah!"

Catesby clutched savagely, and the next moment miniature and certificate were upon the blazing logs, and Catesby before them sword in hand.

"Get them if you can!" he cried.

"And I can!" Guy laughed in retort.

Savage thrust met savage thrust. The room echoed with the clash of steel upon steel. Slowly but surely Catesby was pressed back, and when at last he was at the other's mercy, Viviana ran forward and rescued the scarcely-charred certificate from the flames. Then Guy lowered his sword.

"I have no wish to kill you," he laughed. "You are too valuable to the cause. Go!"

And Catesby slunk from the chamber.

When Father Garnett was at length admitted Guy Fawkes turned to the girl and said:

"Give me the right to protect you by marrying me."

And Viviana being willing, for the second time that day the old priest read the marriage service to her.

On the eve of the day upon which it was planned to blow up the King and his Ministers the conspirators gathered in the vaults below the Houses of Parliament. There was much wine in celebration, and even a little hushed merriment.

"To our last supper!" said Catesby, lifting a tankard and jesting heavily.

"And may we hope that no Judas is here," said Guy.

Biting his nails nervously and looking askance at Fawkes the while, Tresham rose and seemed to move in the direction of the stairs.

"Where would you go?" Guy asked, looking up.



Viviana, the daughter of Radcliffe was left now utterly alone, without father or lover, almost it seemed, without friend.

"This vault is like a tomb and un-nerve me," Tresham replied. "I must have air."

When he was gone Fawkes turned to Catesby.

"Do you trust him?" he asked. "I like not a man that bites his nails."

The incident passed, however, and no more was thought about the matter until some five minutes afterwards, when a low but agitated knocking was heard upon the door of the vault. Guy went to the door and opened it an inch, keeping his sword ready. Outside was Viviana.

"You!"

He admitted her, and she staggered in with her hand to her heart. For some moments she had to rest against the table before she could speak.

"You are betrayed!" she whispered at last.

Consternation showed on every man's face. Swords were drawn in readiness. Viviana proceeded

"Tresham! I have seen him but this moment go to Mouteagle and the Earl of Salisbury and even the King. He has told all. Relatives of his are in the house and he must fear for their safety. As I ran here I heard the marching of the Yeomen. All is lost!"

Even as she spoke the tread of marching feet was heard. Casks were thrust against the door and the conspirators stood in readiness. The Yeomen of the Guard came down the steps and halted before the door. In the name of the King they demanded admittance.

"Never!" growled Catesby.

But Guy, who had been watching Viviana all this time and wondering how she was to be rescued from this plight was visited suddenly by an idea.

"I can get most of you away," he said. "Do as I comand and hope for the best. Viviana, throw open the door and step behind me. You others, keep your swords ready."

Viviana flung back the door, and sprang to the protecting cloak of Guy. The fight was short and swift. Outnumbered as they were, the conspirators fought as they had never fought before. Guy saw Catesby die gallantly, but he felt no pang at the death of Tresham who had had the temerity to return. On a calm which came in the fighting Guy put his plan into action. Seizing a lighted torch he held it suddenly above an open barrel and laughed loud.

"Let a man of the guard stir," he cried, "and I blow the whole party to eternity!" Then he turned to the others and particularly to Viviana. "Go!" he said.

They stumbled out between the waiting ranks of Yeomen. Guy heard the patter of their feet ascending the stone steps, he heard them gain the street and fly to safety, then with another loud laugh, watching the while the look of swift



In another moment the struggle was over. The great Gunpowder Plot had failed.

fright that settled on the guardsmen's faces at his action, he stooped and plunged the torch into the barrel.

"Beer!" he cried, as the light of the torch sizzled out.

With a cry of rage the Yeomen gathered round him and disarmed him. In another moment they were leading him out, and the struggle was over. The great Gunpowder Plot had failed.

Guy Fawkes, gentleman of fortune, they bore to the Tower of London, and in the cell of Little Ease they shut him. Too small was his cell for him to either stand or lie in, but the jest never left his lips and the smile never left his eyes. The jailers marvelled at a man who could sing and laugh with the torture chamber and the hangman surely now before him.

Upon the day following a message was brought from the King. If he would but disclose the details of the Plot and tell the names of his fellow-conspirators he might yet go free. But he would tell nothing; and in the afternoon he was taken to the Torture Chamber and laid upon the rack.

"At least," he said with a smile, glancing back to the doors of the cell of Little Ease—"at least I have now room to stretch my legs!"

The King, Mounteagle and the Earl of Salisbury were above in an alcove, watching the torture. At the sight of his agony the King turned sick.

"Speak, man! Speak!" he pleaded, coming to the side of the rack.

"Would you speak, sire, if you were me?" Guy asked, with a slow smile, though his eyes were glazed with agony.

And then, to the mounting annoyance of the others, the King suddenly stopped the punishment. "You are brave, and I like brave men," he said. "What do you crave as reward for your bravery? What boon?"

The reply came in gasps from the

man who sat on the edge of the rack.

"I crave free pardon for an exile and his wife," he said.

"It shall be done," said the King. "A herald shall bring the papers to you before nightfall." And with this the King took his departure, sick at heart and sorry that Fate should have dealt so hardly with so brave a man.

And so the last evening came, and with it Viviana and the returned exile who was her lover.

"Good-bye . . . wife," said Guy.

Viviana could not speak for the choking sobs that shook her frame.

"I have not been much of a husband to you," said Guy. "There wasn't the time! Now I have another appointment with an unpleasant gentleman and I am afraid I can be your husband no longer. But I have a little gift I would like you to accept, before we say farewell. Young man, arise, and accept—your lady's happiness."

He held out the pardon, newly-arrived from the King, with its bright red ribbon and dangling seal, and in amazement the exile took it and read.

"But—" he cried. "You—you have done this for us. . . !"

"Tut!" said Guy. "It is nothing. I am used to it, it is nothing at all. But I must depart. My carriage awaits and time is pressing. Good-bye."

On the last dawn, the crowd around the scaffold scoffed and jeered and made their most of this, their holiday, as Guy Fawkes was brought to the hangman. But it was seen that upon his face as he mounted the grim steps was still a last wan smile.

From a near-by wall a cat looked down disinterestedly upon the strange scene, and Guy even managed a last faint laugh as he remarked it's colour.

"A black pussy for luck!" he said. "Perchance I shall go to heaven after all!"

## ALL SCOTCH

(Continued from page 11).

every man jack of us including three hard-boiled female journalists went down on our knees and worshipped that adorable baby.

They were taking close-ups of Ivor with Kleeve bending over him looking villainous. Suddenly a beatific smile appeared on the countenance of the recumbent Prince. "Come, darling, and see the funny man," cooed Gladys Cooper in her most melting tones to the baby. And she went. Wouldn't you have? The contortions Prince Charming—I mean Prince Charlie achieved without moving his head did him credit. But Bernard Bromhead sternly removed his small daughter and work proceeded smoothly till lunch-time. We were a merry lunch-party until Bernard Bromhead told them all the full story of a certain misguided article of mine called *Short and Sweet*. "And as Studio Manager," he concluded, "I feel that . . ."

"Studio Manager?" I interrupted, "we don't all fall on our knees when you come on the set."

"No, it's only for Pamela we do that," agreed Calvert, "and she only visits us about once in six months."

"But perhaps if you side-stepped into the studio," I told Bernard Bromhead (I owed him one), "wearing a frilly white and pink frock well above the knee. And short socks and fat white shoes. And carried a kitten in a basket they'd do the same for you!"

The ball at Holyrood was a charming affair. There was a very large crowd, all in satin frocks and white wigs and gorgeous full-dress Tartans. There were so many different Tartans that I grew confused trying to sort them out. Wherever I went Bernard Bromhead stuck to me like a leech. "Sorry, can't trust you out of my sight," he said.

I supposed that the players were all Scotch, they certainly looked it. "Even a journalist is wrong sometimes," said Bromhead. "Prince Charlie is Welsh, Flora was born in London. Hugh Miller is Swedish. The extras are Irish."

It seemed a pity not to have a single Scot at the Holyrood Ball. Then I spied a Maclagen amongst the guests, Cyril, I think it was, and turned to pulverise my keeper. But he wasn't there. So I watched the dance and the reception that followed.

"Pity there aren't any real Scots in it," I said to the publicity man as we made tracks for home. He grinned. "Bernard Bromhead gave me this for you," he said, pushing a note into my hand. "Good-night."

Herewith the note—

"In the scene you saw being taken, the players were sixty per cent. Scotch, extras and all. Including four Maclagens, Hugh Miller and Robert Laing. Robert played one of his own Ancestors, 'Macdonald of the Isles.' And we used 1,200 Scots in the Culloden scenes. You can fool a journalist! B. B."

I am still stewing.



Star of the Month

# Alla Nazimova

Original to the last, Alla Nazimova, who seems to have deserted filmland of late, releases this month the first screenplay in which she appeared. After getting acquainted with all her thousand moods, picturegoers this side can now see Alla as she was when she toured America in "War Brides" with Dick Barthelmess. The title has been changed to *Motherhood*, and a scene from it heads this page. The other



photos reading downward are Nazimova in *Salome*, (circle), in *Camille*, the man in plus fours is Rudy Valentino; in *The Brat*, with Charles Bryant on her right; and as the fisher-girl heroine in *Out of the Fog*, one of her finest interpretations. Alla the Ageless is sure of a welcome whenever and wherever she deigns to return to the silver sheet.



# Film Stars Norma



Above: A side view of the Talmadge - Shenck home, the first Norma and her husband have ever owned. It is built of red brick and tan plaster, and located in Los Angeles.

Right: The staircase. Note the effect of rich warmth given by the many hued stained glass window on the left.



Above: Norma Talmadge with her pet fern.

Below: The porch or sun-parlor, a feature of the typical Californian home. Its colour scheme is green and blue. Bright cretonnes, grass rugs, and heaps of ferns and flowers keep it cool and inviting.



The dark-red dining room has carved teak-wood furniture imported from China with the embroidered curtains and screens. The bronze ornaments, lighting fixtures, and bits of lacquer are also from the Orient.



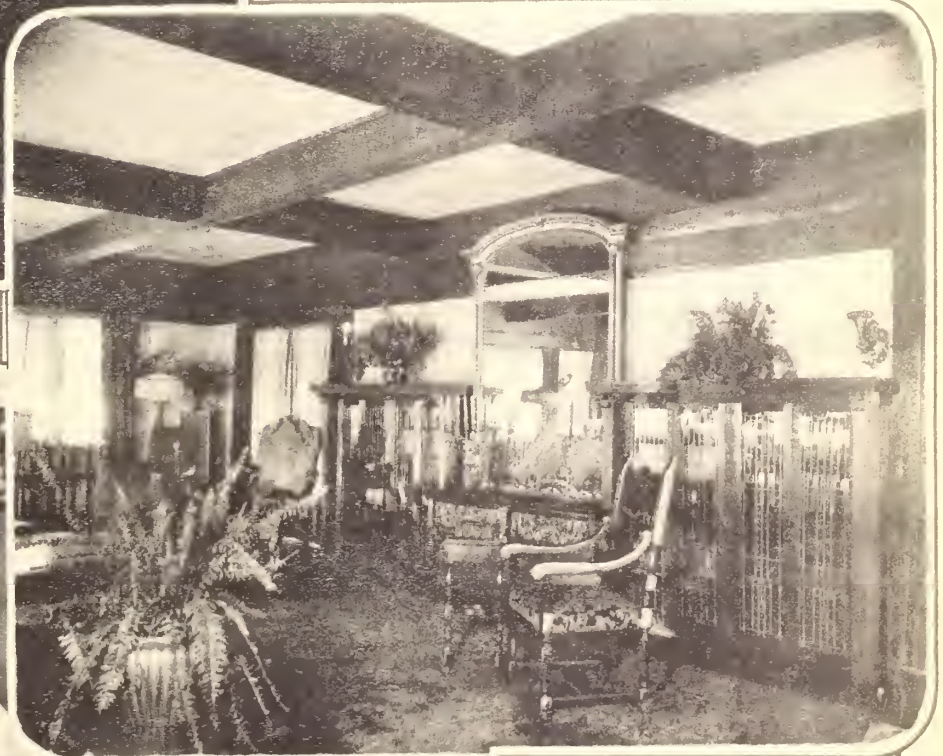
# at Home Talmadge



The front of the house, which has a distinctly old-world appearance. Beautiful gardens surround it, and tiny, trimly-cut hedges, whilst carefully careless arrangements of trees and shrubberies screen it from the public gaze.



Norma Talmadge and a book of engravings in a corner of the spacious and well-stocked library.



Above: The drawing room. Its walls are stone-grey, against which curtains of rich dark blue and ruby red velvet furniture produce an unusual effect. The rare old Persian rug covering the floor is worth a fortune. Left: Norma and some of her correspondence.



# Directors I Have Met

by  
ELIZABETH LONERGAN.  
No. 9.  
HERBERT BRENON



Herbert Brenon now directing "The Spanish Dancer."

Herbert Brenon holds the record for being the first director of American pictures of leading rank, who came from across the sea. I met him way back in 1913 when he put on *Neptune's Daughter* which starred Annette Kellerman, and was greatly impressed then by his cleverness and sincerity. This picture was the third feature shown in the States on the same status as a big theatrical production. First had come *Cabiria*, that wonder spectacle from Italy, and then Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*. Naturally the presentation of the third picture was of utmost importance because it did not deal, as in the case of the two others, with a national theme, but was rather to entertain. It really laid the corner-stone of future big features—now alas!--a bit overdone.

I asked Mr. Brenon to tell me all about himself, his early trials (if he had any) and any other items that might be of interest to his friends in England. How I wish I might tell you about the little bits I saw from his new production at Paramount, but this is strictly taboo. Until the proper time comes, you must possess your souls in patience and content yourselves with the fact that it is a wonderful picture, with a



Brenon discussing a scene in "The Wonderful Thing" with Norma Talmadge.

wonderful cast, directed by a wonderful director—but to continue—

"I was born in Ireland," said Mr. Brenon. "This much you doubtless know, but perhaps you never heard that I led a double life at one time. I was working for a vaudeville agent for the enormous sum of some fifteen or sixteen shillings a week when I chanced to get a job as super in a Broadway production. It was in the great melodrama "Sporting Life," equally popular on both sides of the water. For this I received a couple of shillings a night and had a brief line to say. How to get away for the midweek matinee tested my ingenuity, but I managed it somehow. One Wednesday, after a sudden "death in the family," I was in the middle of my lines when I saw my employer, Joe Vian, in the front row. Well, I never had courage to face him, so gave up my job for good and all. I never saw or heard of him again until the other day he came to Hollywood and paid me a sur-

prise visit. We had a good laugh over those early times."

Mr. Brenon's determination to become an actor made him keep at it in spite of starvation wages. Step by step he rose from little bits to long roles and was stage manager for Augustin Daly when this well-known manager was at the height of his glory. Later, Herbert Brenon became stock director in a number of American cities and while in this capacity in New Orleans, met Helen Oberg and married her.

He remarked whimsically that he is still married to her.

Brenon's first picture for Carl Laemmle (Universal) was *Leah the Forsaken*; his next was *Neptune's Daughter* with Annette Kellerman. He took a company over to England for *Ivanhoe*, one of the first American pictures made abroad. *The Daughter of the Gods*, and *War Brides* followed, he was then invited to England to produce a Government film. Bad luck pursued this; first the negative was destroyed by fire, then Peace made its showing unnecessary.

At the close of the War, Herbert Brenon returned to the States and directed *Norma Talmadge in The Passion Flower*, *The Sign on the Door*, and several other films. Jesse Lasky then engaged him to direct *Pola Negri*, and he is still at it. He is distinctly a realist, though he has produced several fantasies. He has many, many friends and admirers, and is the sole Director I Have Met who has a Chinese photographer.

Left to right: Charles A. Stevenson, Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou, Kathlyn Williams, Herbert Brenon (with script), Pola Negri, and Antonio Moreno between scenes of "The Spanish Dancer"



# She's Naldi But She's Nice!

by  
JOAN DRUMMOND

Naughty Nita Naldi is the prize Bad Girl of the movies. In real life, though, she's very nice, indeed.

She had just returned from New York when I called her up. William de Mille had cabled her to come back to the coast for a featured role in *Everyday Love*, she told me. And added an invitation to dinner the next night. Behold me, then, duly seated at dazzling Nita Naldi's polished table and discussing an excellent meal and the New York theatres at the same time.



Three portrait studies of an aristocratic screen vampire.

"It was my first long visit to New York, since I left the stage," confided Nita, who was dressed all in green, that vivid shade of jade so much in vogue this season, which intensified the glossy blackness of her hair and the almost Oriental slant of her eyes. "He bought me these," she whispered, with a sidelong glance at her husband. "These" being a pair of curiously carved ivory and jade earrings. "We went grubbing down East Side. I was born on the Italian district near Washington Square, you know, and we found these there."

"I found 'Sally' still running," she declared, with her slow Mona



Lisa smile. "But this time there's no 'Dolores, Nita Naldi,' line on the programme. And of course I went to the Century to see the old bunch there. It seems ages since I was part of the Follies Show. I was just a chorus girl when John Robertson picked me for the underworld girl in the *Jekyll and Hyde* film."

"Say, if you're going to talk film, I guess I'll do a fade-out" put in Nita Naldi's husband, who is profoundly uninterested in stage or screen matters.

"Yes, go out and book us a box at the Hollywood theatre, I want to see a movie," commanded Nita, and like a dutiful spouse he obeyed. I heard him

telephoning from the adjoining room, but he did not rejoin us.

"Then you're not Italian?" I commenced.

"Nope," said Nita, whose accents are of Broadway, frank and undisguised. "My parents came from Italy, but I was born at Little Old New York—what a pretty film that was—and I've never seen Italy in my life. My kid sister is there now, though. I miss her some; she lives here with me these days. My folks are still in New York, they're coming out to see me next spring. But I look a real Dago, don't I?"

She rose to her tall slim, svelte height, and turned herself about before my openly admiring eyes. For Nita Naldi is a beauty, make no mistake about it. Her eyes are Chinese in their slant and inscrutability. The oval of the olive-skinned face is contradicted by the high cheek-bones which all but throw it out of focus. There is a suggestion of great strength and fierce intensity about her nose and beautifully curved mouth. Her hair is all-Italian, long and straight and glistening, but her tiny arched feet are French, and the rest of her is modelled in a severely Grecian fashion. She looks anything but American; seems to combine all that is alluring in the women of Andalusia and Tuscany, the Orient and the Occident in one exotic personality. No wonder Hollywood christened her *Everywife's Nightmare!*



match. But we all seemed walking jewellers' shops in that movie. I'm sure How Hampton jugged worse than I did. And in my opinion the only woman in the show worth looking at was Gilda Gray, and she didn't wear any jewellery at all. That's that."

Nita produced a lip-stick and touched up her cupid's-bow mouth. Quite unnecessarily, I thought.

"My part in *Everyday Love*, I am hoping will be a change from the infernal, I mean eternal, vamp," she said cheerfully, as we returned to the garden. "I've never worked with

William de Mille before, and I'm

rather glad of the opportunity. Though,

honestly I'm not a very good actress yet."

*She has black eyes and hair the colour of a raven's wings*



It was when I was at the Century Roof Garden show that movies reached out a hand from Long Island, grabbed little Nita and yanked her out of the Midnight Cabaret into the Paramount Studios before she could say 'Checko.'

In other words John Robertson wanted an Italian type for the role of the underworld girl in the John Barrymore picture *Jekyll and Hyde*, went to the nearest roof garden to find one, and found Nita Naldi. Her name isn't Naldi, by the way, but Angelino, and her married name is different from both those. She doesn't believe in telling the world, though. Because she photographed well, and moved well, she went from Paramount to Selznick and played in several films as a feminine "heavy," opposite Eugene O'Brien.

"I paid a return visit to Paramount for *Experience*," resumed Nita, "which was filmed in New York, and then, my name came up before those in command at Paramount's Hollywood Studios as a possible candidate for the role of 'Dona Sol' in *Blood and Sand*, opposite Rudolph Valentino. Several artists had been rejected, you remember, and when I was chosen, I felt kind of mean going out there from another unit and annexing a part

*Nita's long carriage eye part and*

*part of her personality*



...and she is a very good actress.

...I'm sure How Hampton jugged worse than I did. And in my opinion the only woman in the show worth looking at was Gilda Gray, and she didn't wear any jewellery at all. That's that."

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A surprising statement from a film star rarely.

You see, I didn't want to go into movies, not for a moment, because I never did the thing to be "finer and better," she continued, placing a pearl earring in a long holder. "I was a college girl because I happened to be fairly good looking, and could wear clothes, but when I got a tiny part in *Eddy*, I couldn't remember my lines. I had about five, and I usually forgot at least two of them. I was in another show called 'The Bondmaid,' and that was my last film because I had to play with the same girls (the same girls) were people who lived at my street, and of course I liked to go and hang out with them during the

...and she is a very good actress.

every screen vamp in Hollywood wanted. But everyone was very nice to me, particularly the star. You've no idea what a delightful man Rudolph Valentino is to work with. I admire him immensely, and think he's one of the finest screen actors I've ever met.

"Sincere, always ready to assist me in the interpretation of my role and equally ready to expect assistance from me in the interpretation of his. But I needed assistance, let me tell you. I don't mind owning, now it's all over and done with, that some of my scenes were acted by numbers. Yes, Fred Niblo taught me the first principles of screen vamping à la Sunny Spain. It was 'At the word one, you will give him a sidelong glance. At two, you will smile, etc., etc.' But when the actual 'take' came, Rudolph put so much fervor into his work that it was impossible for me not to catch fire from his enthusiasm and so everything was all right. I think it is this enthusiasm of his that enables Valentino to get across the way he does. His love-making appears so

She is nearly 6 ft. tall.

fiery, because he's so dead earnest and intense about everything he does."

"People have told me I look like Valentino. Can you see a resemblance?"

"I certainly can," I assured her.

So will you if you look at both artistes carefully. Both are raven haired and dark eyed. Both have eyes that slant and glint dangerously, at times. Both are olive-skinned and graceful of movement, and Nita looks every whit as much an Italian as Valentino.

"My 'Dona Sol' got a five years' contract for me," confessed Nita. "And I have been playing vamp after vamp until I feel like Theda Bara's half-sister. It is because I am an exotic type, I suppose. When I go into a shop to buy clothes or



Nita's collection of jewellery is comprehensive and worth a few thousand dollars.

sides those mentioned above, there were the 'Gene O'Brien bunch, *Glimpses of the Moon*, *The Ten Commandments*, *Anna Ascends*,

*Lawful Larceny*, and *You Can't Fool Your Wife*, in each and all of which she has been "The Other Woman." "But I have grown to love my work now," Nita averred. "And I want to play something deeper than a vamp. More on the lines of Pauline Frederick's roles. You know I used to like the stage best. The music—I adore music—the lights, and the applause. No one knows how I missed the applause. Besides, on the stage one always knows where one is after a few weeks of rehearsal. But there"—she waved a long slender hand in the direction of Paramount studios. "you do a little bit here and a little bit there. Never in consecutive order, and one small scene perhaps five times over. And those 'close-ups.' Why do they *always* take 'close-ups' about five o'clock in the evening when one's make-up is beginning to show signs of wear and tear? Likewise one's nerves."

We passed through Nita's library on our way out. Its shelves are well filled with a varied assortment of



Nita Naldi as "Dona Sol" in *Blood and Sand*.

jewellery they at once trot out their most Oriental-looking gowns and barbaric ornaments. Still, I'm resigned to my fate," shrugging a pair of very shapely shoulders. "Though, personally I don't care for bizarre clothes at all. I like severe, very well-cut gowns and suits, and toques rather than hats." We reverted to the subject of La Naldi's first film.

"Of course John Barrymore is the most-admired man on the screen," she said, "and I was just a wee bit thrilled when he told me the first time I met him that I was to play a short love scene, of a kind, with him, and offered to teach me the technique of screen kissing. He helped me with my make-up, and then, in the most business-like manner imaginable, explained exactly what was to be done on the osculatory side at great length. And that's all there was to it. It was not nearly so emotional in the actuality as it looked when photographed."

Nita has made a good many films. Be-



literature. There are volumes and volumes of plays, some pleasant, some not so pleasant. There is Chesterton, and Gorky, Freud and Bennett. "I know what I ought to read, you see," laughed Nita. "And I do not read it." This isn't true. Talk to Nita about books and plays for five minutes and she will give herself away as a keen student of things dramatic and literary. But she doesn't "bluff" at all. She hates it. She is entirely herself and doesn't imitate anybody.

I asked her what was her full name.

"Nita is an abbreviation, isn't it?"

She laughed. "If there's any more to it no one has ever told me," was her reply.

It seems a pity, Juanita, Bonita or some such glowing name would have accorded well with this tropical personality.

Somehow or other our conversation turned upon make-up.

"I have an olive complexion," remarked Nita Naldi, "which doesn't photograph well unless it's made-up all over. So I use cold cream first and then work the grease paint carefully in all over. After that I shower rather heavy powder on the top and smooth it with a tiny brush. That vampish look about my eyes I get by drawing a black line beneath them. Of course I mascaro my lashes. Snappily hate it. It's such a fiddley job."

"About vamping," I interrupted, "don't you think the eyes are Madame Vamp's strongest allies?"

"No," said Nita, after a few seconds' consideration. "So far as looks only are concerned, I should vote for mouths. I think one's mouth is one's most effective feature. If you're feeling sullen, why, your mouth will show it. If you're extra glad, you just can't keep the smile away. The mouth betrays one's moods, and one's—well, lots of things."

Her Mona Lisa smile

"But looks aren't everything," pursued Nita, who seemed to find the subject of vamping a congenial one. "Nor clothes. I don't think men notice clothes much as a rule. I believe women, vamps in particular  
*A snapshot on the beach at Florida.*



Nita is noted for her elegant negligées

dress entirely for other women. And I think a woman's chief charm is her sense of humour. Plus poise, of course. The woman of poise is always sure of herself. She's *never* ill at ease, no matter what sort of people she gets amongst. Being always at her ease, she's always at her best.

"Oh, yes, one thing I do believe in. Earrings. I love them and I positively could not vamp successfully without them. That pair I wore in *Glimpses of the Moon* are my favourites. They're hummered gold with topazes. But I have sixty pairs in all. It's a racial characteristic, I think. My mother gave me some wonderful antique pairs that have belonged to my father's family for generations.

"To-morrow," she said, as we entered her car, en route for the Hollywood



Nita Naldi on her way to a Conference in New York

Theatre, "I must be at the studio for a conference upon *Every-day Love*. Next week I shall be dragging some innocent male down to the lowest depths of screen degradation, I suppose. Then I'm going back to New York again, I hope. To Broadway and the lights and my own home. This is only a house, this one."

The All-American Home Wrecker heaved a resigned little sigh, and flashed a dangerously seductive glance out into the night. A man driving a passing car caught it, and straight-away lost control and dashed into the side walk. But we enjoyed the movie none the less for that!





## Beatrice Lillie

the well-known actress, says:—

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# EASTERN FOAM

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# A Film of the Sea

A British filming-party's adventures amongst cannibals.



Above: Senatore Marconi and a movie camera on board the "Elettra." Below: Phyllis Lytton



The House of Skulls—one of the many interesting scenes filmed on a cannibal island

Few British films have been produced which contain so many thrills as the new George Clark picture, *Diana of the Islands*, and so grave were the risks which the leading artistes were required to undertake for the production, that the producer, Mr. F. Martin Thornton took the precaution of insuring the lives, not only of himself and his camera men, but of Nigel Barrie, Walter Tennyson, and Phyllis Lytton, who play the leading parts in the film.

The adventures of the company were not thrilling until the first exterior scenes were made. These took the form of a cruise on Senatore Marconi's famous yacht, "Elettra," during which heavy weather was experienced and huge seas swept the deck. Quite a number of the company suffered from sea sickness, but Senatore Marconi, who was on board throughout the trip, endeavoured to entertain the artistes with musical selections broadcast from the Eiffel Tower.

A "mutiny" was staged on board the beautiful yacht also a murder and five scenes at Senatore Marconi was exceedingly interested in the quilling of the former. It was suggested by the producer that blank shots should be fired from the revolvers at the "deserting crew" but the famous inventor thought it would be far more realistic to use five cartridges as long as the shots were fired into the sea.



On returning from their trip on the "Elettra," the company left for an uninhabited island where the big scenes of the film were set. A duplicate of the "Elettra" had been built and awaited their arrival... "Elettra II." was duly wrecked whilst Phyllis Lytton, Nigel Barrie, and Walter Tennyson fought for their lives amongst the wreck age. Then, having reached the island, they were attacked by the mutinous crew, and again attacked by a tribe of savages who captured and tortured them. For several days Phyllis Lytton was unable to continue her film work, owing to the severe cuts she had received at the hands of the over-enthusiastic savages, who dragged her over the rough scrub and sand of the lagoon shore.

After he had recovered from these experiences, Nigel Barrie had to engage himself in a fight with a shark, whilst in the water. Phyllis Lytton, who plays the only feminine role in the film, declares she has never been more terrified than when, as arranged, the howling, shrieking mob of blacks surrounded and attacked them. The scenes were filmed at night, which made the savages look hideous in their war paint and feathers, for those who did not carry spears, swung dangerous clubs over their heads. As they could speak no

language other than their own, all protests on Miss Lytton's part were unavailing. They thought she was merely acting, although her fear was very real.

"These blacks," she commented afterwards, "are born actors, and when told through the interpreter to attack, capture and torture us, they did it all only too realistically. A domestic quarrel scene, no matter how serious, is dull after that experience."

Some of the natives appearing in the film



# Trilby



Taffy, The Laird, Little Billee and Trilby.



Creighton Hale and Andrée Lafayette.



Andrée Lafayette as Trilby.

the talk of the Latin Quarter, but the boy's relatives objected to their marriage, and Trilby allowed herself to be persuaded to give Billee up. Svengali then offered her fame and fortune if she would become his wife and she eventually went away secretly with him. What happened later is told in *Trilby*, the Ass. First National film of Du Maurier's well-beloved romance, released this month. If some of its charm and humour has been lost in transition, there is imaginatively beautiful photo-

graphy, intelligent direction, and well-nigh perfect characterisation to atone. Trilby herself is just a man's pipe-dream, she is divinely unreal; yet

“Oh, do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, sweet Alice with hair so brown, Who—” “Trilby, for Mercy's sake, stop making that noise.” So, for Mercy's sake, Trilby stopped. “You know I can't sing,” she said, half-laughing, half vexed, “yet you boys always make me try.” And the “boys,” meaning three British students, domiciled *pro tem*, in the Quartier Latin, Paris, soothed Trilby O'Ferrall of the beautiful feet into good humour again. Then the man at the piano, a weird, untidy figure in his greasy velvet jacket, rose to his full height and fixed the beautiful artists' model with a magnetically baleful stare. “Come here, my little one,” he insisted. “Open your mouth once again, and let me look at it.” “Don't do anything of the kind, Trilby,” urged Little Billee, youngest and cleverest of the trio, and because she loved him, the girl obeyed.

Yet a few days later when one of her bad headaches drove her half-crazy, she was glad enough to let the musician, Svengali, look into her great eyes and make his mysterious passes around her head, charming away the pain with his long, dirty fingers. The romance of Trilby and Little Billee was

Trilby, the laundress



Arthur Edmund Carew, Andrée Lafayette, and Francis McDonald



Andrée Lafayette, specially imported from France, is a well nigh perfect heroine. Arthur Edmund Carew's “Svengali,” Creighton Hale's “Little Billee,” Patrick McCulloch's “Taffy,” Wilfred Lucas' “The Laird,” and Francis McDonald's “Gecko” collectively look as though they had stepped straight out of the Du Maurier illustrations, and herein lies the appeal of a movie no lover of romance can afford to miss.

# Two Little Imps

Twelve year old Jane and fourteen year old Katherine Lee are an engaging pair of entertainers.

I felt extremely young and horribly inexperienced as I asked for the Lee Kids at the door of their commodious dressing room at the London Palladium. For I had been in front watching the "Baby Grands" in their New Director sketch. It was about an inexperienced Director in a Movie Studio, upon whom the two irrepressibles turn their full battery of mischief and high spirits. Katherine and Jane frisked through it with such verve and naturalness that it was hard to believe it was only acting



Above: Jane and Katherine as they were in "Two Little Imps," and as they are to-day.  
Left: Jane in "Trouble-makers."

Towards the finish came the cleverest bit of all. After reducing everyone to helpless laughter with their "ragging" of a death scene, they suddenly switched over to the real thing in acting, and I don't mind owning that Jane's emotional work as she grieved over her "dying" sister gave me a most unpleasant lump in the throat. Wonderful little mummies both, with an amazing command of technique and two very distinct personalities. And these mites have the *sang froid* of young duchesses and the sophistication of old dowagers. "How are you?" said Katherine, who was chastely clad in green knickerbockers, scarlet shoes, floods of glorious red gold hair, and very little else.

The Kids were just changing after their act. "How are you?" murmured

Jane, from beneath the folds of a frock with which she was wrestling. Then she, too, stood revealed, in green what-d'ye-call em's like her sister's, and pattered across the big room to shake hands, before re-assuming the apparel of every-day. "We're so pleased to see you," they chorussed in unison. "Excuse us one moment, please, whilst we finish changing. Thanks. Won't you take that arm-chair there?" So I took it, and watched Katherine's deft fingers rolling up her mane of lovely hair and securing it in a big bunch on her neck, and smiling at Jane's contortions as she hooked up her sober little navy dress at the back. A job she always insists on performing for herself. "This," remarked Katherine, pointing to her "bun," which she secured with an elastic band "adds ten years to my age, but quite twenty to my comfort."

"That," volunteered Jane, the round-faced and saucy one, "is our dinner over there." She indicated a large covered tray. "We have only two hours between our three shows, so we eat it here. It's getting fine and cold." She fished out a minute and protesting pup from beneath a sofa. "Meet 'Nosey,' my dog," she continued, depositing the protesting one in my lap. I begged them to proceed with their meal, and they fell to with a good grace whilst I talked to 'Nosey.' "She looks like,"

said Jane, *sotto voce* between mouthfuls. "Whom does she ree-semble, Katherine?" There was a pause whilst a pair of blue eyes and a pair of greeny-grey ones gave me a thorough once-over. "String beans," said Katherine, in honey sweet accents, "I love them." "A string beans for me. You can eat my share," said Jane with decision. "Katherine, who *does* she look like?" I felt like a three-year old and hastened to create a diversion. We talked about their act, with which they have toured all America, Canada, and are now doing Europe. "I cried real tears," Jane assured me, "So did I," I told her. Also that I remembered her when she was about four as the high-light in several of Theda Bara's Bara-est. My remarks were received with absolutely regal condescension. "Jane," said Katherine, with her quaint air of wisdom, "was the first

(Continued on page 65)



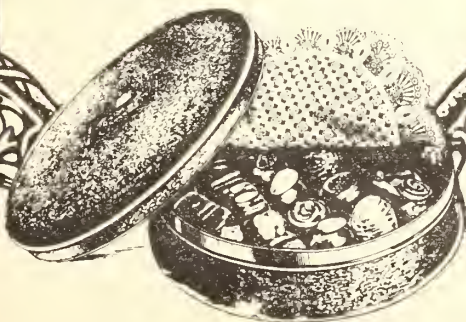
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Per Tablet





Mary Pickford as "Rosita," in her new costume-play

#### THE FILM GLOBE TROTTER.

I've never been to Old Japan,  
With lotus blossoms strewn,  
Or gazed in silent wonderment  
At Cairo 'neath the moon.  
And never felt the icy blast  
Out in the Great North West,  
Where, on the bitter frozen trail,  
Man makes his golden eyes.  
Brazilway has never seen delight  
Rejuvenate my face,  
And dear old Paris never showed  
Me how to "go the pace."  
And yet, I've been abroad a lot,  
In fact, to all these places  
I've learned the customs of the lands  
And studied foreign faces.  
I know the way the people dress,  
Although I haven't been—  
You see, I watch them every week  
Upon the silver screen.

A. F. W. (Tunbridge Wells).

#### WHICH?

I'm thrilled by Rudolph's burning eyes,  
I vote on Mary's curls  
I love Tom Meighan's rugged face—  
And Sennett's bathing girls.  
Princess Dean's come-hither look I  
worship as true,  
Sweet Norma Talmage claims my  
song, and Oscar's counten-  
I really like them all so well I don't  
know which to choose—  
I remember Frank's "Daring May," and  
next to Gareth Hughes.  
At times I have a longing for a pal  
like Milton Mills,  
And next to his Peggy Hyland who my  
heart will rape the hills.  
Now George, you're very wise I've  
heard—

Please tell me, if you can  
What you would do if you were ip—  
A perplexed movie fan!

R. S. (Liverpool).

#### A RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in "Norman" but not in  
"Kerry."  
My second is in "Alice" but not in  
"Terry."  
My third is in "Pearl" and also in  
"White."  
My fourth is in "James" but not in  
"Knight."  
My fifth is in "Justine" but not in  
"Johnson."  
My sixth is in "Gloria" but not in  
"Swanson."  
My seventh is in "Cameron" and also  
in "Carr."  
My eighth is in "Barbara" as well as  
"La Marr."  
My ninth is in "Mary" but not in  
"Odette."

And my whole is a star of great fame  
you can bet

ANSWER—*Mae Murray.*

P. M. L. (Birmingham).

#### BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

One reads of Prince Charming in fairy  
tale books,  
But I know a chap who can beat him  
for looks;  
An actor of note, an engaging young  
fellow,  
He's always my fav'rite just Ivor  
Novello. CONNIE (London).

#### THE SINCEREST FORM!

Von Stroheim, you're an actor I  
Admire beyond all others,  
No girlish charmers captivate  
Me, as they do my brothers.  
But day by day, before my glass,  
Here is my proud confession—  
I try to imitate you in  
Each sinister expression  
This humble tribute let me add,  
Folks say—quite of the level—  
That since I've tried to follow you,  
I'm growing like The Devil!

FRED (Islington).

#### PULLING PICTURES TO PIECES.

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#### Cause and Effect.

In the film entitled *The Adventures of Japhet* the villain, a gypsy chief, receives a blow on the back with a heavy headed hammer. Later he is seen rising from the ground holding his head. Why should it affect him there? C. B. (Arbroath).

#### Telepathy, Perhaps.

Mary Odette, in *The Lion's Mouse*, goes in pursuit of some stolen pearls, telling nobody where she is going. Later, when she needs help she sends "Justin O'Reilly," the hero, a letter, asking him to come to her at once. Despite the fact that she has put no address on the note, "O'Reilly" goes straight to her. How did he know where to find her.

I. M. G. (Birmingham).

#### The Old, Old Story, Chapter I.

In *Beyond the Rocks*, "Hector," (Rudolph Valentino), rescues "Theo" (Gloria Swanson), from the sea, her boat overturns. He brings her to the shore, and both are dripping wet, "Hector's" hair being streaked all over his eyes. But a moment later, when he turns to speak to "Theo" his clothes are dry and he is looking as spruce as ever, with his hair neatly brushed back. V. P. (W. Ealing).

#### The Old, Old Story, Chapter II.

In *The Prodigal Son* "Oscar" writes a letter to "Thora" and "Magnus" unwillingly takes it to her. On reaching her cottage he seems very doubtful whether to deliver it or not. Finally he screws it up and puts it in his pocket. But when he enters the cottage he changes his mind and gives it to "Thora." It is then seen to be perfectly clean and smooth again.

M. K. (Folkestone).

#### What's in a Date?

Lon Chaney, the crook estate agent in the film *Quincy Adams Sawyer*, receives an invitation to tea for the afternoon. The invitation is dated June 3rd, but a calendar just behind him distinctly shows it to be the 28th.

V. B. P. (Harrow).

#### Yes, We Have No Idea!

At the very beginning of the film *Pink Gods*, James Kirkwood is in his underground palace, when a girl is shown into the room. She stands her parasol against the table and they talk together. Later she runs away from him not stopping to pick up her parasol; but when she reaches the door she has it in her hand. Did it run after her? C. P. (Acton).



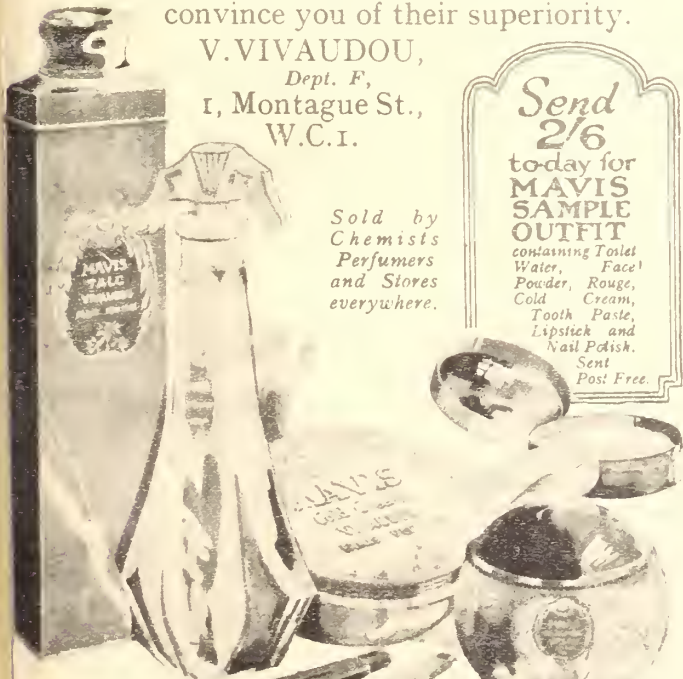
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(ONE MINUTE FROM OXFORD CIRCUS.)

# A Day with Gloria Swanson

by BEATRICE LA PLANTE

I have been called upon to do many things, but writing has never been one of them. So imagine my surprise when I was asked to write an article about Gloria Swanson, with whom I have been constantly associated for the past five years as personal companion.

People who know nothing about motion pictures are of the general belief that the business is "all play," that those fortunate enough to be



Circle:  
Gloria  
Swanson  
Right: Her  
evening meal

in it receive a tremendous salary for turning their toiling shop into a playground. If such folks read this article through (and I sincerely hope they will), they will be convinced that a star's life is not a bed of roses.

Miss Swanson's day begins at seven o'clock in the morning, when her maid awakens her by bringing her breakfast to her room. This meal usually consists of one cup of hot water, fruit of one kind or another, toast and tea.

She also makes up at home, a habit she started only recently because it is more comfortable and convenient. This is a task in itself, if one takes the pains to have a smooth and correct make-up,

which Miss Swanson does. About nine we leave the house for the studio, a twenty-minute ride away.

Once at the studio, she must have her hair dressed, a duty that falls to the lot of the famous Hattie, who is the only one who touches Miss Swanson's hair. Then come the dress fittings. She stands to model her new dresses so that Ethel Chaffin, chief costume designer at the studio, can make the many beautiful gowns worn by Gloria.

Perhaps in the midst of gown fitting comes a voice at Miss Swanson's dressing room door: "We're ready on the set."

Once on the set she must be prepared for work. Whether she feels like light comedy or heavy dramatic work, she must do whatever the continuity demands. At an instant's notice she must be able to display the thought and action demanded by the director.

Between scenes there are a great number of things that may require her attention. In my opinion, patience, tolerance, and a marvellous sense of humour are the only possible means of saving many ridiculous situations.

Here are a few of the things she has to face:

An errand boy will bring in a message stating that a young lady wishes to see Miss Swanson or has an important note which she must deliver personally to Gloria.

Another interrup-



Gloria at the porch of her lovely Hollywood home.

tion: "When you have a few minutes off, Miss Swanson," it is the photographer talking, "will you please come to the gallery for some new fan pictures."

"Oh, Gloria, we're having a little dinner at my home to-morrow night; won't you come?" eagerly asks an intimate girl friend.

"May I let you know later?" smiles the star. "I may have to work to-morrow night."

The afternoon is a repetition of the morning events. Then, at five o'clock, the day ends—that is, it ends on the set. Miss Swanson has another hour removing her make-up and the clothes she wears for the picture.

Many times, upon her return to her home, she finds interviewers awaiting her, people who could not get through the somewhat impassable gates of the studio. It is an art in itself to dismiss these people diplomatically and retain them as friends and admirers.

Telephone calls, household duties and many preparations for the morrow occupy much of her time at home.

Bedtime is the one time Gloria must be pampered. "I'm not sleepy," she commences plaintively. "Let's talk a little while."

And so, for half an hour, we talk, until I ask a question. I receive no answer. Thinking she did not understand, I repeat it. Still no answer. Then I realise—Miss Swanson is asleep. It is the end of a day.



It is rumoured that Jackie Coogan may visit London in the near future. His next scheduled production is *A Boy of Flanders*, adapted from Ouida's "A Dog of Flanders," which is a story laid in Europe, and the director wants to film it on the spot. Jackie is rejoicing at the prospect of wearing tatters again; he wasn't a bit happy in the royal robes he wore for *Long Live the King*. "The Prince and the Pauper" would be an ideal story for Jackie; he may yet make this Mark Twain classic.

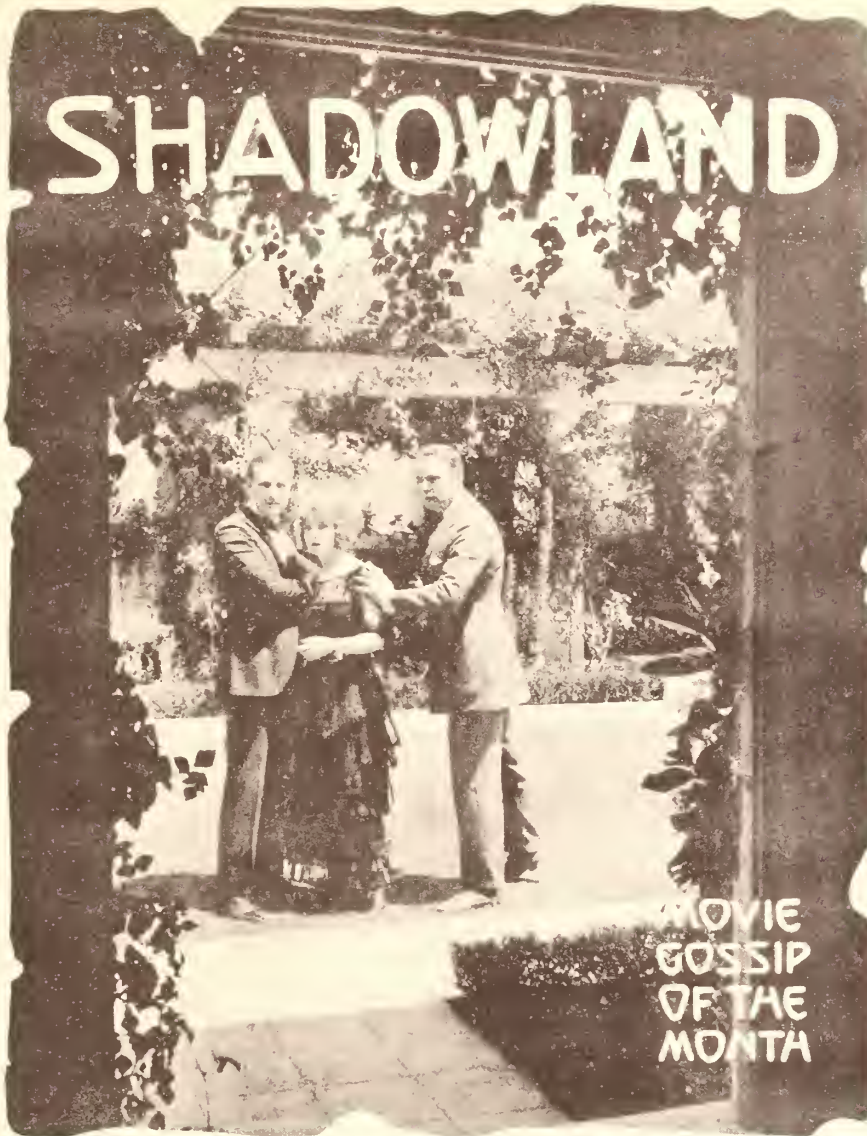
Mildred Harris and Elliott Dexter are co-starring in a new film now being made at Hollywood. Its title is *The Way Men Love*.

Percy Marmont is going to Metro's to star in one film, *The Man Whom Life Passed By*. Percy is specialising in portraying life's unfortunates these days. Jane and Eva Novak have featured roles in the same film, Jane having been borrowed from Chester Bennett for the occasion.

Elmo Lincoln is appearing in Mae Murray's new feature *Fashion Row*. It is a typical Mae Murray movie, with Robert Leonard at the megaphone end, as usual.

Paul J. Rainey of *African Hunt* pictures fame died on September 18th, at the early age of forty-six. Rainey organised and headed countless expeditions to the Dark Continent and was a sportsman, explorer and hunter of world-wide renown. He was on his way to Africa when he died at sea, his death being predicted by a native some months before, who, when bidding Rainey farewell remarked that he would never see Africa again.

It is good news that Micky Neilan will direct Mary Pickford's next picture. This is *Dorothy Vernon of Hadlen Hall*, an excellent romantic story, but hardly, in our opinion, the ideal vehicle for *petite* Mary Pickford, the heroine being a buxom, red-haired lass, fond of wearing boy's clothes and exceedingly self-willed and impulsive.



choice of a story. For this has fallen upon *Revelation*, which was one of Nazimova's first Metro stories. Also, George Baker, who directed the Russian star is also to direct Viola Dana, but the film will most probably be retitled.

Ramon Novarro is working for Fred Niblo, whilst Rex Ingram is absent in Europe. Barbara La Marr plays opposite him and the story is titled *Thy Name is Woman*.

Ernst Lubitsch is halfway through directing a Viennese story for Metro. It is called *The Marriage Circle*, and the chief parts are filled by Creighton Hale, Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, Marie Prevost, Adolphe Menjou and Harry Myers.

Sylvia Ashton who has "mothered" so many famous stars in Paramount films has retired from studio life to start a tea room in Manhattan. Sylvia used to keep a boarding house at Los in her spare time for she just loves feeding people. Gloria Swanson is much interested in Miss Ashton's little restaurant and suggested its name, "The Golden Rod."

Eille Norwood makes a handsome and impressive "Sherlock Holmes," in the play "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," at the Princes Theatre, London. It is not taken from any special Conan Doyle story, but embodies the salient features of most of them. Eille has a splendid voice, and his clear diction, not to speak of his effective disguises and sometimes caustic repartees, is a feature of the production. Hilda Moore, who plays the villainess is also a well-known movie artist; her "Paula Tanqueray" on the screen is one of her best-known roles.

Just at present there is a good deal of confusion in Hollywood because of the two Carews at First National Studios. Arthur Edmund Carewe, the "Svengali" in *Trilby*, is making *Dust of Desire* with Norma Talmadge for Ass. First National, and Edwin Carew is one of their directors. He is at work on *The Bad Man*. The two are

Lila Lee and James Kirkwood are going to play together in pictures from now on. Lila's contract with Paramount has expired, and the pair will play for Ince in *The Painted Woman*. James Kirkwood was to have starred in *Wild Oranges* for Goldwyn but met with a bad accident the second day he was on location. Frank Mayo was hurriedly substituted because it was thought that Kirkwood would be on his back for many weeks. Wallace Beery and Matt Moore will support the Kirkwoods in *The Painted Woman*.

Allen Holubar has just signed up Blanche Sweet and Malcolm McGregor for his first Metro production, *The Human Mill*. It is a story of Tennessee and the exteriors are to be made on the spot.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick (Colleen Moore) had a very brief honeymoon in Grand Canyon. They were married during the filming of *The Swamp Angel* of which Colleen is the star.

Viola Dana has gone back to her old love, heavy drama, and everybody is agog with interest in her



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no relation to one another. The actor, Arthur Edmund Carewe was born at Trebizonde, Armenia, and educated in Constantinople; he speaks English, though with a decided accent. Edwin Carew is an American, and has directed a good many feature films. Having the same studio address has caused many complications, and both are getting a bit fed up.

**M**any melodramas are scheduled for production this winter. Fox's have acquired "Hoodman Blind," by Sir Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett, which will be produced with Frank Campeau, an old-time movie villain, as the star. Goldwyn's announce a forthcoming film version of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," with Claire Windsor as the heroine.

**W**e spent a most interesting afternoon with Rex Ingram and his charming wife the day before they sailed for Ireland. They brought *Scaramouche* with them, and are hoping to produce *The World's Illusion* partly this side. Alice Terry is twice as pretty with her chestnut hair and bright colouring as she looks in celluloid; a long interview with the Ingrams will appear in the Xmas issue.

**W**e certainly must hand it to Cecil De Mille again for a winning title. His next movie is to be *Triumph*, and will be commenced as soon as De Mille has reorganised his producing unit. Several changes are being made in his personal staff.

**W**ho says we in England do not take the screen seriously? Certainly nobody who attended the Inaugural Dinner of the Faculty of Arts. This body has a Kinema Art Group, the members of which are pledged to seek by every means in their power the increase of the power and influence of

the film as an Art Medium. The immediate objects of the Group are, amongst other things, to create a status for producers, artists, scenarists and camera men. To promote a closer association with other Arts. To bring leaders in Kinema Art and the General Public closer together, to arrange regular Meetings, Lectures, Readings, and Papers, Demonstrations and Discussions and to arrange the productions of films of artistic standards.

**M**embership is open to the general public, and the subscription is £1 1s. per year. It affords the fan unique opportunities of coming to close quarters with the heads of the Kinema this side. The list of stars and producers present at the Inaugural Dinner would fill a column, and most of the film critics and a few dramatic ones were there also. George Pearson made a wonderful speech upon The Kinema and Art which is dealt with on another page, and Henderson Bland, Frank A. Tilley, Fred Wright and Henry Vibart all spoke at some length upon various matters all leading up to the same thing, *viz.*—How to Make British Films Famous and welcome everywhere. One of their projects is to film English History right from the beginning in a series of six or seven reels. But the ideal historical films are the Gazettes, Pathe's Gaumonts, etc., and these will form the research libraries of the producers of 1990 or thereabouts.

**A** future Norma Talmadge production is to be *Romeo and Juliet*, with Joseph Schildkraut opposite and Conway Tearle also in the cast. This will be the eighth picturisation of the famous love tragedy. And Mary and Doug have it paged for production early in 1924.

**W**ill Rogers is making a two-reel travesty of *The Covered Wagon*, under Rob Wagner's direction.

*Truly Shattuck, the English music hall star now in charge of the Schulberg Studio restaurant with Neta Westcott, also an Englishwoman starring in "Maytime"*



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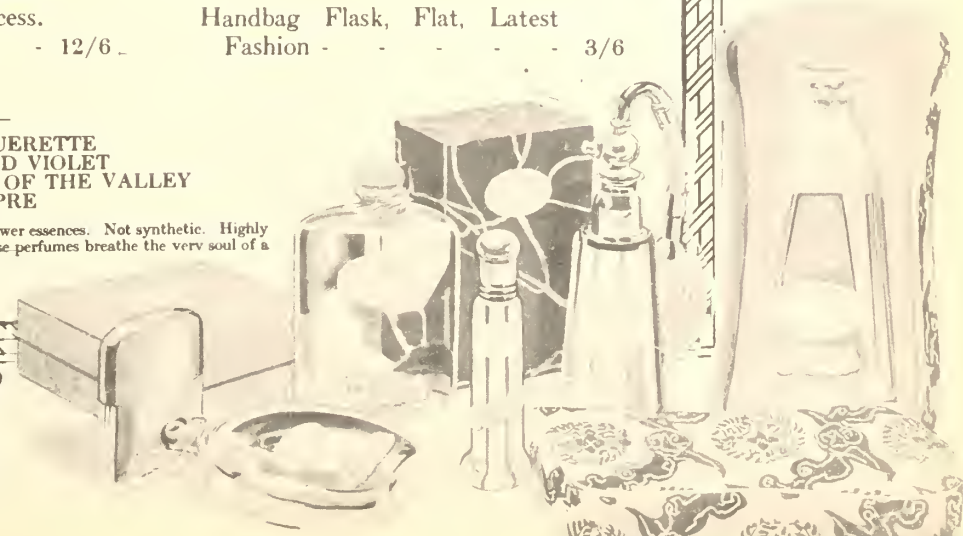


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|---|--|
| <p style="text-align: right; font-size: 0.8em;">Post Free</p> <p>Fancy Glass Bottles in Black and Gold Case - - - 5/6<br/>also at 7/6 and 12/6</p> <p>Face Powder, Luxuriously Perfumed, in Dainty Box - - 2/3</p> <p>Golden Scent Spray, Best Quality. Fit for a Princess. Filled - - - 12/6</p> | <p style="text-align: right; font-size: 0.8em;">Post Free</p> <p>Gilt Screw-Capped Glass Tubular Bottle, Special Stopper - - - 2/0</p> <p>Handsome Ground and Moulded Glass Bottle, in Gold and Black Casket - - - 12/6</p> <p>Handbag Flask, Flat, Latest Fashion - - - 3/6</p> |
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| LORIGAN   | PAQUERETTE         |
| LILAC     | WOOD VIOLET        |
| JASMIN    | LILY OF THE VALLEY |
| SWEET PEA | CHYPRE             |

Guaranteed to be made from pure natural flower essences. Not synthetic. Highly concentrated and of exquisite fragrance, these perfumes breathe the very soul of a sun-kissed, old-world garden.



J.R. Dugdale & Co

99 Regent St  
London, W.1.



# Beautiful Nails—

The way to obtain beautiful nails that are so admired by either sex is to use SWANDALE—"The perfect nail enamel."

One application of SWANDALE and your nails will possess a brilliant appearance that lasts for about ten days. It cannot discolour the nails in the least possible way, and it does not wash off—rather, washing helps to add to the brilliancy it imparts.

SWANDALE is low-priced and economical—just try it.

# Swandale

NAIL ENAMEL

PRICE 1/3

Just fill in and post the Coupon and a bottle of Swandale will be sent to you.

### COUPON.

To J. R. Dugdale & Co.,  
99, Regent St., W.1.

Please send one bottle of SWANDALE for which I enclose P.O. 1/3.

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Address.....

Name of nearest Chemist.....

D. W. Griffith has been invited to make an American patriotic film by the Daughters of the American Revolution, a well-known public institution. This is the first time in history that a film has been made by request in this fashion. Its title will be *America*, which was the one for which six Universities, six day schools, six clubs and six sporting clubs voted.

May McAvoy has signed a contract with Inspiration Pictures, and will play opposite Dick Barthelmess in a screen version of Pinero's "The Enchanted Cottage" play. John Robertson will direct. Robertson directed *Sentimental Tommy* in which May McAvoy's "Grizel" was an outstanding success. Now there is some hope of a delightful artist getting roles to suit her at last, May has been persistently miscast for the past eighteen months.

Dinky Dean's first star picture, *A Prince of a King* is all ready for release. Dinky is the appealing youngster who played with Chaplin in *The Pilgrim*.

Eric Von Stroheim took his company to Death Valley for some exteriors in *Greed* (McTeague), and had an adventure that wasn't in the schedule. He is a keen sportsman, and noting some wild duck on the wing, and being also cognisant of the fact that his party were very short of food, he ordered a few to be shot, assisting himself. The provisions the commissariat had provided had gone bad owing to the intense desert heat. Von Stroheim was promptly arrested by the local game warden, but after he had explained why he shot duck out of season, was released on bail.

Mabel Forrest's first star film will be *The Satin Girl*, a crook story, with Norman Kerry playing opposite, and Ben Wilson directing.

Madge Kennedy is back under the Kleigs again, filming *Three Miles Out*, an original screen story. Harrison Ford is opposite Madge.

Everybody who knew her is mourning the death of Anna Townsend, who played "Grandma" with Harold Lloyd in *Grandma's Boy*.

Jackie Coogan's adopted sister, Priscilla Dean Moran, is playing in *Daddies* at Warner Bros.' Studios.

Robert Service's novel, *Poisoned Paradise* is being screened and little Clara Bow, who achieved sudden fame in *Down To the Sea in Ships* has the role of the French *gamin*. Gasnier is producing.

Dorothy Phillips will be the leading artist in Fred Niblo's *Thy Name is Woman*.

Gloria Swanson and Mabel Normand have just joined Phyllis Haver's new West Coast Bathing Club. It's a strictly feminine association, composed of ex-bathing beauties who are now dramatic stars, and Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Marie Prevost, and Mary Thurman were the first to enrol. The girls have their own Clubhouse next door to the Millionaires Beach Clubhouse at Santa Monica, but Phyllis Haver declares that the club's for women only. They've one lady diving and swimming instructor, and are looking for another. "They're a bit hard on the next door neighbours," comments the president of the adjacent club, "But we're going to try and make them change their minds."

Another literary classic is to be screened very soon. This is *Gulliver's Travels*, which King Victor will direct for Goldwyn. This, apart from its satirical side should make a universally popular movie, and it certainly holds possibilities for some novel scene effects.

Every woman likes to have wavy locks, and when Nature has denied her this treasure, nowadays, with the help of a new simple device Art has come to her assistance. West Electric Hair Curlers require no heat or electricity, and not only impart an immediate wave but soon train the hair to wave naturally. Just slip a couple into your hair immediately you get out of bed and you will find they have produced a delightful wave by the time you are dressed and ready to do your hair.



Mabel Forrest, Frank A. Tilley, and Bryant Washburn enjoying some British news



## New Toilette Discovery Every Well Groomed Lady Needs.

NOTHING is so objectionable as a conspicuous growth of hair on the arms, under the arms, or projecting through the fine cobweb mesh of thin silk stockings. Until the discovery of Veet Cream, women have used seraping razors blades and evil-sinelling irritating chemicals to remove unwanted hair. A razor only stimulates hair growth just as trimming a hedge makes it grow faster and thicker. The burning Barium Sulphide used in chemical preparations causes red blotches, painful irritation, soreness and skin blemishes. The new Veet Cream does not contain any Barium Sulphide or other poisonous chemicals. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories simply remove the hair above the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away beneath it. It is as easy to use as a face cream and it has no offensive odour. You simply spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money is returned. Veet may be obtained for 3/6d. from all chemists, hairdressers and stores; also sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/-. (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps), Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 46 J.), 68 Bolsover Street, London, W.1.



**WARNING:** Veet is being imitated. Do not be deceived by advertisements which are made to look and read like ours. Veet is the original and only genuine, perfumed velvety cream for removing hair. Beware of imitations and harmful substitutes which stain and injure the skin.

# VEET *A Velvety Cream that removes Hair*

## Cultivate Shapely Ankles

No woman is without charm if endowed with graceful and shapely ankles, but the possessor of thick and unattractive ankles knows only too well the cruel handicap imposed upon her. This distressing affliction can now be corrected by a new and ingenious invention which moulds the ankles to symmetrical proportions and pleasing outlines.

Particulars contained in a dainty brochure, "Ankle Beauté," sent under plain cover, post free. MADAME MONTAGUE, (Room P.G. 2) 16, Cambridge St., Belgrave, London, S.W.1



# FITS CAN BE CURED

PERMANENT RECOVERY POSSIBLE.

## GREAT FREE OFFER.

There is no infirmity so distressing, either to the sufferer or to those around him, as epilepsy and those kindred nervous complaints which, recurring more violently and unexpectedly at shortening intervals, render the life of the sufferer one round of misery.

IT HAS LONG BEEN SUPPOSED THAT FITS WERE NOT CURABLE, AND MANY AN UNFORTUNATE SUFFERER HAS SPENT LARGE SUMS IN SEARCH OF THE ALLEVIATION THAT ORDINARY REMEDIES, HOWEVER EXPENSIVELY PRICED, CAN NEVER BRING.

It was left for Dr. S. B. Niblett to at last discover the remedy that would not only bring alleviation, but, by building up the patient's vital forces, finally render him immune from the dread scourge. Dr. Niblett gave thirty-five years' close study to epilepsy and fits—devoted a lifetime to the alleviation of these terrible complaints. His remedy—which he called "Vital Renewer"—has brought back during the last few years health and strength to thousands, and it is with the object of making it more widely known that we, to-day, make a remarkable offer of a free bottle to anyone who is afflicted with this dread disease.

May we put it to you to take advantage of this offer now—to learn, once and for all, that there is a way by which you can be quickly and permanently cured—a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by thousands of patients thoroughly cured?

Nor is Dr. Niblett's treatment other than pleasant, its simplicity and the ease with which it may be carried out being marked features.

WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOTTLE AND TREATMENT BOOKS, ALL SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION (FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY) TO ANYONE WHO HAS NOT PREVIOUSLY HAD THIS REMEDY. WRITE TO-DAY TO:

B. U. NIBLETT, 38, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.2.

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## Aladdin Mantle Lamps offered on 10 days' FREE TRIAL



Simply and solely to let you see for yourself what a wonderful light the Aladdin really is, we make this generous offer. We will send you, free of all cost, an Aladdin Table Lamp (Model 1,000), for 10 days' free trial. You may test it in any way you like. If you are not completely satisfied after 10 days' use that the Aladdin Mantle Lamp is far and away the best light in every way that you have ever seen, you can send it back to us. You take absolutely no risk of any kind.

Scientific tests prove this wonderful new Aladdin Mantle Lamp five times as efficient as the best round wick open-flame lamps. It radiates 80 candle power pure white light for 70 hours on a gallon of common paraffin. No odour, smoke, noise or pumping up. Cannot explode. **Guaranteed.**



### DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

to demonstrate the Aladdin in territories where oil lamps are used. Experience unnecessary. Let us show you how to earn £100 a month. Write quickly for territories and samples.

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ALREADY over seven million Aladdin Lamps are in use around the world, and the numbers grow fast daily as the Aladdin becomes more and more known. The Aladdin may be had in many wonderfully artistic designs in standard, bracket or hanging models. Beside the great variety of artistic lamps, exquisitely designed silk shades are obtainable to suit any lamp or to harmonize with any room.

### £200 REWARD

will be given to anyone showing us an oil lamp equal to the Aladdin in every way. (Full details of this offer given in circular.)



### Pauline Peters

The popular film-star, says of "Ambron" Corsets:

"I find your corsets most comfortable and they fit perfectly."

# 1/-

## Brings the NEW GOLD MEDAL AMBRON CORSET to your home.

I am making a most unusual offer, having two exceptional advantages. For 1/- deposit, I will send my new Model "A" Ambron Corset on approval (thus enabling you to examine it critically in the privacy of your home) and, in addition, I am reducing the price from 14/11 to 8/11, a saving of 6/-. A bargain such as this is rare, but the opportunity of home examination at leisure is rarer still. The design of this new Gold Medal Corset is superb, following the natural lines of the figure, combining ease with comfortable firm support. In material and construction it is unsurpassed.

Fill in and forward the Home Approval Coupon below now. Judge the Corset critically, then remit the balance of the purchase-price in one sum or in 1/- weekly instalments as you prefer. My special offer cannot remain open indefinitely and you will be wise to act at once.

The New Ambron Model "A" is cut from the famous Ambron Super Corset Cloth, a fabric of wonderful strength and durability, with Bust two inches above the waist line as present vogue. It is stayed with Duplex Rustless Supports, cloth faced and specially reinforced at ends, and fitted with wedge shaped Busk and four adjustable Women Lock Suspenders, detachable. Pretty trimming completes this exquisitely dainty Corset, which is easily washable without removal of busk, trimmings, or supports.

Post your order at once to AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 273, Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W. 1. The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.



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By which you get a 14/11 Ambron Corset for 8/11. Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper to which pin this Coupon.

Please send me a 14/11 Ambron Model "A" Corset at the reduced price of 8/11, on approval. My measurements are—

Size of Waist Bust Hips

Length 1/- deposit with 6d. post postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either complete purchase or pay sum 4/7 11, or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please cross P.O. this.

Sizes range from 19 to 36 inches. Over 30 inches 1/6 extra. Putzinger, Nov. 1923 No. 273

# Picturegoers' Guide



Jack Holt in "While Satan Sleeps."

### A Friendly Husband (Fox; Nov. 26).

Lupino Lane's first long picture. Slapstick comedy concerning a camping holiday. Good entertainment.

### An Old Sweetheart of Mine (Jury; Nov. 19).

Based on the famous James Whitcomb Riley poem. Good, sentimental romance of a love that knew no ending, beautifully acted by Elliott Dexter, Pat Moore, Mary Jane Irving, Helen Jerome Eddy, Turner Savage, Lloyd Whitlock and Jean Cameron.

### A Rogue In Love (Globe; Nov. 26).

A British screen version of Tom Gallon's novel about a man who reformed for the love of a lady. All star cast includes Ann Trevor, Betty Farquhar, Kate Gurney, Gregory Scott, Fred Rains, Frank Stanmore and Lawford Davidson. Good entertainment.

### Bluebeard Junior (Walkers; Nov. 22).

Mary Anderson in an amusing comedy in which a man acquires three wives in one day. Jack Connolly, George Fernandez, Laura Ansen, and Lila Leslie support the star.

### Borderland (Paramount; Nov. 5)

Domestic drama, strongly flavoured with spiritualism, with Agnes Ayres in a triple role, supported by Milton Sills, Fred Huntley, Bertram Grassby, Casson Ferguson, Ruby Lafayette, Sylvia Ashton, Frankie Lee, Mary Jane Irving, Dale Fuller, Walter Wills, and "Pal." Good entertainment.

### Butterfly Love (Feature; Nov. 19)

Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley, Jack Drummer, Charles Sutton and Richard Neal in a rather weak story of a young fellow's unique inheritance.

### The Broken Spur (U. K.; Nov. 8)

Jack Hoxie in a dual role and a story of the Canadian backwoods. Marni Sais, Jim Welch, Wilbur Mc Gauch, and Harry Rattenbury also appear. Fair entertainment.

### Chaplin Re-issues (F. B. O.; Nov. 5-26).

The Essanay-Chaplin comedies re-visited. *Charlie's Night Out*, November 5; *Champion Charlie*, November 12; *Charlie In the Park*, November 19; and *Charlie's Elopement*, November 26. Edna Purviance appears in these.

### Catherine the Great (Wallturdaw; Nov. 26).

A German spectacular historical production, concerning the loves and court intrigues of the famous Queen. Good acting and direction at times, but somewhat heavy entertainment.

### Cheated Hearts (F. B. O.; Nov. 26)

Herbert Rawlinson, Warner Baxter, and Marjorie Daw, in a well-acted anti-drink story about a girl who loved one man, but promised to marry his brother. Pleasant screen-fare.

### Cordelia the Magnificent (Jury; Nov. 15).

Money, marriage, blackmail, and an extremely intricate story about a social spy. Clara Kimball Young stars, supported by Huntley Gordon, Carol Holloway, Lloyd Whitlock, Lewis Dayton, Mary Jane Irving and Jacqueline Gadsdon. A good mystery drama.

### Daddy (Ass First National; Nov. 19)

Jackie Coogan in a sob story concerning an infant prodigy, who loses and then finds his father. In the cast are Arthur Carewe, Josie Sedgewick, Bert Woodruff, Anna Townsend, William Lewis, George Kuwa and "Mildred." Good entertainment.

### Daring Danger (Walkers; Nov. 15).

A Western story old as the proverbial hills, with Pete Morrison performing amazing feats of horsemanship and intrepidity. Excellent detail work, open air settings, and acting by the star, Esther Rawlson, William Ryno, Lewis Melkan, and Robert Fleming.

### The Dictator (Paramount; Nov. 22).

A gentleman who had plenty of bananas, a revolution, and plenty of thrills just fail, somehow, to make a

first-class movie. Wallace Reid stars, supported by Lila Lee, Theodore Kosloff, Kalla Pasha, Alan Hale, Walter Long, Sidney Bracey and Fred Butler. Mildly amusing.

**Environment** (*Pathé; Nov. 19*).

A melodramatic crook story, concerning a cabaret girl, who is splendidly portrayed by Alice Lake. Milton Sills Ben Hewlett, Gertrude Claire, Itchie Headrick, and Ralph Lewis also appear. Irving Cummings directed. Excellent of its kind.

**The First Degree** (*European; Nov. 26*).

Frank Mayo in an excellent character part in a small-town melodrama with a novel twist, and a fight climax Sylvia Breamer opposite, also Philo McCullough, George A. Williams and Harry Carter. Good entertainment.

**Fury** (*Ass. First National; Nov. 12*).

Colourful sea-drama, with good characterisation, Limehouse settings, and acting by Dick Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, Tyrone Power, Pat Hartigan, Barry Macollum, Emily Fitzroy, Jessie May Arnold, Patterson Dial, and Lucia Backus Seger.

**Gems of Literature** (*Walturdaw; Nov. 5-26*).

A series of British two-reelers based upon popular literature. *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Lauderdale Maitland and Dacia, November 5; *Curfew Must Not Ring To-night*, starring Joan Morgan, November 12; *Falstaff, the Tavern Knight*, with Roy Byford and Margaret Yarde, November 19; and *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, with Russell Thorndike and Olive Sloan, November 26. Good entertainment.

**The Ghost Patrol** (*European; Nov. 5*).

Ralph Graves and Bessie Love in a sentimental tenement story, written by Sinclair Lewis. George Nichols, George B. Williams, Max Davidson, Wade Boteler and Melbourne MacDowell support. Sentimental entertainment.

**The Girl From Porcupine** (*Pearl; Nov. 5*).

A typical James Oliver Curwood romance of the North West, with beautiful natural settings, and a good cast which includes Faire Binney, William (Buster) Collier Jr., Jack Drumier, James Milady, Adolf Millar, Tom Blake, Marcia Harris, and "Lassie." An average movie.

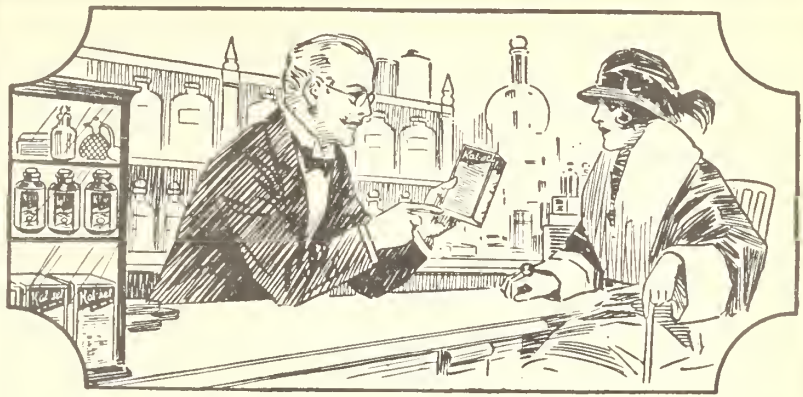
**The Guttersnipe** (*F. B. O.; Nov. 12*).

Gladys Walton in a satire upon the romantic magazine stories so much in vogue. Good natured fun, very well played by the star, Kate Price, Jack Perrin, Carmen Phillips, Hugh Saxon, Walter Perry, Sydney Franklin, and Lorraine Weiler.

**The Good-For-Nothing** (*Feature; Nov. 5*).

A humorous domestic story with charming rural settings and popular Carlyle Blackwell, supported by Evelyn Greeley, Kate Lester, Charles Dunan, William Sherwood, Muriel Ostriche, Pinna Nesbit, and Katherine Johnson. Fair entertainment.

(Continued on page 58).



## "You are a victim of Chronic Constipation. This is all you need."

Your morning headaches, your indigestion, your languor and low spirits, your backache, nervousness and sleeplessness, yes, and your rheumatism and kidney troubles, too, are signs that Nature is being beaten in her struggle against disease.

Nature strives her utmost to keep you well and abundant health is her unflinching reward for gentle assistance in time of need. Don't neglect her a day longer. Get a bottle of Kal-sel and take a little in the morning, either in water on rising or in your tea at breakfast. It will cleanse your system and purify your blood of all disease-provoking toxins and acids, it will stimulate your liver and kidneys, so that your appetite will be improved, your digestive troubles dispelled and new life put into your entire nervous system.

Nature will find in Kal-sel just the gentle assistance she needs to restore your good health. Take Kal-sel for a week and see what a wonderful improvement it makes to your health and spirits, and to your capacity for work and enjoyment.

Kal-sel can be obtained of all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the manufacturers.

Price 1/11 a large bottle.

**FREE TRIAL**

During the next 10 days we are willing to send sufficient Kal-sel for a thorough test entirely free of cost. Send no money. Merely send a postcard to:

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"TIDY-WEAR" MEANS TIDY HAIR.  
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4½d. 6½d. 8½d. 9½d.

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**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**

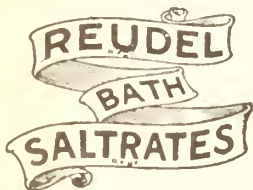
Delay means Decay  
start  
**KOLYNOS TO-DAY**



## “Three is your size, but—”

A *petit* foot smartly shod attracts a large share of the admiration bestowed upon the well-dressed woman. Unfortunately, nine out of ten women, in order to accommodate corns and bunions, are obliged to select shoes of a more roomy size and a less elegant shape than they otherwise would.

This misfortune is easily remedied by a simple foot-bath treatment with **Reudel Bath Saltrates** (a small handful added to plain hot water). The effect is almost magical. Pain and tenderness are instantly relieved and the hardest corns so loosened to the very roots that it comes out whole at a touch, whilst disfiguring bunions are visibly reduced even by the first bath. Try this, and you will be able to wear the smartest shoe of your size in perfect comfort.



Obtainable from any Chemist. Prices 2s. a half-pound and 3s. 3d. a pound. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user or money will be refunded in full immediately and without question.

*Paddle every day in Reudel*

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The Bride-to-Be, by the use of one of these stands can produce beautifully fitting garments, and save more than half the usual cost of her trousseau.

Expanding Model, suitable for all sizes, over fourteen and padded for padding, complete in round card box.

**45** - CARRIAGE PAID U.K.  
With Lace Tricorsets, 48 6, Carr. Paid

More returned if not approved

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Established 1844  
For 60th Anniversary

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Faire Binney in "The Girl from Porcupine."

### Guy Fawkes (Stoll; Nov. 5).

Seventeenth-century romance woven around the famous traitor with excellent photography, lighting, and acting by Matheson Lang, Nina Vanna, Edward O'Neil, Jerrold Robertshaw, Shayle Gardner, Lionel D'Aragon, Peter Dear, Robert English, and Wyndham Guise. Topical entertainment; read the story on page 31.

### Her Fatal Millions (Jury; Nov. 9).

Plenty of laughs in this somewhat far-fetched comedy of a jeweller's assistant who masquerades as a man. Viola Dana stars, and Allan Forrest, Huntley Gordon, Edward Connelly, Kate Price, Peggy Brown and Joy Winthrop support.

### Her Mad Bargain (F. B. O.; Nov. 10).

Sentiment and suffering in five reels, with Anita Stewart as sufferer-in-chief. Cast includes Arthur Edmund Carewe, Helen Raymond, Adde Farrington, Percy Challenger, Gertrude Astor, Walter McGrail, Ernest Butterworth, and Will Badger. Improbable, but entertaining.

### Heroes and Husbands (Ass. First National; Nov. 22).

In which a lady novelist successfully handles her own love affairs. Attractively produced and acted by Katherine MacDonald, Nigel Barrie, Charles Clary, Charles Gerrard, Mona Kingsley and Ethel Kay. Light comedy-drama.

### Heroes of the Street (F. B. O.; Nov. 12).

For kids of all ages. It has a dog, fights, policemen and Wes Barry, supported by Jack Mulhall, Marie Prevost, Peaches Jackson, Philo McCullough, Aggie Heron and Will Walling.

### His Brother's Wife (Waltham; Nov. 12).

Barbara La Marr and Gaston Glass in a novel triangle drama smoothly produced and well acted by all concerned. Others in the cast are Franko, F. O., John Sampson, David Butler, Doris Pawn, Ethel Shannon and Martha Mattox.

### His Mysterious Mission (Vitagraph; Nov. 25).

A healthy tale of adventure, love, and intrigue in South America, starring Earle Williams, supported by Gertrude Astor, George Field, Claire Du Brey, Coy Watson Jr., James Conway, Louis Dumar and Leonard Trainor. Good entertainment.

### The Hotel Mouse (Jury; Nov. 11).

Adapted from the crook stage-play. The characters are not very prepossessing, but the cast is a good one, and includes Lillian Hall Davis, Josephine Earle, Morgan Wallace, and Campbell Gullan. Fair entertainment.

### The House of Mystery (U. K.; Nov. 1).

Another "Tex" detective story, in which a gang of crooks utilize the craze for spiritualism to aid their nefarious pursuits. Glen White is the star, and John Costello, Ethel Russell, Harold Vosburg, Zaidee Burbank, Cecil Kern, David Wall and Florence St. Leonard also appear. Good entertainment.

### The House of Mystery (Stoll; Nov. 19).

A French production featuring Ivan Mosjoukine, supported by Helene Darly, Charles Vanel, Francis Mussey, Lethone Genayons, Coline Striecosky, and Bortkevitch. Thrill-a-minute drama.

### The Impersonators (U. K.; Nov. 12).

Buck Jones in a dashing romantic Western story in which the star's personality and clever horsemanship are the chief attractions. Renee Adoree, Harold Miller, Charles K. French, Philo McCullough and Sidney Dalbrook support. Stereotyped, but good of its class.

### The Knock-Out (Napoleon; Nov. 12).

A British sporting coster yarn, with good humorous scenes, two fights, a horse race and Rex Davis, Lillian Hall Davis, Josephine Earle, Tom Reynolds, Guy Ballinger, Julian Royce, J. J. Tozer. Good popular fare.

(Continued on page 60)



# Wonderful Permanent Waving

New Oil Process



Sent on 7 Days' Free Trial

A Home Permanent Waving Outfit (which gives exactly the same result as illustrated). Price from 1 Guinea.

The Gaby Process takes 7 minutes only and IS NOT AFFECTED BY WASHING.

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 PRICES } 3/3/- Average "Bobbie" or whole head.

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- 18 Different Photo Buttons of Stars in Filmdom.

The Parcel complete sent Post Free for SEVEN SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

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Gladys Walton, The well-known Film Star, writes -

"I have found Silkodono in every way most beneficial. I should recommend all my friends to use it."



Herbert Rawlinson, The popular "Universal" Star, says -

"Silkodono is the best dressing for the hair I know. It keeps hair and scalp in perfect condition."

## A wonderful Tonic for the Hair

A FEW applications of SILKODONO will soon prove to you that it has extraordinary powers of arresting and strengthening falling hair, and banishing scurf, dandruff and scurf irritation. SILKODONO makes the hair wonderfully thick and wavy, and, in addition to being a certain remedy for ailments of the hair and scalp, it is a delightful tonic and dressing.

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At your Chemist, Stores or Hairdresser. Large Bottle, 2/4. Double Size, 4/6. If not in stock, we will supply direct, post free in U.K. SILK'S TOILET CO. (Dept. P.) Red Lion Street, Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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The Ganesh Treatments and Preparations of Mrs. Adair, the leading Beauty Specialist, have proved to thousands of women throughout the world that Youthful Beauty can be restored and retained in spite of age or feature. These famous Preparations are under Royal Patronage and recommended by the Medical Profession. Write for free advice and booklet.

To test the merits of the Ganesh Beauty Preparations a Sample Box will be sent on receipt of 5/6, post free, containing the Eastern Muscle Oil, Diable Skin Tonic, Lily Lotion and Special Eastern Cream and Powder.



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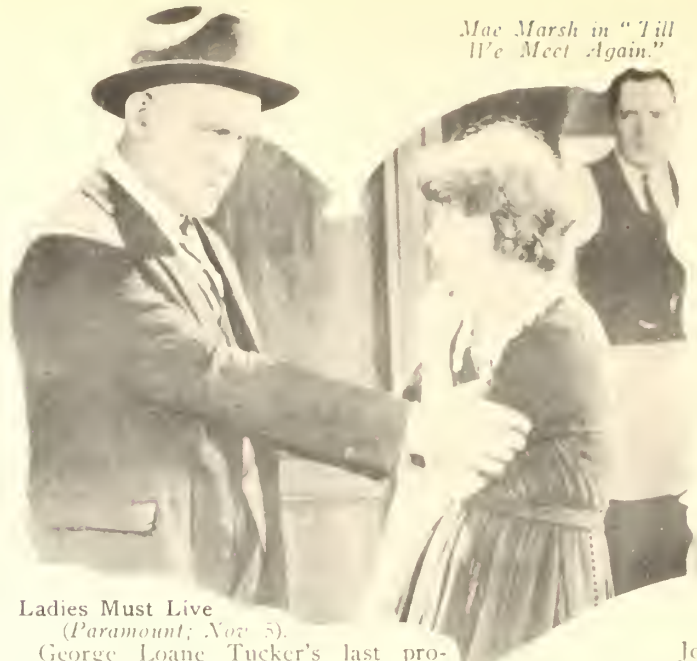
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### Ladies Must Live (Paramount; Nov. 5).

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### The Leopardess (Realart-Gaumont; Nov. 5).

Melodrama with effective South Pacific settings, well staged and acted by Alice Brady, Montagu Love, Charles Kent, George Buanger, Marguerite Forrest and Glorie Eller. For unsophisticated fans only.

### The Little Clown (Realart-Gaumont; Nov. 26).

A charming circus comedy-drama, starring Mary Miles Minter, supported by Jack Mulhall, Winter Hall, Helen Dunbar, Cameron Coffey, Neely Edwards, Lucien Littlefield and Zelma Maja.

### Lost And Found (Goldwyn; Nov. 5)

Exquisite South Sea island settings and a colourful and vivid melodrama, capably played by Pauline Starke, Tony Moreno, House Peters, Mary Jane Irving, Rosemary Theby, George Siegmann, William V. Mong, Carl Harbaugh and David Wing. Excellent entertainment.

### Love, Intrigue, Passion (Shadow plays; Nov. 12)

Lucy Doraine in an expensive German production, which it is impossible to take seriously. Some beautiful sets and exteriors, but the plot is of the problem persuasion and is allowed to run absolutely wild.

### Madam X (Goldwyn; Nov. 12)

A re-issue of the Pauline Frederick drama adapted from the stage play of the same name. Casson Ferguson opposite the star. Pauline Frederick's finest film. Don't miss it.

### The Madonna in Chains (Kluge; Nov. 5).

High power romantic melodrama about an artist and two famous dancers.

Stars, E. K. Lincoln and Martha Mansfield, supported by Winifred Hudnut (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino), and Joseph Striker. Good dramatic fare.

### Man Street (F. B. O.; Nov. 26)

An excellent picturisation of Sinclair Lewis's novel of small-town life. Cast comprises Monte Blue, Florence Vider, Robert Gordon, Noah Beery, Alan Hale, Louise Fazenda, Harry Myers, Josephine Crowell, Otis Harlan, Gordon Griffith, Lon Poff, Gilbert Clayton, Estelle Short and Kathleen Perry.

### The Man Next Door (Vitaphone; Nov. 12).

Alice Calhoun in a simply told, but effective love-romance. James Morrison, David Torrence, Frank Sheidan, John Stepling, Mary Culver, Lillian Lawrence, Adele Farrington and "Pal" in support. Light, but very bright.

### Man Versus Beast (F. B. O.; Nov. 8)

Colonel Louis Shuman's hunting pictures. Big game photographed in its native haunts in Africa. Excellent entertainment of its kind.

### Mixed Faces (Fox; Nov. 26).

William Russell in a very improbable story of two men who exactly resemble one another. The star's dual role and a well-staged motor accident are the chief attractions. Renée Adorée opposite, also De Witt Jennings, Elizabeth Garrison, Charles French, Eileen Manning and Harvey Clarke.

### Motherhood (Regent; Nov. 9).

Anti-war propaganda from a new angle, with Dick Barthelmess and Nazimova in their first screen-roles. Gertrude Berkeley plays the chief supporting role. Interesting entertainment.

### Only A Shopgirl (Halterdale; Nov. 5)

Excellent melodrama, as the title suggests, with a fine cast, which includes Mae Busch, William Scott, Estelle Taylor, Claire Du Brey, Josephine Adair, Wallace Beery, James Morrison, and Tully Marshall.

### One Wild Week (Realart Gaumont; Nov. 12).

Really good, bright entertainment with Bebe Daniels as a hoyden reveling in her first week of freedom from a tyrannical crook-guardian. In the cast are Maxine Kelso, Edyth Chapman, Frank Kingsley, Herbert Standring, and Edwin Stevens.

### Peter the Great (F. B. O.; Nov. 5)

All about a great king, who was also a great sinner and a great man. A

German-made feature, starring Emil Jannings, Walter Jaassen, Bernhard Goetzke, Alexandra Sorina, Dagny Servaes, and Cordy Millorvitsh. An impressive movie, notable for the excellent character acting of Jannings and Dagny Servaes.

**The Power of a Lie** (*European*; Nov. 19).

An everyday story superbly produced and acted by Maude George, Mabel Julienne Scott, Earl Metcalf, David Torrence, Ruby Lafayette, June Elvidge, Phillips Smalley, Stanton Heek and Winston Miller. This is adapted from Johann Bojer's novel of the same name. Don't miss it.

**Remembrance** (*Goldwyn*; Nov. 26).

Claude Gillingwater in an excellent sob story about an unappreciated father. Patsy Ruth Miller, Cullen Landis and Kate Lester support.

**The Rocket Signal** (*Walkers*; Nov. 19).

Rod La Roegue, Virginia Hammond, Albert Hart, Nora Cceil and Irving Brooks in a crook story with a novel ending. Fair entertainment.

**Safety Last** (*W. & F.*; Nov. 12).

This month's comedy high-spot and Harold Lloyd's best film to date. Excellent stunts, thrills and humour. Mildred Davis, Bill Strother, Noah Young and W. B. Clarke support. We heartily recommend this.

**Saved by Wireless** (*Phillips*; Nov. 5).

A sensational mystery drama of the sea with a big climax and a hero who knocks his enemies down like ninepins. George Larkin and a radio set star, with Jaqueline Logan, Minna Ferry Redman, Harry Northrup, William Gould, Wilson Hummell, Andrew Arbaekle, Monte Collens, Gene Maekay, Frank Whitson and Red Rose in support. Not for the critical.

**The Scandal** (*Granger*; Nov. 19).

A British production based upon Henry Bataille's play made in London and Nice. Eternal triangle story rather heavy, but well acted by Hilda Bayley, Madame de la Croix, Henry Viotor, Vanni Marcoux, and Edward O'Neil. Good social drama.

**Shirley of the Circus**

(*Fox*; Nov. 19).

Shirley Mason's most spectacular production, quite improbable, but containing much pleasing detail and circus work and a thrill climax. Also Alan Hale, Crauford Kent, George O'Hara, and Maude Wayne. Seasonable fare.

**Soul of the Beast**

(*Jury*; Nov. 26).

Another one for kids of all ages. Madge Bellamy and Osear, the elephant, share stellar honours in this circus

story which has beautiful settings and photography and Cullen Landis, Noah Beery, Vola Vale, Harry Rattenbury, Carrie Clarke Ward, Lincoln Stedman, Bert Sprotte, and Vernon Dent.

**Star Dust** (*Moss Empires*; Nov. 1).

A satisfactory stage story by Fannie Hurst, convincingly told and well acted by Hope Hampton, Edna Ross, Vivia Ogden, Gladys Wilson, James Rennie, Thomas Maguire, Mary Foy, Charles Musset, Ashby Buek, Noel Tearle, George Humbert and Charles Wellesley.

**Sure Fire** (*F. B. O.*; Nov. 5).

Complicated Western drama with Hoot Gibson as a man with a perfect genius for getting mixed up with his own and other people's troubles. Molly Malone, Breezy Eason Jr., Harry Carter, Fritzi Brunette, Murdoch McQuarrie, George Fisher, Charles Newton, Jack Woods, Jack Walters, Joe Harris and Steve Clements.

**Success** (*Jury*; Nov. 5).

A fascinating behind-the-scenes drama of American theatrical life, with a cast including Naomi Childers, Dore Davidson, Mary Astor, Brandon Tyan, Lionel Adams, Robert Lee Keeling, Billy Quirk, Gay Pendleton, and John Woodford. Excellent entertainment.

**Till We Meet Again** (*W. & T.*; Nov. 26).

Mae Marsh in an appealing role in a crook and society melodrama. Supporting Mae are Norman Kerry, Martha Mansfield, Julia Swayne Gordon, Walter Miller, J. Barney Sherry, Tammany Young, Dick Lee, Danny Hayes and Fred Kalgrcn.

**To Have And To Hold** (*Paramount*; Nov. 12).

George Fitzmaurice's production of Mary Johnston's romantic novel of James I. times and the early Virginian colonists. Strong cloak and sword stuff, magnificently staged and acted by Betty Compson, Bert Lytell, Theodore Kosloff, W. J. Ferguson, Raymond Hatton, Claire Dubrey, Walter Long, Anne Cornwall, Fred Huntley, Arthur Rankin and Lucien Littlefield. Excellent entertainment.

(Continued  
on page  
62).



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**What A Wife Learned** (*Ass. First National; Nov. 26*).

Marital misunderstanding and a thrill climax. John Bowers, Milton Sills, Marguerite De La Motte, Evelyn McCoy, Harry Tod, Aggie Herring, Francelia Billington, Bertram Johns, Ernest Butterworth and John Steppling act well. A good domestic drama.

**What Love Forgives** (*Walkers; Nov. 5*).

This movie takes some forgiving. Played by Johnny Hines, Barbara Castleton, John Bowers, Bobby Connelly, Muriel Ostriche, Florence Coventry, Joe Smiley, and Hazel Coates. It is a not too pleasant story of love of all kinds. Obvious, but excellently produced.

**When Husbands Deceive** (*W. & F.; Nov. 26*).

Leah Baird wrote the scenario as well as acting the leading role in this, which is screened popular fiction of the best (or worst!) type. Well produced and acted by the star, Jack Mower, Eulalie Jensen, William Conklin, Katherine Lewis, John Cossar and "Teddy." Good domestic melodrama.

**While Satan Sleeps** (*Paramount; Nov. 19*).

Peter B. Kyne won't recognise his story, this is simply sobstuff laid on with a shovel. Jack Holt is excellent, so are Wade Boteler, Fritz Brunette, Mabel Van Buren, Will R. Walling, J. P. Lockney, Fred Huntley, Betty Francisco, Sylvia Ashton, Bobby Mack and Herbert Standing. Keep away if you're critical.

**Whom the Gods Would Destroy** (*Renters; Nov. 5*).

A war story which took eighteen months to produce. Pauline Starke stars, with Jack Mulhall, Kathryn Adams, Walt Whitman, Henry Clarke and Charles French in support. A belated release.

**The Woman's Side** (*Ass. First National; Nov. 22*).

Katherine MacDonald in a long-drawn-out drama of American political life. Beautifully produced and efficiently played by the star, Edward Burns, Dwight Crittenden, Ora Devereaux and Wade Boteler.

**The World's Applause** (*Paramount; Nov. 26*).

Bob Daniels and Lewis Stone in a stage and society story, lavishly pro-



Monte Blue in "Main Street."

duced and well acted. Cast also includes Kathlyn Williams, Adolphe Menjou, Brandon Hurst, Mayme Kelso, James Neill and George Kuwa. Good entertainment.

**The Woman Conquers** (*Ass. First National; Nov. 5*).

Artificial plot, but good Alaskan scenes and a real blizzard. Katherine MacDonald stars, supported by Mitchell Lewis, Bryant Washburn, June Elvidge, Clarissa Selwyn, Boris Karloff and Francis MacDonald. Good entertainment.

**Your Friend And Mine** (*Jury; Nov. 12*).

A well-produced triangle story starring Willard Mack and Enid Bennett, supported by Elliott Dexter, Pat Moore, Mary Jane Irving, Helen Jerome Eddy, Turner Savage, Lloyd Whitlock, Barbara Worth, Arthur Hoyt and Jean Cameron. A mediocre movie.

**The Yosemite Trail** (*Fox; Nov. 5*).

Dustin Farnum in a picturesque if familiar story about two men and a girl. Irene Rich opposite, also Walter McGrail, W. J. Ferguson and Frank Campeau. An average Westerner.

**Ziska** (*Gaumont; Nov. 19*).

An Italian picturisation of Marie Corelli's reincarnation story very well done with Heana Leonidoff in the chief role. Good spectacular romance.

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GEORGE (Wood Green) and GEORGE (Walthamstow).—I'm not proud of you both as namesakes. I don't know which is to blame, but the George who cribbed the other one's carol on Rudolph Valentino is no friend of mine.

M. W. (Warrington).—I've forwarded your letter and wish you luck. Rudolph's generally pretty prompt about answering "fan" mail.

J. T. (Worcester).—Glad somebody appreciates me nowadays. Nobody's remembered poor old George since the Valentino craze began. (1) You're quite right, laddie. "Helen MacGregor" not "Flora MacDonald" in *Rob Roy*.

F.I.C. (Dalston).—Thanks for thanks! I'll ask the Editor about an art plate of Mildred Harris.

D.N. (Folkestone) and A KID (Calcutta).—You're a bright pair! You send two perfectly good carols—and no addresses. If you want those prizes you'll have to tell the Editor where to send them.

TRIBE (Liverpool).—Thinks PICTUREGOER is rapidly approaching the blissful state of perfection. Agreed! (1) Wallace Reid's newest films are:—*Rent Free, Nice People, The Champion, Clarence, The Dictator and Thirty Days*. (2) *The Affairs of Anatol*, retitled *A Prodigal Knight*, was generally released on the 29th of the month. (3) John Barrymore, born February 15th, 1882. He's married and has a baby daughter, Joan. I may be "Monarch of the Query," but that's as far as it goes. Like old Canute, I can't stay the tide (of questions in my case).

MAWADAMA (South Africa).—Letter forwarded. (1) Harrison Ford, born Kansas City, 1892, height 5ft. 10ins., brown hair and eyes. Not married now.

A SIX 'UX (Birmingham).—"George" please. You may be shy, but you know how to kiss the blarney stone. No need to be scared of me, though. I don't bite—anything worse than an occasional stolen apple. (1) H. B. Waltham was "Phil Stoneman"

in *The Birth of a Nation*. (2) Other films of his are: *Flower of the North, The Ableminded Lady, One Clear Call, The Kick-Back and The Long Chance*.

LLARMACHIS.—Thanks for bouquet. If I get many more like that, I'll need a new hat. (1) Nazimova's appearing in vaudeville at present, but she'll probably make some more films later. Her *Aphrodite* hasn't been shown anywhere yet. (2) Natascha Rambova (Mrs. Valentino) was art director of *Salome*.

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. Readers requiring long casts or other detailed information must send stamped addressed envelopes. Send along your queries to "George," c.o. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(3) Ruth Roland dead? Not likely! She's very much alive and having a short rest before starting another 15 episodes of peril. Her latest serial is *Ruth of the Range*. (4) Art plate of Mae Murray in June, 1922, issue. Another on page 6 of this issue.

ENQUIRER (Malvern).—(1) One of Eille Norwood's films not mentioned on your list, is *The Recoil*. He's on the stage in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," at Prince's Theatre, London. (2) Eille's daughter is an adopted one. (3) Pronounced I-I-i.

RIP (Nice).—If you're the "most inquisitive person on earth," my child, your other name is Legion. (1) Lillian Gish, born October 14th, 1896, and Dorothy Gish, March 11th, 1898. (2) Lillian isn't married, but Dorothy is Mrs. James Ronnie. (3) Mae Murray, born May 9th, 1886, married to Robert G. Leonard. Art plate of Mae appeared in June, 1922, issue, obtainable at our Publishing Dept., price 1s. 3d., post free.

DIANE (Guildford).—Your letter about Rudolph was one of many, all proclaiming the same thing. It doesn't surprise me. Letter forwarded. Send stamps, Diane. I'm not a millionaire.

A. C. R. (Thornton Heath).—What! You've only just discovered *Picturegoer*? My dear child, where have you been? (1) Raymond Hatton's about 40. (2) Height, 5ft. 7ins. (3) *Peck's Bad Boy* and *Salvage* are two recent pictures of his. His next release is *The Virginian*. (4) Married to Frances Hatton.

E. B. R. (Thornton).—You're duly forgiven. Questions really don't worry me. It's a case of familiarity breeding contempt. (1) Will Rogers is married and has three kiddies—two boys and a girl. The baby of the family died two years ago. (2) Jimmy Rogers is one of Will's small sons. He's a very gifted youngster and plays in pictures with Dad. (3) Will Rogers hasn't left the screen, he is still making two-reelers for Pathe's. (4) Shirley Mason and Raymond McKee played in *Love-time*. Casts take up a lot of room, so in future there aren't going to be any printed in these columns unless the film's a new one. Send a stamped addressed envelope and I'll send your one by post.

A COUNTRY GIRL (Lines).—Write and ask Rudolph for a signed photo. Send about 2s. in payment. (2) Nita Naldi was "Dona Sol" in *Blood and Sand*. (3) Rudolph is in England at the time of writing. Article dealing with *The Four Horsemen* in November, 1921, PICTUREGOER.

J. E. B. (Broadstairs).—Letter forwarded. The "spark of human kindness" in my manly bosom still burns as brightly as of yore.

ROY (Harborne).—No, I didn't get the letter you lost on the way to the post. (1) Pauline Frederick was born August 12th, 1884. (2) Uncertain that she'll visit England now. (3) Read all about her in an interview in February, 1922, PICTUREGOER.

SPLINE (Cheshire).—You do like to keep me busy, don't you? (1) Milton Sills born 1882. (2) You'll find all you want to know about Wallace Reid in *Picturegoer* for February, 1921, and June and October, 1922. (3) James Kirkwood supports Dorothy Davenport in *Human Wreckage*.

N. C. (Bristol).—Send a stamped envelope for any casts you want. Space is precious. (1) Edmund Lowe starred in *Someone in the House*, released March 6th, 1920. (2) *One Man in a Million*, released by Jury's, May 8th, 1922. (3) Jury's release most Metro films. See *Picturegoers' Guide*.

MAUREN (Coristorphine).—Thinks it must be simply topping to be an answers man. Try it for a week and see what you'd say about it then, Maureen—, if you still retained your power of speech. (1) Send your letter to Valentino here, and I'll see he gets it. (2) You might ask Rudolph for a photo of Mrs. Valentino. (3) *Beyond*

*the Rocks*, released July 7th, 1923. (4) Two cousins of Dorothy and Lillian Gish were extra girls in *Orphans of the Storm*.

BONNIE SCOTLAND (Glasgow).—Yes, I'm a very easy-going young' chap. Hence the title at the head of these pages, which is on everybody's lips at PICTUREGOER offices. (1) David Powell doesn't give his age. (2) Born at Glasgow, of Welsh parents. (3) Recent films of his are *Spanish Jade*, *Outcast* and *Glimpses of the Moon*.

R. H. J. (Johannesburg).—Letter forwarded on arrival. If Tom Mix intends to visit Africa, he hasn't told me about it. I'll let you know if he does.

N. L. S. (Lichfield).—You mustn't burn the midnight oil for me, Nora. But perhaps you don't need any beauty sleep? (1) James Kirkwood's 6ft. in height, rather slender, with deep blue eyes. (2) He's married to Lila Lee. (3) His first films were made with Mary Pickford and Marion Leonard. Others are:—*Marriage of the Underworld*, *The Struggle Everlasting*, *Eve's Daughter*, *The Luck of the Irish*, *The Scoffer*, *Under Two Flags*, *The Sin Flood*, *Pink Gods*, *Human Wreckage*.

SUZANNE (Paris).—Always very glad to hear from all my readers, *petite*—whether they're French, English or South Sea Islanders. (1) All about *The Queen of Sheba* in April, 1922, *Picturegoer*. (2) Fritz Lieber lives in New York and at present he's playing in a stage play there. (3) One of his biggest successes on the screen, apart from *The Queen of Sheba*, was his "King Louis XI. of France" in *If I Were King*. (3) I'm going to persuade the Editor to give you a nice picture of Fritz in the Christmas number, so look out for it.

J. D. (Ealing).—Wants me to verify. It's the wrong time of year for a poet, J. D.; as all but a Scotchman with me will agree, But take this small fragment, I can't say you nay, And I hope you feel pleased now you've got your own way.

MAISIE (Cheshire).—You win Maisie. Fifty-fifty, please! (1) "Sir Marcus Ordeyne" in *The Morals of Marcus*, and "Julian Rolfe" in *The Law and the Woman* were both played by William T. Carleton. (2) Some of Corinne Griffith's newest films are:—*Received Payment*, *Island Wives*, *Divorce Coupons*, *Six Days* and *The Common Law*.

D. C. (Ireland).—Send to "Pictures" Salon for a postcard list. I'm sure you'll like the new postcards of Rudolph. So you're thinking of transferring your young affections to Clive Brook?

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This. "We are wild because despite hairdresser's attentions we can't do Marcel credit because your scalp is in a bad way and your hair is full of dandruff." But there won't be any "wild" waves if you invest half-a-crown in a bottle of "Silkodono," the Magic Hair Remedy. It is a tonic and a dressing in one, and makes the hair beautifully thick and wavy.

## TWO LITTLE IMPS

(Continued from page 46).

child star to be featured crying and laughing together in a big close-up." She then rapidly sketched her own and her sister's careers as follows. "I was born in Scotland," she said, "and I've crossed the Atlantic twice. Jane was born abroad, but we live in New York, on Broadway. In the same place as when we left pictures four years ago. Jane's first movie was *A Daughter of the Gods*, mine *Neptune's Daughter*. Both were Annette Kellerman films. Then we were starred together in lots of Fox comedies, besides playing in other pictures, Theda Bara's amongst them. Let me see, there were *Trouble Makers*, *Two Little Imps*, *Dixie Madcaps*, and *Hickville Terrors*. Our last was "*Swat That Spy*."

We discussed Hollywood *versus* London, and various theatres the children have visited. I think they've seen more of London during their brief stay than we dyed-in-the-wool Cockney's see in a lifetime. "We liked the Old Curiosity Shop," said Jane. Then, after another penetrating glance at me, "Kather-een. Who *does* she look like?" Then Mamma Lee came in. Mrs. Irene Lee, once a noted classical dancer, is a young, slight, fair haired woman, dressed ever so simply in black. Watching her it was easy to see whence came Katherine's winning smile and Jane's "pep" and sense of fun. She had to be assured that her babies had entertained me nicely. "Like all things feminine," she smiled, "my girlies go by contraries, for they really are obedient, well-behaved kiddies in real life, nothing like their stage or screen selves."

They are dead keen on their work too. I was allowed to stay and listen to them rehearse a new ukelele number, on my promise to be very quiet and good and not interrupt, and listened with great enjoyment to their clear young voices. This over, they danced about the room in great glee and we had chocolates all round. At last I rose to go. "Jane. Who DOES she look like?" whispered Katherine, desperately. Again two pairs of eyes scrutinised my reddening countenance. (Mother was safely out of the room), "I know," shouted Jane triumphantly. "She looks like—," naming a certain kinema star, to whom, for her sins I have twice before been told that I bear a great resemblance. "Yes," said Jane, with great satisfaction. "You really are like Miss Dash Blank." "Um-m-m," she mused, lifting up her piquant face for a kiss. "Miss Dash Blank's getting awful stout and oldish looking these days." Which thrice-blessed remark restored at a bound my banished years and dignity, and proved conclusively that, talented and precocious beyond their brief span of days though they may be, Jane and Katherine Lee really are, as the caption on their latest photograph aptly assures us, "Just Kids, that's all." J.L.



WITHIN the December issue of *The Picturegoer* you will find many more pages than usual, some of them in colours. It is to be the best issue we have ever published, and will be packed with seasonable articles and stories. A special feature is a Complete Guide to Beauty, specially compiled by a number of leading screen artists; there are also interviews with Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, Gladys Cooper, George Arliss, and others; the story of Douglas Fairbanks in *Robin Hood*; *Dancing Time*, by Flora Le Breton, and a beautiful two-colour frontispiece of Rudolph Valentino as "Julio," in *The Four Horsemen*. This last in response to many requests. The charming coloured Christmas cover has been specially posed for you by Ivy Duke.

MABEL Forrest (Mrs. Bryant Washburn), sends us a thought upon the six essentials of a good movie. "These are," says Mabel, " (1). Action.

According to Mabel. Sub-titles merely beg the question.

It is better to reconstruct than to have too many sub-titles. (2). Directness. The old adage 'hew to the line' is a good one to follow, and counter-plots only distract. (3). Naturalness. Whilst every effort should be made towards originality, naturalness should never be sacrificed to gain that end. (4). Beauty. Too much contrast is a mistake, and the repulsive should never be allowed to submerge the beautiful. (5). A definite object. What is the theme? At what is the author driving? He must have a clear motive and aim

for it by the most direct route. (6). Clearly defined characters. Inconsistent people exist in real life, we know, but they do not count very much. Leading figures in a drama must stand out with cameo clearness." Excellent. What do you think?

IN the January issue one or two old features will be discarded and many new ones inaugurated. Some of these are suggestions sent in by yourselves.

Let's All Be Editors! Amongst them were the following, and I should

like to know which of these find most favour in the eyes of everybody. You can have until the end of this month to make your choice and advise me which suggestions to adopt and which to discard. It will be a lesson to you in the arduous task of editing a movie magazine, and if you know of any better suggestions, why, go to it, and send them along. Here are those waiting your approval:

A critical article upon the best films of the month, pointing out high lights in acting, lighting, direction, etc. Publishing the full casts (with the film names as well as those of the actors) of the

month's releases in a separate column to *Picturegoer's Guide*. A full analysis of a movie star each month by an expert phrenologist and character reader; *Their Planets and Yours*, a monthly article about the famous movie folk and their guiding stars. Astrology is a fascinating science, and many firmly believe that the planets influence the character of

those born beneath their rule. A series of articles by famous stars upon Health and Beauty. These are five ideas which appeal to us. What do you think?

SPEAKING upon Art and the Kinema recently, George Pearson, the famous Welsh-Pearson director, defined Art as "A suggestion through material means of feelings which are formless."

"That much abused word 'Art,'" he declared, "is popularly supposed to refer to some rarefied form of pleasure to be enjoyed only by cultured minds. But Art is something far greater. By Art alone is the imagination nurtured, the soul fired, and the whole of life invigorated. It is in a resemblance between the feeling conceived by the Artist and the feeling produced by his work that the poetry of Art lies. And the moving picture is a thing of moods, not of words, of eye play, built up emotion by emotion, not action by action; it means tremendously more than the mechanical moving about of figures. The capture of emotion is greater than the Euclidian logicity of story so much beloved of 'Continuity' writers." I wish I could quote the whole of the speech made by this British genius. I think we ought to feel very proud that Pearson is a Britisher. What do you think?

HERE'S a Cheshire correspondent's views upon the same subject "*Phyllis (Yorkshire)*, is right. We do want more pictures of high artistic quality," writes *Art and the Kinema Thinker (Cheshire)*. "Films too

often have a commonplace theme which is far from interesting, for, as *Phyllis* says, it is no use paying to see the things we witness in our everyday lives. There are plenty of wonderful stories in history, which would make splendid films, if done by a competent producer. What we want in films is artistic quality. The word Art is largely associated with Beauty (and who does not like beautiful pictures?). More attention should be paid by film producers to pictorial composition. But in some pictures we do see an attempt made at composition, as in Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm*, Nazimova's, Mae Murray's, and Swedish films. The film could and should be one of the highest and most ennobling of arts."

THE THINKER.



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ENGLAND'S great home of Dancing has just celebrated its record of four years unbroken success. Since October, 1919, over two million dancers have enjoyed its "Twice Daily" sessions, and the Palais de Danse has frequently assisted in charitable causes.

Above is seen an impression of the Hammersmith Dancing Rendezvous, while in the second picture is seen Miss Flora Le Breton, the well-known British film star, at the last Ball in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. On Nov. 27th there is a Masked Carnival Ball in aid of the same cause.

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There are many more hints in the "Book of Beauty," a copy of which will be sent FREE to all applicants.

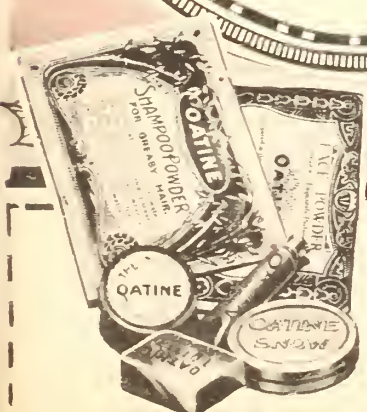


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# A Xmas Greeting from Betty Balfour



Dear Picturegoers  
 Just a little note to  
 wish you all a very happy  
 Xmas and a very happy  
 and prosperous New Year.  
 I wish I could greet you all  
 in person, but work on  
 new Pictures prevents my  
 doing that. And when you  
 see me in the new Irish  
 Pearson film "Squibs M.P."  
 and "Squibs Honeycomb" I  
 want you to understand that  
 my thoughts are with you.  
 And I am smiling my greetings  
 to each and everyone of you.  
 Good luck to you all for 1924  
 Yours affectionately  
 Betty Balfour

## BETTY BALFOUR

is appearing exclusively in  
 Welsh Pearson Productions  
 exclusively controlled by  
 The Gaumont Film Co. Ltd.

WHY NOT  
ALSO BE  
ON A  
GOOD  
THING



LOOK at her expression. Delight isn't the word for it! She has just looked at the clock and found that she has finished her week's washing in record time. She is going up to dress and off to the pictures in the afternoon. **IN THE AFTERNOON, MIND YOU, ON WASHING DAY!** She has never seen such spotless and stainless linen in the whole of her experience. She had been told about the famous Preservene Soap from Australia over and over again by her friends but until she tested it for herself.

***SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT.***

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**AUSTRALIAN SOAP CO., 6, New Compton St. London, W.C.**

# How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Instead of taking harsh or drastic internal medicines that upset the stomach, you simply inhale the pleasant harmless smoke of Dr. Blosser's Medicated Cigarettes.

These Cigarettes are made from wholesome medicinal herbs and berries, and when smoked produce an antiseptic healing, germ-destroying vapour that reaches every nook and corner of the respiratory tract. They contain NO TOBACCO, NO CUBEBS, ARE NON-HABIT FORMING, and may be used by women and children as well as men.

### HOW SMOKE PENETRATES

We all know the penetrating nature of smoke. As an illustration—the smoke from a leaky stove, smoke-pipe, or chimney will make its way into every nook and corner of a room, into the wardrobes, and it will even saturate the clothing. Your nose will detect it quickly and your eyes will feel it. Exactly in the same way the smoke of Dr. BLOSSER'S REMEDY, when drawn into the mouth and exhaled through the nose, will penetrate to the most remote and hidden tubes and cavities, nooks and recesses of the head. In order to get rid of Catarrh you will immediately recognise it is only necessary to secure the proper smoking remedy, use it regularly for a sufficient length of time, and success is assured.

### HOW TO KNOW WHEN YOU HAVE CATARRH

Some of the following symptoms are generally manifested: headache, bleeding at the nose, offensive breath, huskiness of the voice; inflamed or watery eyes; impaired sense of smell or taste—either or both; scabs expelled from the nostrils, difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed; frequent spitting of white, yellowish, or greenish mucus; dropping of forehead; blowing the nose; dropping of phlegm into the throat, inducing hawking and spitting. In Catarrh of the throat there is hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. In catarrhal deafness there is failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring, popping, etc.

### EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAMS

The same letter refers to the same part in each of the pictures.

- A. Sphenoidal Sinus. A slender passage-way allows catarrh to enter here, causing a deep-seated headache. The smoke-vapour of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same passage through which the disease entered.
- B,C,D. Upper, Middle, and Lower Meatus. Catarrh locates itself in these passages, giving rise to a catarrhal discharge and often causing an enlargement of the turbinates which surround corresponding meatuses. Dr. Blosser's Remedy is applied directly to these parts.
- E. Frontal Sinuses. Catarrh makes its way into this Sinus through a narrow tube, the infundibulum, causing neuralgic pains in the forehead. The smoke-vapour of Dr. Blosser's Remedy gets at the disease through the same passage that it entered.
- F. Middle Ear. Catarrh enters through the Eustachian tubes, giving rise to head noises and deafness. The smoke-vapour of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same tubes and arrests the disease.
- G. External opening of the Nostrils.
- H. The Mouth.
- I. The Throat, where catarrh causes sore throat, laryngitis, etc.
- J,K. The Lungs and Bronchial Tubes, where catarrh causes bronchial troubles.

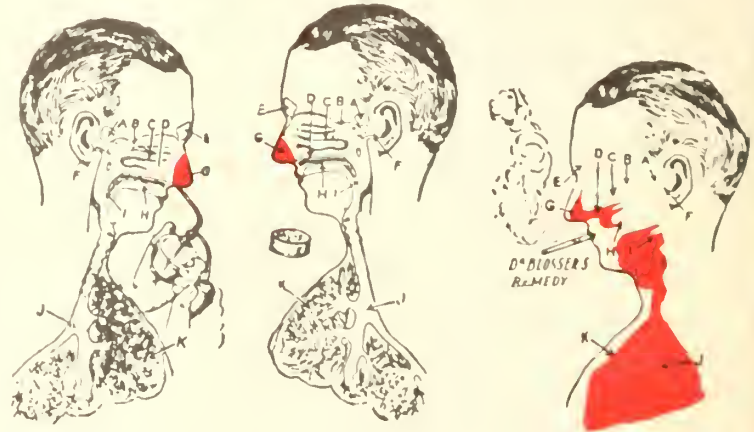


Fig. 1

The red in Fig. 1 shows how little can be done with a spray from an atomiser. See how much of the catarrhal area remains untouched.

Fig. 2

The red in Fig. 2 shows how little can be done with a salve (ointment or balm). See how much of the catarrhal area remains untouched.

Fig. 3

Fig. 3 shows the same parts that are shown in Figs. 1 and 2, but it is shown red because the smoke-vapour from Dr. Blosser's Remedy can be made to reach every part.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes are on sale at most chemists, always at Boots, and other cash chemists.



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Please send by post your trial package containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes.

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Street \_\_\_\_\_  
Town or City \_\_\_\_\_

(Spell out name with a pencil very very plainly.)



# Beauty, Chivalry & Villainy in PICTURESQUE PLAYS



Fay Compton as "Lady Frances Stuart" in "Claude Duval."

Gladys Cooper as "Flora Macdonald" in "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

The one thing which has always made the British productions of the Gaumont Company, Ltd., distinctive, is the consistently good acting by capable players who entirely fit the characters they are asked to portray.

The two new Gaumont productions which are due for exhibition soon after Christmas, *Bonnie Prince Charlie* and *Claude Duval*, are no exceptions to the rule. In the former, a stirring romance of the '45 Rebellion and the handsome Young Pretender's unfortunate adventures in Scotland, the leading players, Gladys Cooper, who appears as Flora Macdonald, and Ivor Novello who appears as "Bonnie Prince Charlie" (they say in Scotland no better player could have been found for the part), are very well supported by a strong cast, which includes Hugh Miller as a very efficient villain and such other well-known players as Sydney Seaward, Benson Kleve, A. B. Imeson, Lewis Gilbert, Bromley Davenport, Adeline Hayden-Coffin, Mollita Davies, Arthur Wontner, Nancy Price, Bunty Foss, Robert Laing, Ernest Douglas, Arthur Maclaglen, Lawrence Goodman, Ray Raymond, Charles Levey and Harry Newbould.



Ivor Novello as "Charles Edward Stuart" in "Bonnie Prince Charlie"



Circles: Hugh Miller as "Lord Lionel," A. B. Imeson as "Lord Chesterton," and Dorinea Shirley as "Moll Crisp" in "Claude Duval." Below: Nigel Barrie in the title role of "Claude Duval."

Above: Hugh Miller as "Robert Fraser" in "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Below: Betty Faire as "Lady Ann" in "Claude Duval."



Hugh Miller also appears as the leading villain in *Claude Duval*, which is being produced by Mr. George Cooper. A. B. Imeson is his fellow conspirator. The gallant dashing Duval is played by Nigel Barrie, and Fay Compton is also featured in a fine acting part. Pretty Betty Faire is the heroine. Dorinea Shirley appears as a lady about town.





## LUX for Sports Woollens— At Home and Abroad

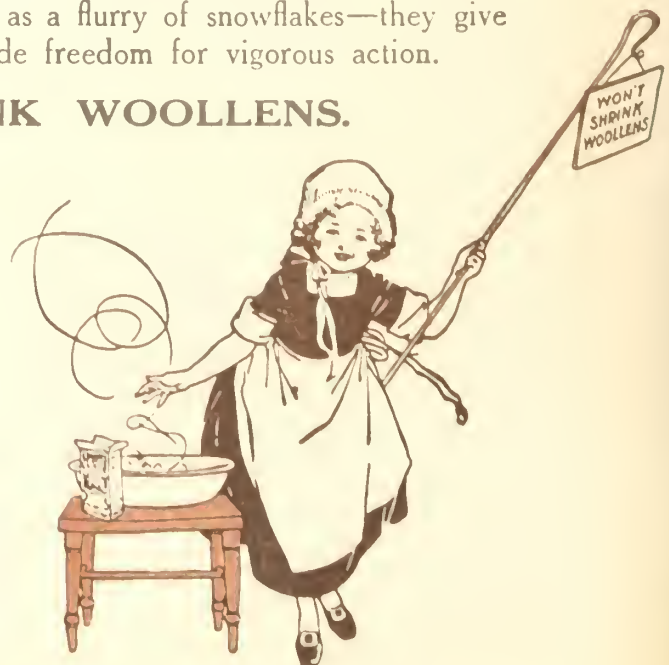
IN the crisp, clear air of Winter with its snow-reflected light, woollen sweaters, mufflers, caps and gloves must look their best—otherwise they will never stand comparison with the snow-clad country side.

Woollens washed with Lux represent the very acme of Winter dress comfort. Their whiteness is suggestive of the snow—their fleeciness makes them as light in appearance as a flurry of snowflakes—they give warmth without weight, and provide freedom for vigorous action.

**WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.**

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*Packets (two sizes) may  
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# Adrian Brunel

the famous producer of "The Man Without Desire," "Lovers in Arcady," and other well-known films, says:—

"Turf Cigarettes' insure smoke satisfaction. The superiority of '1919 Crop' is apparent to every critical smoker."

IF ordinary cigarettes fail to give you the full satisfaction you are entitled to expect, give "TURFS" a trial. They cost no more—but their pure, cool fragrance will delight you.

Connoisseurs know that the "1919 Crop" of Virginia Tobacco is the best there's been for years, and nothing but "1919 Crop" is used in the making of Turf Cigarettes. Hence their quality.

Get a packet to-day and be convinced.

**"TURF"**  
CIGARETTES  
**20 for 1¢**

**1919  
CROP**

If you prefer a medium-sized Cigarette ask for "Turf Derbys" (20 for 1/3), or larger still, "Turf Big" (20 for 1/5)



# Christmas Crackers!

## FILMS FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON



The Flood "What a Wife Learned"

The jollity of the Christmas season cannot nowadays be said to be complete without the entertainment offered by the medium of the silver sheet. There was a time when the Christmas pantomime, with its ballets, clowns, columbines and other fairy delights, formed the sole means of Christmas entertainment, but since the cameras started clicking, a new channel of first class entertainment has opened up, which helps to add to the festivity of the season of peace and goodwill. There is excellent fare on the Christmas menu, too. Big pictures like *The Covered Wagon*, *The Beloved Vagabond*, and *The Four Horsemen* still continue to attract crowded houses in the big London legitimate theatres, whilst some excellent releases are scheduled for the consumption of picturegoers throughout the provinces, and in the ordinary cinema theatres of the metropolis.

Frank Keenan and Lloyd Hughes.



Amongst these are two splendid dramas from the Thomas H. Ince studios. Ince is one of the pioneers of the picture world, and has profited by his years of experience to make two capital productions for release by First National Pictures Ltd.

The first of these, *What a Wife Learned*, is a timely story of a girl who was forced to choose between her home, and her career; who went seeking more than marriage could give, only to learn that matrimony demands give and take, and that all the success in the world cannot give true happiness, unless added to the joys of home. In a thrilling big scene, a huge dam is burst by the flooding waters of the Colorado river, and three frail humans—the wife, the husband, and the other man—are swept into a raging torrent comparable with the flood of their own emotions.

Handsome Milton Sills, manly John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte play the leading roles in *What a Wife Learned*.

The other Ince production which First National are releasing is entitled *Scars of Jealousy*. It has for its stars,

Oval: John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte.



The escape from the forest fire "Scars of Jealousy"

that famous old character actor, Frank Keenan, Lloyd Hughes, whilst Miss de la Motte again plays the leading feminine role.

A gorgeous and elaborate prologue showing the courts of Old France, in the days of Louis XIV, precedes the story proper, which deals with the effect of environment on a youth of a wild mountain tribe, who is brought into contact with civilisation's polish. The spirit of his noble ancestors quickly comes to the front, and reaches its climax in one of the most realistic forest fire scenes ever staged. The escape of a murderer from pursuing bloodhounds—a wild ride on a log down the timber chute, in order to escape the blazing forest giants, which crackle, and crash in a veritable inferno in the background, and many similar incidents make *Scars of Jealousy* a feature that is well worth while to see.



Colleen  
Moore

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**JENNY HASSELQVIST**

Made her name as a screen star in German Studios, notably under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. She appears in Swedish films now; you've doubtless seen her in "The Rapids of Life," and "Love's Crucible."



**OWEN NARES**

*Is bearing up manfully under the double strain of being dubbed "England's handsomest actor," and "the man with the ideal face for a screen lover." Owen is in "Miriam Rozella," at the moment.*

**ELEANOR BOARDMAN**

*Made a big success as the heroine of "Souls for Sale," which was in many respects, a filmed chapter of her own experiences in Hollywood. Eleanor has starred since in "Three Wise Fools."*



**FRANK MAYO**

*A star who is working overtime these days. When James Kirkwood had one of his frequent accidents in "Wild Oranges," the cry arose "Send for Frank Mayo," which was accordingly done.*



### RUDOLPH VALENTINO

*Whose New Year's Resolution is to make his next picture in England. Rudolph will be here early in January, and has made up his mind to play in only worth-while stories for the future*



PICTURES AND  
THE  
PICTUREGOER  
THE SCREEN  
MAGAZINE

Maurice Tourneur  
Directing  
The Christian

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# Our December Movie Calendar



UTHOR Movie Calendar receives notice to pack after this month. Heavy frosts expected.  
2.—Hedgehogs and Charles Chaplin

go to sleep for six months.

3.—First exhibitor to announce that films inside are like posters outside, 1931. Same files petition.

4.—Suicide of gentleman at Richmond after living for six weeks next door to postal-course kinemaniac who is at five-finger exercise stage of "noises off."

5.—Editor contemplates using photo. "Tom Mix in his den" for fourth time.

6.—Tom Mix gives away secret of forthcoming visit to Europe. Coming to personally protest against same.

7.—Somebody asks Bernard Shaw why he didn't call it "Back to Los Angeles."

8.—America raises cry of "Back to 2-reelers."

9.—England wants to know what is meant by "Back."

10.—Christmas present rush begins. Plot counter at Marks and Spencers besieged by producers.

11.—Lon Chaney's face continues to be June masquerading as December.

12.—American production of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" released, with Sessue Hayakawa in role of "Alderman Fitzwarren."

13.—Educational frosts released as topicals.

14.—National Musical Request Night in provincial cinemas. Picture house pianistes requested not to.

15.—First person to get into continuous performance not in middle of picture, 1999.

16-16. — Double Number. Owing to Christmas.

17.—Ghost of C. Columbus confesses to ghost of D. Whittington that he wishes he'd heard Bow Bells.

18.—Christmas weather sets in. Enterprising exhibitor in Oxford St. hangs out card: "It is Cooler Inside."

19.—Labour Exchange enrols five thousand dusters of Foolshead and John Bunny films for Boxing Day programmes.

20.—Enterprising grocers present home kinemas with half-pounds of tea.

21.—Stock Exchange does great business in coffee shares.

22.—Xmas Eve Eve.

23.—Xmas Eve. All Fools' Day in home of Author Movie Calendar. Lettuces should be transplanted six inches apart, and MSS. typewritten on one side of paper only.

24.—Well, can you expect anyone to work to-day?

25.—Or to-day?

26.—No, you can't.

27.—Educational Mis-masterpieces present "The History of Barley" as a cereal.

28.—Author Movie Calendar begins to pack.

29.—Still packing.

30.—World's greatest producers ditto.

31.—Owing to drop in price of presents to-day is Christmas Eve in Scotland. Author Movie Calendar takes permanent holiday.



Jackie Coogan practises "western stuff" on one of his presents.  
Below: Corinne Griffith in a seasonable setting



Pauline Garon, although a screen star is not yet too old for dolls. Below: Lila Lee is very proud of her Christmas tree.




Above: The night before Christmas  
Claire Windsor, Eleanor Boardman, Helen Ferguson and Patsy Ruth Miller prepare for Santa's visit.

Left: Helene Chadwick has a busy time packing Christmas presents



# Plums from the Pudding



A five-reeler is a dwarf disguised as giant—Re-issues are what some directors devote their lives to, without appearing to know it.—If beauty hides in the depth of a pool, should the man who made Ben Turpin's cork belt have a medal?—Stockholm is the centre of gravity.

—Movies have gone a long way since the old AB days; but maybe some time they'll come back, if they hear we're still waiting.—We should think juvenile leads'll have the deuce of a job trying to square St. Peter.—Considering the average film plot as the Cinderella of the arts, we should certainly say that the clock has struck twelve.—It's a good thing Chaplins aren't produced with an ultra-rapid.—When the colour system is perfect, 'spose we'll be getting purple, yellow and green Union Jacks from l'il old U.S.A.—We take it that the large sums paid to celebrated authors for the film-rights of their works are a polite way of settling it out of court.—You can tell an American by the monocle he wears when he's an Englishman.—Speaking for ourself, we'd like D.W.'s storms better if his tea-cups were larger.—We don't see how you can fairly throw stones at the pianiste until the movies too have got past the five-finger exercise.—Sub-titles are literature without Prohibition.—Italian acting is like the minute after somebody's shouted "Fire!"—We hope to live long enough to attend the baptism of the grandfather of the man who can find an excuse for the Movie Serial.—English Movies have the appearance of seven Sundays in a week. The screen needs a sense of epigram.

# Kinema Kisses

by  
W. A  
WILLIAMSON



When Scot meets Scot Betty Balfour and Donald Macardle in "Wee Macgregor's Sweetheart"



Henry Victor and Hilda Baye in "The Scandal"



Kenneth Harlan and Miriam Cooper in "The Girl Who Came Back" Now we know why.

sheet my heart is filled with longing, and my breast is filled with dread, and I wish I had to write about blue butterflies instead. We have with us to-day fifteen hundred and thirty-seven varieties of kinema kisses. Count them up yourself. What with Vamps, Cowboys, Sheiks, Cave-men, Ingenues, Mothers, and other movie inventions, it is almost impossible to classify the screen kissers of to-day.

Take Carlyle Blackwell, for example. I've learned about kissing from 'im: For Carlyle cherry lips have lost their lure. He stoops to osculate. He is a chiropodist amongst kissers. Poets say: "I kiss your feet" and Carlyle has a

Clive Brook and Betty Compson



literal mind. Witness his work with Lady Diana in *The Virgin Queen* and with Phyllis Titmuss in *The Beloved Vagabond*.

Thurston Hall, on the other hand, or rather on the other foot, is an impenitent neck-biter. Put Thurston Hall on a set with a fair heroine, and the worst is always to come. I've learned a lot about kissing from 'im.

Rudolph Valentino is a poor kisser according to the best authorities. He is very earnest in his screen love-making, but somehow he never inspires me with a burning desire to go and do likewise. When he encountered a Spanish Hand-biter in *Blood and Sand*, I felt that it served him right. But the ladies vote for Rudolph every time, and I suppose they're entitled to some say in the matter.

Foremost amongst the Italian ear-biters I rate Amletto Novelli, but the Italian hero is more kissed against than kissing. You've got to hand it to the ladies in Italian films. The men take a line of passive resistance. I don't blame them.

Mae Busch told me that before the advent of *The Christian* she had never been kissed on the screen. Now that Mae has fallen for Glory and from grace, Violet Hopson holds the never-been-kissed record for the silver sheet. Once Stewart Rome, in *Her Son*, kissed

When the Editor asked me to write an article on Kinema Kisses, I wondered greatly. When I read in the Author's Year Book that all articles in the PICTUREGOER must be written by experts, I wondered some more. What I know about the kinema would fill a big book, but what I don't know about kissing would make the British Museum catalogue look like a sixpenny pamphlet. An erudite friend tells me that kissing, most probably, was practised before the advent of the kinema—but not so well. In the years B.M. kissing was in its infancy. To-day it is grown up and going stronger than Johnnie Walker. I have always maintained that the kinema is the greatest educational factor in modern life. Once, when I was very young and kinemas were picture palaces, I made an attempt to classify screen kisses into four divisions. There were the English Chaste Saluters, the American Bunny Huggers, the French Neck Biters and the Italian Ear-Biters. That was easy. But to-day, when I gaze upon the silver



Josephine Adair and Frankie Lee in "Children of the Dust."

Violet on the hair, but that doesn't count.

Sessue Hayakawa is the worst screen kisser because he never gets beyond a look of deathless devotion. At least he has not done so up to the time of going to press. But now that he is movie-making in England we may anticipate interesting developments if our climate goes to his head.

The longest screen kiss on record was delivered in *Six Days*, which does not mean that it took six days to deliver. Only twenty-four hours. After a subtitle "The next day" we were accorded a glimpse of the hero and heroine practising the precepts of good Doctor Watts. A second sub-title intervened, saying, "And on the third day . . ." After which we saw the hero and heroine still qualifying for the long-distance championship of the world.

Mention of *Six Days* reminds me that the Elinor Glyn Gulp appears in this picture, as in other filmisations of Elinor's novels. Experienced Glyn Gulpists osculate thus: The gentleman kisses the lady's upper lip and the lady kisses the gentleman's lower lip. It sounds easy, but try it. I remember once—but that is another story.

Mae Murray, the Girl with the Bee Stung Lip, always turns the other cheek when saluted by a screen lover. Obviously a case of once bitten, twice shy.

Screen villains as a class are impenitent neck and ear-biters. Sometimes when they wish to appear especially gay and devilish they will kiss a lady's



The Kiss of Oblivion—Hope Sutherland and Ben Lyon in "Potash and Perlmutter."

shoulder. But only a very hardened villain dares to do this. Shoulder-kissing is the red badge of villainy on the screen.

Ruby Miller, a British screen star, who has won additional fame in America, has some very interesting things to say about kinema kisses. Ruby says:

"I never let an actor kiss me on the screen until I have succeeded in thoroughly interesting him and engaging his personality. When the scene comes along I want him to be crazy to kiss me.

"There are many kinds of kisses. The young girl kiss is very shy, very nervous. The flapper's kiss is very calm and sophisticated. There's the mother's kiss—very ethereal, very beautiful, very sweet. There is the wild

Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper



Ivor Novello and Hilda Bayley in "Carnival."

love kiss—merely the passion of the moment. It is very fierce and burns out quickly."

Harry Myers and Charlotte Merriam practise the old-fashioned Stolen Kiss in *The Brass Bottle*, whilst the Kiss of Oblivion is registered by Ben Lyon and Hope Sutherland in *Potash and Perlmutter*. The Kiss Under Difficulties is seen in *A Man of Action*, the demonstrators being Douglas MacLean and Marguerite de la Motte. Jackie Coogan's first kiss given before the camera by a girl of his own age was delivered by Peaches Jackson in *Circus Days*. An Adolescent Age Kiss is exchanged by Josephine Adair and Frankie Lee in *Children of the Dust*.

In other pictures we see the Mother Kiss, the Father Kiss, the Sister Kiss, the Brother Kiss, the Eastern Kiss, the Western Kiss, the Kiss of Renunciation, the Comedy Kiss and the Cubist Kiss.

To detail the other screen kisses would fill to overflowing the space at my disposal. There's the Chaste Kiss, the Waste Kiss, the Please-Do-Not-Kiss-Me-In-Haste Kiss; the Sour Kiss, the Dour Kiss, the Soft-as-the-Bloom-on-a-Flower Kiss. The Nice Kiss, the Ice Kiss, the Three-Times-is-Better-than-Twice Kiss. There's the Rare Kiss, the Hair Kiss, the Girl-that-I-Met-on-the-Stair Kiss. There's the Barred Kiss, the Hard Kiss, the Over-the-Wall-in-the-Yard Kiss. There's the Park Kiss, the Dark Kiss, the Lip-Salve-that-leaves-a-Red-Mark Kiss. There's the Weak Kiss, the Sheik Kiss, the Flapper-of-Forty-Antique Kiss. There's the He Kiss, the She Kiss, the Rudy-has-nothing-on-Me Kiss. There's the Cool Kiss, the Fool Kiss, the Under-the-Mistletoe-Yule Kiss. There's the Dance Kiss, the Chance Kiss, the Wonderful-Night-of-Romance Kiss. There's the Fop Kiss, the Pop Kiss, the Sharing-the-same-Acid-Drop Kiss. There's the—

But, as I said in the beginning, I know very little about this fascinating subject.



## A Highwayman Hero



**L**ike his long-defunct prototype, the film "Claude Duval" is putting in plenty of night work.

A romance woven around the exploits of the famous dare-devil highwayman is occupying the minds of the Gaumont studio officials exclusively, for the moment. Nigel Barrie, who plays "Claude," declares that he has never had such a good time in all his previous film experience. Nigel loves stunts, and, as most of his U.S.A. films were society stories, he had not many opportunities for indulging in his favourite occupation. *The Lights of London* gave him a few thrills, but of course the rôle of the dashing Duval of Hounslow Heath affords new angles of which Nigel is not slow to take advantage. Out the open, a couple of weeks back, on many frosty nights, work was done on a poultry farm at Egham, Surrey. This farmhouse, known as Black Lake Farm, was transformed, *pro tem*, into the Inn, from the balcony of which "Claude" takes a flyer on to his horse's back in approved W. S. Hart style. The real Claude Duval anticipated Bill Hart by a century or so. The owner of the farm, the Hon. Gerald Montague, owned that his picturesque home is really a comparatively modern building. It is the fine old Elizabethan timber and the construction of it which give the illusion of antiquity so necessary for the backgrounds of a good costume film.

Hugh Miller, who plays the "heavy" seems doomed to be a villain for the rest of his movie life. Fay Compton is the heroine ("Lady Frances Stewart") of *Claude Duval*, and Betty Fair, A. B. Imeson, Tom Coventry, James Lindsay and Dorinea Shirley have supporting rôles. Nigel Barrie is looking forward to his film execution with keen interest. Nobody begrudges him his simple pleasures and nobody has so far offered to deputise for these scenes.







Rex Ingram, the brilliant young Irishman who produced "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

An interviewer's life is not a happy one. For some kinema celebrities are difficult of access, though some are easy. Some are difficult and diffident when it comes to extracting information. Some are haughty, some shy, and some (only a very few though), are disappointing. But this is not a treatise on interviewing. Lest you should think the contrary let me hasten to finish my paragraph. In America the pen-pushing sisterhood of celluloid celebrity-hunters have christened the Rex Ingrams "The Interviewer's Reward." And right here I would like to endorse their verdict. Rex and his wife are really charming young folk; she much prettier than her pictures, he far-and-away too good-looking for a mere (?) director. And both are prize specimen members of the Not-a-bit-what-you-might-expect Brigade.

I waylaid Rex in the Lounge of the Savoy whilst a hidden orchestra played "Samson and Delilah" (prophetic selection!), and all Cosmopolis met and greeted and parted around us. I saw him first, as he crossed the large salon with long strides and I must own I liked what I saw. Rex Ingram is tall and slender, with the slight, very slight in this case, stoop of the student. Black of hair, and pale of complexion, with a straight bar of black eyebrows above deep-set dark-brown eyes. A face that is undeniably handsome, good features and all that. The face of a satirist, quizzical, intense. The face of a visionary, steadfast to obstinacy, yet with a whimsical smile coming and going and relieving an expression that might otherwise be labelled "stern." When Ingram smiles you know he's an Irishman; they don't make that particu-

## Rex and Regina by Jessie P. Ledwith

Rex must be a terribly difficult name to live up to. In three years' intensive interviewing our correspondent confesses to having met only two who answer all expectations. Rex Ingram is one of them, and he carries his credentials on his countenance.

lar brand anywhere but in Erin. "She'll be down in a minute," he said, answering my unspoken query.

We sat down on a big red plush settee in a corner of the crowded lounge, and in two minutes were on the footing of old friends. Rex pulled out his pipe—he and it are inseparables—and began to talk. Not just a giving-off of platitudinous commonplaces upon this, that, and the other irrelevant subjects, but *talk*, real talk. About films, and people, and the things that matter in the world of the kinema. About London firstly. "It's thirteen years since I've seen it," he commenced. He must have been very young when he left, he's only thirty now, and he doesn't look all of that. "No, I don't find it altered much. Of course there are a few changes. New streets for old, and buildings where there used to be just houses. But the bye-ways, the out-of-the-way corners and places I love, why, they're just the same. I hoped they would be. I guess I missed London a little over there. For there's nothing like it in all America. We're new out there. Splendid and wonderful, of course, but for romance and atmosphere give me the Old World all the time."

Rex Ingram speaks good American, albeit without a trace of accent. But when he talks to his father (I'm coming to him presently), he drops quite naturally into the Irish brogue. He has a way of looking at you, *hard*, with these penetrating eyes of his under their black bushy brows, and you just can't look away even if you want to. Which you don't. A magnetic personality, altogether. He arrived in London on a Saturday night and made a bee line for the Tivoli, where his film *Where the Pavement Ends* was showing. He saw it through and then went and stood in the lobby while the audience dispersed, watching their faces and listening to their comments. Which answers once and for all the query "Are great film-directors human?"

"I tried to slip away on the quiet," he confided. "I booked our passages



Alice Terry as "Flavia Regina" in "The Prisoner of Zenda." She is Mrs. Rex in private life.

over under an assumed name. We meant to stay in London a couple of days on our way to Ireland to see my folks. But it got out somehow. I don't know," with a humorous twinkle in long-lashed dark eyes.

"I am casting my next films partly this side. I didn't tell anybody that either. Not that I remember. But I've been snowed under with applications these last two days."

That is not surprising. If I thought I could act . . .

However, I asked him what he meant to do next.

"*The Arab*," he replied, and looked a little surprised when I told him Paramount had filmed it many years ago with Edgar Selwyn in his original rôle. You may remember it; the poster of the man in the striped burnous is my most vivid recollection of that film.

"My version will be more lavish," continued Rex. "For I am going to the desert to film it. Ramon Novarro will play the hero. A part that will suit him down to the ground. You remember Ramon in *Zenda*? A dare-devil, first and last. So he will be in *The Arab* only more so. It is the story of the son of a powerful chief who lost all his wealth and became a guide. This boy was known as the greatest rogue in the East, and his exploits (I mean to show them) are both humorous and daring. Well, he was betrothed when a child to a little girl, who was carried away in a raid and brought up as an Occidental. Later these two come together, he acting as guide to her party, and he falls in love with her and recognises her as his own betrothed. Then come many complications, including a rising against the Whites, during which the erstwhile rogue, who has twice or thrice become a Christian for

Right: Rex and Alice inspecting the day's "take."



Above: Alice and Rex with some exceedingly sticky candy used in "Scaramouche."



reasons of his own, proves that his last conversion was a true one by risking his life time and again to rescue some little children. For which he doesn't get any credit because everyone remembers his past misdeeds and judges him accordingly. The film is going to have what I consider a really romantic ending. The girl goes back to civilisation, but before she goes she asks the boy, 'What will you do?' and he answers, 'I shall stay here and wait. For you.' And she promises to come back."

Ingram has a vivid way of describing things. I wish I could give you his exact words, which made one see everything he was talking about. I asked him who would be the girl.

"Alice Terry," he replied. "Here she is. And this is my father."

He presented first a tall and lovely vision in a black frock with bands of soft Alice blue and a velvet *chapeau*, and then a cheery looking Irishman in clerical garb. Yes, you've guessed it. Rex is a clergyman's son, and Doctor Hitchcock (Ingram is an assumed name), has a parish of his own in the Auld Country.

I believe Rex Ingram keeps his wife

*Rex Ingram defies ordinary superstition. Note the peacock in his arms. This bird appeared in "Trifling Women," the stars of which, Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr, are seen on either side of their director.*



in a band box. Do you know the old expression: "She looks as though she'd just come out of a band-box?" Apply it to Alice Terry and you'll be right first time. Regina looks like a French girl, she has that indescribable *chic* and finish that is the hall-mark of the Parisienne. *She* talks good American, too, accent and all, and she has a very pretty voice, and a friendly, easy, manner, just like her handsome husband's. To look at, she's far more alive than her celluloid self. For though she has all the crystalline fairness you've doubtless admired in *The Four Horsemen* and other screenplays, she has lovely vivid colouring. Deep blue eyes, fringed with very dark curly lashes and shaded by well marked dark brows, and curling, bright chestnut-brown hair. And, though slim, she doesn't look so ethereal as she does on the screen, nor so ready to melt into tears upon the slightest provocation. She has a bright, animated manner, and her sensitive, heart-shaped face is alive with expression. And her opening remark was. "I am simply starving." (It was then a quarter past three). "If I don't get breakfast or something right away I shall start right in and eat you, Rex." That was that.

So we went to lunch. Curious glances followed us, and rested upon our table.

"Sometimes it doesn't stop at glances," said Rex Ingram. "Sometimes utter strangers come over and speak to my wife when I'm not with her."

He looked quite annoyed.

"I don't know them from Adam," murmured Alice, ruefully. "I

don't like hurting folk's feelings and I don't know how to get away from them."

Food monopolised the conversation for the next few minutes. In case you'd like to know with what the great ones of the (movie) earth keep body and soul together, mark that Rex ordered soup, then eggs and bacon. Irish bacon fried very crisply, and then coffee. As for me I had just lunched, so joined them in the last course only.

They were really communicative over the cigarettes. Rex doesn't cigarette, he pipes. Same old pipe. You'll see it in his hand or in his mouth always. Alice Blue Gown whispered to Rex that she rather wanted an onyx cigarette case. And Rex replied that he supposed that meant another ten years' hard labour. At which they both laughed. They're very happy, these two. They don't try to disguise the fact that they're awfully fond of each other. You can see it almost without looking.

And now for the biographical details without which no self-respecting interview can pass muster. Rex was born in Dublin in 1892, and went to college there. Also on his own confession stole coins out of his father's missionary box when he was a kid. "I was on the stage for a bit," he confessed rather unwillingly. "Only second-rate at it, though."

Then he went to Yale; he has a perfect right to that cap and gown in which he was persuaded to be photographed. He said he first became interested in movies through an old Vitagraph picture *The Tale of Two Cities*. The one with Maurice Costello and Flo Turner and William Humphreys in. Then he saw other films directed by Humphreys, and so he and a few friends decided to go into the movies. And did so. Rex denied having done any acting, and I didn't like to tell him

Alice Terry and Julia Swayne Gordon in "Scaramouche"



Rex Ingram directing a scene from "The Prisoner of Zenda."



Rex Ingram and George Seigmann, the "Danton" of "Scaramouche."

what I knew of his past. But I don't mind telling you. Back in old Vitagraph days he played with Earle Williams and Lillian Walker when these two stars were at their brightest. Also opposite Clara Kimball Young. You may remember him as a country boy with Helen Gardner as a country girl. You may not. I think Rex would like it to be NOT. Anyway he graduated into directorship at Universal some seven years back and there met Alice Terry who was a little more than a child playing in a Bessie Barriscale film *Not My Sister*.

"I think I got a crush on her when I saw her," he smiled, in his boyish, Irish way that is so very appealing. "And I soon had her playing a small part for me. Then we lost touch with one another for quite a while. You see I was too poor to say anything. Afterwards I went to Metro's, and there we met again. For Alice, though she'd worked in several movies, was too shy and retiring to push herself right to the fore, and had taken

Alice Terry as "Flavia."



A scene from Rex Ingram's "Trifling Women," showing Barbara La Marr and Ramon Novarro



Rex Ingram with his mascot, Edward Connelly, who appears in every Ingram production.

a job in the cutting room *pro tem*.

"I've been a cutter too, in my time," he mused. "And it isn't all honey either. But she said she'd like to work in my picture and I gave her a part. That movie wasn't made, though."

"Because of the War," put in Mrs. Rex. "He had enlisted in the Canadian Air Service and they decided he shouldn't commence his film since he was waiting to be called up to go to Europe. But he never went. He had a fearful accident." She shivered a little at the recollection.

"It broke a few ribs, tore up one side of me and injured my spine a bit. Otherwise I wasn't hurt a mite," said Rex, a trifle grimly, I thought. He was in hospital some time and when he came out it was as one of the unfit. "Tried to earn my keep as a sculptor," philosophied Ingram. "Alice was my stand-by those days. She was also my unpaid model. I did two heads of her and somehow struggled on till Metro had an opening for me and gave me *Hearts are Trumps* to produce."

"I came and asked to be his secretary," Alice interrupted. "But he said I was just the type he wanted for his leading lady. I didn't want to do it. You see I hadn't been a wonderful success as a screen artist. Directors found me difficult. I was so shy that I couldn't let myself go."

"I've always found her wonderful to direct," Rex was very decided about it. "Responsive. Malleable as wax and quick in sensing exactly what I want. We were just pals, at first. But I knew better when I went my first trip to New York." That was after both had come, been seen, and conquered in *The Four Horsemen*.

It appears that he proposed by phone and she said "Yes." But, like the Sweetie in the song, Alice Terry "Didn't say when; She didn't say

where." Eventually they were married in November, when *Turn To The Right* was finished. On a Saturday.

"Sunday we went to the movie show," this from Rex with a grin. "Monday we went back to work on *Zenda*."

Thus did this famous pair spend their honeymoon!

Alice's favourite part is Eugenie Grandet in *The Conquering Power*.

"He doesn't let me do anything," she complained, her look belying her words. "I only change my clothes and play up to the hero. *Scaramouche* lets me have a temper at least."

She says that his films are too long.

"She helps me cut them, though," he averred. "And as I believe in building up characters gradually, perhaps she has grounds for saying that."

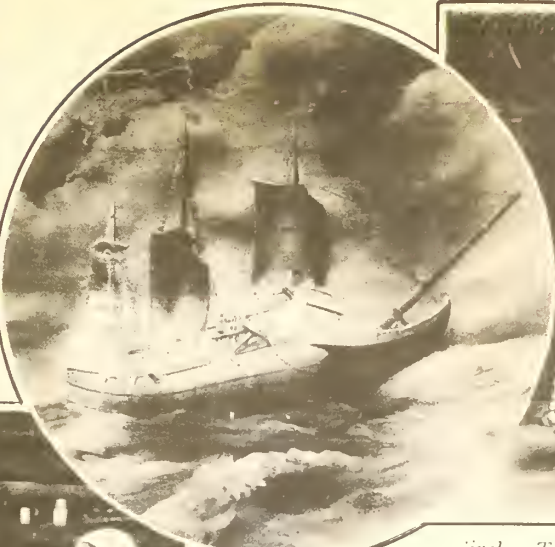
We talked film for a bit. Rex thinks characterisation comes first in a movie. He also thinks John Russell's last book as good as his first, and "The Passion Vine," on which *Where The Pavement Ends* is based, the most wonderful love story ever written. Of his travels

(Continued on page 94).



Top left: Alice Terry as "Eugenie Grandet," her favourite role. Oval: Rex Ingram. Above: Rudolph Valentino, John Sainpolis, Alice Terry, and Joseph Szwieckard in "The Four Horsemen"

In the Old Colony Days—



Circle: The "Mayflower." Above: On the way to the festival in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."



"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims," dwelt one Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain, according to Longfellow's famous poem. The charming story of "John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn strippling," whom friendship compelled to go a-wooing the girl he loved on behalf of another man is familiar to all, and everybody agreed that Charles Ray had a positive brain wave when he elected to picturise it with himself as the shy hero. So back to seventeenth-century days went the inmates of the Ray studios, and for many weeks nothing but "Thees," and "Thous" was heard on the big stages, for most of the characters were Puritans during working hours. A decided change for pretty Enid Bennett, who had previously been having a thrilling and cussful time as the cabin-boy heroine of *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*. Now she adopted a demurely bent head to match her demure caps and severely charming dresses, and not so much as a "Bother" escaped her lips.

Many historic events were re-enacted for this movie, and a full-sized model of the "Mayflower" was made. So much interest was aroused by this, and so many protests were made against its being destroyed after the scenes on it had been taken

that Charles Ray has turned it into a floating restaurant, and at the time of writing it is doing "House Full" business daily.

Most of the 102-day voyage of the "Mayflower" was filmed in the studios, where the ship and a good-sized "ocean" were installed. The vessel rested on a tremendous ball and socket arrangement made of tempered steel, which could be agitated at will and so give it the proper rocking motion.

Small sections of the ship were also put up on the same principle. The scene where John Alden secures a servant was taken on the set, but the reproduction of a storm was perfect, and even the extras got a large sized thrill as they watched Charles Ray battling with the "waves" and struggling back to the side of the ship with the man on his back.

A newcomer to the Ray studios directed *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. This was Frederic Sullivan, a stage and film producer of many years' experience. He staged a magnificent production of Shakespeare's, "A

Midsummer Night's Dream," in the Hollywood Bowl, a vast outdoor theatre in Los Angeles, some months back. Charles Ray, in common with most of the movie world attended this and was so struck by the beauty and originality of Sullivan's work that he engaged him right away to direct *Miles Standish* when it should be screened. Frederic Sullivan is a nephew of Sir Arthur Sullivan of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan musical combination. The movie has a fine cast headed by Charles Ray and Enid Bennett as "John Alden," and "Priscilla," with Sam De Grasse, Joseph Dowling, Thomas Holding, Stanton Heck, Norval MacGregor, Sidney Bracey, Charlotte Pierce, Marion Nixon and sixty-six other players filling named roles, the longest cast, surely, to appear in any picture. Seventeenth-century men affected long hair, so a special department was set up in the studios by a well-known Los Angeles wig company to adjust the expensive wigs worn by the hundreds of Pilgrim fathers and Indians every day and keep them in good order.

Enid Bennett as "Priscilla," and Charles Ray as "John Alden."



Charles Ray as "John Alden."





"Well, I should love to say that I went to bed at nine, never smoked or drank, and all that sort of thing; but it just wouldn't be true. I'm always fit, so what's the use of worrying. But you know, those are real fights, even if they do take place in a film studio. In one film I was knocked cold three times. So you can understand that I have to keep in pretty good trim. All screen actors need to be in

weatherbeaten dial of his publicity man.

"You know I hate to have anyone talk about that," he thundered. "Didn't I sue that company for damages and make them retract those awful statements in all the papers?"

"Yes, you certainly did," soothed his near-victim, and the dimples re-asserted themselves once more.

I looked at his 190 pounds of flesh and muscle. I looked meditatively and not a little apprehensively. I decided to take a chance.

"Mr. Denny," I said severely, "speaking of Dempsey . . . ?"

"Listen!" said Reg. his eyes twinkling. "After the war I tried to go back to the stage, but conditions were terribly bad. So I went back to the ring. In my first fight I was knocked out in the first round. I decided then and there that films were better than prize-fights for little Reggie!"

He paused, his hand on the door, before he vanished.



Reginald giving his small daughter Barbara, a lesson in the art of making up.

"Did I forget to mention I'm a real 'Lancashire lad'?" smiled Reg. before the bursting publicity man could get a word in. "I am, and proud of it, in spite of the fact that I was born in Richmond. Lancashire's the grandest county in England," he challenged.

He must have known I came from Yorkshire! But one doesn't stop to argue vital questions like this with a first-class boxer who weighs 190 pounds at his bath tub. At least I don't! I must have been rattled. "Tell me about your film work," I suggested, hastily.

Reg. grinned. "O well, if you'd prefer that to talking about Dempsey," he said.

It was my own fault; but I could have kicked myself.

"Of course, having literally boxed my way round the world I sort of appealed to Harry Pollard, who was wanting a star for his *Leather Pusher* series. Then I played in *Footlights* with Elsie Ferguson, in *Sherlock Holmes* with John Barrymore, *39 East*, with Constance Binney, *Disraeli*, with George Arliss, *The Kentucky Derby*, *Cardigan*, *Paying the Piper*, *Bringing Up Betty*, *A Dark Lantern*, *The Oakdale Affair*, and of course, Jack London's great yarn, *The Abysmal Brute*.

Do you train for your fights?" I had to stop this encyclopaedic memory flow somehow.



He has a very attractive smile.

good physical condition, and I'm keen to establish an actors' boxing club, which I believe would be of the highest value."

Reg. Denny's fighting blood asserted itself when he was seventeen and three days. He was just through college and announced his decision to become a professional boxer the day he arrived home. His mother wept but it was useless. Young Denny said he would box and he did box.

This the publicity man told me whilst Reg. was occupied selecting pictures from a big pile near us. Also that young Denny can write stories and scenarios. Also that a certain beauty parlour in Los published his picture, complete with dimples, and a long screech beneath it, in which Reg. declared he took their facial massage regularly and used their face cream.

Reg. overheard that last bit. He had to be restrained from doing a little facial massage himself upon the somewhat



Reginald Denny in "The Kentucky Derby."

"Speaking of Dempsey," he said.

I held my breath.

"He beat Firpo all right, didn't he?"

Did you ever know anything so irritating in all your life? I believe if he hadn't shut the door so quickly I'd have thrown my notebook at him. If I'd had a notebook.

SILAS HOUNDER.

# British Studio Gossip

Eva Moore  
in  
"Chu  
Chin  
Chow."



Here, Miss Moore in "The Mistletoe."



Above: Gladys Jennings and A. V. Bramble in "Becket" Circle: Josephine Earle and Betty Compton in "Woman to Woman"

## The Moore the Merrier.

Eva Moore looked so much like Betty Blythe in the cobbler scene of *Chu Chin Chow* that a good many people noted the fact. Yet the two artistes are not a bit alike off the screen. Betty Blythe is much taller than Eva Moore, who gave a finished and effective performance as "Alcolom," in the screen version of Oscar Asche's famous success. Her by-play with "Ah Baba" was excellent in this movie. Eva Moore is a past mistress of comedy on both stage and screen, and her appearances in celluloid are ever-welcome. Eva Moore's cousin plays in a good many films these days. She is older than Eva, and specialises in *grande dame* roles.

## Far, Far Away.

Flora Le Breton is far from where the mistletoe grows these days. She is spending her first winter in Los Angeles, though this is not her first visit there. Flora recalled her early impressions of Hollywood a few days before she sailed. "I was on tour with 'The Maid of the Mountains,'" she said, "and was taken ill during our three weeks sojourn in Los. Just imagine it. Me, all alone (Mother was in England), still in my 'teens, having to lie there in a strange room in a strange land and fearing very much that I should lose my job. I was playing Mabel Sealby's part and Fred Wright was my stage husband. Dear old Fred was a perfect mother to me on that tour. Anyway I didn't see anything of Hollywood. I wasn't so interested in films then, and I only got up three days before we left." Flora has promised to keep a diary of her doings in U.S.A. and send it to me, so you may be sure of being well posted with news of the British Colony in Los.

## Screening "Sally Bishop."

Come very unusual sets went up at Stoll's for Maurice Elvey's *Sally Bishop* production. One of these was the exterior of a London theatre, complete with roadway and pavement, and with buses and taxis passing in one continual stream just like they do in Shaftesbury Avenue nightly. Other typically London-esque scenes which will be played in the Studio include one inside a Lyons teashop, the where-with for which is to be provided by Cadby Hall, even to the waitresses. There is also a well-known Court in the Temp'e now being evolved in the property room, whilst a street scene to be "shot" during a downpour is engaging the activities of another branch of the inside staff at Stolls. Marie Doro is the "Sally," and this petite star with the great haunting eyes should make an outstanding figure of Temple Thurston's heroine. Henry Ainley plays "John Traill."

## Lest We Forget.

Rex Davis has a very fine rôle in Samuelson's new film *A Pair of Down and Outs*. As an ex-Service man who seems to be unable to find a job in his grateful (?) country, and who, seeing a four-footed comrade in the shape of a horse from his own former gun-team about to be sent to Belgium for human consumption tries to rescue him. As this is impossible for one without cash, the resourceful Irishman steals him, and the further adventures of this "pair of down and outs" makes an appealing movie. Rex told me about an actress who appeared in one of the opening scenes and had to weep over the loss of her son who had been killed in action. The poor woman wept so realistically that Rex advised her to spare herself a little, since it





Peter Dear, Thurston Hall, and Betty Compson in "The Royal Oak."

was only a rehearsal. But when she told him that it happened to be the anniversary of the day on which she actually had lost a dear relative in the War, he understood why the tears flowed so naturally. Rex, who holds a fine War Record, is quite at home as "Danny Creath, D.C.M." and Edna Best plays opposite him. Rex doesn't often use his full title, which is Captain Rex Davis, M.C., and he will be thoroughly Cross without the Military when he reads these lines. However, as it's Xmas time and I'm good at dodging, I think I will have to chance incurring his displeasure.

**A Movie Man's Vacation.**

Still "doing the dirty" in Gaumont films is Hugh Miller. After doing his worst in *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, he is now a villain of a little deeper dye in *Claude Duval*. Hugh told me a funny incident which occurred just after the *Bonnie Prince Charlie* cast returned from Scotland. "As you know," he said, "I have just about had my fill of being photographed lately. Well, I hurt myself duelling with Ivor Novello. Thought I broke a rib and so they sent me to hospital. I wasn't particularly pleased at the prospect of an operation,



Marie Ault in

"Woman to Woman."

Photo by Ernest Mills.

but at least I hoped it meant a respite from having my classic features photographed. But to my surprise, when they had laid me out all nice and tidy on a cot, and I asked them what I was supposed to do, they replied, 'Have your photo taken!' They X-rayed me, and found I hadn't broken anything after all, so I forgave them."



Ben Webster and Moyna Macgill in "Miriam Rozella."

**Mainly For Men.**

A novel Boxing Gala is being arranged by the Kinematograph Sports Association in connection with The Kinema Club. The pick of the boxers of filmland will be "starred" opposite some of the high lights of the Ring and the affair will take place at the National Sporting Club. An old-style knuckle fight, and exhibition bouts by some of the best-known boxers versus film stars are the star turns, and film fans who are interested in this gentle pastime should write for tickets early. Address your enquiries to 9, Newport Street, London, W.C. The Gala will take place very soon after Christmas.

**The Beloved Vagabond.**

Quite a good, workmanlike picture is *The Beloved Vagabond*, Carlyle Blackwell's own British production, but it is not W.J. Locke. Excepting in the case of "Asticot," played by Albert Chase, who is the character to the life, none of the clever artists quite realise the author's creations. Madge Stuart gives a fine performance, so does Carlyle Blackwell, very bushy about the jaw, and very American as to walk and gesture. The humour, the joyousness of Paragot is missing, and the continuity man needs a good-talking-to. Unless one has read the novel, parts of the film are absolutely unintelligible.

**Another Batch of Visitors.**

Associated First National are going to make a film this side in the spring. Edwin Carewe, producer of *The Bad Man*, *Girl of the Golden West*, and *Mighty Lak a Rose*, passed through London on his way to Biskra, and stayed just long enough to obtain the film rights of W.B. Maxwell's *The Ragged Messenger* from the author. This has been filmed before with Basil Gill.



Marjorie Hume and a charming old world setting in "Milord of the White Road."



The Star of  
the Month

Above: "Heroes and Husbands."

## Katherine MacDonald

Since Ex-President Wilson declared Katherine MacDonald the most beautiful film star and his favorite screen actress we may take it that she passed successfully on all fourteen points! In her five years before the Khegs, this lovely blue-eyed blonde has played all kinds of roles, from that of secretary, personal representative, and voluntary dresser to her sister, Mary Maclaren (at the old Universal Studios), to custard pie comedies, Wild Western stuff, village maidens with Charles Ray, and finally star roles in her own productions. Born at Pittsburg, Penn., U.S.A., "American, with a dash of Scotch," as she likes to describe herself, Katherine worked a couple of years before she attained the rank of a star. Her first big dramatic role was that of the heroine in *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, after which she was given her own company and justified the promotion very quickly. Critics have it that Katherine MacDonald is the screen's perfect beauty but that she doesn't shine as a dramatic actress. But the public think otherwise. Katherine is restrained in her work, hence the somewhat unjust complaint that she is "cold." But she can express much in her own stately fashion, by just a quiver of her perfectly shaped lips, a bend of her head, a gesture or two of her long slender hands, as much, perhaps as the most tempestuous of the "temperamental" school of picture players. Also,



A studio portrait of Katherine MacDonald

she possesses a very definite personality which usually overshadows any character she portrays. It is not so much a certain woman in a certain story we see, but Katherine MacDonald undergoing various adventures. She is sincere, though, and the unbiassed observer must admit that her work has steadily improved in characterisation. Katherine has played in all kinds of stories, but chiefly Society and Domesticity are the themes of her films. Her present contract comes to an end this year, and her last two years' work gave her a clear hundred thousand dollars over and above expenses.

Left: A scene from "Refuge." Below: In "Her Social Value"



# Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood

by JOHN FLEMING



Douglas Fairbanks as "Robin Hood."

The sea of lances upon the great plain before the castle of Nottingham parted, and down the avenue thus disclosed there came two knights, the stoutest knights in all the fair land of England. The armour of one was shining white, and snow-white was his steed. The armour of the other was black as a starless night, and the charger he bestrode was black as well. And well did the colour of their trappings correspond with the hearts that beat within their breasts. White as man can be was Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, and black, even to his heart, was Guy of Gisbourne. The thoughts of the great multitude were given to the feats of strength and daring of the men, but one there was that day upon the Castle walls who looked for even greater things than these. Her name was Marian, Lady Marian Fitzwalter, and it was her hands that were to crown the victor of the joust with his chaplet of roses. And well was she wishing that the victor might be Robert, Earl of Huntingdon. For the Earl was her chosen lover.

The stoutest knights in all the fair land of England . . . And yet the Earl of Huntingdon was supreme. None dare hope to unseat him in the tourney. Well did Sir Guy of Gisbourne know it, and there was anger in his heart at the knowledge. Anger in his heart, and in the heart of another, too. Prince John, brother of the beloved king, Richard of the Lion Heart, was there to see and hate. The Earl of Huntingdon plainly was the King's favourite, and against him as a consequence the jealousy of John was directed. John coveted the throne, and the power of the throne, and looked forward with evil longing to the day when they should be his. As if in some subtle measure to balance the King's power he took a favourite

for himself and that favourite was Guy. That Guy might win, if only to humble for once this wonder favourite of the King's was Prince John's greatest wish.

From every corner of his domain, the King had this day assembled recruits for the Third Crusade. Whoever should come supreme through the test must be second in command of the company of knights upon their journey

to the Holy Land. Prince John had deep and dark plans hatching, and it was to his advantage to have a friend so high in the camp as second in command. If in his rascality he had ever prayed, most surely must he have prayed now for the success of his champion.

A mighty cry rent the air and the sea of lances parted again and through proudly came the victor. And the victor was Robert, Earl of Huntingdon! In evil rage Prince John ground his teeth and took Sir Guy aside. Of all the vast concourse only their cheers were lacking to greet the victor.

"See!" whispered the Prince to the unseated knight, "she lays the chaplet on his brow. How the people cheer! 'Tis said she is his choice and he hers. They love! This is a sorry day for us, Sir Guy."

Guy frowned.

"I wished her for myself!"

"Well, well, you did! Mayhap, knight, there are ways and means?"

"But what can you mean by that, Prince John?"

The Prince looked round. They were away a little from the cheering crowds. He lowered his voice and bent his lips to the black knight's ear.

"Though not in the place of high command, yet thou wilt accompany the King and his knights to the Holy Land," he said. "Thou wantest this fair maid for thine own? Well, well—I want but power and the throne of England. If Richard returns, and Huntingdon, where are our hopes? But if perchance they shall not return . . . ?"

They exchanged a sharp glance, and Sir Guy darkly smiled.

"They must not return," said the Prince.

"So I am given Lady Marian to wed," murmured Guy of Gisbourne, "it shall be as thou desirest."



through the land little bands of outlaws were forming, brave spirits who would not yield to the tyrant. The great forests bristled with them, for only in their depths was there shelter for the harassed people. Little bands, growing all the time, but scattered here and there, without a leader, without unity, with only a white-hot passion for freedom and justice. And then came Robin Hood to gather them in one band beneath his rule, the king outlaw of them all, their leader. He dressed them all in Lincoln green and he kept his court in the glades of Sherwood.

And a strange outlay, forsooth! He took, but he gave. He robbed, yet the money he took found its way ever into poorer hands than his own. The poor people worshipped him. The emotion of the wealthy and unjust was first one of surprise, then one of rage, and lastly, something akin to fear. The fellow seemed to be everywhere. No man's hoard was safe from him. And though the barons' retainers were a mile deep yet could they not deliver him to justice. It was even said that of those who were held up by him and robbed in the woods, fully one-half remained and donned the Lincoln Green and took the oath of allegiance to King Richard—for that was the strangest thing of all; this outlaw demanded loyalty to the King across the seas.

And at last fear seized even Prince John the usurper, and he betook him to Nottingham and the castle of the Sheriff there with the firm resolve that this outlaw bold should be made to pay the penalty at last.

Now it happened about this time that some rare and costly vessels had been taken forcibly by the barons from the little Priory of St. Catherine, which was upon the borders of Sherwood, the little church being too poor to pay the tithes demanded by the Sheriff; and the barons' men, returning with their booty, had been upon the way surprised by Robin and his Merry Men. A stiff fight had ensued; but the foresters were master of their craft and very soon of the situation. Of the vanquished a few remained to join the good cause, and to confess the origin of the stolen gold.

"Very well, then," said the genial Robin, "it shall be returned forthwith to the little Priory and tears turned to cries of rejoicing. Come."

At once, Robin and Friar Tuck and Will Scarlett and others of his trusted band made their way across the woods to restore the stolen treasures. The Priory was a peaceful place, bowered in embracing oaks; a fairer spot, thought Robin, than any on which his eyes had rested yet. Sweet-faced nuns in the care of the Abbess, treading gently the silent lawns, watched with tender eyes the work of restoration.

And when this was nearly done, one with startled manner drew Father Tuck aside.

"Yonder one, his name?" she whispered.

"Why, Robin Hood!" said the Friar proudly.

"Nay, 'tis the Earl of Huntingdon!" she cried. "'Tis he!"

"What!"

Without more ado, the goodly friar brought the pair together. Robin Hood stood silent, for the moment dazed, and the girl, too, was speechless for a breathless space. Then:

"My own dear Lord! Robert!"

"My Marian!"

And when at last he could speak again, after crushing her in his arms and covering her face with kisses: "It

things only remain ere this can be. I must rehabilitate myself in the eyes of the good King. And I must destroy John's power. This last shall not be hard. My bands are growing. Soon they will be strong enough to strike."

In a little while the outlaws went upon their way, seeing nothing of a furtive figure that slunk from the bushes where Robin and his lady had been sitting. Straight to the Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham went this spy to tell that Lady Marian Fitzwalter lived and that Robin Hood was no other than Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.

Prince John was in a mood.

"The end has come!" he cried. "Surround at once Sherwood Forest with my stoutest vassals and strike. Bring me this varlet chief that I may see him die with mine own eyes. Likewise fetch the maid from the Priory—here—bring her here."

The news reached Robin. Every other tree upon the forest borders held its watcher, and when at length the forest was surrounded it was known as in a flash.

"Get thee," said the beloved chief to Little John, "across the woodland to the Priory. Tell the Lady Marian that when the shadow of Nottingham hill lies athwart the Priory gate I shall claim her and victory will be won Go!"

As he turned away he was aware of eyes watching him, the eyes of a dark stranger who had but recently joined the band, and who could give no good account of himself but who none the less seemed faithful enough.

"Shall I put the fellow under guard?" asked Friar Tuck. "Who is he? What does he here? Methink a little watching would be good with him."

"Nay," said Robin. "I trust the fellow. I like him, little though I know of him. For the present let him be free. He keeps to his oath."

Quickly he gave his instructions. Every man was hidden in a tree. To a stranger passing through it must seem that the woods were empty.

*The Earl of Huntingdon indulges in a little horse-riding.*

**CHARACTERS:**

- Guy - - - PAUL DICKEY
- King Richard - WALLACE BERRY
- Lady Marian - ENID BENNETT
- The High Sheriff of Nottingham - WILLIAM LOWERY
- Friar Tuck - WILLIAM LOUIS
- Little John - - - ALAN HALE
- Will Scarlett - MAINE GEARY
- Alan-a-Dale - LLOYD TALMAN
- Prince John - SAM DE GRASSE
- The Earl of Huntingdon, afterwards Robin Hood, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

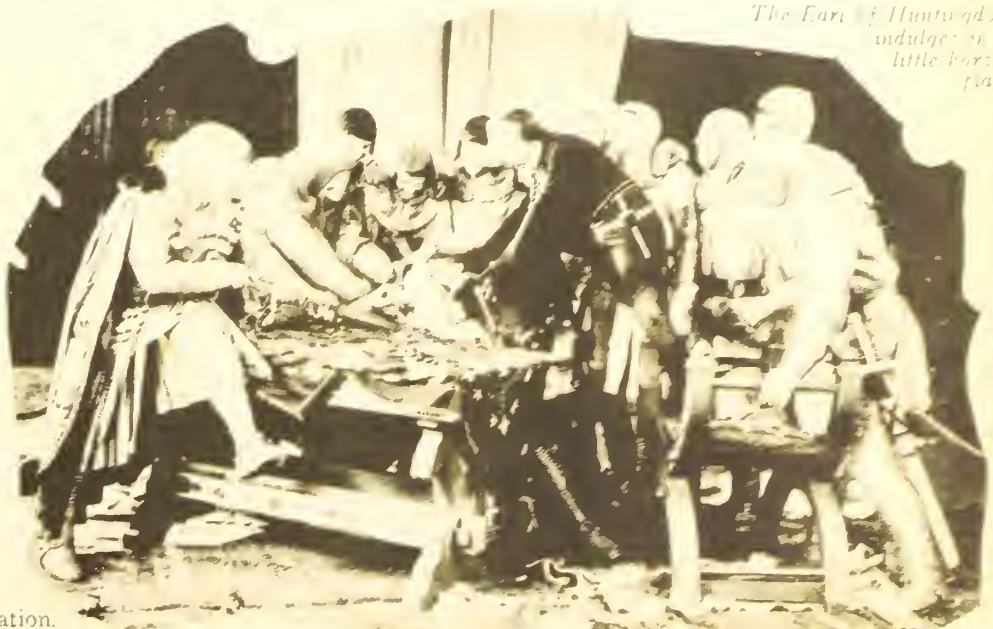
*Narrated by permission from the Allied Artists' film of the same title.*

is truly thou! They told me thou hadst died."

"I thought my lover was dead," she said gently. "No news came from thee, Robert."

And so they sat together under the ancient oaks and each told to the other the circumstances that had arisen to keep them apart. He learnt all of John's villainy, and she of how he had fared in his prison across the seas.

"But now we are together and I can claim you," he said at last. "Two



"Wait," he said, "until the enemy are scattered throughout the Forest, then give the signal and fall upon them. And now, as all the Nottingham guards are busy here, I will take Will Scarlett and two or three other trusty men, break through their lines disguised and—yes! I will take the town of Nottingham myself."

And just as he was about to set forth upon this, his greatest adventure, Little John returned with the news that Lady Marian had been taken by force to the Castle.

"Come!" cried Robin paling to the lips.

Had the very gods been by his side it could not have fallen out more precisely as he had planned. Nottingham town, left defenceless, yielded at a word, and the astonished soldiers in the Forest, bewildered at having their enemies drop upon them out of very Heaven, were defeated before they had time to fight. The news was brought by the swiftest runner to Robin and straightway he turned his steps to the Castle.

"Tell my good men," he said, "to enter the town as if they and not the Prince's guard were the captives. Change their dress, or as you will so that they are admitted to the Castle when the signal is given. With my own horn will I give this signal, and an hour from now. Be ready!"

Robin sped through the quiet streets of the empty town to the foot of the great crag on which the Castle of Nottingham stood. A guard or two stood at the gate, the remnants of the vast army of retainers who were now every man a prisoner. To pass them single-handed was impossible. Robin, keeping to what cover was available, made a swift detour and tried to find another way. One way lay up the sheer face of the great rock on which the Castle stood, and without a thought of hesitation Robin took it. Setting his feet firmly in whatever crack there was he began to climb, up, up, dizzily above the roofs of Nottingham, higher and yet higher, seemingly into the very clouds, until at last he saw before him a stonchwin window, and within the window Lady Marian. That she was in the hands of one of the villains who held her captive did not surprise him; but the villain was none other than Sir Guy of Gisbourne, whom he had opposed in Palestine, did. With a great

leap he was into the room and had sent the other staggering across the floor.

"So!" cried Sir Guy, "the noble Robin walks into the trap, eh? So much the less trouble for thy King and for us forsooth."

"The King?" "Aye! King John!"

"Why dost thou suppose I am here?" he asked. "I come from the Holy Land to tell the death of King Richard, and claim my Lady Marian. Long live King John!"

All Robin's hopes seemed dashed to the ground. But when Guy drew his

They led him below, to the great hall where John held feast. And on his way down a cry arose from the gates that gladdened his heart and set the blood coursing madly through every vein in his body.

"Lower the drawbridge," a hoarse voice shouted. "We are King John's men and we have captured Robin Hood's band. Admit us!"

And with what delight did the warden of the gate hasten to comply with this demand.

The men were lined up in a great square, the guards to guard, the foresters to see with their own eyes the end of their chief—or so John thought. Before the delighted grin of the tyrant, Robin Hood was strapped to a pillar, and a dozen crossbow-men stood before him with bows upraised. John paused a moment. Then he raised his arm and dropped it, and the twang of twenty arrows echoed in the air.

And echoed vainly...

Suddenly a huge arm was thrust out and in it a long shield held before the defenceless Robin. The arrows clanged and deflected to the ground, and almost before thought was free the great hall was in a tumult. Robin mysteriously released, turned and found the dark stranger who had so recently joined his hand.

But he saw more than the stranger and so did every man there. Upon the shield which the stranger had held forward were three lions, the arms of Richard of the Lion Heart.

"Richard!" cried somebody. "Our King!" And the cry went round.

"Aye!" cried King Richard stepping forward. "'twas a poor unfortunate jester of mine that Gisbourne's foul hand murdered. I am come back."

With one accord the crowd dropped to its knees and did homage to its rightful King. John too, well knew that his hour was come. Him Richard ignored, and turned to Robin Hood.

"Once," he said, "we doubted you, but now we know you for our true friend. Robert, Earl of Huntington, you are come into your own once more—Romans—but the reward for your services—"

"Sir," said Robert, bowing, "that I had before my services were given."

He rose with a smile and took the hand of his Lady Marian.



*So they sat together under the ancient oaks in Sherwood Forest*

sword and sprang upon him he was prepared. He fought as never he had fought yet, and soon Sir Guy fell dead, the outlaw's sword through his treacherous heart, and Lady Marian was in her Robin's arms.

Short-lived, though, was their happiness. The door fell back and into the room poured the guards, drawn by Guy's shouting, from the gates. It seemed almost that Robin must be overpowered and killed on the spot; but suddenly he did a thing that was more than passing strange. From the streets below had come the faint call of a horn—Faint, but enough. Putting his own horn to his lips he blew a shrill blast, then tossed his sword aside and threw up his hands in a token of surrender.

# Fancy Dress



If you are a Constance Talmadge type, copy this brocade gown for your Fancy Dress Dance.



Velvet and pearls, silver lace and a white pompadour wig suit Alice Terry admirably.



Above: Hope Hampton wore this gown as Queen of the recent Silk Exhibition. Below: Betty Compton's gold and amber bravery in "To Have and To Hold."



Modern New York has nothing on "Little Old New York," when it comes to attractive bridal attire.

Great grandmamma complete with antimacassar, wax flowers n'everything exemplified by Virginia Valli.

# Directors I Have Met

BY ELIZABETH LOWERY  
WITH RUPERT JULIAN



Rupert Julian and his technical staff with the completed twelve reels of "The Merry Go Round."



Rupert Julian

Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry, stars of "The Merry Go Round."

Rupert Julian is our only director from New Zealand. And that is not all. He is different in other ways. There is a charm and poetic touch about his things that makes you stamp him at once as an idealist; at least that is how I classed him long before we met and all because of the delicate handling of the screen version of "The Abbé Constantine." It did not seem to me that the little story could be screened. It was so simple yet so true to the life of a little French town or to one of those in the section near Montreal. Perhaps you recall *Bettina Loves A Soldier*, a Bluebird of some seven or eight years ago. Delicately handled, it was written and directed by Rupert Julian, who also played the leading role

His last picture, *The Merry Go Round* also brings out some of those characteristics which were notable in his early work. This is the newest of Universal specials which made Mary Philbin a star overnight. A story of old world life with its background a Vienna pleasure resort, there are many delicate notes which only he could bring out. It will be recalled that Eric von Stroheim started this picture and then after a misunderstanding of some sort, quitted the "lot." Julian was called in and it was one of the most difficult experiences of his career. Some of the scenes taken, the company loyal to von Stroheim and hostile to him, he had a terrific task before him. The result speaks for itself, one of the pictures of the year, stamping its director as one of genius and keen ability.

My impression of him as an idealist was confirmed when we met in Hollywood. Around us the atmosphere of a crowded restaurant, the music of the dance, the distraction of seeing many notables pass by, the hum of conversation, none of these things was able to banish my conviction, made so long ago. Then, as if reading my thoughts, Mr. Julian said. "I do not consider myself an idealist exactly. I enjoy the psychology of things, the poetic backgrounds, and I realise that I am often in the clouds. Does this constitute your definition of the word?"

I confess that I was a bit startled at this almost thought reading exhibition, but I realised later that others besides myself have accused him of idealism.

"Do you consider that a director to be successful must be of this sort?"

"Yes; but I consider there must be a happy medium, a certain amount of

realism is also needed."

A story about Mr. Julian must, of necessity, include Mrs. Julian, who comes from Australia, and as Elsie Jane Wilson acted on the screen and directed a number of pictures before she retired from active work. She provides the practical support for the idealist (you see I had not changed my opinion!), and the combination is a most happy one. We all chatted about England, and I confided my long desired ambition to visit Australia some time, and we discovered mutual friends in far away Melbourne.

Before he directed, Mr. Julian was leading man and star, playing with Mme. Pavlova in her first screen role, with Marguerite Clarke and others too numerous to mention. He says that he was destined for the Church and ended on the stage, that his life has been a series of dramatic incidents which have taken him all over the world. The travel and contact with other people have given him charm and a poise that stamps him as a gentleman of the world.

The Julians' latest project centres about a little theatre movement, which they plan to establish very shortly, with their beautiful estate near Los Angeles as the location. There, in an ideal little playhouse, will be presented plays, old and new, with the best talent available. Mr. Julian will direct the productions with a selected stock company and a distinguished visiting star. And he is not an idealist!

He has directed more than a hundred pictures. Among them are: *The Kaiser*, *The Beast Of Berlin*, *The Fire Flingers*, *Mother O'Mine*, *The Right To Be Happy*, *(The Christmas Carol)*, *Il'c Arc French* and *An Indian Prince*.





Top: Conrad Veidt and Liane Haid in "Iniquity." Above: Dagny Servaes in "Peter the Great."

# Made in Germany

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.



Fritz Leiber.



Lee Parry, a favourite Continental star.

They aren't labelled "Made in Germany" when they appear in the kinemas. In fact, you'll know them chiefly because they aren't labelled anything at all. No producer as a rule, no cast, no "Art Titles by . . .," no "Scenario by . . ." etc. Just the title, and straight into the opening shot. That's not how the Germans make them; if you were to see a copy as it first arrived from Germany you would have just as much reading to do as before any ordinary film, or more, because the Germans give credit to their costumer, their architect—always their architect, for he is an important man in German productions—musical director, designer, and a hundred and one other people. But all this is cut before the film comes to English screens, along with many hundreds of feet of film. There would be enough left over after the cutting of a German film to make a full-length feature! When I first saw *Dr Mabuse* it took five hours to run through, and even then it was an abbreviated version of the original Berlin copy!

For the German producer, like the German musician and novelist, has such a tremendous lot to say, and he is never quite sure when to stop. He would

run on for hours if his audience would let him—and in Germany they do let him, watching half his films one afternoon and half the next, as opera-goers watch Wagner's "Ring." Sometimes a long film is shown in four different parts, each part equivalent to an ordinary English performance of a super film. No wonder these films take some cutting to reduce them to programme length in this country, and no wonder that, as a result, the continuity seems often a little jerky and the actions pell-mell on each other's heels! It is like cramming the whole of Shakespeare into a one-act curtain-raiser.

If any film producer has an excuse for being long-winded it is the German. To begin with, the stories he has to tell are so well worth the telling. They are thrilling stories, highly dramatic and packed with incident: they develop in an unexpected and mysterious way, and the most faithful film-goer in the world could not take a safe bet once in ten on what is going to happen next. Then his technique is so finished, his

cameramen so highly skilled. Nothing is too much trouble for the Germans. Every detail of photography, lighting and setting must be carefully considered, and nothing is too trivial to escape the producer's eagle eye.

They are all for realism too. If the story demands a castle, a castle is forthwith built; no canvas affair, but a moated, turreted castle of stone and iron, over whose drawbridge a hundred men-at-arms can ride with ease. For a certain scene in *Siegfried*, a twelve-foot forest was raised in a night, an honest-

Emil Jannings and Cordy Millozeitsch in "Peter the Great."





Bella Muznay in "Forbidden Love."



Alexandra Sorina in

"Peter the Great."



Emil Jannings as "Othello" in "The Moor."

to-goodness forest with tree trunks covered with real bark. Architects are busy night and day over the settings of the big historical dramas, consulting old records and prints, and reconstructing them with jealous care, so that not an archway nor a stairhead nor a pillar can be pointed out as an anachronism. With such stories, with such beautiful and accurate staging to back him, no wonder the German producer is moved to shoot at very great length. And he has the help of actors who know their job to the last turn of the eyelash.

You can safely say of the German actor, and even more of the German actress, that when she is good she is very, very good, and when she is bad she is... Exactly! Luckily there are few who fall into the second category, and they are of the older school, whose screen appearances are rare to-day. The chief characteristic of the German actor (one is not permitted to call them "stars," though the part allotted to them may be large or small, a hero to-day, a servant to-morrow, their importance in the film is equal), is his repose. He knows, as no other screen actor in the world knows, how to do nothing at all and yet be impressive. He knows how to sit still and make his face into a beautiful mask. And he knows so well how to convey a whole train of thought in a single gesture, a smitten turn perhaps, a movement of the wrist or a droop of the eyelid.

Do you remember Conrad Veidt, the Rajah of *Above All Law*, and the Caesar Borgia of *Iniquity*? That lean face of his is like a piece of bronze sculpture, and, somehow, as you watch him, you come to forget that he is a flesh-and-blood man at all. And yet Conrad Veidt, by means of that repose, has brought himself into the front of the front rank of German screen actors. Yes, ahead of Emil Jannings, the massive "Pharaoh" and "Peter the Great," and "Othello," for the very reason that Jannings allows himself to fret and fume, and exhausts his strength in fury.

There is only one man who can really be coupled with Conrad Veidt, and that is Paul Wegener, whom you will remember as the "Ethiopian in *The Loves of Pharaoh*, the old Sultan in *Sumurun*, the husband of Monna Vanna, and, chiefly, as the "Golem" himself. Wegener is the most versatile of all the German artists, and somehow the most lovable. He can be as jolly as Falstaff, as pathetic as a great dog, and as clumsy as Gulliver when he tumbled into Lilliput. His Golem was a thing to make you rub your eyes furtively in the dark and feel for a pocket handkerchief. He is a great producer too—the first of them all. Wegener personifies all that is best in German film production.

But besides this trio, there are at least half-a-dozen other actors, who, in any country but Germany would have been starring for many years past in their own productions, whose name in electric lights would pack a theatre up to the front row of the stalls. There is Albert Bassermann, the grand old man of the German screen, and his colleague, Werner Krauss, the creator of "Nathan the Wise." There is Rudolf Klein-Rogge, the mysterious and versatile "Dr.

Mabuse," and Bernhard Goetzke, who has played every type of "strong-jawed, indomitable," from the Yogi in *Above All Law*, to the detective in *Dr. Mabuse*, with a detour into costume drama on the way. There are Olaf Fjord and Harry Liedtke, juvenile leads in *Mouna Vanna*, and *The Loves of Pharaoh* respectively, matinée idols both, and actors too.



Werner Krauss in

"Forbidden Love."



Pola Negri whose best known films were made abroad.

Among the women of the German screen the headliners are certainly Dagny Servaes and Pola Negri. But Pola's day in her own country is over. America has claimed her and Paramounted her, and made a well-groomed little star of her, and the flesh-and-blood, tempestuous Pola of *Passion*, *Sumurun* and *Carmen*, has gone for ever.

Dagny Servaes is the Pauline Frederick of Germany, a beautiful woman, with a profile almost as breathtaking as John Barrymore's, and a fine actress into the bargain. She was the slave-girl in *The Loves of Pharaoh*, you will remember, and "Catherine the Vivandiere" in *Peter the Great*. Her



Dagny Servaes in

"The Loves of Pharaoh."

greatest charm is, perhaps, the gift of laughter—but make no mistake, Dagny is a tragedienne born. In this she far outshines Liane Haid, the pretty, petulant little heroine of *Iniquity* and *Trapped in the Mine*, a young actress who has been badly cast in emotional roles throughout her career.

Then there is Asta Nielsen, the Danish-German actress who made such a reputation for herself in that curious version of *Hamlet* in which the Prince of Denmark is not a prince at all, but a princess in disguise.

If anyone were to ask you for the characteristics of German films in general, you would be safe in replying *The Unexpected*. What no other country does, she will do: what every other country does she will reject. That is why German pictures, whether you like them or whether you hate them, never bore you: there is a sur-



Liane Haid in "Trapped in the Mine."

prise round every corner and an incident in every foot. They are unsophisticated and unconventional, with a tendency towards the fantastic.

The sad end, the masterly handling of crowds, the scarcity of titling, the technical beauty of the photography, the artistic and even futuristic settings, the burning interest in psychology and character development, are common property among German pictures. But the historical films stand somewhat apart from the rest, and below them. The best, and the majority of German films are fantasies, myths, or legends: queer, startling themes which have about them something of a nightmare quality, and which carry you on, breathless, from incident to incident.

There is *Dr. Mabuse*, the study of a hypnotist with failing reason, *Above All Law*, a story of Eastern magic, *Sumurun*, a chapter from the Arabian Nights, *The Golem*, a tale of mediæval sorcery, and the weirdest and cleverest of them all, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. There are countless myths and folklore stories, the legends of old Europe, and still older Asia. They are eerie, these German films—no bread and butter fare about them, and not to be seen on a dark night with a long walk home ahead of you . . . . .!

"Made in Germany" . . . Yes, like the fairy tales and the Christmas toys. If you want to escape for an hour or two from the commonplace and the everyday, if you are tired of shirt-fronts and limousines and the powdered jazz-babies, pay your one and threepence and go in. But if it's comedy you want, light, frothy stuff and pretty dresses, dance halls or western saloons: if you yearn for the wild and woolly, and the lure of the Great White Way . . . why then, there's only one thing for you, my Broadway fan, and that's to git while the gittin's good!



"De Gobbo," the villain in "Mignon," a fine character make-up.



The Wedding scene from "The Bohemian Girl."

She stole timidly through the portals of Filmland several years before the Great War. But no one had the sense to close and lock them behind her, and so she slipped out again unobserved. Her appearances in celluloid were few and far between, though she scored personal successes in *My Lady's Dress* and *Masks and Faces*. Then she became a great stage star, and it took Harley Knoles all his powers of persuasion to induce her to put her dainty foot inside Alliance Studios to play in *The Bohemian Girl* with Ellen Terry and Ivor Novello.

She said she didn't like Movies, yet she spent the entire Autumn of 1923 in and out of film studios, making *Bonnie Prince Charlie*. This time she will not be allowed to escape so easily for Gladys Cooper is a very great actress indeed, besides being England's representative beauty, and the British screen needs her badly.

She was looking as lovely as it is possible for anyone to look in a soiled grey velvet gown, a coal black tammy, and mud smeared face and hands when I met her at Gaumont's and the first thing she did was to tickle Ivor Novello into complete submissiveness, lecturing him the while upon the sinfulness of stealing a lady's bustle and wearing it under his kilt. For both were in bedraggled Scotch costumes for the fugitive scenes of *Bonnie Prince Charlie*. By some mystic process of her own she had de-bobbed herself, and her hair hung in its accustomed place in all its appealing golden-brown glory.

"How did you do it?" I asked her, indicating the ringlets. She laughed.

"It's so simple," she said, pulling off her velvet tam. "I just twist two of these long curls round my head, fasten them with a hairpin in front, pull this big wave over the crossroads, so, and there you are! I bobbed for 'Kiki,' you know, but I couldn't part with my

# Enter Gladys

by NORA NEILSON



Gladys Cooper as "Magda," (top), and as "Flora Macdonald" in "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

hair. I felt rather tragic directly the deed was done; it's quite a relief to be able to put it back now and again."

I wondered aloud whether she would like to tell me about her experiences on location as "Flora Macdonald."

"We had a very good time," she obligingly stated, "and lovely weather. Also I had my fill of riding (I love it), and was allowed one stunt which became thrilling enough to satisfy even me. This was the scene where 'Flora' is being lowered through a window. They wished me to have a double but I refused because I wanted to do it myself. Anyway the rope broke and I fell fifteen feet upon some extremely stony stones. Everybody thought I'd broken my neck, and they were all too frightened to move for a moment.

Ivor Novello said he hoped it had cured me of wanting to be a Pearl White, and Captain Calvert said—I'm afraid you're too young to hear what he said. I wasn't meant to hear it, but I did. I wasn't hurt either, not a bit.

"We had some fun too, the day I had to disguise 'Prince Charlie' as my maid. He burst through his dress the first time because he forgot he was supposed to be a lady and stooped suddenly to pick up a paper I had dropped. Yes, I do like this film better than *The Bohemian Girl*, and it may alter my opinion anent movies."

Then she went into the church, which occupied half the studio, and I had leisure to watch her at work. She is very well worth watching. Keenly interested in everything, no detail is too small to escape her notice. It was she who remarked that a certain article was missing from the attire of one of the characters, and her beautiful silvery voice reached us quite clearly and easily though we were at one end of the studio and she was at the other.

She had to kneel in prayer before the altar, and think of the danger in which her beloved, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," still was until the tears came into her eyes. This took some time until that hero himself volunteered to assist with some harmonium music. His efforts were more successful than those of Gaumont's tame studio musicians.

Before lunch I had a further chat with Gladys Cooper in her dressing room, and she talked about her stage work, which is her greatest interest in life. And Gladys Cooper, stage star, labelled Gladys Cooper, screen star, disgracefully. No one but Gladys Cooper would have dared to it.

"It's much easier to be a film star than to be an actress," she said. "All you really need is a face that photographs well and a good director. The director does all the work for you. You only do as you're told. You don't need any brains, whatsoever. It's all so impersonal. That's why I don't like films as well as stage plays."

Here I disagreed emphatically.

"The best director in the world" I told her, "Cannot call forth what isn't



A love scene in "Bonnie Prince Charlie."



This classic style would not suit everybody.



Gladys Cooper as "Kiki"

Above: with Adeline Hayden Coffin in "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

there. I grant you that the director means a lot in movies; but unless the star has intelligence, personality, and real acting ability, the camera will detect it and the result will be appalling."

But she refused to be convinced. Maybe the contemplation of her own work in a congenial screen role will accomplish what I failed to do.

Gladys Cooper only recently came in an easy first in a magazine contest as the most popular stage actress of today. She deserves it, and she hasn't won her position on the strength of her remarkable loveliness either. Most people know her beautiful face as well as they know their own, for never was anyone so universally photographed, magazine-cover-ed, and picture-post-card-ed as Gladys Cooper. But everyone may not know that those hauntingly wonderful Greuze eyes of hers are very dark grey. Shaded by long, thick, curling lashes, Gladys Cooper's eyes hold an expression of ineffable wistful-

ness. I shouldn't wonder if the lyric writer who delivered himself of "Two Eyes of Grey" owed his inspiration to one of her portraits. She is quite small, too, though she usually gives the impression of tall, stately grace. Very slender, very dainty, and very charming. Afterwards she came back on the "set" in an oyster-coloured satin evening dress trimmed with pearls, and with her hair thickly plastered with some shiny clay-ey looking stuff that made her look like a living statue. Drawn straight back from the forehead like a 17th century gentleman's powdered wig, it would be exceedingly unbecoming to anyone who had not a perfectly

proportioned face and head.

They made many dance scenes that afternoon at "Holyrood Palace," and they had a host of pretty girls and good looking men as "guests" at the ball.

"Enter Kiki." Left to right: Ivor Novello, Henry Wenman, Frank Verner (with hatpin), Hannah Jones, Paul Arthur, D. Odbin, and Madeline Seymour.

Gladys does a little vamping in "Bonnie Prince Charlie."





Malcolm Cherry and Gladys Cooper in the film version of "My Lady's Dress"

But Gladys Cooper and Ivor Novello were easily the handsomest couple.

Before I left, Gladys Cooper told me that her first film appearance was made in a Samuelson society picture, with Owen Nares and Thomas Meighan. "I was with Seymour Hicks at that time," she said, "and Tom Meighan was appearing in a play at a West End theatre. It was his first film too, though very few people know that he made his initial movie in England."

That same evening I saw Gladys Cooper in "Enter Kiki," and marvelled at her extraordinary versatility and artistry. Cast your memory backwards upon Gladys's stage career. A London girl, though confessing to some Irish ancestors, she commenced at the Gaiety in the chorus of "The Girls of Gottenburg."

She stayed in musical comedy a few years, then the late Sir George Alexander gave her an ingenue role in "The Ogre." "Beauty" in "Everywoman" at Drury Lane followed, then "Milestones," "Diplomacy," (her first dramatic role) "The Pursuit of Paula," "The Yellow Ticket" and "My Lady's Dress." In this play her real talent asserted itself and it was during the long run of it that she made her first film. A tour with Seymour Hicks followed, after which she retired.

She returned triumphantly in "The Sign on the Door," and has gone onward and upward ever since. Her "Paula Lanqueray" equalled, some say bettered, that of Mrs. Patrick Campbell; her "Magda" had originality as well as excellence.

Then she elected to turn from a *grande dame* into a *gamine*, bobbed her wavy hair, and gave London a big surprise with her astoundingly clever character study of "Kiki" the chorus girl who was out to get the man she wanted and "Got Him." Kiki is a Cockney, accent and all; and very odd this sounds in those silvery tones which won't be disguised, thicken them how Gladys Cooper will. Kiki is the most romping thing that ever ran about the stage in pink satin pyjamas. A nunx



In "The Sign on the Door" Gladys Cooper established herself as a great dramatic star.

but adorably human, and marvellously true to life. The play is a comedy, but Gladys Cooper brings out the pathos underlying it. "I never had no chance," sobs



Kiki in the way that goes straight  
I saw her perform  
Paula Lanqueray  
Gladys Cooper



The first meeting of "Flora Macdonald" and "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

to one's heart. And so one sympathises with her tantrums and wily schemes, and rejoices when she finally gets her manager for her husband.

This characterisation is wonderful, never for a moment does it falter or fade. And is not characterisation the biggest thing in movies? Therefore, I think I am voicing the sentiments of all who wish well to the British screen when I say, "Please, Gladys Cooper, now you've really entered Filmland, won't you make a long, long stay?"



Paula Lanqueray and Gladys Cooper in "The Sign on the Door"



James Rennie and Dorothy Mackail in a touching scene from "Mighty Lak' a Rose."

Because she is of the frail pink and white type, with very blonde hair and limpid blue eyes, they christened Dorothy Mackail "The Apple Blossom Girl" when she was one of Ziegfeld's Follies. Like the pretty blossom itself, which although it looks so fragile, is tenacious and hardy to a surprising degree, Dorothy has a personality that belies her looks. She is British, for she was born at Hull and at the age of ten was class mistress at her father's dancing academy. Everybody said she was made for London and a stage career, and Dorothy hates to disappoint people so she went to the London Hippodrome. She was one of the Belles in the "Joy Bells" revue there.

An engagement to dance and sing at the Casino, Paris, followed, and whilst in Paris, Dorothy Mackail made the acquaintance of the inside of Pathé's film studio. She thought film work must be great fun, and easily secured a small part in some comedies being made at the time. Dorothy knew about six words of French, so her film adventures were both strange and funny. She says she never quite knew what she was expected to do, but she did her best. She never saw any of her work on the screen; but that was because she went to America with three other girls working in the same revue. She was unusually lucky. Sheer sauce carried her into Flo Ziegfeld's private office and he was so tickled with her pluck that he gave her a job right away. Another English girl, Kathlyn Martyn, was starring in that Follies show and Dorothy used to amuse herself and the other girls by practising Kathlyn's song and dances. Then when Kathlyn was out of the cast through illness, Dorothy understudied her.

Marshall Neilan gave her her first chance in the movies in *Bits of Life*, as the deaf barber's faithless wife.

After that Dorothy appeared in Torchy Comedies. More serious work followed in *A Woman's Woman*, *The Isle of Doubt*, *The Streets of New York* and *Mighty Lak' a Rose*. This last a really big opportunity for the young artist, whose plaintive sincerity stands out as the centre piece in a crazy-quilt mixture of sentimentality and what you fans know as "hokum." The film was shown to the convicts at Dartmoor, and one of them wrote a long poem to Dorothy, all about herself and her work in *Mighty Lak' a Rose*.

Right: Dorothy Mackail.  
Below: Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackail in "The Fighting Blade."

# The Apple Blossom Girl



Some three years ago a certain Swedish notability visited the Chaplin Studio and spent a very pleasant afternoon watching Charlie and little Jackie Coogan making some scenes for *The Kid*.

Just before he took his leave, the gentleman produced a handsome leather-bound album and asked Jackie to enter his name at the foot of a page on which a number of stupendous signatures were already inscribed.

For a moment Jackie hesitated and seemed just a little bit embarrassed. The space was so very small, and if you're only five years old and can only write your name in rather groggy capital letters, you *do* need a certain amount of room to spread yourself.

However, Jackie is not easily baffled. In his matter-of-fact little way, he simply turned over to the next leaf and laboriously scrawled his name in twelve huge capitals right in the middle of the following two pages!

In those days Jackie was still an

He likes these clothes best.



The Boy Who Wrote His Name in Capital Letters.



Jackie with his mother



unknown quantity in a world upon which a few months later he was so dazzlingly to rise as a star. And every time I see "Jackie Coogan" in flaming capitals outside our picture-theatres I recall that little episode at the Chaplin Studio and think how prophetic it really was. My little pal and playmate of the old days has certainly earned his right to that gleaming white page all to himself.

Three crowded years, such as Jackie must have lived, since he gave me the



Jackie at the river

at "River Twist"

last good-bye kiss, make a lot of difference in a little boy's point of view. But every now and then a letter still reaches me from distant California, dictated to "Daddy's secretary" and signed "Your Boy Jackie," followed by a bewildering number of very inky crosses.

And from these letters I gather that in all the vital essentials, my "old-timer" has remained very much the same adorable young urchin as the "Kid" who used to clamber on my knee in the old days and coax me to "draw airplanes" or play at "roaring lions."

"You ask me if I'm still as fond of drawing," he says in one letter, "well, not so much. Some day I want to take you for a trip in my own special car. I'm sending you a picture. I've got a new push-skate too. It's like a regular roller-skate, only longer, and it's got bigger straps; it is about a foot long. I should reckon, and it's got ball-bearing wheels."

Then, quite suddenly, *à propos* of nothing at all—just the Jackie of three years ago—"I want to tell you a story about a poor horse. There was a horse and it was dead. A cop came along, it was on Figueroa Street. He took his book to write the name where the poor horse was killed, and when he started to write Figueroa, he stopped. So he took the poor horse over to Hill Street, because it's easier to spell. Love and kisses, Your Boy Jackie."



"Daddy dear," knowing my affection for his small son, sends me regular news of all his doings, and tells me that a couple of months ago they completed the filming of Mary Roberts Rinehart's big story "Long Live the King!" and that the little family recently returned from a vacation at their holiday-camp, Manter Creek in the high Sierras.

It must have been an ideal holiday for any boy. The Coogan ranch consists of eighty-odd acres of virgin forest, two full days' horseback ride from the edge of the desert. Jackie, I hear, returned from the "free open spaces" as brown as a berry and introduced himself in chaps and a wide sombrero to an admiring studio staff as "the six-gun kid from Manter Creek, and, gosh! he's a hard guy!" Which he immediately proceeded to demonstrate by holding up three harmless and necessary property-men with a rusty old six-shooter, from which all the essential parts had been carefully removed.

He also proudly exhibited two foxskins as his own personal hunting-trophies and casually mentioned that he had caught his full limit of trout within forty-five minutes "the first morning up."

"And I've brought them along too," he added, "only you can't see them, because I've got them inside me."

This extraordinary youngster has other irons in the fire besides his screen work. Practically a score of commercial tie-ups have been effected with prominent manufacturers of various toys and other articles called by Jackie Coogan's name. Jackie gets a substantial share of the profits of these things. His latest is the Jackie Coogan Special, a "push-mobile" for youngsters, made in Los Angeles, and another super-deluxe tiny model car which has a gasoline engine and a speed of eight miles an hour.

Below: A scene from "Long Live the King," Jackie's first costume film.



Above: Three studies of a very human screen-genius.

to make, and yet which means more than anything else a definite advance for the screen from an industry to an art.

Jackie is a natural genius and much too rare a phenomenon in the stereotyped paths of filmdom either to be "catalogued" or condemned to anything in the nature of an established routine.

I can still see him with all the blissful unself-consciousness of five years old turning over that well-written page for one that was fresh and clean and inscribing thereon a new and unknown name in big capital letters.

# Bad Girls on the Screen



Jetta Goudat

**W**hy Do Girls Go Wrong—in the Movies? Is it because they would never dream of doing such a thing in real life?

Is it because it gives them a chance to work off superfluous energy? Or because they can thus "see what it's like" and then if they don't like it, leave it alone? No, Josephine, it is for none of these reasons. Fold back your ears and I will explain. Seven stars who specialise in screen viciousness, and one star who has had only one bite at it (Elsie Ferguson), all gave this same reason: Because of the glorious acting opportunities such roles offer. So now you know.

Daphne Wayne was serenely playing drug addicts and similar perverted specimens of femininity when she was barely in her teens. Daphne is a unique personality. Her tow coloured locks which won't keep tidy, her great blue eyes, and irregular but piquant features lend themselves admirably to delineating the emotions of good girls gone bad. And so in the beginning she gave us unforgettably depraved characterisations. Followed by another and worse specimen in *The Secret Orchard*. Daphne was working with Griffith at the time, she was extremely young and enthusiastic, and she literally lived in her roles. And the very natural result was a severe nervous breakdown which kept her out of screenland for several years. She came back as Blanche Sweet in comedies, and mild comedy-dramas. Marshall Neilan then starred her in *Quincey Adams Sawyer*, and married her shortly afterwards. But time hasn't taught Blanche anything. She has now reverted to her earliest type again, has starred in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, also one of life's



As in *Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan trying to live up to the title of "The Beautiful and Damned"* Circle: *Anna Q Nilsson demonstrates in "What Women Will Do"*

unfortunates, and is at present playing in a real wrong 'un in *Anna Christie*. Pauline Frederick, too, confesses that her only good screen creations were bad 'uns. *Zaza*, *The Spider*, *Madame X*, think it over, you'll have to agree she's right. Likewise speaketh Pola Negri, to whom wickedness on the screen is second nature. She wouldn't be good if she could. And she can't.

The younger the star the wickeder she likes to be in celluloid. As they get into their twenties their screen characters grow "finer and better." Elsie Ferguson said she only made *Outcast* because it was such a fine acting part.

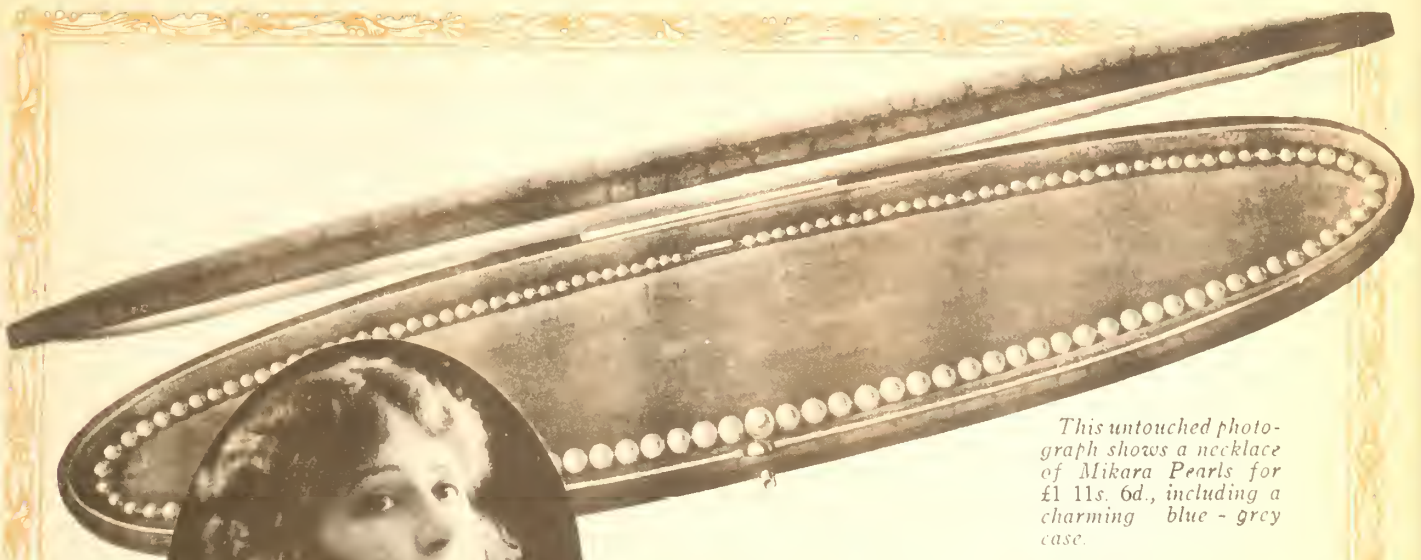
When Norma Talmadge first starred



Stately Elsie Ferguson trying to look like a girl who took the wrong turning in "*Outcast*"

in her own Selznick productions she was about seventeen. She was allowed to choose her own stories, and she proceeded to pick out one "bad-hat" after another for her initial impersonations. Cabaret girls who'd seen the seamy side of things, tragic adventuresses, etc., etc., were the very breath of life to her. Norma doesn't shine in these roles, really. She's at her best as a modern girl in studies and problems of modern womanhood. She's not a good vamp; and she's too womanly and sweet to be a convincing adventuress. I think she knows it now. Not so Nazimova, who has never yet played a screen siren. Nazi is supremely endowed to create any of the great ancient or modern female "rotters." She did play *Salome*, but she converted her into a Byzantine flapper. If Nazimova ever stages a comeback into screenland let's hope it will be as a "girl who took the wrong turning."

The latest recruit to the army of screen sinners is none other than Mary Pickford, whose "Rosita" is (for her), very naughty indeed. One of the best celluloid bad girls is Barbara La Marr, but Barbara is equally charming when she's good. Her first notable role was that of Miladi, but her latest "Roma," in *The Eternal City* is of the more sinned against than sinning type, so maybe Barbara is paving the way for a reel reformation. She could do it if she wished. Some couldn't. Theda Bara, for instance. But it takes all sorts to make a film. Anyway the celluloid path that is paved with good intentions is so crowded just now that a special Police force is working overtime controlling the traffic. J.L.



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Flora Le Breton as "Juliette De Marny," an aristocrat of pre-Revolution France, A.D. seventeen-ninety-three.

In this year of grace, nineteen-twenty-three," said Flora Le Breton, adjusting a soft muslin fichu round the neck of her pink velvet gown. "I have had three narrow escapes from drowning. I've learned to swim, but it doesn't seem any use. I seem doomed to a watery grave, which is a pity because an admirer of my screen work sent me a lovely sketch for a tombstone he'd designed especially for me."

We were chatting between scenes of *I Will Repay*, the film version of the popular Baroness Orczy story in which Flora plays "Juliette Deroulède."

"Such a lovely part," enthused Flora, as she coaxed a few stray ringlets into place, and then hid her curls under a muslin and lace mob-cap. "I suppose you know the story. How Juliette De Marny swore to avenge her father's death, tracked down and denounced the man she thought responsible for it, and then found she loved him and was quite happy to be rescued with him and taken away to England by 'The Scarlet Pimpernel.'"

"We had a splendid 'Scarlet Pimpernel,' in Holmes E. Herbert. He's British, though he works mostly in America. He's gone back again now. And the man he has to impersonate, 'Merlin, the gigantic coal heaver' was played by Lewis Gilbert. We've kept very faithfully to the story, even to the

# Flora Repays



The fugitive "Juliette," creating a disturbance outside Deroulède's house in order to make his acquaintance.

As the revengeful heroine of "I Will Repay," Flora Le Breton had some thrilling adventures, and one of her best roles to date.

extent of going over to France specially for exteriors.

"It was whilst working on the Channel that I had my most recent narrow escape. You remember the precious ones, don't you? The coach episode in *The Glorious Adventure* nearly spelled E.N.D. for little me.

"This last adventure happened just outside Dover. We were supposed to be nearing Calais, but it was so rough that the sailors would not risk our small boat so we decided to 'shoot' the Dover side. Well, the waves kept coming over into the boat and simply drenching us, and at last dashed our boat against the side of the cliff and



Disguised as a Revolutionary 'Juliette De Marny' escapes from a tumbrel on its way to the guillotine.

knocked a hole in it. The men dropped the oars and took off their coats. I was dressed in a heavy black velvet dress with very full petticoats and a great velvet cloak. And I was laced into my costume too—I should have sunk most beautifully! So I just sat tight and waited.

"Mr. Kolker said afterwards he admired my coolness. But there wasn't anything else to do, was there? They sent out an S.O.S. and the Dover lifeboat came out and took us off our little vessel which was just at its last gasp.

"Many of the mob-scenes were taken at Beauvais, and I of course, spoke French to the 'extras.' Afterwards when they had to 'treat me rough' they were so realistic that I got these. Look."

She showed me a bruised arm.

"I forgot all my French in my annoyance, and abused them roundly in good English. They thought I was encouraging them and manhandled me all the more. But it came out very well."

Opposite Flora in *I Will Repay* is Pedro De Cordoba, who plays the young Revolutionary "Paul Deroulède."

Since writing these lines, I have received a cable from Flora. It was sent from New York and reads: "Arrived safely despite rough passage. What's born to be hanged—you know the rest." Which is very difficult to comment upon—tactfully.

N.N.



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George Robey and Sidney Fairbrother in "The Rest Cure."

I was feeling a trifle tired, weary, as it were, after my somersaulting summer. I thought I'd make a movie or two as a sort of Rest Cure since movies were so restful. Restful! I've never worked so hard in my life. I had to protest. Something had got to be done about it. No use. They merely changed producers, and I began to lose weight. This one, A. E. Coleby, is a bigger man than I, alas! The first thing he did was to remove the "R" from the latter portion of my cognomen. It was "George, Obey!" from the first day he came into my life. The second day he began undressing me. He's still at it. In November. Chilly, what? I was chased in pyjamas in *The Rest Cure*. For miles and miles they pursued me until I thought, "Surely every ounce of superfluous flesh is now removed." But no. The producer wasn't satisfied. "We must see still more of you," quoth he, and decided to film *The Prehistoric Man*. Oh it's a funny film. Quite funny. But oh! my sufferings that you might smile.

"He-of-the-Knotted-Knee-cap;" "She-of-the-Tireless-Tongue," all the bunch were resurrected. But "Dog's Body," he couldn't stand the pace, poor dear, so they sent him back to the Museum.

How I've suffered! My agony when we drove our prehistoric motor over Devon's frosty moors, with a biting East wind conducting a Cook's tour all over my prehistorically unclothed person. I did *not* like it. I had heaps of hirsute adornment, mark you. But not where I needed it. Was I not "He-of-the-Beetle-Brows," with "She-of-the-Permanent-Wave" (Marie Blanche), beside me? Yea, verily, but it was a cold journey, my masters, and though the others were allowed fleshings, I had nought but flesh. The extras got skin rights, but I only got asthma—or an excellent imitation of it.

Then there was the Football Match.



We played at Cricklewood. And the costumes! Regulation dress was a hearthrug around the midriff, skin carpet slippers, hair of many colours round the scalp, and a sunburst round the chin. We played Rugby a la Jigsaw. The producer gave us our instructions for the second Big Push like this. "Don't kick hard, and whatever you do, DON'T PLAY FOOTBALL. Keep away from that mountain peak on the left, or it'll overbalance, and catch-as-catch-can. Now go to it and Heaven help you!"

We went to it. The band played the Prehistoric Blues, the crowd yelled



George as "He-of-the-Beetle-Brows."

"Play up Spurs." Agar Lyons and Johnny Butt (Matted Beaver) had a biting match off their own bat on the floor. Three cameras were grinding their hardest. I was grinding my teeth. There was a screech. He-of-the-Clutching-Knees and He-of-the-Knotted-Hand had clinched. When they unclined our little Willie's worst fears were realised. He'd come unput!

It took the entire Studio staff to collect the bunches of hair, human and mine after the fray. And put back Cricklewood's missing hearthrugs. But we won. And I carried off the Cup and the Lady at one and the same time. They told me film-making was so restful. As entertainment and weight reducer in one, films may be all right. I say they MAY be. But as a Rest Cure—Shurr-r-r-up!!!

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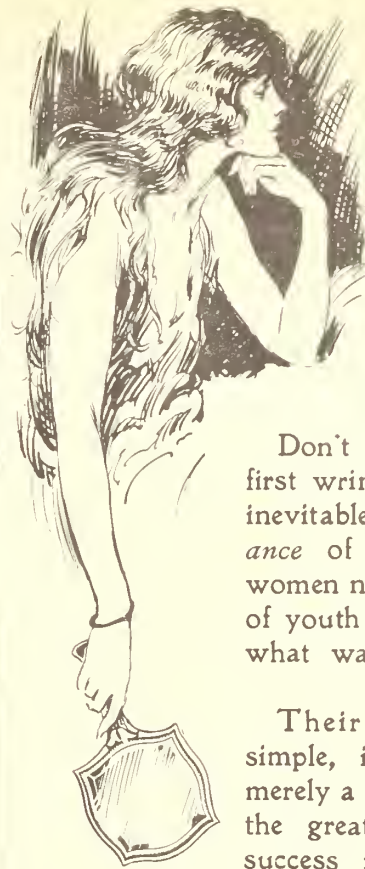
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MAVIS PREPARATIONS are sold by Chemists, Perfumers and Stores everywhere.



TALC. Largest sale in the world. 1 6.	PERFUME. Exquisite and lasting. 4 6, 10 6 & 21/-	LIPSTICK. 1 6	COLD CREAM. A wonderful Skin Food. 3/-	VANISHING CREAM. Irresistible. Non-drying 3/-	GILT COMPACT. With mirror and puff. 2 6
--	---	------------------	---	--	--



It's not  
too late  
— to be  
beautiful

Don't surrender when the first wrinkles come. Age is inevitable, but not the appearance of age. Millions of women now retain the bloom of youth for decades beyond what was thought possible.

Their method is easy, simple, inexpensive. It's merely a question of care and the greatest factor in their success is Palmolive Soap.

This is a penetrating soap. It cleans the skin to the depths. It leaves no clogging matter to harm the complexion. Then it applies a palm and olive oil blend. And these oils have for ages held supreme place as emollients for the skin.

Wherever women are famed for beauty you will find Palmolive Soap. Wherever women keep their youth, their chief help is Palmolive.

## PALMOLIVE SOAP

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give the natural green colour to Palmolive Soap.

The Palmolive Co. (of England) Ltd., 21-23, Eagle St., High Holborn, London W.C.1.



6<sup>d</sup>  
Per Tablet





### CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyfullest feast,  
Let all the world be jolly;  
Deck Hollywood with ivy leaves—  
Los Angeles with Holly.

Hang up wax-berried mistletoe,  
And use it well, in reason;  
In every set and studio,  
Attune ye to the season.

Directors put your work aside  
And greet this Christmas rarely,  
Fling all the doors of Screenland wide—  
Let in the season fairly.

Ye vamps, whose joy is breaking hearts,  
Just call a brief cessation;  
And villains, from their wily arts,  
Should take a short vacation

Ye film stars great and film stars small,  
And every fillim fannum—  
Remember Christmas comes to all,  
But only once per annum.

GEORGE (Wilts).

### TO OUR ABSENTEE.

They have filmed a tale that is oft  
times told  
Of a bride's sad fate in the days of old;  
How poor "Lady Agnes" was hidden  
away,

By a villainous knight on her wedding  
day  
Called *Under the Mistletoe Bough*,  
*Bough, Bough*.  
'Tis shown in the kinemas now

A little film star went over the sea,  
To try her luck in a new coun-tree.  
She mopped her eyes as she left dry  
land,

And waved "good-bye" with a trem-  
bling hand  
So she's far, far, far away now, now,  
now,

Far from the mistletoe bough.

Flora Le Breton's that film star's name,  
And she's off to New York on a search  
for fame.

Off to the country where everyone  
knows  
Never a morsel of mistletoe grows.  
Oh, she's far, far, far away now,  
Far from the mistletoe bough.

JOYCE (London).

### A WASSAIL FOR RUDY.

Here I come a-wassailing, a-wassailing  
unto you  
To tell you of my screen love, a man  
so good and true.  
He's my pride, he's my joy  
He's a very handsome boy;  
May he flourish upon the screen for  
ever and for aye.  
May he flourish upon the screen for  
ever and for aye.

His name is Valentino,  
His acting is supreme,  
His eyes are just a poem,  
His hair it is a dream.

He's my pride, he's my joy,  
He's the movie wonder-boy;  
May he flourish upon the screen for  
ever and for aye.

DOLLY (Slocum).

### ONLY A CAROL.

Put on more films; the hall is chill,  
But winds may whistle as they will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
Each age has deemed the new-born year  
The fittest time for festal cheer;  
We will not seem more backward here  
To-day. Our Christmastide shall be  
A season of uproarious glee,  
Of effervescent gaiety.  
And, since old methods have grown  
stale,

No longer wand'ring minstrels wail  
Their songs—with one eye on the ale.  
Instead, we keep our Christmas bright  
By watching films with great delight  
(Quite cheap at one-and-three a night).

BALMY 'UN (Waverley).

### 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. 26 will be awarded to the sender of each "Fault" published in the PICTUREGOER. Address: "Faults," the PICTUREGOER, 93 Long Acre, W.C.2.]

#### A Gentlemanly Villain.

In episode six of *Hurricane Hutch*, the heroine's hat falls off during a struggle with the villain. It is left on the deck of the boat when she is rescued by "Hutch," who arrives in the nick of time in a hydroplane. But when they land, and get into a waiting motor, she is again wearing it. Did the villain return it with apologies?

M. C. (Newton Abbot).

#### How Did She Know?

Barbara visits Rosalie (Mac Murray) in *The Broadway Rose*, and asks her about a paragraph in the paper, concerning Barbara's engagement. When Rosalie, in astonishment, says that she has not seen the announcement, Barbara walks into the next room, picks up a paper, and brings it back to show Rosalie. Funny, isn't it, that, though Barbara had never been in the house before, she knew exactly where to find a paper? H. D. (Highfields).

#### A Travelling Bruise.

In *The Abyssmal Brute*, young Pat Slendon, the hero, has to hit a man on the right cheek and knock him out before rescuing him from the sea. When the victim thanks Pat for having saved his life he rubs his *left* cheek vigorously and behold! there is a fine bruise that side. How come?

P. L. (Small Heath).

#### Slow Motion Clock?

Will Rogers, in the latter part of *Guilt of Women* was to be shanghaied until 12 o'clock, so that he should fail to keep an appointment and so lose his girl. At five to twelve, Will jumped from the boat into the sea. He had quite half-a-mile's swim, and a long walk up to the house afterwards. But when he arrived it was still 11-55.

R. F. P. (Nuneaton).

#### Not The Easiest Way.

The villain in *The White Mouse* (Wallace Beery) is stabbed in the back, which served him right for he was watching Lewis Stone fight for his life with the wolves without offering to go to his assistance. Next day when Wallace is found dead it is surmised that he committed suicide. By stabbing himself in the back? Allow me to inform you that it's next to impossible.

K. C. (Ayr).

#### They, Evidently, Had Some.

The period of *Peter Ibbetson* is Early Victorian, and "Peter," (Wallace Reid) is taken to see a prize-fight. One of the other spectators is shown eating a banana. This fruit was not introduced to the population of England till the latter 'nineties.

G. P. B. (Nottingham).



# My Ideal Xmas Gift

by  
FAMOUS  
FILM  
STARS



*Clare Windsor*

You can  
Dress Smartly  
—and save money

**WE ARE** now offering to the public smart and up-to-date models — Coats and Costumes at extraordinarily low prices.

We are the actual manufacturers, and by favouring us with your orders you thereby **SAVE TWO PROFITS.** Buy direct—your money goes further.



THE illustration shows a smart all-wool Jacquard Velour Coat with the latest Ruched Collar and Cuffs (Beaver Coney) smartly lined brocade.

Our Price  
**£4 4 0**



HERE is a smart, man-tailored all-wool Velour Semi-fitting Costume obtainable in all shades (from stock or made to your measure). These costumes are guaranteed perfect fitting. All colours stocked Our Price

**£3 3 0**

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Call, write or 'phone,  
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THE  
**VERNON**  
FASHIONS Co  
25 GLASSHOUSE STREET  
PICCADILLY CIRCUS  
LONDON W. 1



These are the days when fair foreheads are puckered into lines of thought, and busy brains revolve at the rate of sixty-and-one-half rotations per minute. And the Thinking Cap departments of all the big stores bear the label "Sold Out." For somewhere between to-day and December 20th the vexed question, "What shall I give for Xmas this year?" must be decided. Every movie star has a lengthy list of friends and relatives whom he or she positively must remember at Christmastide. Although in America, New Year and Halloween are the standard times for the exchange of gifts, Hollywood follows the British fashion of keeping up Christmas in the good old English way. And of course the fans from all over the Universe seize this opportunity of showing their appreciation of their favourite star's efforts to amuse them in the past year. Gifts of all kinds simply pour in; cards, calendars, little home-made offerings, and sometimes really valuable antiques and jewellery. And, because it is frequently impossible to send similar presents in return, every star dons her thinking cap, and, pen in hand, writes down her idea as to the best Christmas box of all.

"Whether giving or receiving," declares Ivy Duke, "I think the nicest Christmas present in the world is a string of pearls. Of course, pearls are my favourite precious stone, and I like them any way, set either in rings or earrings or brooches or even clasps. I usually send away a great many pearl necklets, and this year they are all the rage. Worn with one of the severely simple black gowns, nothing could be more attractive. One of my many unknown friends sent me a lovely long string. It came in the middle of November and the accompanying letter told me that he had bought the pearls from a South Sea Islander last summer, and had them strung especially for me, and that every one meant a good wish

from the donor. He didn't send any name or address, either, just initials, so if this should happen to catch his eye, I hope he'll accept my very hearty thanks."

"I receive so many requests for my cast-off clothing," exquisite Claire Windsor said recently, "That I've had a special letter printed by the hundred to send in reply. I usually play in society pictures, and I think *The Stranger's Banquet* started the flood. I had some really lovely gowns for that film; and no sooner was it shown than letters by the hundred poured in asking me whether I couldn't lend, or give the writers "one, just one of those beautiful dresses you can't want now that the film is finished." Naturally most of my film clothes are especially made for the occasion, many in the Studio ateliers, and they are not mine really. And, though I do, as it happens, give away a lot of my very own discarded clothes, I have my set of pensioners and it would be rough on them to cut off their supplies for perfect strangers. But some of the appeals I put aside, and this Xmas I have sent away a whole lot of rather pretty frocks. Some of those girls who wrote me seem never to have owned a really nice frock and so I thought they should have a Christmas surprise for once. I know the feeling, exactly, for I haven't always been able to afford nice clothes myself. I think a new dress and a silk blouse are my ideal Christmas presents, for girls at any rate."

Viola Dana plumped for something woolly. So did Katherine MacDonald. "Sports coat for mine," said Katherine, "Hand-knitted of course. You can buy splendid hand-knitted ones now-a-days." "I like to knit mine myself," confessed Viola Dana. "But I don't have the time for it. So I either have it made to order, or buy it from a catalogue. I think something knitted will be my choice this year, both for sending and receiving."

(Continued on page 70)

# Ciro Pearls

## THE GIFT IDEAL FOR XMAS

The Gift every woman desires; that honours and gratifies its recipient, while it marks the giver's perfect taste. *Ciro Pearls* are the Gift Beautiful, the Gift Desirable, the Gift Enduring. Whether in the form of a graceful necklace or set alluringly as jewels, *Ciro Pearls* are the offering that is always welcome, always appropriate. They are the one exact replica of the real—the Gift Ideal.

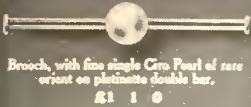
*We cordially invite everyone to inspect the unique collection of pearls at our showrooms, or we will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls* 16 inches long with solid gold clasp, in any of the *Ciro Pearl* jewels illustrated on this page, in beautiful case for One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will refund your money in full.*

Our new booklet **Ciro Pearls Ltd**  
54 of *Ciro Pearl* 178 · REGENT · STREET · W.1 · DEPT. 54  
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*Ciro Pearls* cannot be obtained elsewhere. We have no agents.



Photographic reproduction of our marvellous 16-inch *Ciro Pearl* Necklet, with Solid Gold clasp, in beautiful case, £1 1 0 Other lengths at proportionate prices.



Brooch, with fine single *Ciro Pearl* of rare weight on platinum double bar. £1 1 0



Single *Ciro Pearl* Earrings, on solid gold mounts, for pierced or unpierced ears. £1 1 0



*Ciro Pearl* Ring in platinum, with scientific rubies, emeralds or sapphires on either side. £1 1 0



Very classic Gold Bar Brooch, with single *Ciro Pearl*. £1 1 0



Pretty Three-Pearl Ring in gold. £1 1 0



Handsome Brooch, with three lustrous *Ciro Pearls* on platinum bar. £1 1 0



*Ciro Pearl* round or pear-shaped Earrings, with solid gold mounts, for pierced or unpierced ears. £1 1 0 per pair.



*Ciro Pearl* cross-over Ring, in gold or platinum. £1 1 0



*Ciro Pearl* Dress Stud, on gold mount. £1 1 0



Gold Scarf Pin with five pear-shaped *Ciro Pearl*. £1 1 0



Gold Scarf Pin with genuine round *Ciro Pearl*. £1 1 0

# Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

*"Writes with ease and speed in any position"*



The Gift that never fails to please

Send YOUR friend a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen for Christmas. Such a gift cannot fail to please. It will last a lifetime and be a constant reminder of the kindly thought that prompted the gift. You can send it to any part of the world at a trifling cost for postage.

Three Types: "Regular" Type from 12/6; "Safety" Type from 17/6; "Self filling" Type (with Patent Lever), No. 52 17/6; No. 54, 22/6; No. 55, 27/6; No. 56, 32/6; No. 58, 42/6; Clip-cap, 1/2 extra. PRESENTATION PENS IN SILVER AND GOLD. Nibs to suit all hands. Every pen fully guaranteed. OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS. "The Pen Book" sent free on request.

L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, W.C. 2.

"West End Styles at City Prices."

# Spence's

"Moyra"



In Velveteen of rich pile and exquisite quality, with sleeves of best quality silk Georgette to tone. Made with fashionably gauged waist.

In Jade, Peacock, Mole Tabac, Royal Nigger, Navy, Black.

Our Price 29/11

James Spence & Co. LIMITED.

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ESTABLISHED 1873.

# Crompton Academy of Dancing



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**A**ll branches of  
Dancing taught,  
for stage or ball-room.  
Articled Pupils taken.  
NO contracts at the  
end of their training.  
Qualified Teachers  
sent to any part of the  
country. Modern and  
scientific methods to  
achieve results quickly  
—based upon thorough  
technical knowledge.

Natural talent and originality  
encouraged, not killed by over-strain  
and forced methods, therefore pro-  
ducing artists, not mechanical figures.

MOVEMENT TEES.

Branches at North London, Balham,  
Rochester and Watford.

Full particulars from—  
**Florence Chadfield,**  
PRINCIPAL.



To such a devotee of dancing as Flora Le Breton, the idea of Dance Records as a Christmas offering seemed the natural thing. "It isn't always possible to go out to practise the new steps," she says. "But anyone who knows them can easily teach anyone who doesn't by means of a gramophone, a few good records and a little patient practice."

Quite half-a-dozen stars voted for chocolates. "Because we musn't have too many, especially when we're at work," is the dictum of Pasty Ruth Miller, "we like to revel in them just once a year and we usually do it Xmas time." "Nice large bursty looking chocolates I like best," came from Eleanor Boardman, the slender, graceful star of *Souls for Sale*. "Failing that, something you can bite into, Toffees, for instance."

Constance Talmadge, too, likes candies of all sorts in her Xmas stocking. She is naturally thin, so no amount of sweets, cakes, or toothsome delights forbidden to sister Norma have the slightest effect upon her avoirdupois.

Harold Lloyd always gives a big Christmas party to the Los Angeles Orphans on December 20th. It is held in the Studio, and over a thousand guests are invited. In his opinion the ideal Christmas-box is something of that sort. "My party is my Yuletide gift to myself," he writes us, "and we always have a grand vaudeville and circus show afterwards on a 'set' specially built for the occasion. This year there is to be a Wild West show staged by Snub Pollard, Marie Moscum and one hundred helpers. I shall have a special number in which I save Mildred from terrible dangers in the shape of collapsing stairs, trick chandeliers, revolving doors, and horrible 'Chinks.' 'Our Gang' will perform; the Hal Roach Zoo will also appear and Jobyna Ralston is going to give every kiddie peanuts and candy."

Harrison Ford, who is a great book-worm, puts it upon record that the present which pleased him most was a table lamp. This was a gift from an English fan; an artistic looking affair, with a charming silk shade. For the rest, Harrison refuses to lay down any hard and fast rule; he selects his gifts according to the tastes of the recipient and he says since he started giving and receiving Christmas presents, the Inland Revenue have had to take on a few more workers. But he likes cigarettes. So do Stewart Rome, and Henry Victor, and Thurston Hall, and quite a few feminine stars. Valia, the favourite Anglo-Russian star, orders hundreds of boxes of her favourite cigarettes for Christmas distribution amongst her many friends. And scarcely a week goes by but one or another ardent Novello fan showers tobacco upon her favourite.

Louise Fazenda who is a clever writer in her spare moments is sending off over five dozen fountain pens this Christmas. "With most of them goes a scrap of verse," she informs us, "and

the request to use my gift in writing to me. A pen is an all-round-sort of a present. It is nice to give either a girl or a man friend and I know how really useful a fountain pen is."

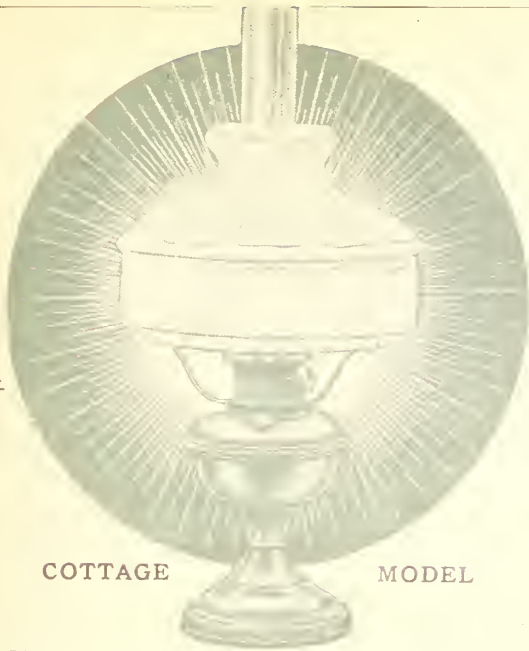
Glassware of some kind is Malvina Longfellow's idea of the ideal Yuletide remembrance. Herself an ardent collector, she had cupboards full of lovely antique glassware in her London flat. She likes old glass best, but does not disdain modern cut-glassware, and many a quaintly-shaped vase or prettily-cut bowl leaves her home in a snug box, labelled *Glass with Care*, about the middle of December.

Most of Violet Hopson's Christmas parcels go abroad. For she has a tremendous amount of foreign correspondence, and some of her Australian "fans" have never failed to send her a tiny remembrance since she made her first success in Hepworth films. But Violet has other humbler friends in London, to whom she is a real good fairy at Christmas time. Just how many parcels and baskets of food and goodies she sends to certain slum streets in the Metropolis, only her secretary could tell you. Many old ladies, alone and forlorn, receive a pretty card or calendar and a parcel of tea, coffee, sugar, etc. When the recipient is an invalid, Violet sometimes adds a bottle of wine.

Langhorne Burton appreciates offerings of that sort too. He has been abroad a great deal, and is not averse to a quiet evening over the fire, with good wine, good cigars, and a few chosen companions with whom to exchange travellers' tales. Likewise Tony Fraser. "Of course one doesn't send a lady a flagon of wine," said Tony with a grin, when we asked him to join the symposium. "One may ask her to share it, of course. But I think the most acceptable gift for one man to give another is wine, and a bright gift is an aluminium tankard. Unless he's a teetotaler, in which case he has my sympathy!"

The alluring-looking star of *Three Weeks*, Aileen Pringle prefers scent to anything else as a Christmas souvenir. She has her own kind especially made for her, and to a chosen few friends she sends an exquisitely cut glass bottle of the rare essence she habitually affects. Theda Bara at one time held the same views, but her tastes have grown more catholic of late. Evelyn Brent and Catherine Bennett (Enid Bennett's little sister, whom you can "spot" amongst the Court ladies in *Robin Hood* if you're careful), also like to give or receive a little packet of concentrated fragrance. And there is just one male star who has a "weakness" in the same direction. I think I'd better not tell you his name, though he has millions and millions of admirers. Perhaps you will guess it for yourselves. If you've seen him off the screen you'll know at once because he is an habitual devotee of a certain Eastern essence which suits a decidedly colourful personality.

(Continued on page 72).



COTTAGE MODEL

## Give your Home an Aladdin Lamp

In the season of gift-making, your own home is well worthy of remembrance. It will respond gratefully to the gift of an Aladdin Mantle Lamp by creating for you a brighter, more cheerful and inexpensive light.

The Aladdin Mantle Lamp burns common paraffin. It radiates 80 candle-power, pure, soft, white light—the best and least harmful known to science. It lights at the wick like an ordinary lamp and burns without noise. No smoke or smell. No pumping up—cannot explode. Simple to use; nothing to get out of order. Extremely economical, because it burns 94 per cent air. Proved to cost less than ½d. an hour. BEWARE OF CHEAP AND DANGEROUS LAMPS.

### 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Simply and solely to let you see for yourself what a wonderful light the Aladdin really is, we will send you free of all cost an Aladdin Table Lamp for 10 days' free trial. If you are not completely satisfied after 10 days' use that the Aladdin Mantle Lamp is far and away the best light in every way that you have ever seen, you can send it back to us.

**Aladdin**  
**MANTLE LAMPS**

### DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

to demonstrate the Aladdin in territory where oil lamps are used. Let us show you how to earn £100 a month. Write quickly for territory and samples.

### GET YOURS FREE!

We want one user in each locality to whom customers can be referred. In that way you may get your own without cost. Be the fortunate one to write first for 10 days' free trial and learn how to get one free.

### £200 REWARD

will be given to anyone showing us an oil lamp equal to the Aladdin in every way. (Details of this offer given in our circular).

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## Ivy Duke

The popular Film Actress writes:—

*"Maison Lyons Chocolates are perfection. They have only one drawback---they're so delicious that they don't last long!"*

*"A comfy seat, some Lyons chocs, and—wow E'en wilderness were Paradise enow!"*

If you want the best chocolates that money can buy, just ask for "Maison Lyons." Made in over eighty varieties ---new ones are constantly being added ---they have that fine rare distinctive flavour which everybody appreciates so much.

No home can be considered complete this coming Xmas without a box of---

*Maison Lyons*  
*Chocolates*

At Maison Lyons, Corner Houses, Lyons' Teashops,  
and leading Kinemas and Confectioners  
throughout the Country.



"... the cares that infest the day shall fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away." Charm away your cares in a soft billow of Miranda's smoke. Feel your strung-up nerves relax under its spell and enjoy divine restful content.



# Miranda's Dream

AM-BAR PERFUMED CIGARETTES

Made from pure mellow Oriental tobacco leaf with a perfume extracted from flowers from the gardens of Sinai, specially prepared by an exalted Eastern Prince's blender.



"MIRANDA'S DREAM Cigarettes are indeed exquisite."—Mlle. Valia.

Miranda's Cigarettes are so popular that they can be obtained at all leading dealers, but if any difficulty send P.O. and we will see that you are supplied.

Gold-Tipped, Extra Large 10 for 18  
Cork-Tipped, Standard Size 10 for 1-

MIRANDA LIMITED  
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"Old clothes are the things I like showered upon me Christmas time, Easter time, any old time," moans Buster Keaton. "Old hats, old shoes, and the oddest things in—I can't call them glad rags, the days of gladness are all over and done with—coats and trousers. And I'll say I appreciate the kindness of the senders who figure out I'll use their offerings in my comedies and I do use them. Last January I wanted a certain kind of old hat for a movie. I sent an S.O.S. to every old clo' peddler within reach, but no one had anything like it. Just as I was in despair the very thing arrived by mail. It came from New England from a farmer lad, who sent me the only thing he could spare by way of a gift."

Tom Meighan's Xmas mail brings him anything and everything under the sun. For Tommy is the Family Fan, the Good Luck Star and a host of other nice things. He gets candy, he gets ties, he gets samples of hair oils and hair tonics (he doesn't need 'em, his thatch is thick and curly enough for two). He gets mascots for his auto, and mascots for his desks; he gets charms and swastikas and Egyptian scarabs and South Sea Island baskets. But Tom confesses that he likes a good book as well as anything else; and his idea of the perfect offering at Christmas or any other festive occasion is a book or play suitable for a film. For Tom is finding it difficult to put his hand on exactly the type of screenplay he wants these days.

(Continued on page 74)

## "JOUJOU"

THE ONLY BUST SUPPORTER Adapted for all Purposes.



It is invented to prevent Muscles relaxing. Not only gives Relief and Satisfaction, but Improves Figure and keeps appearance Youthful, also is made on tested and thoroughly scientific lines; that is why it is recommended by the medical profession.

GUARDS against CANCER, PAIN, INFLAMMATION, TUMOUR, arising from a floppy or wire bust.

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All sizes		Sizes 27 to 36 ins.	

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Learn this interesting art & earn Big Money. Poster, Black-and-White, Story - Illustrating also taught Lessons given at Studios Morn., Aftn., or Evn., or by post. Help given to good positions. Sketches bought and sold.  
Terms:—SECRETARY.  
The Commercial Art School  
12 & 13 Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. Est. 1900

The best that money can buy

# BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER



Thoughtful Mica

SAFETY SELF-FILING PEN 5/-

JEWEL PEN CO. LTD. (Dept. 31), 76, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

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Cut Glass well chosen is a lasting tribute to the good taste of the giver and perpetual pleasure to the owner—therefore **Give Good Glassware this Xmas!** Here are two suggestions:—

**TOILET POWDER BOWLS.**—Of generous size for Bathroom. Size 5 ins. by 3½ ins. Price 22/6. Postage 1/3.

**VASES.**—From a decorative standpoint there is nothing to equal CUT GLASS VASES. No. 37 (10 ins.) ... 27/- (8 ans.) ... 17/- Postage 1/4. Full List Free.

**P. REEVES**

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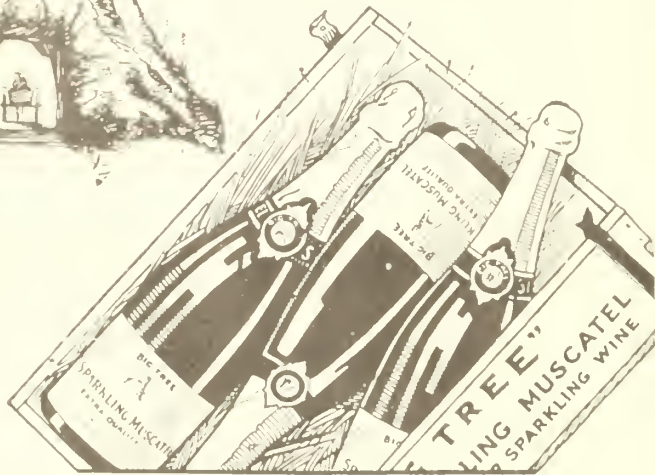
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YOU CANNOT BETTER "BIG TREE."

Mae Murray's idea of the perfect Christmas gift has not reached us at the time of going to press. By all the rules of Screenland it should be lingerie; a sheer silk or crêpe de chine princess petticoat, or some such other feminine possession. But more likely than not she will reply, "Something in wrought-iron for my dining room; for Mae is dead nuts on interior decoration. Last year Mary Pickford sent out two thousand Christmas gifts. And their value ranged from a dollar to one at five thousand dollars. The dollar one contained a doll for a little Canadian "fan," the five thousand dollar packet was nothing much to look at. Only a plain envelope with a Christmas label on the back. But it contained a cheque and went to Mary's favourite Orphanage. The gifts Mary receives consist of everything under the sun and she declares she loves each one of them. Constance Binney is fond of sending her very particular girl friends a hat for a Yuletide present. Usually of her own designing, for she is wonderfully clever at it. Taking it all round, December 25 really is an institution, especially designed for the expression of kindness and goodwill, and what could be nicer than a tangible tribute, however small, to or from your celluloid companions of so many pleasant evenings.

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The nicest thing that ever happened to the business girl was the "Luisca" blouse. It's beautiful silky sheen is permanent and it will wash and wash and wash again. It is far cheaper than silk and far more durable. A striped shirt blouse in one of the many charming colours shown this year makes an ideal Christmas present.



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"Luisca"  
Girl!

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The Leopard Skin  
Diminutive reproduction  
of one of Miss  
Lees' striking poses





Flora Le Breton and Vincent Davico.

the mankind. is more popular ever before. Superior persons sneer, critics launch weighty onslaughts, and all sorts of queer people profess to see in it something naughty and demoralising—but what do we care? Any time's dancing time for you and me! Let the superior persons and the critics amuse themselves if it pleases them. For us there is always the dance. It always strikes me as all wrong that civilization should have done its best to take away from women their birthright of natural and graceful movement. Look at any child you pass in the street and notice how naturally graceful is its walk and carriage. Notice how beautifully it moves, and notice how spontaneously it dances at the slightest provocation. The natural dancing of the little London urchins round the barrel organs would put many a stage or ballroom dancer to shame.

But how many grown-ups know how to carry themselves properly? Not one in a thousand. Shoe leather and City pavements have conspired to kill the graceful ease of their younger days. And if you see a particularly ungraceful walk and carriage be sure it belongs to a superior person! The critics are all wrong of course. Men have their physical culture—women have their dancing; and what athletics do for men, dancing does for us. Men want strength and muscles; we want beauty of figure and health of body—and we get it by dancing.

And if it comes to that didn't Rudolph Valentino gain fame as a dancer long before he ever saw the inside of a studio? What have you to say to that, Mr. Critic?

It's an interesting fact that the

majority of screen stars have gained fame because they were first and foremost first-class dancers.

Mae Murray, Constance Binney, Irene Castle, Carol Dempster, Marguerite de la Motte, Jacqueline Logan and Margaret Loomis all acquired fame as either stage or classical dancers before they went into films, while such favourites as Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Lila Lee and Gloria Swanson are all skilled in the terpsichorean art.

Theodore Kosloff, the famous Russian dancer who stars in Paramount films, believes as I do that dancing is an absolute necessity for a screen actress. It gives the power of graceful movement as nothing else can, and every actress must acquire this, for the camera is merciless in exposing defects.

Next time you see Kosloff, notice that every movement he makes is a pleasure to watch—the true poetry of motion. It was his training as a dancer that did that for him.

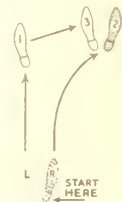
Of course I'm willing to admit with Mr. Superior Person that dancing can be brain-addling! O, Yes! And to agree with Mr. Critic that dancing does make girls impossible—at times! That is if you allow dancing to rob you of your sleep, weary your body and deplete your nerves, and obsess your thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. Like all good things it can be overdone, and then the results are bound to be bad.

But look at the other side of the picture. Consider first of all how dancing rids one of shyness, does away with all awkwardness and timidity and substitutes self-confidence, perfect con-

You too can learn to dance in this new way.



**FIRST PART**  
**Forward Waltz Step.**  
1. Begin with left foot and step directly forward, weight on left foot.  
2. Step diagonally forward to right, placing weight on right foot (see illustration).  
3. Draw left foot up to right foot, weight on left. That's all.



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Notting Hill Gate Stations.

trol of mind and muscle, and  
movement. Isn't that worth whi

Charm is a queer thing. No one  
ever been able to define it. But it is  
as it is, everyone recognises  
whenever they see it; and dancing  
certainly helps to give a girl charm.  
Isn't that worth while, too?

So let us have done with Critics and  
Superior Persons and talk about more  
exciting things.

I suppose that while I'm making film  
in America you'll all be learning  
dance the Blues in dear old Eng!

I hope you're not expecting me to  
teach you the correct steps in this  
article? I should soon have the  
shouting for his blue pencil if I  
columns and columns of "lesson"  
complete with diagrams! But I do  
want to insist that when you learn the  
Blues you learn them correctly to begin  
with.

If you want expert personal tuition,  
you cannot do better than go to either  
the Murray School of Dancing or the  
Crompton Academy. At either of these  
you can rely on being taught the very  
latest steps by experts, and you can go  
from there to the ballroom knowing  
that you will be able to hold your own  
with anyone.

And of course you will have to learn  
the Blues, for they will be all the rage  
this year. Before I sailed for  
America I looked in at the wonderful  
Palais de Danse at Hammersmith.

The great dance floor was crowded,  
but although the tango had a few  
devoted followers, the vast majority  
of the skilled dancers there were  
weaving their dreamy way through the  
Blues.

I just love the Palais de Danse. Of  
course I feel that every minute I'm not  
dancing is a minute wasted, but all the  
same it's a fascinating occupation just  
to sit at one of the little tables besides  
the floor and watch the never-ending  
flood of dancers pour by.

It's always the same when it's  
dancing time—there's life and colour,  
movement and music, a kaleidoscope of  
happy motion: Do you wonder that I  
love dancing?

Do you know I often think there is  
better dancing to be seen at Hammer-  
smith than anywhere else in London.  
They're all amateurs—but they don't  
look it. They take their dancing  
seriously and they do it well; so well  
indeed that many a professional might  
envy some of the couples who flit with  
twinkling feet round that vast floor.

And now as to dancing dress—an all-  
important factor in the ballroom, what-  
ever it may be elsewhere! My advice  
is never to wear anything that will  
impede free and graceful movement,  
no matter how fashionable it may be at  
the moment.

Loose ends of sashes, floating  
scarves, flower sprays, are all dreadful  
nuisances to the dancer. In fact any  
loose ends liable to catch and tear, not  
only spoil the dance for you—they  
simply ruin your partner's temper!

...ising  
...  
...ine that girls often  
as ... as to the advisability of  
otherwise of wearing invisible hair  
nets. Well, if they are really in-  
visible—!

Certainly nothing spoils the dancing  
girl's appearance more than a coiffure  
that has shaken loose and become un-  
tidy in the course of the evening. Of  
course so many girls wear bobbed hair  
nowadays that the question does not  
arise for them; but for others who, like  
myself, prefer to keep their tresses, it  
is a very important matter indeed.

Personally I never wear a hair net  
when dancing. I happen to be one of  
those whom they do not suit—and there  
you have the crux of the whole  
question. There are some girls who  
can pat every least curling tendril in  
place, slip over a cunningly devised  
hair net and look—and feel, which is  
more important—just so, though she  
dances through the night till cock  
crow: while others, the moment they  
don such an article are turned into  
regular Janes and look just—frumps!

So there you are. It's just one of  
those little things that every girl must  
experiment with in front of the mirror  
and decide for herself.

But there are more important things  
than hair nets that we may experi-  
ment with in private nowadays. Those  
new steps for instance.

If you are as fervent a devotee of  
dancing as I am, you'll make a bit of  
dancing time every day in your own  
home, turning on the latest and most  
seductive gramophone record.

Then there's the wireless. I haven't  
yet finished gasping over the wonders  
of this latest discovery of science.  
How our parents and grandparents

(Continued on page 78).



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*Unsolicited Testimony.*

Victor Silvester, the well-known dancer at Rector's Club, and Winner of the World's Dancing Championship, 1923, writes—

You can well imagine that when one has to deal with a large number of pupils every day, the dance music provided during instruction must be as nearly ideal as possible if the instructor is always to give of his best and the pupils derive the greatest advantage.

I have found your Imperial Dance Records are invaluable in assisting to bring about this desirable result. The dance rhythm is always perfect and the remarkable durability of the Imperial would, in my opinion, make it the cheapest Record in the long run, even if its price was the highest on the market, instead of being as it is the lowest.

I consider that the Imperial Record is a real achievement and I congratulate you for your enterprise in producing it.

*Victor Silvester*

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Faversham, Kent. Sole Manufacturers

existed without the daily exhilaration of wireless communications I find it difficult to imagine.

And best of all is the clever way the makers of gramophone records realise the importance of dancing time to the modern girl. And realise that she needs practice—at home. So we get the best and newest dance music—often by the best dance bands in the world. What an opportunity for the shy girl!

One of my firm beliefs is that dancing has a beneficial effect on a girl's looks. As a screen star I must perforce spend time and consideration upon appearances—which is not vanity but real work, I assure you! My conviction is that dancing can have none but good effects, always provided, as I said before, that it is not indulged in to foolish excess. To begin with, a girl who loves dancing is sure to be of a happy, joyous disposition—one could not imagine a sour old maid dancing!—and there you have at once the first essential for keeping youthful which, everyone agrees, is the real basis of good looks.

There is also the real physical advantage of good exercise taken in the pleasantest possible way. What, for instance, could be better for the girl whose occupation is a sedentary one, such as clerking or typing, than the exercise and exhilaration of an evening's dancing?

Stirring the blood in such a delightful fashion is bound to be better for the complexion than any amount of face massage or cosmetics.

Let me tell you a secret—you don't mind my talking about myself for a moment, do you? If I hadn't been able to dance I should probably never have got a real chance on the screen, for my first big opportunity came in *La Poupée*—and I was given the part simply because I could dance. And how I loved it—that quaint doll-dance! How I loved also that little song-film

*Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*, in which for three days I danced from dawn to dusk. Again I was chosen for the leading part because I have the sort of feet that just can't keep still if the music starts!

Film dancing has always appealed to me tremendously, far more than stage work. Stage dancing means long, tiresome rehearsals with the danger of one's movements becoming mechanical.

How different in front of the camera! One or two rehearsals, and then the scene is filmed. Screen dancing is spontaneous, the creation of the moment, and gives one the chance to express the real joy of living in every movement. It is the most natural dancing in the world, and I love it because I can be myself and express my own feelings in it.

I'll whisper a wee confession to you here. One of my big troubles in dancing is that I've got such ridiculously small feet. I actually take thirteen's in shoes—children's size, of course! The result is that I have to have all my dancing shoes made specially for me. I can assure you it's no laughing matter, but often a very great nuisance indeed.

The Editor is warning me that I'm getting very near the bottom of my last column. So let me say in conclusion that if I were asked for my idea of Heaven, I should reply without the slightest hesitation. Dancing! Dancing time is the time when I really live. No worries, no troubles, just happiness, joy and a world of make believe.

If you have managed to read my article as far as this there is one word I would like to say to you before I say good-bye. Christmas time is dancing time if ever there was one. So—a Merry Christmas to you each and every one. Dance your way into the New Year and may your dancing time bring you nothing but happy and carefree hours.

A Merry Christmas  
to you all!



Dustin Farnum in "While Justice Waits," released this month

# SHADOWLAND

MOVIE  
GOSSIP  
OF THE  
MONTH



Great news for Frederick Fans! Pauline of that ilk is returning to her old haunts and is already at work on a Stuart Blackton production. Lou Tellegen plays opposite, and the film is titled *Let No Man Put Asunder*.

Buster Keaton transferred his entire household to Truckee for the filming of out-of-doors scenes in *Hospitality*, his second Metro feature. He put the whole bunch into the film, from Baby Joseph Talmadge Keaton and his mamma, to Mr. and Mrs. Keaton senior. It is a costume picture, period the early 'thirties, and Buster will appear for the first time minus his famous pancake hat.

The Film Players Club of America has just moved its quarters to West Forty Fourth Street, New York City. It has a membership of 1,500, comprising actors and actresses, directors and cameramen. Nearly all the Hollywood stars belong, for they all gravitate to New York eventually.

The exhibit that drew more comment than any other at the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto, was the original volume containing the register of Mary Pickford's birth. The book was shown in a glass case, among archives and other unique documents, in the Government buildings and belongs to the Ontario Government.

Aren't Movies funny? Andrée Lafayette was specially imported from France to play "Trilby of the beautiful feet." But the "trilbys" you see in *Trilby* aren't Trilby's trilbys. Not in the "close-ups," that is. Alas! that we should shatter your illusions, but the horrid truth is that they belong to little Betty Roher, an extra. For Andrée is tall and big, and though her pedal extremities are very nice, they are in proportion to her size, and didn't take kindly to "close-ups." Therefore Betty obliged. Andrée is now playing the typist heroine in *The Vital Question* for Laval Productions.

Claire West, formerly Cecil B. De Mille's right hand in the costume and designing departments has transferred her activities to the Talmadge studios. She will supervise all Norma and Constance Talmadge's costumes for their future productions.

Priscilla Dean is going to make her own screenplays for the future. She calls her company Laurel Productions and announces Wheeler Oakman as her leading man.

William S. Hart and his old Pinto pony are doing a comeback into Movies together. Pinto had been taking it easy down at Newhall Ranch for many months and had grown as fat as Bill Hart is lean. Incidentally "Wild Bill Hickok," whom Bill Hart is imperson-

ating in his new film was a real personage. A demon at shooting, and a lady killer—complete with long hair and a wicked moustache. But Hart drew the line there. "No face fungus for me," he declared, "And no long hair." So the film Bill Hickok will be close cropped, and clean-shaven.

Baby Peggy has divulged a state secret. Her name is really Jean Montgomery. Peggy suited her, so it was tacked on when she became a stock player in Century comedies. She is now with Principal Pictures, and her new screen contract is for three years.

Dorothy Mackail did so well in her first role opposite Dick Barthelmess in *The Fighting Blade*, that he has engaged her to appear in his new one, *Twenty One*. This is to be made in New York.

Maurice Tourneur has just finished his fiftieth motion picture since his arrival in America from France in 1914. This is at the rate of about five a year. His first U.S.A. film was *Mother*, other notable early screenplays he directed were *The Wishing Ring* (Mae Murray), *The Pit*, *Alias Jimmy Valentine* (Robert Warwick), *Trilby* (Clara Kimball Young) *Pride of the Clan* (Mary Pickford), *The Blue Bird*, *Prunella* (Marguerite Clarke) and *Treasure Island*. His newest are *The Isle of Lost Ships*, *The Brass Bottle* and *Jealous Husbands*.



Catherine  
Moore  
and her  
husband  
John  
McCormick.

After a lengthy sojourn in Arizona, for scenes in a Zane Grey story, *The Call of the Canyon*, Lois Wilson is playing opposite Tom Meighan in *Pied Piper Malone*.

Wallace Macdonald told an interviewer that he had been a hero to eighteen beautiful feminine film stars. And he married the only one who took him seriously (Doris May). Wallace has just started a new screenplay *The Day of Faith*.

Charles Brabin has other claims to recognition besides the unique honour of being married to Filmland's pioneer Vamp, Thola Bara. He directed that early serial *What Happened to Mary*, in which Mary Fuller starred; he made *The Raven* for Essanay in 1915, also many Vitagraph, Metro and Fox pictures since. Now he is to direct *Don Hur*, which Goldwyns declare is to be the biggest motion picture ever made.

A newcomer to Metro studios, Harrison Ford has the role of "Alexis Trion" in *The Living Past*, Harold Shaw's screen version of a W. J. Locke story "The Tale of Triona." His first day's work will remain in his memory for some time. He was requested to be on the lot at seven a.m. Harrison is an obdurate soul and he borrowed a friend's car and arrived dead on time. Sad to relate someone else came along in a hurry, didn't notice the car, which was parked in a usually empty space, and backed into it, denting both sides badly.

Ford had been allotted a fine star dressing room. But the first look at him, his hair on one side and the other, and the eye defended him

into a heap of rubbish a passing cleaner had dumped there thinking the room still unoccupied. In his first scene he had to stand still and let Alec Francis punch him on the jaw. "Francis seemed in excellent fighting form," Harrison Ford said ruefully, afterwards. "And I got another licking from Harry Northrup in the afternoon. I was allowed to hit back this time, but Harry is tougher than I am and I bruised my knuckles on him." Finally Ford slipped and Northrup, who had him by one coat tail, held on, hoping to save his victim a fall. But the coat parted from collar

to tail and Harrison came a cropper. They worked till midnight and now Ford says the first seven hours were the hardest.

There was a family tea party on the Metro "lot" last month. Catherine and Marjorie Bennett called on sister Enid to watch her working on *The Living Past*. Edna Flugrath and Shirley Mason were similarly occupied watching Viola Dana on stage B impersonate *Angel Face Molly*, and Jane and Eva Novak were hard at it on the adjoining stage playing in *The Man Whom Life Passed By*. At six o'clock, the whole eight tead together on an empty stage and swapped "Do You Remember's?" for two hours.

Betty Compson's new Lasky Picture is called *The Stranger*, and Lewis Stone and Richard Dix will be co-featured with her. It is a screen version of John Galsworthy's "The First and the Last," and we wonder whether the title has any reference to Betty's long absence from Paramount studios.

Did you know that Lon Chaney takes all his screen-characterisations from life? Lon was the guest of honour at a luncheon at the Astor Hotel given by the American screen press, and in the course of a speech told them that, and many other interesting things. Lon studies mankind continually, and absorbs their mannerisms and peculiarities of every kind which he uses in his screen work. It transpired that Chaney studied a certain legless man in San Francisco for five weeks, preparatory to delineating the role of the legless character in *The Penalty*. And his study of the Chinaman in *Shadows* was based upon a personal friend, one "China Jim" of Colorado Springs.

Mary Astor is to be John Barrymore's heroine in *Beau Brummel*. Experts declare John will look, as well as act the role to perfection.

The ancient city of Bagdad, which occupies all of the huge Fairbanks "lot" had some interesting residents recently. These were ten Bengal tigers with whom Doug Fairbanks worked for six evenings on scenes for *The Thief of Bagdad*. These powerful and beautiful animals were given a "royal suite" on the lot, where half Hollywood clamoured to see them. A twelve-foot wire fence kept visitors and visited from getting into too close touch with each other.

"Jekyll and Hyde" is to be filmed again, with William V. Mong in the dual role. William has taken on a formidable task, for John Barrymore's performance will want some equalling.

George Arliss commenced a film called *The Adopted Father* before he left America, and declared he would come back and finish it soon. But London has decided otherwise, so they are bringing the mountain to Mahomet. The final shots of *The Adopted Father* will be filmed in England, the producer, Harmon Wright and certain of the cast, which includes Taylor Holmes and Estelle Taylor are on their way over now.

One of the most interesting of the Continental screenplays to be released shortly is *The Devil's Acre*, which tells how a crime came home to roost. One man is beloved by three women, and he at first cares only for wealth and sticks at nothing to obtain his desires. Lya de Putti, the star, makes her first bow to British audiences in this film and is supported by Eugene Klopfer and Alfred Abel. A spectacular explosion and some fine lighting effects are salient points in *The Devil's Acre*.

Ann Little, heroine of many successful serial films, is the bright particular star of the Cosmograph Film Co.'s big £3,000 Competition picture *Nan of the North*. This plucky little lady has enacted some strenuous roles in her time, but never has she had a more exciting succession of adventures than in this new "chapter play." It would be unfair to give away all the exciting episodes in which "Nan" is the central figure, but she proves herself an unusually clever horsewoman—an art she learned in the early days of Wild West pictures.

Don't waste your time sighing for what the next girl's got, but spend it wisely in making the best of what you're got. Every woman has something attractive about her, and you should develop and care for your best feature for all you're worth. Begin with the skin, always, and thence proceed to the hair. A free "Book of Beauty" telling you just how to set about it can be obtained from the Oatme Co., whose preparations are world-famous. Read their announcement on page 15 of this issue.



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Pearl White in a scene from "Plunder."

## Continental Film Gossip

Right: Renée Gerville.

THE last three months of 1923 will be a period of great activity on the Continent when nearly twenty famous American producers and double that number of stars will be at work making pictures in various parts of Europe—that part of Europe which is found on this side of the Channel.

Rex Ingram at the moment of writing is producing a new film, the scenes of which are laid in Africa, Spain and France. Alice Terry is the leading player, and Ramon Novarro heads an important list of well-known artistes.

While Fitzmaurice is making a film for Famous Players with Lillian Gish in Italy, the whole Welsh-Pearson company is at work in Paris. Charming Betty Balfour, the ever-delightful "Squibs," Fred Groves and Hugh E. Wright have been "shooting" interesting scenes in the principal Paris thoroughfares.

Fanny Ward, too, is shortly returning to the silent stage. Betty Compson, now to be seen in *Woman to Woman*, the W. & F. production, is expected here within the next few weeks and will make an extended stay, during which time she will probably make a film.

Aubert have just finished *La Bataille*, with Sessue Hayakawa, Tsuru Aoki, Jean Dax, and Felix Ford in the leading roles. This new Aubert picture, I understand, will be trade shown in London before Christmas.



Flash Studies of Jean Wells  
the French Lon Chaney

Pola Negri is expected in Paris where she will star, I am told, in a big production with an entirely-American company.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Griffith and Chaplin all have plans to settle down here, and so it is fully expected that there will be considerable activity in the French film world before very long. The French film industry is becoming more and more Cosmopolitan every day, but then perhaps it is better so.

I have just seen the new Pearl White film, produced by Fordys Films, with Edouard José directing, and which will shortly be released in London. It is really excellent entertainment and some very fine stunts are to be seen. The story is novel and contains a host of original scenes, such as the actual Paris sewers, genuine French chateaus with consequently genuine sliding panels, trap-doors, and the usual.

Bob Lee is the leading juvenile and some fine acting is seen in the performances of Marcel Vibert and Henri Baudin. Mlle. Renée Gerville, also, distinguishes herself in this, her first film. As a matter of fact she has just signed on an important engagement with an Anglo-American company in France. She is considered one of the most beautiful women of her particular type in France to-day and recently won a beauty competition for the prettiest film stars. Arlette Marchal is good, if a little cold, but on the whole *Terror* should prove most successful.

Jean Wells, known as the French Lon Chaney, because of his inimitable aptitude in transforming his features, is coming to London after winning immense success in *La Légende de Sœur Béatrix*. Wells beside playing a leading part in the last Sarah Bernhardt film, *La Voyante*, was assistant director of that production. He also plays in the new Pearl White photoplay *Terror*, and his particular job in this case, is to do away with the popular movie star, but death gets him first and that rather messes things up.

A really amusing story that happened in the studio at Epinay was told me by Renée Gerville. It concerned Arlette Marchal and Jean Wells and Bizeul and Agniel, the well-known American-French cameramen. Arlette was walking across the "set" when suddenly she stopped and asked the "artists of the camera" "How far off am I?" "About forty feet!" replied Bizeul and Agniel, simultaneously. "But that is not far," said Arlette Marchal. "Evidently not," said Jean Wells sadly, edging near to the door. "but if they're your feet the distance is tremendous."

But Arlette Marchal did not catch him till he reached the tram lines and then "Lon Chaney" only got away by taking the last tram home!

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rough shower bath, the rougher the better." Betty is certainly a very good advertisement for her own system.

That a beautiful skin is a girl's chief attraction is also Mildred Davis Lloyd's theory. And she believes in keeping it beautiful. She, however, doesn't believe in face creams or skin foods of any kind other than soap. "Give me a good toilet soap and plenty of hot and cold water, and I'll be unafraid of hot sun and cold winds," she says. "And my golden rule is, keep your skin in good order and you'll always be healthy and beautiful. Because if something is wrong inside, the skin will show it directly, and what you have to do is to put it right."

Nazimova declares that a supple youthful figure and graceful movements make for beauty rather than a beautiful face. Madame stubbornly refuses to believe that her face, with its speaking eyes, and mobile, expressive features, has a unique beauty all its own. But, as to the rest of her person, she favours oil and aromatic vinegar massage all over. She uses little soap and water on her face, preferring to cleanse it thoroughly with a good make of cold cream. She likes her oil rub and massage, but detests any form of exercise except swimming. And even then she doesn't exert her small self; just lies around the pool in lazy contentment.

Once upon a time Lila Lee used to wear her long, black hair hanging absolutely straight upon her shoulders. She doesn't now, though. She has acquired a wave and a husband, but whether the one had anything to do with the other nobody knows. Lila has never dreamed of bobbing her hair, because her idea of loveliness lies in lovely locks. She takes very great pride in her luxuriant tresses and believes in many shampoos and a good hair tonic well massaged into the scalp once every seven days.

"The secret of attraction is really a pretty foot and a slim shapely ankle," says Helen Ferguson. "And my golden rule for beauty is 'Take plenty of walking exercise.' You want the right kind of shoes, of course; badly fitting footwear is the cause of no end of trouble. But if your ankles be not slim, don't lose

**B**e beautiful. It's up to you. Whether your nose be Grecian or retroussée, whether your hair be dark and straight or fair and curly, whether your eyes be blue or black and your figure tall or tiny. For to be absolutely candid, nine out of every ten beauties in this beauty-loving world of ours are made, not born. For so many things go to make up that perfect *ensemble* which charms you upon the screen. Amongst all the lovely ladies of screenland can you name one who has nothing but a set of perfect features to offer? No, because mere doll-like perfection is not beauty at all. Never was so big a mistake made as when a girl who doesn't happen to be beautiful (if you analyse feature by feature) labels herself an ugly duckling, ceases to take any interest in her personal appearance and so becomes a dowd. All the screen stars are beautiful, each one in her different way, and each one has her own idea of what constitutes beauty in a woman. More often than not she picks upon something that is not her own strong point, for the eternal feminine is very human and nearly always wants what the other woman's got. Besides, to be a beauty does not mean to be flawless. Isolated physical shortcomings, such as one bad feature to two good ones, are not really marring. Sometimes a defective feature is an outstanding feature, like Wellington's nose or Napoleon's emboupoint.

Type more than mathematical exactitude of feature is the thing, and a new type may create new standards of beauty, for beauty sends a few exceptions to the general rule to create new rules of their own. Most of the acknowledged beauties of the Silver Screen have one especial "golden rule" upon which their standards of attractiveness are based. One swears by a

clear pale skin, another declares that lovely hands and well kept nails are all a woman needs to take her stand amongst the twentieth century Helens.

Ruth Roland's golden rule is "Get a good face cream and don't be afraid to use it." Ruth is a serial star, first and last, though she can act in dramas when she cares to, and often puts in a month or two on the stage over the winter. She is touring now, in a short play. But her usual work keeps her out in the open air for many hours at a stretch, riding and stunting, and as she would never take any risk of losing her famous good looks, you may be sure her advice is worth taking. Ruth also indulges in salt baths very freely,

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for this, she says, keeps the muscles in good order and tones up the system generally.

A simple golden rule is Betty Compton's "tri-rule." Here it is: "Exercise a lot; eat very little; sleep a lot." "I don't like exercise for its own sake," says Betty. "It must be wrapped up to look like play. I like swimming and the surfboard. Some evenings mother and I walk a mile or two after my work is done. I believe, though, in cosmetics. A good cold cream for the face, then powder and a little rouge, protect the skin from sun and wind. Of course they *must* be deftly applied. To do this properly you want to stand in the sunlight, or under a glaring unshaded artificial light. Nothing looks worse than a too heavily-made-up face out of doors. I swear by a good face cream, and cold cream, and I like also a



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heart. There are several quite wonderful processes that can make them so. But walking too can do a lot for you." Helen practises what she preaches; she is an indefatigable walker, and even when she is working, manages to snatch at least one-and-a-half hour's walking every day.

Gloria Swanson, too, is a believer in beautiful feet and ankles as a potent appeal. Else why should she make such a point of displaying hers in almost every film in which she appears? *The Prodigal Knight* featured Gloria's feet and ankles in all their slim, bare, perfection, quite as fully as the galaxy of famous stars whose names figured in the cast. And at the beginning of the first reel she shows you how to keep feet fit. Gloria has something to say upon care of the hair, too. Her own red-roan locks are bobbed, these days, but she cultivates big, natural looking waves all over the head and her advice is "Keep your head and your toes beautiful and you'll have to make the rest of you match." Gloria sends you this advice as to hair-culture.

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"Very dry, brittle hair that breaks off easily is, of course, much harder to manage, in that it is inclined to be less healthy and sometimes presents a problem in the matter of shampooing, as shampooing dries it out. The trouble, anyway, lies in the nourishment of the hair—or rather the lack of nourishment—and that is something you can help to remedy.

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(Continued on page 88).

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But experience teaches wisdom! It teaches that camouflage creams, those that merely *hide* skin blemishes, are pore-clogging and injurious. It teaches that what may suit Mrs. A. may not add one iota to the attractiveness of Mrs. B.—rather the reverse!

**SPECIALISM** is the keynote of the marvellous and ever-increasing success of Madame HELENA RUBINSTEIN in the 27 years during which she has guided countless thousands of women to lasting loveliness of complexion and contour.

If you take your beauty problem to her, personally or by post, you will receive the *best* advice, the *best* toilet aids for YOU.

### FOR DRY SKINS.

**NOVENA CERATE** cleanses, softens, gives sapfulness and a smooth velvetiness of surface. 2/6, 5/-.  
**VALAZE SPECIAL SKIN TONIC** braces, brightens, wards off lines, and leaves the driest of skins soft, supple and humid. 4/6, 8/6.

**A LOVELY FLAWLESS COMPLEXION** is gained by using Madame RUBINSTEIN'S famous Valaze Beautifying Skin Food. By its marvellous stimulating and deep-reaching action, drab, yellow complexions are made fresh and clear, *irregular blemishes*, the skin becomes daily finer, softer, more sweetly and healthily tinted, and protected against ills that may assail it.

Prices 4/6, 9/6, 18/6.

**COMPLEXION PROTECTION.** If the skin is to be kept softly tinted and supple, it must be protected with Valaze Balm Rose. It is the most wonderful skin protector in the world, *entirely preventing discoloration and freckles*, and is an excellent foundation for powder. Price 1/6.

**PRETTY ARMS AND THROAT.** Valaze Reducing Soap will reduce superfluous fat on any part of the body. Valaze Tissue Cream will remedy over-thinness. To whiten the skin immediately use Valaze Whitener, *which will not rub off* and soil dark clothes. Prices 4/6, 1/6 and 1/6 respectively.

Exquisite treatments are given daily to remedy all beauty flaws. The special *full-face* is an treatment *removes signs of strain* and imparts *radiant beauty* to the complexion. An *exclusive procedure*. "Secrets of Beauty" sent gratis on request.

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to make the hair smooth and glossy. Try this, if your hair is thin and dry, as well as massaging the scalp with the finger tips, with a circular motion. A good hair tonic, for dry hair, or a good, oily salve, is of great benefit when rubbed into the scalp.

"Obviously it is important to consider what kind of shampoo soap is best for one's hair. Any good pure soap is sure not to injure the hair, but a woman with dry tresses could probably find something more efficacious in the way of soap in one of the many oil shampoos that help prevent the hair from drying out.

"Unquestionably, bobbing the hair has been of great benefit in helping it to grow; long before bobbed hair came into vogue, we were accustomed to cut the ends of our hair or to singe them to even them off and help them to grow. And the bobbed hair theory is, of course, much the same. There can be no question of its benefit from a standpoint of health, all other considerations aside."

"A beautiful figure is, to me, the one vital possession," says Queenie Thomas. "And I can give you my views on the subject of keeping the figure beautiful in two words—Good corsets. I think the figure of to-day, with its free flowing grace, ever so much nicer than the fashionable silhouette of, say, the period of my last costume play, *The School For Scandal*. By the way, you just should have seen the corsets I was laced into every day so that I could wear that lovely broché frock of 'Lady Teazle's.' They were absolute torture and had to be tightened just so much and no more or else I couldn't breathe. But, to my mind a good figure is more precious than rubies and to obtain a really nice graceful outline you should go to one of the really good firms who make corsets to order and have yours specially made for you."

Amongst British beauties one's thoughts instinctively fly to Gladys Cooper. And Gladys Cooper, like so many others, believes that a beautiful skin is the first and last word in loveliness. "The question of cleanliness cannot be emphasised too much," she writes. "It is above all important that the skin of the face should be perfectly clean. I have known women, even in these times, though I must admit not many—who did not believe in using a face cream at all. I will go so far as to admit that it is better to use none than a bad one; but surely it must be obvious that, as women grow older the natural oils in the skin gradually dry up, partly owing to the use of face powders, etc., and partly as the effect of age itself. A baby's skin is probably the most beautiful of all. After babyhood, the skin very gradually begins to dry up; and thus, obviously, the natural oils of the skin should be replaced by applied oils. I have used the same cream for years past. It is made by a friend of mine and I simply could not do without it."

Gladys Cooper is putting this "Perfect Face Cream" as she calls it upon the market, now. It is made of oils extracted from growing things, and she declares its effect magical.

"Do as you please," is Patsy Ruth Miller's golden rule for beauty. But then Patsy is very young and is always "doing something," though she doesn't follow any special beauty treatment. She tried oil massage for a time, and cream for her face instead of soap and water, but she's discarded them and gone back to the good old bath-tub these days. Patsy has a hearty appetite; and she doesn't refuse the chocolate layer cake either. Also, she eats candy by the hour when she feels like it, and, S-sh! There are always at least four beaux complete with sweet-offerings waiting on the doorstep for her every



Julia Faye pedicuring Gloria Swanson's foot in "A Prodigal Knight."

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New Oil Process



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The Gaby Process takes 7 minutes only and IS NOT AFFECTED BY WASHING.

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The one method endorsed by the Press.

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### Complexion Soft and Clear as Baby's

EVERY woman has it, you know, UNDERNEATH. But how to remove the soiled, weather-worn outer skin with all its blemishes, is a secret at present little known. In America the women submit themselves to

**The Heroic Process of Skinning,** i.e., having the outer cuticle removed by a carbolic acid solution. The process is not only extremely painful, but necessitates the patient keeping to the house for several weeks. In this country

#### SCIENCE HAS PROGRESSED

so far that any woman, or man, may confidently remove their skin without pain or inconvenience of any kind. All that they need do is to get a little merciolized wax from the Chemist, and smear it over the face and neck.

#### IT TAKES ABOUT TEN DAYS

to complete the transformation, and nobody will be any the wiser, except of course for the great improvement in your appearance. Don't simply ask for wax—it must be

### MERCOLIZED

2 and 36. The large size contains nearly three times the quantity of the small

**TIDY-WEAR HAIR NETS**  
 "TIDY-WEAR" MEANS TIDY HAIR  
 Patent Tight Hair-Makes all the Difference  
 4 d. 6 d. 8 d. 9 d.

Sunday afternoon. Sunday mornings she plays tennis, when she can beg off from church. She, Mildred Davis, Helen Ferguson and Catherine Ferguson (Helen's sister) make up their own Sunday set always. And they're fearfully strenuous over it, too.

But we are neglecting the men, dreadfully. Though their golden rule is invariably the same—Plenty of exercise. Most of the male stars are athletes. Jack Holt advocates days in the saddle; he's burned dark-brown from the Californian sun, and certainly in his case, "Handsome men are slightly sunburnt." Richard Dix believes in golf, for both men and girls. He says it's good for the figure, good for the temper, and good for the skin (the open air, I suppose he means). Dick admires a beautiful figure and graceful movements more than a lovely face, in the opposite sex. He's deserted golf for aviation, these days, and pilots an aeroplane hither and yon, with more often than not, Lois Wilson in the seat beside the pilot's.

"Go to Sea" is John Bower's slogan. He says sun and sea-breeze are the best tonics and beautifiers in the world, and his yacht is always well filled with converts to his Cult. With Jackie Coogan the case is different, Jackie is a dynamo of energy, but he cannot do anything by rote or rule. (That, by the way, seems one of the hall-marks of genius). They tried him with an exercise chart, grip dumb-bells, and even a model gymnasium, but they left his little lordship cold. So now they let him play marbles and ball with the other kid dies, or ride his scooter around, and trust to these and his activities at the sand pile on spare afternoons to keep him a normal healthy child.

Buck Jones is a rough-riding fiend, so is Tom Mix; it seems to agree with them, but, though they confidently recommend it to all and sundry as a beauty and health recipe, I notice that Mesdames Mix and Jones seldom indulge in this strenuous pursuit to any great extent. Victoria Forde Mix was a fearless horsewoman and stunt-ist on the screen, but she is a very feminine person in real life, and does not disdain the powder puff or the lipstick in her own boudoir.

Says lovely Rubye de Renter, who has been called by a very famous French artist the most beautiful American blonde, "My beauty creed is just this. I be-

lieve in massage, more than anything else, as a beautifier. I believe in shower baths night and morning. Hot or cold, whichever you prefer, hot and cold if you like. I believe in cold cream, lots of it; only let it be thoroughly good. I believe in walking, I don't like it myself, I loathe it; but I have to earn my living as a screenstar and I have a reputation to uphold for being—well, nice looking. I believe in going to bed early always. And I don't believe in smoking. My golden rules are these, and I think perfect health spells perfect beauty. You cannot have one without the other.

Corinne Griffith, the lovely star of *Six Days*, sends some original thoughts on Beauty. According to Corinne, Beauty is happiness, and the greatest beautifier in the world is love, "But being happy," continues this popular star, "is largely a matter of being healthy, and here is my recipe for health. Keep in condition. I do this by eating the correct kinds of food and getting the correct kind of exercise. The right kind, remember; there are sports and exercises that do not suit my personality though others pronounce them wonderful. I daresay the same applies to you.

"I believe in keeping fit, but not in making a business of it."

Many of the stars believe in diet, but all of them firmly believe that a woman's loveliness depends very largely upon herself. That "plainness" does not really exist, and that Art can and should assist nature. And though they don't often specialise in all the latest beauty fads they do depend upon one of two simple

rules to preserve what is, after all, every woman's heritage and most treasured possession—her Beauty.

#### The Amami Girl

She has been chosen at last. Her name is Kathleen June Pouchard and her photograph appears on this page. The manufacturers of Amami Beauty Aids, Messrs. Pritchard and Constance recently offered a prize of a thorough course of stage training and an engagement with Andre Charlot to the most suitable applicant. At the crowded audition at the Duke of York's Theatre, much talent and beauty was displayed, but lucky Kathleen was unanimously declared the winner.







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My measurements are—

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## Picturegoer's Guide

Harrison Ford and Mabel Ballin in "Vanity Fair"

**A Chapter In Her Life** (European; Dec. 17).

Clara L. Burnham's "Jewel" re-filmed by the same director, Lois Weber; with Jane Meezer in Ella Hall's part, supported by Claude Gillingwater, Jacqueline Gadsden, Robert Frazer, Francis Raymond, and Eva Thatcher. A charming child story.

**April Showers** (Walturdaw; Dec 3).

Kenneth Harlan and Colleen Moore indulging in lovers' quarrels for six reels; also Ruth Clifford, Priscilla Bonner, Kid McCoy and Tom McQuire and a simple story of the Police force and the boxing ring. Melodramatic fare.

**Arabia** (Fox; Dec 10).

Tom Mix in the land of Sheiks and harems. Also Claire Adams, George Hernandez and Ralph Yearsley. Good, dashing romance.

**Back Home And Broke** (Paramount; Dec. 20).

Tom Meighan and George Ade (of Fable fame) got together in this excellent small town comedy-romance. Lila Lee opposite Tom. A capital Meighan movie.

**Brass** (F. B. O.; Dec 10).

A human and vital story of a marriage that was not made in Heaven, with Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, and Harry Myers heading a fine cast. Good entertainment.

**Old Bill of Paris** (Granger; Dec. 3).

A French production featuring Jacques Feyder and Maurice de Feraudy of *Atlantide* fame. All about a costermonger of Paris, and one of the best things France has ever sent us. Don't miss it!

**The Cross Roads of New York** (Allied Artists; Dec. 3).

A wild comedy-melodrama, consistently entertaining as befitting a Mack-Sennett movie.

**Daughters of the Rich** (Walturdaw; Dec. )

A Gasnier production involving a scheming mother, two romantic daughters, a rich youth, a titled fortune-hunter, and his affinity. All star cast includes Gaston Glass, Ethel Shannon, Miriam Cooper, Ruth Clifford, Stuart Holmes, Josef Swickard, and Truly Shattuck. Complicated society drama.

**The Dauphin of France** (Granger-Vita; Dec. 17).

A thrilling story of the French Revolution featuring Tibor Lubinsky, supported by Maria Lazar, Julius Barde, Julius Fetier, Julius Szoreghy, and Maria Balla. Excellent historical fare.

**The Face In the Fog** (Paramount; Dec. 24).

A "Boston Blackie" story well played by Lionel Barrymore, Lowell Sherman, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Scena Owen, Mary Maclaren, Louis Wolheim, and George Nash. Exciting crook and underworld romance.

**The Fire Eater** (F. B. O.; Dec. 10).

Hoot Gibson in a swinging story of a forest fire. Fine backgrounds and good stunts. An attractive Westerner.

**Gems of Literature** (Walturdaw; Dec. 3-31).

*The Mistletoe Bough* starring Flora Le Breton (Dec. 17), *Scrooge*, with Nina Vanna and Russell Thorndike (Dec. 10), *The Sin of a Father*, starring Madge Stuart and Russell Thorndike (Dec. 24), and *Love in an Attic*, with Nina Vanna, Walter Tennyson, and Russell Thorndike (Dec. 31). Little playlets founded on famous elassies. Good entertainment.

**The Gentleman From America** (European; Dec. 10).

Rose-coloured romance which will please everybody. Hoot Gibson stars in this adventure of a "buddy" on furlough; with Louise Lorraine, Tom O'Brien, Carmen Phillips, and Rosa Rosanova in support. Excellent screen fare.

**The Girl I Loved** (Allied Artists; Dec. 3).

Brings back to the screen the boy we loved at his best. Charles Ray comes back in one of his old-time characterisations, supported by Patsy Ruth Miller, Ramsey Wallace, and Edythe Chapman. Excellent entertainment.

**Her Social Value** (Ass. First National; Dec 17).

A shopgirl's romance, with Katherine MacDonald as the girl and Roy Stewart, Bertram Grassby, Betty Ross Clarke, Winter Hall, and Lillian Rich in the supporting cast. Fair entertainment.

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It was left for Dr. S. B. Niblett to at last discover the remedy that would not only bring alleviation, but, by building up the patient's vital forces, finally render him immune from the dread scourge. Dr. Niblett gave thirty-five years' close study to epilepsy and fits—devoted a lifetime to the alleviation of these terrible complaints. His remedy—which he called "Vital Renewer"—has brought back during the last few years health and strength to thousands, and it is with the object of making it more widely known that we, to-day, make a remarkable offer of a free bottle to anyone who is afflicted with this dread disease.

May we put it to you to take advantage of this offer now—to learn, once and for all, that there is a way by which you can be quickly and permanently cured—a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by thousands of patients thoroughly cured?

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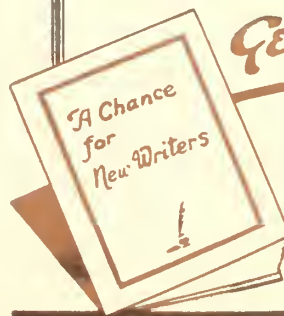


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**High Heels** (*F. B. O.*; Dec. 3).

All about a spoilt society girl's reformation. Gladys Walton stars, supported by George Hackathorne, the De Briac twins, Jean Debaac, and Dwight Crittenden. A pleasant movie.

**I Am The Law** (*F. B. O.*; Dec. 3).

A triangle story of the North West Mounted in which the cast is the interesting feature and includes Rosemary Theby, Wallace Beery, Noah Beery, Alice Lake, Kenneth Harlan, and Gaston Glass. Fair entertainment.

**The Indian Love Lyrics** (*Stoll*; Dec. 17)

A colourful Eastern romance woven around the favourite song cycle, well played by Owen Nares, Malvina Longfellow, Catherine Calvert, Shayle Gardner, Fred Raynham, and Daisy Campbell. Good, spectacular entertainment.

**The Isle of Lost Ships** (*Ass. First National*; Dec. 10).

One of Maurice Tourneur's finest and most atmospheric productions. Fantastic sea story, with plenty of mystery, adventure and melodramatic romance. Cast comprises Anna Q. Nilsson, Milton Sills, Frank Campeau, and Walter Long. Excellent entertainment.

**The Joker** (*Gaumont*; Dec. 12).

Syd Chaplin in a Kuritian comedy and a dual role. Fair comedy entertainment.

**The Last Moment** (*Goldwyn*; Dec. 3).

A fine sea story about a spoiled boy who ran up against Life—with the lid off. Fine work by Henry Hull, Doris Kenyon, Louis Wolheim, Jerry Petersen, Donald Hall, William Nally, and Micky Bennett.

**The Love Gambler** (*Fox*; Dec. 3).

The sentimental near-tragedy of a bet and its consequences, starring John Gilbert with Carmel Myers, Barbara Tennant, W. E. Laurence, and James Gordon in support. Good entertainment.

**The Love Letter** (*European*; Dec. 3).

Gladys Walton, Edward Hearne, and George Cooper in an excellent crook drama of devotion and self sacrifice.

**Mad Love** (*W. & F.*; Dec. 3).

Very. A well knit picture on the lines of *Passion*, about a madman who broke from an asylum to revenge himself upon a woman who has made men her playthings. Pola Negri stars. Tragic but effective.

**Merry-Go-Round** (*European*; Dec. 3)

Shows the tragic fate of a movie commenced by Stroheim and finished by Julian. Romantic drama set in pre War Vienna. Starring Norman Kerry, Mary Philbin, Cesare Gravina, George Seigmann, Anton Vaverka, Maud George, and Dale Fuller. Interesting entertainment.

**Mighty Lak' a Rose** (*Ass. First National*, Dec. 10)

Dorothy Mackail, James Rennie, Sam Hardy, Anders Randolph, and Paul Panzer in the love story of a girl violinist, woven round a famous old song. Good but over sentimental.

**My American Wife** (*Paramount*; Dec. 17)

A picturesque, lavishly done, Gloria Swanson movie, about a pretty American who wedded a hot-blooded Spaniard. Cast includes Tony Moreno, Josef Swickard, Walter Long, Aileen Pringle, Eric Mayne, and Edythe Chapman.

**Playing It Wild** (*Vitaphone*; Dec. 3).

William Duncan and Edith Johnson in a really good Westerner with a comedy plot and convincing atmosphere and stunts.

**Racing Hearts** (*Paramount*; Dec. 3).

A happy picture, with a motor race, many thrills, and Richard Dix, Agnes Ayres, and Theodore Roberts. But Dix isn't another Wally Reid, for whom this story was evidently intended.

**Refuge** (*Ass. First National*; Dec. 6).

Katherine MacDonald, Hugh Thompson, Eric Mayne, and Arthur Edmund Carewe in a Kuritian melodrama, excellently and lavishly produced.

**Scars of Jealousy** (*Ass. First National*; Dec. 24).

Brilliant acting and scenery in a splendid story of Old France and Wild Alabama. Frank Keenan stars and Marguerite De La Motte and Lloyd Hughes support.

**Singed Wings** (*Paramount*; Dec. 10).

An excellent stage and underworld love drama with Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel, Ernest Torrence, Mabel Trunelle, and Adophe Menjou doing finely.

**The Stranger's Banquet** (*Goldwyn*; Dec. 3).

Technical excellence marred by a poor story, which is odd in a Marshall Neilan movie. All star cast includes Hobart Bosworth, Claire Windsor, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Fred Sterling, Eleanor Boardman, Tom Holding, Nigel Barrie, Stuart Holmes, Claude Gillingwater, Margaret Loomis, William Humphrey, Aileen Pringle, Cyril Chadwick, Hayford Hobbs, Dagmar Godowsky, and Lucille Rickson.

**Temptation** (*Western Import*; Dec. 24).

Triangle drama which proves that money is sometimes a curse as well as a blessing. Excellent story, production, setting, and acting by Bryant Washburn, Eva Novak, Vernon Steel, June Elvidge, and Phillips Smalley.

**Tents of Allah** (*W. & F.*; Dec. 31)

Monte Blue in a Sheik story, very well photographed and characterised. Mary Alden, Mary Thurman, Charles Lane, Sally Crute, and Mercy Halam support.

**Vanity Fair** (*Goldwyn*; Dec. 10).

Thackeray's novel refilmed fairly faithfully, but Mabel Ballin is not the ideal "Becky." Excellent support by Hobart Bosworth, George Walsh, Harrison Ford, Earle Fox, Eleanor Boardman, Willard Louis, and Robert Mack.

**The Village Blacksmith** (*Fox*; Dec. 10-17).

Inspired by Longfellow's poem, this tells of the joys and sorrows of a brawny blacksmith played by John Hammond. Henri de la Garrigue, Pat Moore, Gordon Griffith, Virginia Valli, David Butler, George Hackathorne, Tully Marshall, Francis Ford, Bessie Love, Helen Field, and Virginia True Boardman support.

**What Happened to Jones?** (*Realart-Gaumont*; Dec. 24).

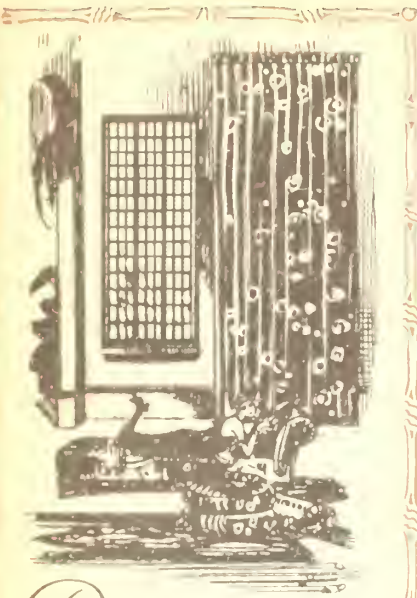
A film version of a popular farce about the adventures of a fake reformer. Bryant Washburn stars, with Margaret Loomis opposite.

**While Justice Waits** (*Fox*; Dec. 17)

Dustin Farnum, Irene Rich and Yankie Lee in a strong story of adventure, a woman's frailty, and a man's devotion.

**The Woman Who Walked Alone** (*Paramount*; Dec. 31)

Romance, shivery thrills and a fashion show in this melodrama. Also Dorothy Dalton in a fair wig, Wanda Hawley, Milton Sills, Charles Ogle, Mabel Van Buren, and Maurice (Lefty) Flynn. Good entertainment.



## Parisienne Lingerie

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## REX AND REGINA

*Continued from page 38.*

whilst making that movie, he told me at great length. But I haven't the space to tell you. I wish I had. It was mighty interesting. He is going to do *The World's Illusion* shortly, a very spectacular anti-War story, set in Europe, to be filmed on the spot; next Balzac's *Toilers of the Sea*, and then an Irish story to be made in Ireland. Regarding his stars, he thinks Lewis Stone and Ramon Novarro two of the only four men on the American screen who can wear costume as it ought to be worn. Also that Ramon Novarro is a better actor than Rudolph Valentino. So do I. So if there is any uprising of indignant fans, and subsequent massacre, Rex Ingram, Alice Terry, and I will die together.

The Ingrams brought *Scaramouche* with them in a neat tin box, and it will be shown in January. They had much that was enthralling to tell about the making of it. I think we're going to like *Scaramouche*. Rex is enthusiastic about the work of his actors and actresses. George Seigmann is in it, and William Humphreys, Lewis Stone, Novarro, and of course Alice Terry.

"I shall never let her go to another director," he concluded with conviction.

"I don't want to go," amended Alice, gently.

Alice comes of old Vincennes stock, which accounts for her Frenchness, and that extraordinary poise of hers, so fascinating and so strangely sympathetic.

They're a nice pair, Rex and his Regina. I hated saying "Goodbye" to them. For they haven't any affectations although they've lots of perfectly good ambitions. And Rex lives up to his name, which is saying a good deal. Interviewing is my favourite indoor sport. I've had three years of it, and I've only met one other Rex who answered all expectations. But that's another story. Rex Ingram and Alice Terry are a delight to operate upon. They talk to you, not as though you were PICTUREGOER and they were doing their duty, but as though they did it because you were *you*, and they liked to.

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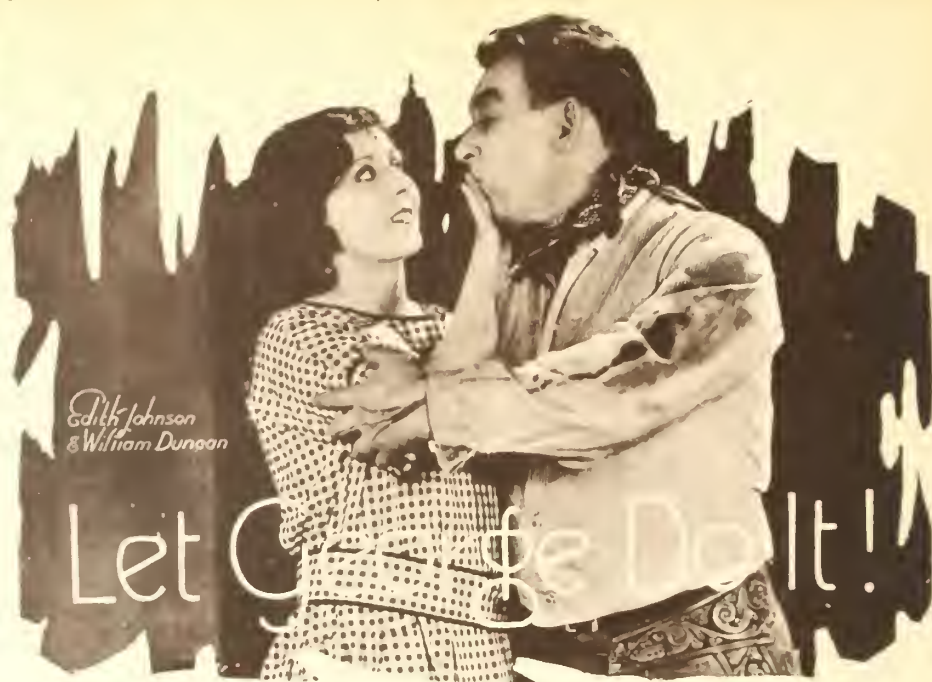
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Gilbert Johnson & William Dunson

Let's Life Belt!

ALL THE FANS (Anywhere and Everywhere).—I wish you all a very Bright and Merry Christmas—so long as you don't spend it thinking out work for me!

BUNNIE (Penketh).—Were it not for the kindly tone of your letter, which belies the accompanying libellous drawing I should shut you out of my life for ever. As it is, I'll forgive you, but don't repeat the offence. I haven't a weak chin, Bunnie—in fact I've been likened to one of Ethel M. Dell's "strong, silent, heroes." (1) That film hasn't been titled yet. (2) *The Young Rajah* released next January. (3) Rudolph is surely re-visiting England.

MOLLY (North Wales).—(1) Gloria Swanson, born 1899. Ruth Roland, 1893. Nazimova, 1879. Bebe is pronounced Bee-Bee when it precedes Daniels. (2) Betty Blythe played the title role in *The Queen of Sheba*. Next please?

GERTRUDE (Manchester).—Your carol isn't quite good enough to print, but try again and don't forget to make it rhyme!

GEORGINA (Southport).—Certainly, I've a wonderful sense of humour. I said "Yes, We Have No Bananas" regularly. Now I'm looking round for a new joke(?). (1) Nazimova has been doing stage work, her future is very undecided. (2) Gilda Grey was the dancer in *Lawful Larceny*. (3) Sessue Hayakawa and his wife are in England making a film for Stolls.

JOYCE (Golders Green).—Have forwarded your letter to Ramon. (1) If you wrote to Rudolph at the Carlton after he had left England, your letter will have been forwarded to him. (2) Ivor Novello is making a film called *The Rat* in England, before returning to America.

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. Readers requiring long casts or other detailed information must send stamped addressed envelopes. Send along your queries to "George," c.o. "Picturegoer," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NELSON (Greenwich).—Letter forwarded to Eugene O'Brien. If all my readers asked me as few questions as you, life would be one long holiday.

TOSCA (Aberdeen).—Sad news, Tosca! No more casts to be given in these columns. They take up too much room. You'll have to send a stamped addressed envelope if you want that one. Hope you're feeling happier these days.

DAISY (Newport).—(1) A picture is "released" when it is shown for the first time in the ordinary kinemas. Sometimes, though, there is a pre-release show in one of the larger kinemas. I expect you saw the film

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you mention at one of these. (2) Tom Mix is coming over to England soon. An interview with him appeared in September, 1923, PICTUREGOER. Two pages of photos of Tom at home in March, 1922, issue. (3) No interview with Lewis Willoughby. I'll present your bouquets to Tom and Lewis, but you must throw your own brickbats. The Twelve Farnum Fans are strong in numbers—and I'm a prudent man.

PHYLIS (Birmingham).—Glad you like your "Carols" prize.

ROVER (London).—(1) Read all about Jack Holt in August, 1922, *Picturegoer*. (2) An article in August, 1923, issue tells you about Walter Tennyson. Some of his films are: *Diana of the Islands*, *Tell your Children*, *The Call of the East*, *The Virgin Queen*, *Conscripts of Misfortune*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Bells*. Don't apologize for making your letter a "two-reeler." Some people send me regular "serials," with the fullest possible number of episodes!

P. S. (Lancs.).—(1) Pat Moore was the little prince in *The Queen of Sheba*. (2) Josie Sedgewick was Jack Dempsey's fiancée in *Daredevil Jack*. (3) John Sainpolis was "M. Laurier," Alice Terry's screen husband in *The Four Horsemen*.

K. A. (Leeds).—All faults must be witnessed, please.

JOANE (Sheen).—(1) Interview with Rudolph appeared in last September issue. (2) You'd think him quite as nice, if you met him, I daresay. (3) *The Young Rajah* released next January. I wish you luck in your search for Screen Fame, and I hope you're an Optimist.

ANOTHER READER (Hove).—I thought everyone knew my name by now. Cast your eye on the top of the page. (1) A page about Pauline Frederick appeared in July, 1923, *Picturegoer*, interview in February, 1922, and an art photo in January 1921 issue.

PICTUREGOERITE (Bristol).—Hope PICTUREGOER has re-established itself in your good books. If you don't like this month's issue you're very hard to please. Sorry your mother thinks films "an invention of the devil." She's missing a good thing in life.

PETER (Bristol).—Theda Bara's married to Charles Brabin. She's coming back to the screen, but at present she's resting. Glad your office appreciates PICTUREGOER. Circulate my best Christmas wishes with this month's issue.

TWINKLE (Kensington).—Your sketch of me is a wonderful likeness, and the attitude of despair quite life-like. It shocks me to hear that you have only just discovered PICTUREGOER—but that is your misfortune, and ours! (1) Douglas Fairbanks, born June 20th, 1883. He's married to Mary Pickford. Harold Lloyd, born 1893, at Nebraska. Married to Mildred Davis, his late leading lady. Harold's glasses are as innocent of glass as my countenance is of whiskers.

W. F. (Southend).—(1) Teddy is the name of the comedy dog. Not Teddy in that photo you mentioned. It's another dog, belonging to Earle Williams. (2) Henry Edwards is married to Chrissie White. No, your letter hasn't bored me, so take courage and write again.

KATHY AND VIOLET (Limpley, Stoke).—Glad you think PICTUREGOER "simply

great." I hope you'll think this number greater than ever. I've forwarded your letter for you and I hope you'll get that photo. Of course I'll wish you luck if you think it will help.

BERKO.—Tom Meighan's family history is a tall order, but I'll try to give you a few outstanding points. (2) Tom was born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1888. Father Irish. Intended for a doctor, but went on the stage at the age of eighteen instead. When playing a leading part in "The College Widow" he met and married Frances Ring, of the same company. Joined Famous Lasky Company as leading man for Laura Crews. Played in *Don't Change Your Wife*, *Civilian Clothes*, *Conrad in Quest of his Youth*, *White and Unmarried*, *The City of Silent Men*, *The Miracle Man*, *M'Liss*, *Cappy Ricks*, *The Prince Chap*, *The Easy Road*, *The Conquest of Canaan*, *The Man who saw To-morrow*, and many others.

V. B. (Barnes).—Apologies returned with thanks. My name's "George" so why not use it? (1) I'll do my best to get an art plate of Wyndham Standing for you. Did you see the one in April 1922 issue? (2) Wyndham born August 23rd, 1880. (3) He's not married to a professional.

MIXITE (Bristol).—Don't be so perlit— I'm not used to it. (1) Art plate of Tom Mix in *Pictures* June 19th, 1920. (2) One of Buck Jones in *Pictures* March 12th, 1921, Bebe Daniels in PICTUREGOER November 1922, Wallace Reid in PICTUREGOER December, 1921. (3) Ethel Clayton born 1890, and Bebe Daniels in 1901. (4) Buck Jones is married and has a little daughter. (5) Francelia Billington was the heroine in *Desert Love*. Glad you like PICTUREGOER and are joining the ranks of the "regulars."

CHERRY (Birmingham).—Now that you've taken the plunge I hope you'll keep in the swim. I'm no Bluebeard, I assure you. (1) Joseph Schildkraut born in Roumania October 9th, 1896. He's married to Elsie Porter a New York actress. He first won fame as a stage star in America and has lately been appearing in the title role of "Peer Gynt."

B. D. (London).—Always glad to help a lady. Charlie Chaplin's *Champion Charlie* was a two-reeler, so you win those chocolates. I like soft centres best.

#### Artistry Off The Screen.

This is for all PICTUREGOER readers under sixteen. Would you like a £5 note? Would you like a Kodak Camera for your very own? A Hawk-eye? Or a jewelled pencil case? Yes? Then all you have to do is ask Mother's grocer for a Wright's Prize Painting Book, read the instructions contained in it and get to work. You also need a wrapper from a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, and you must go to Mother for that. She'll give it to you, because she is sure to be the Wright sort.

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A COLLECTION OF PICTURE POSTCARDS of the Film Favourites you have seen on the screen is always interesting to look through. We can supply you with postcards of all the popular players, and special albums to put them in. A complete list of Kinema Novelties will be gladly sent post free on receipt of a postcard.—Picturegoer Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WE pause on the threshold of the New Year to look back, with some measure of pride, on the PICTUREGOER of 1923. You

will agree, I am sure, that this extra-special Christmas issue forms an attractive tail-piece to the old year, but this is to inform you that the best is yet to come. Nineteen-twenty-four promises to be a memorable year for the movies in this country. We are threatened with an invasion of the world's greatest film stars, and don't be surprised if the centre of the movie-making industry is shifted from Los Angeles to London. The January PICTUREGOER will deal fully with the promise of 1924, whilst our February issue, a special All-British Number is going to be bigger and better than anything we have done before. Keep your eye on the PICTUREGOER in 1924.

THERE is no necessity to hold voting competitions or collect coupons upon the subject of who is the most popular British screen star. If there

was any doubt about it before, no doubt whatever! one who heard the spontaneous and prolonged outburst of cheers and clapping that greeted the entrance of the Prince of Wales at the British Film League's Luncheon last month could have had any left afterwards. His Royal Highness was cheered to the echo again when he rose to reply to the Chairman's speech. "There are two ways of looking at films," he said. "One is down the muzzle of a thing that 'shoots' you, the other is seeing them on the screen. I know both sides, for, though I am a bit of raw material, I am no stranger to films."

HIS speech was brief and pleasantly humorous, he concluded by saying that he had the greatest possible pleasure in associating himself with the Film Industry, and wished it every success. And then he left, to the music of three hearty cheers from five hundred



throats. I have never seen such enthusiasm. The gathering comprised notabilities from the World's of Art, Letters, Politics, and fashion, besides representatives of every branch of the Kinema Industry. All sane, sober, middle-aged persons; and the sight of them and the sound of them will remain in my memory for a long, long time.

I don't think I am really interested in the sort of thing the public likes to know—about artists' private lives, etc. But then, I suppose, I am

a highbrow," imparts *H.M. the Highbrow.* (London, W.C.).

I take much more stock of those who *think* eventfully than of those who *live* eventfully, and I only hope I may see the making of eventful minds brought to the screen. An instance of the misuse of an eventful mind is *The Prodigal Knight*. There the beautifully ironic Schnitzler story is Broadway-ised, and peopled with ponderous performers. It is positively painful. As produced in this American version, I thought *Anatol* the height of vulgarity. I hate vulgarity almost as much as I fear sentimentality, which Meredith reckoned the most dangerous thing in life. [Self confessed highbrow you may be, but you are also a Thinker, and as such I am very pleased to welcome you to our gatherings on this page.]

IN the October number of the PICTUREGOER, I see that 'Tandy' gives a list in which *The Choice she considers of the Fans.* the Genius of the screen.

This is mine:—Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Jackie Coogan, Betty Balfour, Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Lon Chaney, Richard Barthelmess, Nazimova, Matheson Lang, D. W. Griffith and Rudolph Valentino." *Tino* (*Winchmore Hill*).

As a film fan whose memory goes back to 1909, I am interested in your list of living personalities to whom the word Genius may be applied.

Herewith my list of candidates: Seastrom, Ingram, Griffith, Valentino, Hayakawa, Ray, Barthelmess, Walthall, Lillian Gish, Wallace Beery, Jackie Coogan, Jenny Hasselqvist. *Marion Plarr* (*Wimbleton*).

I gather from the letters printed on your page, writes *'June Paget'* (*Ealing*), that I'm not the only girl who has an affection for Rudolph Valentino. In

*A Girl of the New Brigade.* fact I am sure you are getting a

little tired of us all! But his acting really is fine, isn't it? He is most certainly my favourite, although I have to admit that I don't think he is as good-looking as Ramon Novarro.

I have been more fortunate than some of the other 'Rave-over-Rudy's' in that I have seen him himself. I was spending a day on the River last August, and stopped at Hampton Court to look over the Palace. I found it a very interesting place until I saw Mr. and Mrs. Valentino. Then they most surely had all my attention. I was glad to find that Rudolph looks just as nice off the screen as on. And Mrs. Valentino is perfectly lovely!"

THIS is the season of the year, When old friends gather round, When joy and mirth is everywhere, And Peace and Love Abound. So

here's to friends both old and new, *A Christmas Cogitation.* Your Health!

(though I'm no drinker). From all of us to all of you, A Christmas Hail.

THE THINKER.







W/aster 1/45 2.50



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