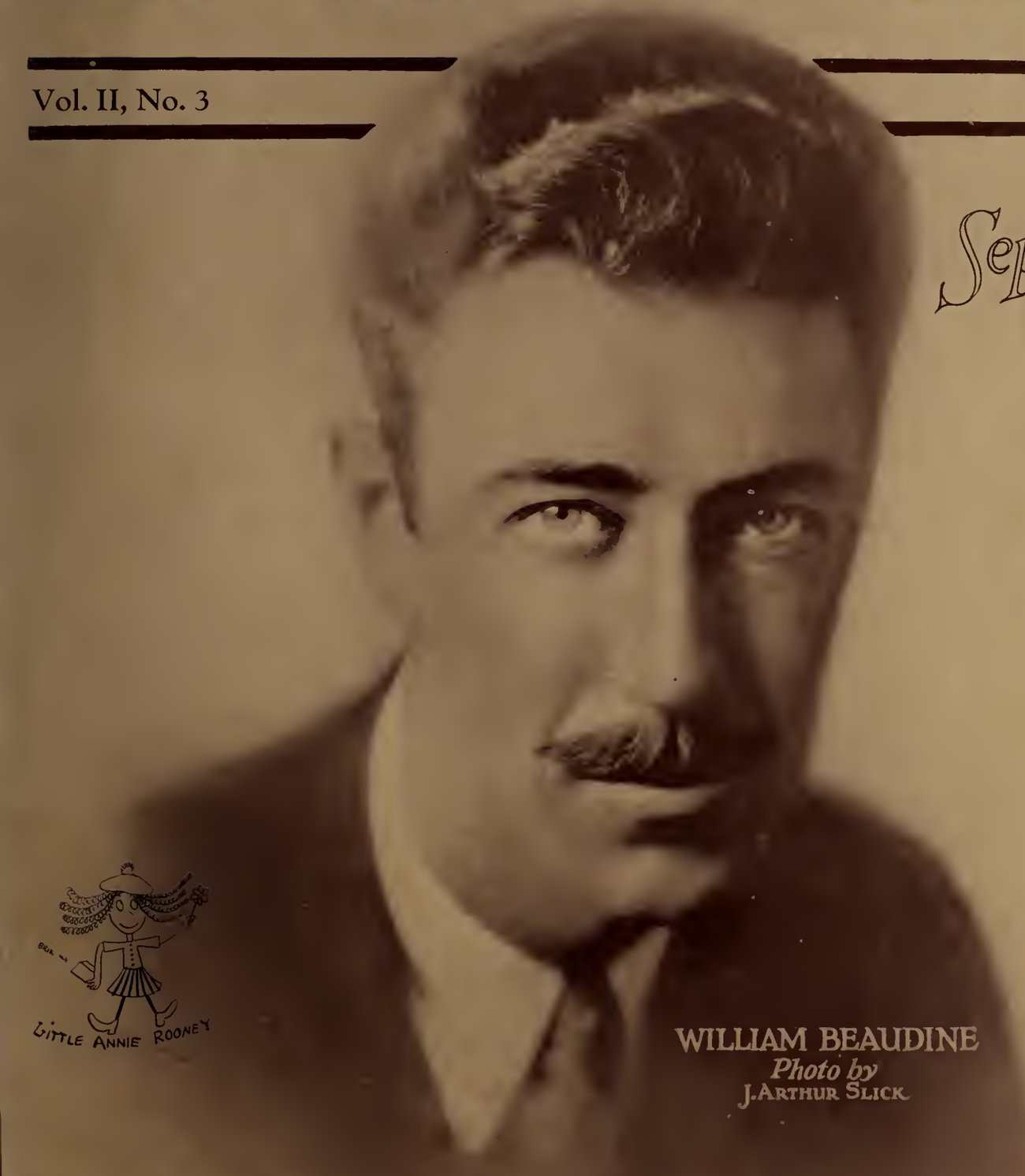
MOTION PICTURE

The Director

Vol. II, No. 3

25 Cents

September
1925



WILLIAM BEAUDINE
Photo by
J. ARTHUR SLICK

Beginning a New Series

WHY HOLLYWOOD? By EDWIN CAREWE

Also Two Notable Serials

THUNDERING SILENCE
By H. H. Van Loan

THE NIGHT BRIDE
By Frederic Chapin

Volume Two
Number Three

MOTION PICTURE
The Director

September
1925

Dedicated to the Creation of a Better Understanding Between Those Who Make and Those Who See Motion Pictures

FOLKS, meet the "new" DIRECTOR; new in dress and in its increased number of pages, and new in its added features of interest and entertainment value, but, in spirit of helpfulness and sincere concern for the best interests of the industry of which it is a part, the same DIRECTOR you have known in the past.

In the development of the "new" DIRECTOR it is our purpose, as we enter upon the second year of our usefulness, to make such additions as will serve to render our publication of greater interest to our readers, and to take away nothing which has contributed in the past to the development of the foundation upon which this publication is predicated: *The creation of a better understanding between those who make and those who see motion pictures.*

IN THE furtherance of this purpose, the "new" DIRECTOR will henceforth be conducted as a semi-technical publication of genuine interest to all studio folk, and as a semi-fan publication appealing to the host of men and women throughout the country who are seriously and sincerely concerned with knowing more intimately about the making of the pictures they see.

It is the sincere belief of the management of THE DIRECTOR that there is a distinct field for a publication of this type, a magazine, edited and published in the film capital of the motion picture industry, conducted by and for the people of that industry, and yet possessing neither the limitations of the strictly class or trade publication, nor the diverified appeal of the so-called "fan" magazines.

Insofar as it may be possible THE DIRECTOR will endeavor to steer a middle course between these two groups and cordially solicits the co-operation of all who are actively concerned with the making of motion pictures.

IN THE make-up of the "new" DIRECTOR many of the old features have been retained and in this issue appear succeeding chapters of the two serials begun in earlier numbers, H. H. Van Loan's *Thundering Silence* and Frederic Chapin's *The Night Bride.*

Frank Cooley's fascinating episodical recital of his experiences as *The Barnstormer* also continues as a distinctive feature. Old-time troupers in the profession will thoroughly enjoy Mr. Cooley's intimate account of those barnstorming days when railroad fares to the next town and hotel bills were so often items of large importance, and will live again those "good old days" of the show business.

WITH this issue is begun a series of articles under the general heading *Why Hollywood?* in which will be presented the views of eminent directors, producers and players concerning the reasons why Hollywood is and should be considered the logical center of motion picture production.

CONTENTS

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ROY CLEMENTS, *Vice-President*
FRANK COOLEY, *Secretary-Treasurer*

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In introducing this series THE DIRECTOR is actuated by the sincere belief that here is a subject of general interest, the discussion of which may do much to clarify existing conceptions. The views expressed are the views of the authors and do not necessarily represent the views of THE DIRECTOR.

A DISTINCTIVELY new department inaugaurated with this number is the section devoted to *Camera Studies of Screen Personalities.* Here will be presented each month interesting photographs of the great and near great, of men and women of the screen who are achieving success in their respective avenues of endeavor. Portrait galleries of stars have always been considered an inseparable adjunct to fan publications, but in its *Camera Studies* THE DIRECTOR is more concerned with presenting people who have a genuine claim to screen recognition, irrespective of the parts they play.

QUITE in line with the purpose of THE DIRECTOR to be of interest and value to those who see pictures, as well as to those who make them, is the new department which makes its bow with this issue and to which has been given the heading THE DIRECTORY. This is a service intended to afford to the vast army of interested men and women, who are sincerely desirous of knowing more about the making of pictures, authoritative information on specific subjects of a technical or semi-technical nature; a place to which legitimate questions pertaining to the production of films may be brought and receive an answer predicated on first-hand knowledge and information.

THE DIRECTORY is intended to be, quite frankly, an "Ask the Director" department. Letters from readers asking questions on subjects pertaining to the *making* of pictures will be published together with the answer to those questions by the director, technician, camera man or other authority best qualified to render a concrete answer. As a matter of general policy questions, the answer to which might tend to destroy screen illusions and hence mitigate against the entertainment qualities of film presentations, will be answered in private correspondence rather than through the columns of this magazine.

This department is not to be confused with the questions and answers department conducted by so-called "fan" magazines in which questions pertaining to the personalities of screen players are featured. Only such questions which deal with the business of making motion pictures will be considered eligible. In adopting this stand THE DIRECTOR has no quarrel with the questions and answers departments of other publications rendering information concerning the individual likes and dislikes

(Continued on Page 56)

LOUIS B. MAYER
PRESENTS
FRED NIBLO PRODUCTIONS

NEW YORK OFFICES
6 WEST 48TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

STUDIOS
9300 MELROSE AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD

March 23rd, 1925.

Bell & Howell Co.,
6324 Santa Monica Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Gentlemen:-

After nearly a year in Europe, Asia and North Africa where we have been working on the gigantic production of BEN HUR, at times under the most difficult conditions, I feel that I would be ungrateful if I failed to compliment you on the splendid service we received from our eight Bell & Howell cameras which have been used throughout this production.

They have stood up perfectly and have given 100% results.

This means much in a production of this kind.

Thanking you, I am,

Yours very cordially,

Fred Niblo

FN:SP

Volume II, Number 3 September, 1925

MOTION PICTURE
The Director

In the Director's Chair

"Sex Appeal"

MOST of us seem ever to get further and further away from the fact that while motion pictures serve the public as entertainment, they never under any circumstances cease to be educational. We have pointed out in these columns in an earlier issue the reasons for this. It is for the most part a matter of photography, as years ago this truth gave rise to the phrase, *"in your mind's eye."* The great majority of people recall a scene of their childhood or early life far more vividly and in greater detail than they can remember a melody that was popular in those days. How many of you can fail to remember the appearance of a printed page in a favorite book of your youth, or the precise location of a quotation that comes to your mind? Do you remember the picture of "Jack Spratt" who could eat no fat, as it appeared in nursery rhymes?

Following this line of thought, you must agree that it is simple enough to withdraw from the hands of an immature child a book or magazine that you deem unworthy of his probable understanding; while, on the other hand, it may be added that you cannot remove an unpalatable motion picture from the screen of the neighborhood theatre to which you and your family are lured by certain insidious but necessary forms of publicity.

The inference must not be taken that the fault lies necessarily with the publicity man in this instance, because it is up to him to do his bit toward filling the theatre by which he is employed. Nor must we criticize the inexact billboards for their enticing views of ladies' boudoirs at close range any more than we should criticize the circus posters for picturing a mob of a hundred lions prancing through their paces, when we know darn well that the circus in question boasts but a dozen.

The fault rests entirely with that small group of men and women who occupy the commanding position of being able arbitrarily to purchase this book or play—or that.

We are not prepared to say whether the great flood of semi-salacious films that have been produced in the past year and are still embossing our screens antedated the greater flood of pernicious and pornographic plays, novels and stories to be had now for the asking. But certain it is that never have our news-stands been so littered with as many vicious and inane products of modern decadence — if we may call it that—as they are now. These stories, for the most part, are untrue to life in their depiction of the very scenes they attempt to describe. Their dialogue is dull, rarely clever, and almost verges on the obscene. If the picture is not drawn with sufficient clarity by means of subtle suggestion and inuendo, such methods of the experienced writer are thrown to the winds as inexperience hastens to pen a portrait with the most apparent awkwardness as he dashes his red ink all over an already dirty page.

And don't you believe that these stories are not being bought. We know of one famous author whose name is a household word in all English-speaking countries who submerges his personality and identity at least twice a month under a *nom de plume,* simply because one side of his mind has to get rid of all the filth to which his brain is unfortunately addicted, and with a rare chuckle he cleverly jots down a sex story of certain appeal and forwards it to *Dirty Stories.* This man would himself be ostracized from the decent society with which he associates, and his best sellers, which have found their way into our libraries and homes, would be burned

in our furnaces and fireplaces, if he so much as dared to tinge them with that side of him that is Mr. Hyde. One of this author's books that you have read and enjoyed was picturized not so long ago and was enormously successful as a picture. At another theatre in our city for a small admission fee, we could witness on the screen perhaps the most disgusting exhibition of subtle indecency we have ever seen—both written, mind you, by the same man!

The story of how one producer purchased a certain well-known novel is interesting. Passing through two Pullman cars on his way to the diner on the train on which he was traveling, he chanced to observe that seven people held copies of this novel. Upon arriving at his destination, he was amazed to find two gentlemen seated in the lobby of the hotel, their noses buried in the pages of the same book. He approached the book-stand to purchase a copy, but the clerk added further to his amazement by saying that she had just sold the last one and that she had disposed of more than a hundred in two days, but that she was expecting more tomorrow. Mr. Producer immediately entered a telephone booth and advised his office in New York to place a large option on the motion picture rights of said masterpiece. All of this, if you please, without having read the book! It so happened that in this instance the picture he finally succeeded in presenting to his public contained few of the elements above mentioned that could have aroused unfavorable criticism. *But suppose it had been otherwise!*

The funny part of all this is that we in the picture business go right straight ahead buying up the rights to these unnecessary riots of indecency and translate them to the screen with a fair degree of accuracy and then squawk our foolish heads off about censorship. This monumental paradox is only one of the few things that is *"what is the matter with the movies?"*

Another angle of this unfortunate condition is this: Foreign countries, whose trade we covet and have hitherto successfully established, have through their representatives rejected many of our recent films of the type we are considering, in quite the same manner as they have rejected some of those luscious examples of scarlet debauchery that have more recently adorned the Broadway stage. It certainly is a laugh when you stop to consider that any European country will turn down an American-made product because of its indecency! We, who are supposed to sit on the top of the world as far as morals, education, and the integrity of the great American family are concerned, are confronted with the caricature of a European thumbing his nose at us because of our alleged laxity of morals! And that is precisely what we get for teaching untruths about ourselves. It serves us right! Can you imagine a French Board of Censors insisting that certain cuts be made in an American film, written by an American author, directed by an American director, and acted by American artists, because of its indecency? That is exactly what has occurred! Thus, in apparently raising the standard of American imagination in pandering to an extraordinarily fickle public, we cause our foreign market to rise in arms and stand aghast at our present assaults on good taste, good manners, and consistently honest thought, for which we are supposed to be representative examples.

We like to argue that the future security of motion pictures rests upon the hold we can impress upon the heart of the great American family. If this is true—and our newspapers, our women's clubs, and our pulpits are beginning to insist that it is—why do we, who are purveyors to the screen, still insist upon injecting these forms of indecency, be they obvious or subtle, into the very homes whose families we are seeking to lure into our theatres that *we* may thrive? We have never seen a father yet who chuckled over the fact that his young daughters read shady literature or indulged in illicit enterprises, and it is absurd to declare now that one can with the gilt of subtlety disguise the unsightly appearance of a dump.

The scourge of this newly coined phrase "sex appeal," is certainly going to metamorphose itself into a most deadly form of boomerang, if we don't mend our ways. All the beautiful love stories of our present society don't necessarily have to include untrue and wildly imaginative pictures of modern brothels to supply the necessary conflict for the drama any more than all the beautiful love stories of the past have had to depend upon junk-heap settings for their beauty.

Don't forget that the public has not yet gotten over the fallacy of "seeing is believing."

The "New" Director

INTO the life of every enterprise there comes a time when expansion becomes inevitable, when it seems that the activity of the past should be broadened in scope and limiting barriers leveled to permit a wider range of usefulness and service.

So it has been with THE DIRECTOR.

After a successful year of activity as the official publication of the Motion Picture Directors' Association, during which we have received the loyal and whole-hearted support of the industry of which we are a part, the time has come when expansion seems to be the logical move. Having firmly established ourselves in the field of local activity, we are now entering upon that broader field of national service in the furtherance of the premise upon which THE DIRECTOR was originally founded: the creation of a closer understanding between those who make and those who see motion pictures.

With this issue, THE DIRECTOR emerges as a semi-technical, semi-national publication of direct inter-

est to everyone concerned, however remotely, with making, exhibiting or seeing motion pictures.

In taking such a step it is only fitting that, with the increased scope of its activity, its greater diversity of interest and its wider range of appeal, we should appear in a wholly new dress, both as to cover and as to make-up of editorial and text pages and to treatment of illustrations.

In this seeming metamorphosis in which THE DIRECTOR emerges from the classification of official publication of the Motion Picture Directors' Association to that of an independent, national magazine, its identity has not been lost, nor even submerged. It has been a case of addition rather than of subtraction, and to the directorial phases of the old DIRECTOR have been added features of wider interest and, we hope, of greater value and service to our readers. In planning the new dress of the publication it has seemed only fitting that we should retain visible evidence of that identity which has been so distinctly ours during the past year, and so on the cover of this and subsequent issues will appear portraits of motion picture directors who are making films and film history.

In the development of our plans for expansion considerable thought has been given, as there must be in any business enterprise, to the matter of circulation and advertising. In order that we may more genuinely serve our advertisers, the make-up of our pages has been changed from the two-column layout of last year, to a three-column layout. With this reapportionment of space there has been a proportionate reduction in advertising rates and an advertising service department instituted with a view to making THE DIRECTOR more effective as a merchandising medium to our advertisers.

With the co-operation of our advertisers it is the purpose of the management to make the advertising pages of THE DIRECTOR show windows for the display of merchandise of direct interest and value to our readers. As advertising has become the lifeblood of business activity, so is it vital to the success of a magazine as a business enterprise; and we urge that our readers "window shop" in the pages of THE DIRECTOR and heed the messages of the merchants and business houses there displayed.

No magazine belongs to its publishers alone, but to its readers, and, while we may plan and strive to create in THE DIRECTOR a magazine in which you will be thoroughly interested and which you will find thoroughly entertaining, we shall succeed only to the extent in which we have your co-operation and support. In no way can you give us this co-operation more effectually than by writing us frankly concerning the magazine, its departments and its editorial content.

We of the editorial staff of THE DIRECTOR are sincerely desirous of being of genuine service to our readers. You can help us by writing us frankly about the things you like and the things you don't like.

You can help us, too, by writing us about the pictures you see and about the impressions you receive from those pictures. This interchange of ideas between those who see and those who make motion pictures is always of value and in no way can we be of any greater service both to the industry as a whole and to our readers, than by functioning as the medium for such an exchange of ideas.

Undoubtedly there are many matters of a semi-technical nature involved in the making of films concerning which many of our readers, particularly those living at points remote from the center of film production, are interested. Write us about these matters, send us your questions and let us procure the answers from the men and women actively engaged in motion picture production who are best qualified to give first-hand, authoritative information.

It may be that there will be some questions touching on matters which are of such a technical nature that detailed answers will not be practical in these columns. When possible these questions will be answered directly to the inquirer rather than through the magazine. Similarly, questions touching on subjects, the answers to which might tend to destroy the illusion created in the presentation of the subject involved, will be answered direct. But there are many questions which may be frankly discussed in the pages of THE DIRECTOR without either divulging what may be considered trade secrets or destroying the effect of an illusion by letting you see how the wheels go round, and what makes them go.

As we get under way in our second year we are earnestly striving to create a bigger and better magazine in every respect. In this we have been encouraged by the success which has attended our efforts of the past, by the loyal support which has been accorded THE DIRECTOR during the first year of its existence. We like to feel that our magazine—your magazine, in matter of fact—is an integral part of the motion picture industry and represents in every way the highest ideals of that industry. We are imbued with the thought that we, who are, so to speak, on the inside and in close daily contact with the activities and problems of the cinema world, are in a position to be of genuine service to those who make and those who see motion pictures. With your co-operation we shall endeavor to live up to the responsibilities of that position and with each successive issue continue to give you a bigger and better magazine.

Saluté!

A Tale of Temperament

(Told by Harry O. Hoyt to George Landy)

I'VE even made animal pictures,
They're called 'the director's curse';
But for hundred per cent, rip-roaring galoots,
For touchiness, trouble and worse,

'THE Lost World' taught me a lesson
In temperamental folks,
That made all my other experiences
Look like a lot of jokes.

MY job was to keep 'em together
And believe me, boy, it was some task—
It's a good thing I'm not a drinking man,
Or I sure would have needed my flask.

FOR these men were wonderful experts
And really artistic, too,
They each knew their jobs—but Oh, ye gods!
What a temperamental crew!

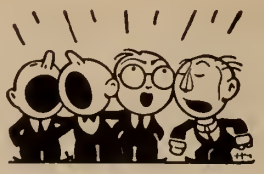
IT was a film director,
On the set he halted me.
"You've heard a lot about temperament;
"I've met it oft," said he.

I'VE written, produced and shot 'em
Since nineteen hundred and ten;
I've handled exotic actresses
And stars, more devils than men.

NO—it wasn't the brontosaurus,
The 'croc' or even the monk,
It wasn't the human actors,
Or the sets filled with tropical junk—

IT was all of the various experts;
We had 'em of every sort.
And each man held his opinion
Impregnable as a fort.

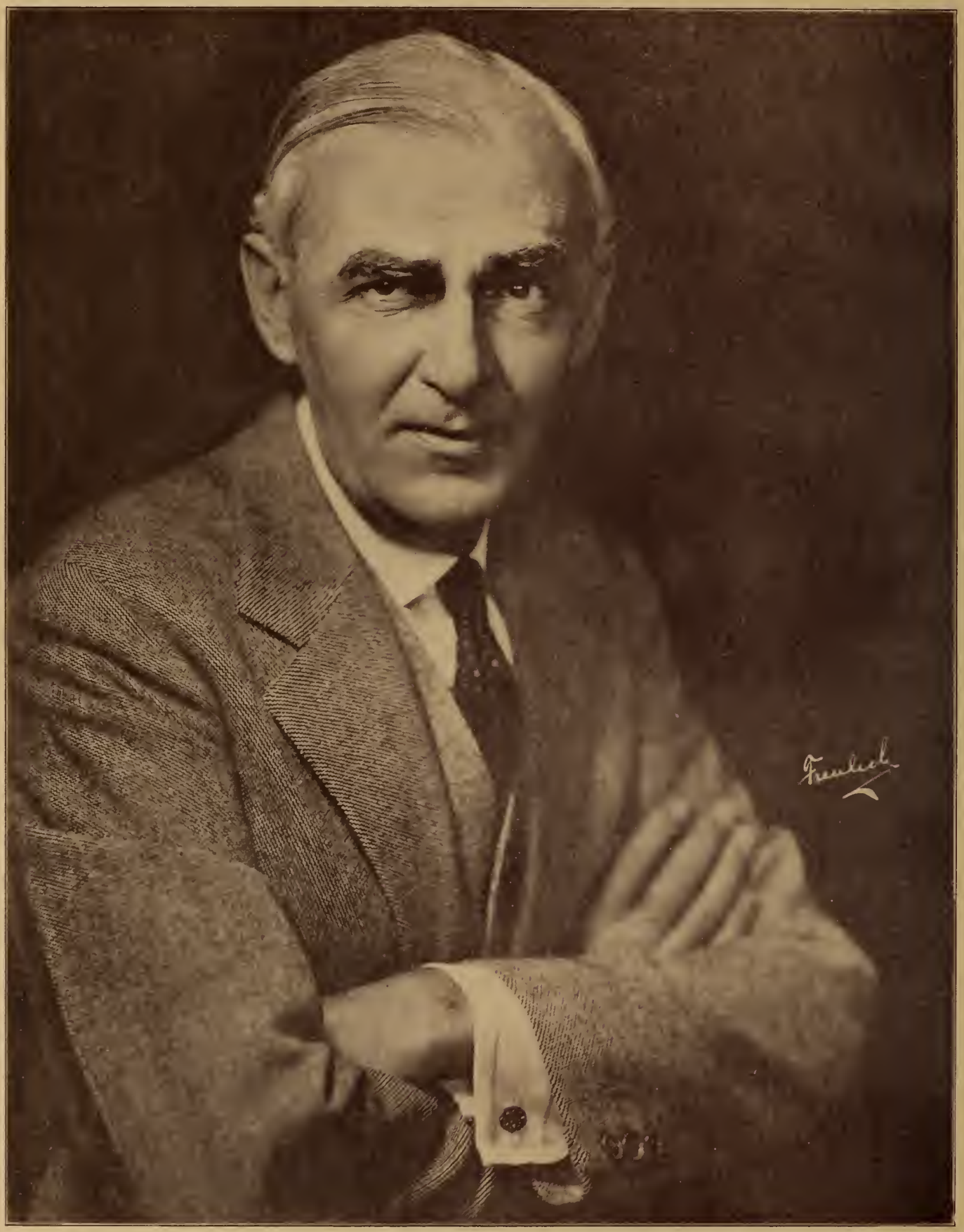
YET when the picture was over,
All finished and in the box,
The love feast we all had together
Made up for the troubles and knocks."



THERE'S a distinctiveness about Eric Mayne which makes him a notable figure wherever he appears, whether it is on the screen or strolling along Hollywood Boulevard.

A NEW CAMERA STUDY of Lucille Lee Stewart in which the Stewart family resemblance is portrayed to an unusual degree. After a rest period following her work with Weber and Fields in "Friendly Enemies," Miss Stewart is again free lancing.

THE AMERICAN FATHER" is the title often applied to George Irving, since his particularly perfect parental performance in Lasky's "The Goose Hangs High." After many years as a Broadway player, and director of some forty features, Mr. Irving is now enjoying his successful return to the acting profession.



WHEN Claude Gillingwater left the dramatic stage for the greater possibilities of the screen, the silver sheet gained a character actor of brilliance and power.

AM I GLAD TO BE BACK in Hollywood?" asks Francis X. Bushman, and answers his own question with another by saying, "Just ask me!" Bushman is not only back in Hollywood, but he is back on the screen to stay.

ROBERT FRASER as featured player in First National Productions is winning an enviable reputation, both as an actor of ability and as a box office attraction.

NO MATTER what her role may be, Kate Price injects a whole-heartedness that makes her work uniformly appealing.

HAVING achieved an outstanding success in "The Gold Rush," Mack Swain definitely announces his entry in the free lance field as character comedian in dramatic productions and has just finished such a role in Valentino's "The Lone Eagle."

WHY HOLLYWOOD?

By EDWIN CAREWE

WHY Hollywood, indeed? That is a question which is being asked by various and sundry persons in many parts of the country.

Why should Hollywood necessarily be hailed as the Film Capital of the World? Why isn't Oshkosh or some other place equally as well suited to motion picture production?

Why, asks Florida, is there all this hullabaloo about Hollywood when we have the same climatic facilities and many features which are so distinctly more advantageous?

Why, asks Detroit, can't pictures be made here just as well as automobiles?

And forthwith come reports reading something like this:

"Hollywood is Doomed! Film scouts representing certain big production companies are reported to be considering local sites for big studio investments," and so forth *ad infinitum.*

But still the cameras grind in Hollywood.

There are a great many arguments which may be advanced why Hollywood is likely to remain the logical center of motion picture production activity for many years to come, if there is any need for arguments on such a subject.

However, a frank discussion very often will clarify a clouded situation and so, in treating with this subject, I am going to state frankly my own experience and deductions that I have been led to draw from that experience.

The truth about Hollywood as a motion picture production center, as I see it, may be expressed in the phrase, "locational atmosphere."

There are many other features which enter in the equation, of course, but as I review my experience of the past thirteen years as director and producer, it is the variety of locational opportunities that stands out as dominantly as anything else as the reason why I prefer to produce pictures in Hollywood.

THERE'S A TOUCH OF OLD SPANISH INFLUENCES AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

It has been my experience to learn, at an expense that I now shudder to think about, that Hollywood holds for the producer more of the requirements and accessories which are so necessary to this business, than either New York, Florida or Europe, the three centers which, in the minds of many, are entitled to be termed "legitimate production centers."

It took me two and a half years to learn that New York couldn't hold a candle to Hollywood for "locational atmosphere," studio facilities, equipage and convenience.

The time concerned in gaining this wisdom regarding Florida was considerably less. I spent a year and a half there, and, I am thankful to say, an even shorter space of time in Europe; but in each instance long enough to acquire at first hand sufficient facts and figures to justify, to me at least, the conclusion that Hollywood is the logical Film Capital of the World.

NEW YORK'S greatest asset to the motion picture industry lies in the fact that it is its financial center—the money capital, if you please,—and, of course, motion pictures cannot be made without that very important element.

Outside the financial end, however, New York offers comparatively little. The most one can claim for it is "New York Atmosphere." And even this is possible in Hollywood at less expense than it requires to go East and get it. A moderate expenditure, a crew of capable carpenters, and lo! New York, or any portion of it,

WINTER SCENES WITH REAL SNOW MAY BE FILMED THE ENTIRE YEAR AROUND IN THE HIGH SIERRAS, WHILE FURTHER TO THE NORTH IS ALASKA WITH ITS UNLIMITED PICTURE POSSIBILITIES.

(Continued on Page 48)

Can They Come Back?

By BERTRAM A. HOLIDAY

CHARLES RAY IN BATTERED STRAW HAT AND FARMER BOOTS IS A MUCH MORE FAMILIAR FIGURE.

IN the viewpoint of some critics, "a star is always a star." According to their slant on the subject, stardom is unaffected by the consistency and regularity of a star's appearance on the screen; that once a star has become thoroughly established in the hearts of film followers he or she dwells there eternally.

On the other hand, advertising men stridently claim that there is nothing so short as the memory of the public; that the fickleness of the human mind is such that only by keeping everlastingly at it, may popularity be retained.

All of which bears more or less directly on the efforts of certain well-known screen luminaries to stage an effective comeback on the silver sheet. In fact, this seems to be an open season for comebacks.

During the fall and early winter a number of screen notables who have been in retirement to a greater or lesser degree are scheduled once more to appear on the American screen in an endeavor to recapture that popularity of former days which made their names household words the length and breadth of the continent.

For instance, in the forthcoming production of *Ben Hur,* scheduled for release in December, comes Francis X. Bushman in an heroic effort to re-establish himself in the hearts of his followers.

Then there is the announcement that Theda Bara is about to break her long period of retirement and appear in a story by Douglas Z. Doty, in which she will present a "refinement" of her former roles. And Charles Ray, who, temporarily at least, abandoned his characterizations of awkward, bashful, self-conscious adolescence to create in *Miles Standish* a film classic which would perpetuate his name in screendom's hall of fame, is to return in the type of plays which brought him such success in former years.

And then there is Dorothy Phillips, whose retirement, since the death of Allen Holubar, is to be broken this fall by her return to stardom. Likewise Kathryn McDonald has announced that she, too, is about to come back to a screen career, and Bill Hart has broken his screen silence of eighteen months to reappear under the banner of United Artists. While Nazimova, whose retirement after her experience with *Salome,* was broken last year, is preparing plans for the production of a series of dramatic features more nearly in tune with her earlier activities than the spectacular productions of recent years.

Can they come back?

The answer is on the laps of whatever gods there be who guide the destinies of film favoritism.

Anyway, the results are going to be interesting to watch. In some instances it would seem that the campaigns for reinstatement have been planned with an unusual amount of carefulness—or has it been just sheer luck that things have broken in what seems to be a favorable manner?

FOR instance: Bushman has perhaps been away from the screen for as long, if not longer, than any of those mentioned. In his return he has taken advantage of an exceptional opportunity—one that offers many possibilities—for an effective comeback in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's lavish production of *Ben Hur.* In the heroic guise of Messala, he has shrewdly essayed his return—not as the popular hero of former days, but as a heavy of such romantic interest as to possess all the charm of an heroic lead—with a mighty good chance of not sacrificing an iota of his former hold on film favoritism and yet appearing in a totally different role.

In such a vehicle as *Ben Hur,* with all the advertising and exploitation which that production must inevitably receive, it would be strange indeed if he did not stage an effective comeback.

MISS BARA'S return, however, is much more courageous; for, while she has in Douglas Doty's story, *An Unchastened Woman,* a splendid vehicle, well suited to her capabilities as an actress and particularly to the subtle changes she is making in the characterizations which she will portray, her return to the screen is, of course, lacking in the tremendous possibilities attendant upon such a production as *Ben Hur.* However, the fact that she is returning in characterizations, "just the same only different," will in all probability engender a good bit of curiosity on the part of the theatre-going public.

Her announcement of a "refinement" in the interpretation of her character studies as contrasted with her portrayals of the past, contains an element of interest and a certain degree of promise. With her first appearance on the American screen, Theda Bara created a vogue for the so-called vampire stories—a vogue which may or may not be played out, but in which she certainly has had many imitators.

The significant thing about her return to the screen in *An Unchastened Woman,* then, would lie in the fact that, while she is making no attempt abruptly to depart from the character type in which she has become universally known, in her new role she is attempting to introduce subtle differentiations which will lift her characterizations upon a slightly different plane, and one no less intriguing than the old, if advance reports from the rushes may be given any credence.

Undoubtedly Miss Bara has been wise in this decision, for, having so definitely created a role which has become distinctively her own, one is inclined to question the popularity of her return to the screen in any other type of play. The success of her return depends to a certain degree upon the hold which she still has on her former following, as well as upon the element of curiosity which inevitably attend such a comeback.

Incidentally, it is going to be interesting to see how both exchange and exhibitor will present her to the public; whether they will extravagantly herald her return as "the greatest portrayer of vampire roles the screen has ever known," or whether they will grasp the possibilities of the subtle differentiations introduced in *An Unchastened Woman* and bill her in her new type of characterizations.

THE return of Charles Ray, on the other hand, presents angles of considerable interest, quite different from those found in the comeback of Francis Bushman and Theda Bara.

Other than that he withdrew for a time from the regularity of his contributions to screen entertainment, and devoted considerable time to the gratification of cherished ambitions as represented by the creation of *Miles Standish,* he can hardly be said to have been away from the screen, but only to have undergone a temporary retirement from those characterizations which have been so typical of him in the past and in

FROM HER RETIREMENT OF SOME FIVE YEARS THEDA BARA EMERGES IN A REFINEMENT OF HER FORMER ROLES—THE SAME, YET SUBTLY DIFFERENT.

AS MESSALA BUSHMAN RETURNS TO THE SCREEN IN HEROIC GUISE.

which he built up a tremendous following.

No one, least of all Charles Ray himself, will deny that his venture into the classic depiction of *Miles Standish* was a mistake, and to Ray a costly mistake. Nor did his one picture with Thomas H. Ince, just before Mr. Ince's death, really provide a suitable vehicle for his peculiar ability. For Charles Ray is essentially the interpreter of American boyhood—of the bashful, blundering, awkward, self-conscious boy, brought up on the farm or in the atmosphere of the small town. In these depictions he has established a distinctive type of characterization which is wholly Ray, and which few, if any, screen artists have equaled.

His return, then, to the type of plays which have made him so successful in the past possesses many interesting possibilities. He has hardly been away long enough for the fickleness of the American public to have done its damage. The vogue which he established prior to his withdrawal to make *Miles Standish* may have passed, but it is much more likely that it is but dormant for there has been but little if any serious attempt on the part of his contemporaries to meet the demand for that type of entertainment.

And yet there is an insistent and very real demand on the part of the greater part of the theatre-going public for the clean, wholesome pictures which are so completely exemplified in Charles Ray productions. In many ways Charles Ray represents the highest ideals of the screen—ideals that hold old friends and make new ones for the films.

According to Harry Carr in the *Los Angeles Times Preview, Some Pun'kins,* the opening gun in the Ray campaign to stage a definite and successful comeback, is in many respects the best thing that Ray has ever done, not excepting any of his former successes.

And in the same issue he quotes Ernst Lubitsch as having expressed "a hankering to do a picture with Charles Ray," and to have said that "he has a German play called *The Simpleton* which he desires to adapt for Ray's use."

All of which is extremely interesting at this time. What the combination of Charles Ray and Ernst Lubitsch might bring forth offers food for interesting speculation; but contractual difficulties would seem to stand in the way of such a development being brought about.

Whether Ray's appearance in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, *A Little Bit of Broadway,* now in production at the Culver City studios, will affect the comeback he is staging as the ideal interpreter of American boyhood, remains to be seen.

In his way, Charles Ray has developed screen characterizations as distinctly individual to himself as those created by Chaplin and Fairbanks. Is he yet destined to become the uncrowned king of American youth as depicted on the screen, and to take his place with those other "immortals" of the silver sheet whose individuality of conception has lifted them to planes of distinctiveness wholly their own?

Time and the verdict of the theatre-going public alone will tell.

RUBAIYAT OF A STAR

ANONYMOUS

Sleep! For the sun who scattered into flight,
The Stars — and such — who frolicked through the night,
Drives darkness from the world—all parties end
When Hollywood is touched with dawn's first light!

Come, empty adulation's cup, the fire
of Hope is warm. . . . When winds of time mount higher,
The birds of Paradise fly south, to some new set,
And leaves us cold, with nothing but desire!

Whether at Long Beach, or at Paris, Mo.,
We, who know not upon which road we go;
Must realize that fame passes as the rose,
That withers in the cold of sudden snow.

Each season brings its beauties new, you say—
And shelves the lot that blossomed yesterday?
Next year the same publicity we knew
Will start some fresh young comet on her way.

What if the play we're working on shall die
In two months' time? What if the dust will fly
When the director meets his boss? Myself,
I may be through for good by next July!

The Public gives applause — and having said
Its say, moves on . . . the Public must be fed
With pretty pictures and with interviews,
Or else its love for us will soon be dead.

I sometimes think that every Star, well cast,
Leaves just one thing, one little note, to last—
The Pickford curls, the Fairbanks smile, the feet
Of Chaplin will live on when years have passed.

And me—when I have gone beyond the pale,
Taking my share (God willing!) of the kale—
Perhaps they will remember how I danced,
And that I looked so innocent and frail.

And, as the light shines on the silver sheet,
And music syncopates for some new feet,
Hands will still clap, but there will be no sound
Of Jazz to penetrate my last retreat.

SCENE FROM "THE MOUTH OF THE CANON" BY HARRY COTTRELL, AS PUT ON BY THE COMPANY IN 1902. HARRY POLLARD, THE DIRECTOR, IS THE CHAP ON THE FLOOR, FRANK COOLEY IS THE MAN WITH THE MUSTACHE AND THE GUN IN HIS HAND.

The Barnstormer

By Frank Cooley

Part II

AFTER a poor week in Nogales, we started for La Colorado. The round trip cost me $86, which about cleaned me, so I borrowed $35 from Mr. Marsh, the Nogales manager. I knew I wouldn't need it if we did any business at all in Mexico, but wanted to make sure we would not have to linger too long with the Mexicans.

We found Mexico awful. I had written Mr. Quiros, the La Colorado manager, requesting him to engage a room for my daughter, wife and myself. He met me on our arrival and conducted me to our room. The floor was good old earth, the windows wide open, with a crowd of Mexican children peering through; flies by the millions, and a half-grown Plymouth Rock rooster with about seven feathers and a very red skin, scratching the earth in the center of the room. I complained to Quiros, who was surprised, and said it was the very best to be had in town.

I was not convinced and went "room-hunting" alone, finding one over the drug store, furnished with two canvas cots, four sheets and one pillow, and that was all. I found a coal oil can which served as a water pitcher. The druggist loaned me a tin wash-basin, and I found a small mirror in the wardrobe trunk that was not in theatrical use. The room was clean, however, and had a board floor, while upstairs the members of the company found accommodations at the hotel, where the proprietor, by placing two and three in a room, was finally able to lodge them.

We found the theatre flooded so we couldn't show that night, but the following night promised big business as Thursday was pay day in the mines for the Mexicans, and Quiros promised their money would soon be ours. The town boasted of no street lamps and ordinarily real darkness came with night, but Thursday booths,lighted by torches, were in evidence everywhere, some selling sweet cakes and candy, others equipped with different kinds of catch penny devices.

Our audience was a little larger that night but not much; all seemed to have been drinking, more or less. Quiros carried out the little trombone player during the second act, drunk as a lord and asleep. The Mexicans were not satisfied and refused to leave after the performance and demanded more singing and dancing. There seemed nothing to do but accommodate them. This so pleased them that a delegation waited on us after the show and invited us all to have a drink.

Friday night the entire orchestra was drunk and Mrs. Cooley played the piano for which Quiros paid her ten dollars, Mex. I had a canvas hung around the piano so she could slip out while the show was on and play without being seen, but I forgot to cover from the piano to the floor, so when she was playing, the Mexicans on that side of the house paid very

little attention to the performance but pointed to her dress and speculated as to which actress was the musician. Every time she changed her dress a new discussion started.

Saturday night was the poorest of the week and the whole town seemed to be drunk. We were to leave for the U.S. late Sunday afternoon so we decided to give a matinee at one o'clock, a vaudeville program. I was down for a six-round go with two of the boys, I continuous, the boys alternating, so they would have a three-minute rest between rounds. The wife and self were invited to have luncheon with the superintendent of the big Rothschild's copper mine, where things were so pleasant that the matinee was well under way when we got there. The boxing idea had evidently caught on, as the place was well filled. Joe was on the door. I guess the boxing pleased better than the show, though the twenty-eight dollars he turned over to me was about one-third of what I judged the house to be. I said nothing, but thought a lot.

Matinee over, we hurried to the depot accompanied by several of the boys from the mine, who really hated to see us go. While waiting for the train, which was a little late, I heard one of the actors accuse Joe of holding out on the matinee. The same thought was working in my mind too, so when Joe threatened to punch the boy's nose I immediately remarked that if there was to be any punching done I was in on it.

Joe stuck out his jaw and remarked: "The —— you will!"

The temptation was too great. I put him down six times before the boys from the mine caught me, begging me to stop, declaring that I would be arrested and locked in an old abandoned tunnel, the town's best jail, if I didn't. While they held me Joe drove two hard rights to my face before he could be stopped.

The train came along and we said good by to El Colorado and a lot of good scouts. I for one was glad to be on the way to the U.S., though I learned later that there was at least one place worse than Mexico, as far as I was concerned, in our own country; yes, in the must boasted CALIFORNIA, too. We stopped a while at Nogales, long enough for me to fire Joe—and hire him again—pay Mr. Marsh his thirty-five that I had not needed, and then proceed to Bisbee.

We found a town of about five thousand people, no sewers and no drinking water. The town was built over a gulch and they depended on water spouts in the mountains to flush the gulch where they allowed all their sewage to accumulate. The water spout was long overdue and as a result there were over one hundred and fifty cases of typhoid fever. We had to cross the gulch by way of a bridge to reach the theatre and the smell was something awful. Before the first week was finished several of the company complained of sickness — my little daughter was one and, from a chubby little girl, was fast becoming a very thin one; while my wife could barely leave her room.

FRANK COOLEY, THEN AND NOW.

The boys were drinking—I had to take charge of one, put him to bed, took away his pants and locked him in his room, but a little later I caught him going downstairs clad in a shirt and shoes. I succeeded in getting him back in his room but had to watch him for the rest of the day.

Bisbee didn't do much for us financially; the terrific heat was probably responsible, as the show was now in good working order. We were there ten nights, then started for Tucson. We had to wait over one night at Benson and concluded to show there.

We rented the town hall for five dollars. There was no stage, so we arranged our scenery on the floor, borrowed some lamps for footlights, placing a cracker box in front of each lamp. A lot of work and at twenty minutes of nine not a soul in the house. I was "made up" with a long coat on and "tending door," pretty well disgusted. About nine o'clock I noticed lights in different directions bobbing about but all coming nearer. Suddenly families of five and more began to appear out of the darkness and make their way to the door. Business at once became brisk and by the time I had to make my appearance on the stage, I had ninety-eight dollars in my pocket. This was the largest amount we had ever played to and Joe probably got a few dollars for himself, as he took the door when I left.

We started for Tucson next morning feeling pretty good. There Mowrey met us at the train decked out in a new hat, shirt, trousers and shoes. We opened to sixty-two dollars—it seemed that we just couldn't get out of the sixty-dollar class for an opener and Mowrey had drawn twenty dollars in spite of my warning and his own promises. After deducting what he had drawn I received twenty dollars for my share. He also had accumulated a very nice bill at the hotel, so it took almost two night's receipts for him alone. We needed money badly and as there was no great value in Mowrey's work, I let him go, this time for good. He returned to Phoenix.

We were billed to play *Sapho* in Tucson and started rehearsal. My leading lady "struck" for money to buy clothes for the part of Sapho; money I didn't have, so I cast her for the aunt and put Mrs. Cooley in Sapho. This was the wife's first long part and scared her considerably but she "got by" in very good shape. Joe, who attended to the newspapers, was quite partial to our leading lady and on our first performance of *Sapho,* which, by the way, was the best first performance we ever gave, he wrote a very sarcastic notice about Mrs. C. "biting off more than she could chew." This was too much, as I figured she had saved the day, for *Sapho* gave us by far the biggest house of our stay and later proved our banner drawing card always. Joe was sent to console Mowrey in Phoenix, and luck began to smile on us at last.

At the end of our Tucson stay, I again had a bank roll of one hundred and sixty dollars after all bills were paid and the company was allowed to draw a little. Our next stand was Phoenix where we were to play a return date of one week. As most of the company assembled in the office of the Reed Hotel, Tucson, about to start

(Continued on Page 44)

"B. B."

The Man on the Cover

IN this "infant industry" of ours to say that a player, director or writer served his apprenticeship or gained his early film experience with the old Biograph company is synonymous with saying that that individual is a charter member of the Old-timers' Club, and has in truth grown up with the industry.

For it has been from the prop rooms, the camera stands and the rank and file of the old Biograph Company, one of the pioneer production units of the defunct General Film Company, that many of our most notable film luminaries have come. It was from that organization that the screen world received its David Wark Griffith, its Mary Pickford, its Norma Talmadge, its Blanche Sweet, and a host of the bright lights of the silver sheet.

And it was from that old organization that William Beaudine—better and more universally known in the motion picture world as "Bill" Beaudine—emerged to begin his steady climb up the ladder of fame and success.

The story of his career is reminiscent of one of Horatio G. Alger's yarns of the newsboy who became president; for "Bill" Beaudine began, not, as so many directors have begun, as an actor before the camera, but in the much less conspicuous position of assistant property man—perhaps it might be phrased, with more literal application of truth, as assistant property boy. Both the industry and "Bill" Beaudine were young in those days.

And despite the imposing array of old-time production units with which he has been associated, and the long and varied experience he has had in the motion picture industry, no one can dub William Beaudine an old man and get away with it. Not when the birth records of the City of New York show him to have been born in that city in 1892; from which mental arithmetic deduces the fact that he is—well, one of the youngest directors in the game as well as one of the biggest.

In the lowly position of assistant property boy "Bill" Beaudine had plenty of opportunity for using his eyes and the events of the past few years afford ample indication that he did so. But that didn't keep him from being a bang-up good assistant property boy as he must have been to have impelled Mickey Neilan to bring him out to the Coast with him as his assistant. And it is a matter of justifiable pride on "Bill" Beaudine's part that he has not only grown up with the industry but has grown up with Mickey Neilan.

Events moved rapidly in those old days and the opportunities for advancement were much more frequent than they are today. He had not been on the Coast for so very long before an opportunity came for him to wield the director's megaphone on his own on the Triangle lot.

That was some nine years ago and for several years "Bill" Beaudine confined his directorial activities to mirth-makers, winding up his comedy direction at the Christie studios where he produced, among others, *Rustic Romeo, Mixed Drinks, Pass the Apples, Eve, Watch Your Step,* and *All Jazzed Up.*

Forsaking straight comedy for drama and comedy drama, he made, among his early dramatic productions *Penrod and Sam,* for First National, later making *A Self-made Failure* for the same organization. Two years ago he was signed on a long-term contract by Warner Brothers, for whom he has already produced *The Narrow Street, Wandering Husbands, Daring Youth, The Broadway Butterfly, Cornered* and *Boy of Mine.*

When Mary Pickford decided to make *Little Annie Rooney* she picked out "Bill" Beaudine as the logical man to direct and, through the courtesy of Warner Brothers,

MISS PICKFORD MEETS WILLIAM BEAUDINE, JR., AS THE YOUNG MAN WHO WILL BE HER DIRECTOR 15 YEARS FROM NOW.

arrangements were made whereby he was loaned to the Mary Pickford Company for that picture and was retained for *Scraps,* which is now entering production. Upon the completion of these two pictures he is scheduled to return to Warner Brothers.

From the day when Mickey Neilan took him under his wing "Bill" Beaudine's rise to the top of the ladder has been steady and sure. Today he is sitting on the world, ranking among the foremost motion picture directors in the business, president of the Motion Picture Directors' Association, and recognized as one of the dominant figures of the industry.

But there are other sides to William Beaudine than just being a bang-up good director and leading light of the film world.

In the radio world he is almost equally as well known and there are hosts of radio fans throughout the country who know him as "B.B." and as announcer for KFI and for KFWB. Radio has in fact become more than a keen delight with him; it has become a hobby in which he indulges whenever opportunity permits.

And then there is the solid, substantial citizen side—the phase of William Beaudine's daily life which is less known, his interest in civic affairs, his activity in promoting the best interests of Hollywood.

William Beaudine has made money in pictures and has invested that money in Hollywood. All his interests are here. In addition to real estate investments he is identified with several Hollywood business firms and keeps closely in touch with their activities.

Such a man is William Beaudine, the man who appears on the cover of this issue of The Director, and, incidentally, the first director whose picture has so appeared.

To Use Technicolor Process

PLANS of the Douglas Fairbanks Company to produce *The Black Pirate* in colors are being watched with much interest. Just how extensively the technicolor process will be used has not yet been determined. Preliminary experiments in this respect, according to statements from the Fairbanks lot, have not proved conclusive and further experimenting is still under way. That at least a part of the production will be in color seems certain, however.

The probabilities of color photography being used has presented new problems in the selection of the cast, particularly in the selection of the leading woman. Something like one thousand applicants were considered for the part. Not only was there the peculiar fitness for the role, which Doug has insisted upon, to be considered, but also the applicant's ability to register in color as well as in black and white. Consequently, in addition to the usual screen test, there was a color test to which the girls who had qualified on previous tests were subjected.

Final selection brought Billy Dove the coveted honor.

Thundering Silence

A Novel by H. H. Van Loan

What Has Gone Before

FOR two years Howard Chapin, an ex-convict, has been taking the place of John Morgan, Los Angeles banker and clubman, in the business and social world. At midnight, April 8, the strange pact expires. Morgan appears at the appointed hour in the role of a derelict and informs Chapin that he has no desire to return to his former existence. During his wanderings he has found the woman he loves and he is going to return to her. Chapin learns that Mrs. Morgan, who has been on a world voyage, is returning the next day. He is shown her photograph by Morgan, and for the first time in his life his admiration is aroused for one of the opposite sex. He now realizes the futility for a continuance of the deception. He cannot go on with it; he will not deceive her.

Chapin has paid every debt left by Morgan when the latter went away, and has accumulated $150,000 in cash. Morgan learns where the money is hidden and takes it. Chapin wants to know what is going to happen to Mrs. Morgan, whereupon Morgan informs him that his life is insured for $200,000 and that Morgan is better off dead than alive. John Morgan is going to die that night. And, Chapin is Morgan! Thereupon, Morgan compels Chapin to take a revolver and retire to the den, for the purpose of committing the suicide of Morgan.

Meantime "Big Red" McMahon and his gang of crooks are worried over the prolonged absence of "Spider" Kelly, who has gone out to "pull a job." A little later the police are called to the Morgan residence to investigate the financier's death, and decide it is a clear case of suicide. However, Herbert Spencer, a police reporter on *The Examiner,* does not agree with the police theory. *The Examiner* "scoops" the other papers and Spencer goes out to make a thorough investigation. "Big Red" and his gang are surprised upon learning of the death of Morgan, and they are of the opinion that "Spider" Kelly double-crossed them and made a getaway with the fortune.

Meantime, *The Empress of India* is approaching San Pedro from the Orient and among her passengers is Claudia Carlstedt. She is overcome as she reads a wireless bulletin announcing the death of Morgan. When the steamer docks, a derelict boards the ship and goes to her cabin. She opens the door and as she stares in amazement at the man she exclaims, "John!" With that exclamation she throws herself into the man's arms. Claudia faints and the man places her on a divan and revives her. She is confused and bewildered, for she believes the man is John Morgan. The stranger informs her that Morgan is really dead and that he was murdered the night before.

He warns her that she must not go to the Morgan residence, and when she asks him for an explanation he calmly tells her that he is Howard Chapin. He adds that they must not be seen leaving the steamer together, and gives her an address where he instructs her to go immediately and where he will join her presently. They are impressed with each other and each is wondering what role the other is playing in this baffling mystery.

Later, a Japanese gardener finds the body of a slain man along the Ventura highway, which is identified by Detective Aulbert as the crook, "Spider" Kelly. Meanwhile, *The Examiner* staff is wondering what has happened to Spencer, who has strangely dropped out of sight. At the same time, "Big Red" McMahon's gang have learned of Kelly's death and they believe their chief has carried out his threat to kill Kelly. But, at the moment, "Big Red" enters, and much to the surprise of all, denies any knowledge of the crime. Just then Detective Aulbert enters and asks "Big Red" the name of the man who killed the "Spider." "Big Red" professes ignorance, and Aulbert is inclined to believe him and is about to leave, when the door suddenly opens and there, to the great surprise of the gang, stands "Spider" Kelly on the threshold.

In the meantime, Spencer is being held a prisoner in a shack on the outskirts of San Pedro. He overpowers the sentry and makes his escape and dashes towards Los Angeles.

Chapin learns that Claudia did not go to the address he had given her when they parted at the steamer, and he is wondering what has happened to her when he receives a message, apparently from Mrs. John Morgan, urging him to come to the Morgan residence at once. Deeply mystified, Chapin starts for the Morgan home.

Chapter IX

TWENTY minutes later, Chapin dismissed his taxi in front of the Morgan residence on South Hobart Boulevard and briskly made his way up the stone steps to the front entrance. As he rang the bell he glanced a little nervously towards the street, for he realized he was taking a desperate chance in coming back here. The neighborhood seemed deserted, for it was late; and except for an occasional light along the street, the entire boulevard seemed divested of life. But he recalled there never seemed to be much activity here. The residents were wealthy and the majority of them divided their time between Del Monte, Coronado and Palm Beach, and when not at one of these fashionable resorts they could be found on the sands at Biarritz, Deauville or Monte Carlo. These beautiful homes were hardly more than mere addresses for the reception of mail.

These thoughts flashed through his mind as he waited for some response to the bell. But none came. He rang again and waited. After a reasonable wait, he tried the door and found it unlocked. Chapin was a little surprised at this, and he pondered a moment and then he slowly opened the door and entered. He paused just inside the threshold, and after closing the door, leaned against it and gazed around the spacious hallway with considerably curiosity. It was quite; in fact, absolute silence reigned. A slight chill sped down his spine for an instant, but he was able to rid himself of it almost immediately and to supplant it with a feeling of security. Then he moved slowly away from the door and walked towards the center of the hallway. To his right was a large entrance leading into the library. The door was open and he was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling as he glanced into the darkened room. He turned and looked towards the room opposite. It was the drawing room and he discovered it to be flooded with light. He stepped to the doorway and looked inside. The room was apparently deserted, and he strolled across the threshold and paused near a table in the center and lighted a cigarette. Then, as he took a deep draught he studied his surroundings more closely and took a mental inventory of the place. Everything seemed to be the same as when he had left it, from the big velvet drapes which hung before the French windows to the heavy Italian tapestry which adorned the south wall. There was an atmosphere of precision and neatness about the room which had been established years before by Morgan and maintained by Chapin during

the time he had portrayed his unique role. During his brief absence nothing had been changed; the room seemed to have been ignored.

He strolled over to the mantelpiece, on which rested a clock of Italian marble. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship with a face of solid gold. He discovered it was going, and its hands registered the time as being exactly a half hour past midnight. He glanced at his watch and it agreed with the clock. As he calmly put his watch back into his pocket he smiled. Strange that he hadn't noticed that clock before. It was the only thing that broke the intense silence and its tick-tick-tick-tick seemed thunderous now. It also reminded him that someone must have been here since he left, for it had been one of Rickett's duties to wind that clock every morning precisely at eight. This also recalled to him that he had not seen Ricketts. The old butler had always been so patient and loyal. Hours had meant nothing to him, and he could not be bribed into shirking a single item of the day's routine, which usually started at seven in the morning and continued until such hour as Chapin was ready to retire.

It was quite evident that Ricketts was not a member of the household any longer, or the door would have been locked and he would have thrust his head into the room at least a half dozen times to make certain the guest was comfortable. For Ricketts worried about every guest, once he had crossed the Morgan threshold, and Ricketts never rested until he had left. Peculiar old codger was Ricketts.

According to the newspapers, the poor old butler had received quite a grilling at the hands of the police. From the published accounts, it looked as though they might have even been a little suspicious of Ricketts. But one look at Ricketts' honest old face would convince even the most casual observer that he was the personification of goodness. However, the police suspect everybody.

Chapin had dropped into a big easy chair as he pondered over these things and waited, as his gaze studied the floor.

Suddenly he became aware of another presence, and as he slowly lifted his eyes and looked toward the entrance he discovered Claudia standing on the threshold of the drawing room. He was momentarily startled as he beheld her tall, majestic figure and then he rose and bowed slightly as he calmly faced her and waited for her to speak.

She was radiantly beautiful, in a clinging black velvet gown which emphasized her perfectly molded form and accentuated her sensuousness. If she had labored a considerable time over her toilette in order to arouse his deepest admiration, her efforts had not been in vain, for as he feasted his eyes upon her he realized again at this, their second meeting, that she was the most exquisite creature he had ever seen. She was voluptuous . . . divine! She was one of those women for which men would make tremendous sacrifice. Undoubtedly there were men who would endure great adversity to live for her, and others would willingly throw their lives at her feet, for her to trample on. And yet, while hers was apparently a cold, worldly beauty, Chapin seemed to discover behind it a peculiar charm and refinement which, combined with a most bewitching personality, that succeeded in securing his interest.

Claudia knew he was pleased with her. She saw it in his eyes as she approached, and pausing a few feet from where he stood, extended one hand. She was further convinced as she felt a slight trembling of his hand as he grasped hers and held it for a moment. It was her business to study these things, for she had been endowed with nature's greatest gift to woman—beauty. And from that day when she had first discovered how generous nature had been to her, she had not overlooked the enormity of the gift as an asset. Naturally, for such a woman, life is little more than a series of romances and adventures, with each one more interesting than the last.

And so, with a faint suggestion of a smile, she looked up at Chapin and said: "I'm sorry I kept you waiting." Then, after glancing at the clock, she added: "I hardly realized it was so late."

But Chapin dismissed any attempt at apology as he raised a protesting hand and remarked:

"My life seems to have suddenly been divested of any routine, and hours mean very little to me at present."

She nodded prettily and then motioned him to sit down again, after which she sank down on the divan near him and leaned back among the silken pillows. Putting her hands behind her head, she studied him silently for a moment. Chapin was conscious of her scrutiny although he pretended to be toying with a book-end as his arm rested on the table. Finally he looked at her and said:

"You didn't keep the appointment, as we had arranged."

Claudia kept her gaze fixed on him as she shook her head and answered:

"I couldn't . . . After serious consideration, I made other plans."

He nodded thoughtfully for a moment, after which he met her gaze again. "Do you think you have acted wisely in coming here?"

Claudia nodded and smiled faintly, but preferred to let him continue. She had not long to wait, for Chapin leaned forward and with considerable sternness, reminded her with graveness: "You are running a great risk. The police are not going to close this case immediately. It's merely a question of hours before they learn that John Morgan was murdered, and when they do, all of us will be in great danger."

Her countenance took on a challenging look as she frowned a little and said:

"Others may have fears, but I have none. I was not here when the crime was committed. I was aboard *The Empress of India,* at sea." Then, after a slight pause, she stared at him and added: "I can prove that, Mr. Chapin."

He slowly nodded. She spoke the truth. The police would never entertain any suspicions of her being directly connected with the crime. Of this much he was certain. But one word from him and she would have to do considerable explaining to both the police and the press, and the explanation would be followed by a certain amount of embarrassment and undoubtedly destroy her plans. She waited for him to speak again, and he transferred his gaze from the Chinese rug to her. She was lying at full length now; her legs crossed. There was an opening in her dress on one side, from the knee down and it disclosed a goodly portion of one of her legs encased in a black chiffon stocking, and he noticed that it was exceedingly well-formed. He also noted that her feet were small, almost tiny, and that she was wearing very pretty shoes of black patent leather. She watched him as he took a cigarette case from his pocket and shook her head as he offered her one, after which he took one himself and lighted it. Inhaling deeply he leaned back in his chair and proceeded to study her for a moment, after which he said;

"Let's stop this skirmishing. . .Why did you come here?"

She smiled, and then with a cute little twist of her head she answered him, saying; "You musn't be so stupid. . .Can't you guess?"

Chapin pondered. She was devilishly fascinating. "I presume you believe there is a possibility of your getting that $200,000 insurance money."

"You *are* clever," she said, grinning. "You may go to the head of the class."

But this was no time for joking, and he ignored the playful remark as he asked her sternly. "Do you still insist that you are Mrs. John Morgan?"

She nodded. Then she suddenly raised herself to a sitting position, and placing her pretty feet on the floor, she rested her arms on her knees, and looking him straight in the eyes, said;

"What did you do with the $150,000 which was in this room the night John Morgan returned?"

This question surprised him. How had she learned of this money? He was positive that nobody, except Morgan and himself, knew of its existence. He was still mystified as he evaded an answer. "Is that why you have sent for me?" he inquired.

(Continued on Page 42)

Edit the Copy not the Type

An Interview with
REGINALD BARKER

THE efficiency slogan of all well-conducted newspaper offices, "Edit it in Copy, not in Type", should have its counterpart in motion picture studios: "Do Your Editing to the Scenario not in the Cutting Room," acording to Reginald Barker.

Mr. Barker maintains that just as wise newspaper publishers who wish to hold down expenses placard their editorial rooms with notices advising department heads to trim news stories to the proper length and phraseology before they go to the linotype machines, so should producers urge their directors to follow the same general policy in film production.

This idea has become such an obsession with Mr. Barker that sometimes less painstaking and less foresighted persons refer to him as "The story bug" because he insists on having the scenario perfected to the most minute detail before he starts shooting.

"With the typewriter and pencil, it is much simpler and cheaper to edit the script than to perform the same operation on the negative with the cutting room scissors," stated Mr. Barker. "Just as a newspaper wishes to save needless type composition, so should it be a hundred times as great a saving to make the script letter perfect before dozens of days and thousands of dollars have been spent taking scenes that will be eliminated afterwards.

"While perhaps this is not an altogether new thought, having your guns loaded with the sort of ammunition that will enable you to score a hit with the exhibitor and his public seems to me like worthwhile preparedness, and it has become a hobby of mine. I have had many an argument with producers who were anxious to get started shooting with a poorly constructed script, but when I won the point I think, in most instances, my employers agreed that the slight delay in perfecting the scenario had been well worth while.

"Much of unnecessary expense is entailed by delays in production through imperfect the written production with the thought that it will be remedied before the scene is scripts. Sometimes it is an inncomplete portion that is passed over in reviewing reached, and sometimes it is simple lack of clarity in expression. Whatever the ailment it always means delay and consequent increased expenses.

"Nowhere else is time such a matter of moment as in a modern metropolitan newspaper plant and publishers constantly are watching operations to cut down unnecessary corrections that may delay editions. In these days of rapid methods of production calling for day and night operations in the studios, anything that will eliminate useless delay or shorten operations is worthy of serious consideration.

"In my own experience I have found that insisting on perfected manuscripts, even if it is necessary to call in the screen writers to iron out the rough spots, is conducive to eliminating a great deal of confusion with attendant exasperation on the part of players and studio officials on the set.

"In earlier days in the industry, a scenario was little more than a sketchy outline of the plot, and the director was expected to use his own judgment in follow-

ing the screen writer's leads in filming the picture.

"But modern methods of production demand that the director use his utmost efforts in producing the effects required in the picture and time limitations alone will will not permit deviation from the prescribed order determined before shooting is started, were the director inclined so to do.

"The very fact that the majority of screen writers graduated from the newspaper school has contributed greatly to the advances made in the picture industry in efficiency of operations, for nowhere else can be learned so effectively the value of succinctness and clarity of expression, and it is my belief that their percepts have an extensive application to production activities in motion pictures."

THE NIGHT BRIDE

A Novel

By FREDERIC CHAPIN

(Continued from the July issue)

CYNTHIA, passing the Ogre's Castle in her car observed it to be tenanted. Young Warrington, coming down the driveway was about to pass her with no sign of greeting when she introduced herself in a neighborly way but he barely acknowledged her courtesy and passed on with a curt word in return.

Cynthia rode home with flaming cheeks and mentally promised herself that she would leave this young Ogre, as she called him—strictly alone.

Then Stanley bought Cal Dobbin's newspaper—paid off the mortgage held by Addison Walsh and started in to write vitriolic articles about Walsh and his various money-making schemes.

Then came Cynthia's birthday fete—the performance of a Greek tragedy on the lawn at night—she to portray the role of a slave girl. Cynthia secretly sent Stanley an invitation, knowing he would not accept, but like the angler for trout—she was willing to try an enticing bait.

The performance was a huge success and Cynthia played her part well. To thunders of applause, she hastened towards the house to change her costume when she bumped into none other than the young Ogre, himself. In his knickerbockers, he had been a secret observer from behind the hedge. In much embarrassment, he tried to explain his presence there as searching for his dog which had wandered away. Then Hector's bark was heard as he saluted the moon, securely chained to his kennel. With a well-acted sigh of relief to know his dog had returned home—he left her, glad to get away. But he knew—that she knew—he was a fraud and had come there to see her and the sound of her laughter wafted towards him as he reached the roadway—and he mentally kicked himself for being a silly fool—but the memory of a slave girl, in flimsy costume, held his arms for a brief second as they met so suddenly near the hedge was not an unpleasant thing to think about.

Now go on with the story.

THE fate of the house of Stockton rested in Minerva's hands and she knew it. Her next move would be to settle matters with Cynthia. A letter from Walsh brought her to this decision.

The letter enclosed a cheque covering the bills for the birthday fete. It footed up to a tidy sum.

My contribution to Cynthia's birthday, with sincere wishes for her future happiness —was all it said. No signature, except on the cheque.

Could any woman fail to respond to such an appeal?

Cynthia was just leaving for the Country Club when her mother summoned her into the library. Observing Minerva close the doors carefully she smiled. "Some morsel of gossip," she thought. But her mother had other matters on her mind.

Silently she handed the letter and cheque to her daughter. Cynthia read it, noted the amount of the cheque and looked up quickly; but something in her mother's expression stilled the words of protest hovering on her lips.

"You will admit, my dear," Minerva said, solemnly, almost reverently, "that Addison Walsh is a man among men."

"Why—yes, mother," agreed Cynthia. "He is indeed—but we can't accept this money from him. Father will pay these bills. If he had only sent a box of roses—"

Minerva almost sniffed aloud. Roses, instead of money, and at a time like this.

"When I arranged for your birthday affair," she explained, "I knew it would be costly. But it was too late for me to abandon my plans—even after I had learned that your father's business affairs were in a precarious condition."

"You mean——?"

"Just this. Your father today—is practically bankrupt."

Cynthia's face blanched.

"He has had to borrow huge sums to tide over a period of depression," her mother continued, "Addison Walsh came to his rescue—freely and generously. He plans a reorganization that will probably save us from ruin and disgrace."

The color returned to Cynthia's cheeks.

"He is a wonderful man," she breathed, in genuine relief. "Then we have nothing to worry over."

Minerva shook her head impatiently.

"I am glad you appreciate him," she said. "As you are no doubt aware, he has been a real friend to us for some time. Can you imagine any particular reason why he should take such an interest in us?"

Cynthia glanced away in doubt.

"He likes us, I suppose," she said, finally.

"Possibly," her mother observed, dryly. "But Addison's motive was something other than that." She hesitated, then took the plunge. "He loves you, my dear child —he desires to marry you."

To her great surprise her daughter took the information casually.

"I was afraid of that," said Cynthia. "Of course, I admire and respect him. He is a friend worth having, but I'm sorry he has fallen in love with me. Men of his age take such things seriously."

Minerva gave her daughter a queerish look. She began to realize she had reached the first barrier in her *coup de main.*

"Addison takes it so seriously," she reiterated warningly, "That in the event of your refusal to marry him, he might be tempted to act merely as your father's creditor, instead of a life long friend.

Cynthia looked up sharply.

"Mother," she cried. "You don't mean —that he—makes me—a condition?"

She could never believe any man would be so base.

"He has made no condition by word of mouth," her mother said. "But he has implied them. Your father, poor, dear soul —is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I have noticed it of late. We have been selfish to let him worry and slave for us, without trying to help him in some way. With Addison our friend, the reorganization will take place; then your father can retire and get a well-earned rest. If Addison refuses to aid us, I firmly believe the loss of your father's business will kill him."

Cynthia's heart contracted.

"But, mother," she remonstrated. "I couldn't think of marrying him, I don't love him."

She stood up and crossed the room, as if to escape from such an odious thought.

Minerva knew better than to carry the fight to this strong-minded daughter of hers. She must win by sympathy.

She assumed an abject, broken spirited attitude that touched Cynthia deeply. She returned and confronted her mother.

"I don't believe," she said defiantly, as if to still her own doubts, "That Addison

would make of his friendship for you and father, a matter of barter and sale for me. But we can easily find out."

She picked up the telephone, called Walsh's number, talked with him a moment and hung up the receiver.

"He'll be here in ten minutes," she said, and went to the window to wait.

Minerva's heart was thumping with fear—fear that Walsh would openly declare himself—fear that Cynthia would prove untractable.

A request from Cynthia was a command to Walsh.

He breezed in shortly with a smile of greeting, that faded instantly as he saw their faces. Instinctively he was warned—and forewarned was forearmed.

In a sympathetic manner, he inquired just how he could be of service.

Minerva silently waived him to a chair.

With a directness of purpose, Cynthia handed him his checque. He took it gingerly, as if it were something to which he had no right. He looked up questionly.

"It was most generous of you Addison," she said. It was the first time she had addressed him by his first name, and his heart stirred within him. "I'm sorry," she continued, "we can't accept. I have just learned how matters stand between you and father. Mother has also told me—of your desire—to—marry me. I respect and admire you in many ways—but I don't love you. I sent for you—to ask—if all you have done for us, and all you plan to do regarding father's financial affairs, is conditional upon my acceptance of your—proposal. I presume we may call it that."

Walsh was on his feet with a gesture of protest.

"Cynthia," he cried reproachfully. "How could you imagine such a thing?" He was a clever actor. "I admit I do love you, and I did take your mother into my confidence. She was kind enough to hope that my love might be reciprocated. But what I have done, and may do for you or your father, has no bearing on this subject, whatsoever. I can't help loving you—who could?—but I haven't spoken of it to you, and I never will, until you give me that right."

He turned and walked away with the manner of one hurt. It was artistry in the superlative degree. Minerva's expression was of unconcealed surprise. She did not understand the sudden change of technique but a quick glance from him warned her to say nothing, and let matters take their course. She understood.

Said Cynthia to her mother triumphantly, "I told you so." To Walsh she said cordially as she gave him he hand,

"Addison, I am grateful." Her voice was tremulous. "I don't believe I can find the right words to express myself."

"Don't try," he said tenderly—and was gone.

In her hand reposed the folded checque.

"Not one false move or word," thought Walsh in his car.

"What a friend," sighed Minerva.

"Cheer up, mumsey," Cynthia cried joyously. "Everything will come out all right. And if he keeps on being so kind—who knows?"

She glanced down at the slip of paper in her hand. Those bills would have to be paid in some other way. Going to the writing desk, she addressed an envelope, placed the checque inside, moistened the gum with her pretty, red tongue, and dropped it into the basket for outgoing mail.

Minerva's heart sank as she observed this, but she dared make no protest.

The telephone rang—imperiously—ominously. Cynthia answered it, the message sending the blood from her cheeks. Slowly she placed the instrument on the table.

"Father is ill," she told her mother in a frightened manner. "They are bringing him home. We must get the doctor here, at once."

She called a number, while Minerva stood by, irresolute and helpless.

During the weeks it took John Stockton to recover his health—he had had a slight stroke—Addison Walsh stepped into the breach, took over the factories and injected new life into the business. His nightly reports of progress, his optimistic discussions of the reorganization that was taking place, his tender solicitude for Cynthia's father, his cheerfulness and kindness; placed him firmly within the sacred portals of the Stockton menage, as one of the family.

Slowly, but surely—and Minerva saw it with secret joy, Addison Walsh was gradually weaving his way into Cynthia's heart.

"WELL—well—well," ejaculated Cal Dobbins one fine day, as Warrington, Jr., entered the office of his newspaper. "The buzzard has swooped down and captured the dove."

He handed him a copy of the paper, and pointed to a notice of Cynthia's engagement. Stanley glanced at it casually and tossed it aside. On his desk was an article that held his attention. It dealt with a new issue of municipal bonds. Walsh had taken the entire lot, and the county had been mulcted out of a large sum of money. The whole deal smacked of skullduggery and Stanley called a spade, a spade.

He tossed it over for Cal to read. At the closing line, that worthy individual's mouth puckered in a long, drawn whistle.

"To arms," he shouted in mock dramatics. "Soon the cohorts of our foe will sweep down upon us. "Fiat justicia, ruat caelum."

"Look out for that blue-nosed revolver," warned Bill, the practical, looking up from his job of indicting some snappy headlines.

"Say," he called suspiciously. "What was that, Latin? I don't believe you fellows know half the time what all that jibberish means."

Cal took a longshoreman's chew of Navy Plug and turned indignantly.

"For your information, son," he shot at him, "the quotation recently delivered, with all the sang-froid of a Brutus, boiled down to words of few syllables, means: "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall."

"Well—something's going to fall before long," observed, Bill significantly, "and me thinks it will be little Addy, dropping in and upon us."

Stanley chucked.

"It's funny how I hate that man," he said. "But he seems to be able to pick and choose his wives."

"Yeah," said Bill without looking up. "With the Stockton ship sinking, and Walsh the only life-boat in sight, what's a poor girl going to do?"

Stanley polished his goggles.

"Women are all alike," said that young synic bitterly. "They're flighty, silly and mercenary. To think of a beautiful girl like Miss Stockton, selling herself to an old galliwampus like Walsh, it's disgusting. I hate 'em—all of 'em—everyone of 'em."

Cal and Bill looked at each other significantly. Of late they had been able to get the lowdown on their boss. Evidently he had been crossed in love. Well, who hadn't?

Stanley grunted. He was unconsciously visioning Cynthia in Walsh's arms, and he almost shuddered. Touching a match to his pipe, he plunged into the work before him.

On Cynthia's finger glittered a white diamond that fairly scintillated sparks of fire. It was just a week since she had shyly lowered her head and allowed Addison Walsh to kiss her—on the cheek.

Walsh knew that he must not be too precipitate, even though the prize was almost within his grasp. He was artful in love, as in finance, and he was willing to climb the ladder of romance step by step.

Minerva and her husband were at a neighboring mountain resort, which left Cynthia on Walsh's hands. He made the most of such a glorious opportunity. Flowers, gifts, motor rides, and theater parties kept her in a whirl of excitement. She was gratefully passive; glad to feel that her mother was happy, and her father's health improving. A placid sun of contentment shone down upon her.

And all because of the magic touch of this paragon of men.

The Ogre's castle had been swept from her memory. As for Stanley Warrington, he had been tossed into the discard of her thoughts.

Walsh was cracking his egg at the breakfast table, when Delia, his housekeeper, whose visage reflected the souring process

(Continued on Page 51)

WHY A SCENARIO?

By BRADLEY KING

ALL of us have at one time or another been classified as amateurs. In all walks of life there must be a beginning point and here unfortunately, is where so many aspirants fail. They do not want to begin; but seek to accomplish without even establishing a fundamental foundation.

Unlike many other professions, photoplay writing does not offer an opportunity to "apprentice" ones self at the start, in the general accepted meaning of this term. Yet, screen authorship is the one vocation where such a privilege is needed most and would be greatly worthwhile.

There is, however, the opportunity for the new writer to gain an invaluable training from two other scources. One is newspaper work. Here the writer gets under the outer surface of life and is constantly called upon to handle those situations which form the nucleus of photoplay plots. The news writer also receives editorial supervision as well as drastic training in the art of "boiling down." This ability to condense will prove invaluable. The other field I have reference to is that of short-story writing. This furnishes an excellent opportunity for the photoplay novice, I believe, for there are many points of similarity between the short-story and the motion picture plot. The peculiar construction of the short-story parallels in many ways that of the motion picture, for while the actual method of expression is greatly different the fundamentals of the two are very similar. For instance, in the short story the writer learns the value of such things as comedy relief, of contrasting light and shade, of building to a crisis and leaving it before it drops, as he is limited usually to words and many similar tricks of drama which are used by scenario writers as well. (I do not speak of the classical short story but refer more to the magazine fiction of today.)

But to the author who adopts this method of beginning, there is a word of warning. Short-story writers must of necessity think in words and phrases, whereas the writer of scenarios thinks in pictures. If the author will endeavor to accompany every written paragraph of *action* in his short story with a brief imaginative picturization of the situation involved he will find himself, after a while, unconciously getting into the habit of thinking photographically. Thus when the time comes for the change from short-stories to scenarios he has all ready prepared his mind to function accordingly.

I recall when I first started writing for the screen that my first instruction was: "Don't forget to think in pictures", And think in pictures I did, though I had been naturally schooled to think in words as a short-story writer. But that little thought was a great help to me, for visual interpretation of any situation is far more compelling to me than any other form. It is exactly the difference between seeing a horrible accident and hearing about it from another. The actual sight may nauseate you or leave a life-long imprint on your memory, whereas hearing it from someone else, you will soon forget all about it and experience no sense of repulsion.

Since I have been writing, however, I have elaborated that thought to this: "Think in a *series of pictures.*" That is, do not plan the particular scene which is being written by visualizing it alone; but go back and retrace what you have written previously, connecting the scene under consideration with all its predecessors as well as those which will follow. I have found this a great help as well as a labor saving device in that it decreases many corrections later on and results in a script which "hangs together" in closer dramatic sequence.

When I say "Think in Pictures", I mean of course, *Think action.* The art and technical directors will worry about the details of setting, etc., and the scenario writer need not worry about these matters except to describe them in a general way. It helps the director, naturally, if he can get the visualization of the sets as mentally pictured by the author, and often gives him an idea which he can inject into the script, such as novel lighting effects and even unusual action. Given a continuity that is replete with good action however, and the setting will be mostly a matter of choice.

Thinking in a series of pictures means much more than just mentally reviewing the scenes as written and those which are to follow. To explain further. By a series of pictures I refer to complete thoughts—sequences. While it is far more tedious and difficult a task to match a sequence of scenes, one with the other in perfect dramatic continuity, it has proven far more successful than the old-fashioned method of writing a number of disconnected scenes and then matching them together,—or leaving it entirely to the director or film cutter to worry about. While it is utterly impossible and foolish to expect a continuity to be scene perfect, so that it can be photographed exactly as written, this should be the goal for which the scenarist strives. Writers are becoming more and more adept in the art of "cutting" their story as they write. But for the amateur who has had no actual studio experience, this is practically impossible, unless he will spend much time reviewing films and then learning a system of mental editing. This however, is at best a very difficult and unsatisfactory procedure and one which requires a very good natural sense of continuity as photographed, as well as a great deal of time and patience.

To be able to dovetail your scenes until they are as near perfect production form as possible for the director, is a qualification every novice should strive to attain. Producers, too, are realizing the advantages of this method of script writing and are demanding it, wherever possible, from their writers.

OF course, the writer in Hollywood or New York will find it easy to confer with the director who will produce his story, after acceptance. This is a method I have religiously followed from the very first draft of my first scenario. After completing a rough "idea outline" of scenes I always go to the director and get his viewpoints and intended treatment of the story. My first draft is then revised accordingly, for what is the use of writing a script which is not in harmony with the director's ideas? Two heads are always better than one and the sooner writers realize this and get their "swell-heads" healed, the better off the whole industry is going to be. The director is the one who will eventually develop the story for the screen, and it behooves the script writer to consider his angles as being mighty important, before completing the scenario.

As for the market for original stories. This talk about there being no market—or there being an unusually good market—is simply material for some poor press agent who hasn't the gumption to think up something more original, and desires to hand his boss the necessary press clippings regardless of their contents. There will always be a good demand for usable original scenarios. Mr. Producer realizes fully well the value of an original story written expressly for the screen, in comparison with the adapted novel or play. He is only too glad to get them. I spent over two months trying to get an assignment to do an adaptation and for that length of time was consistently bombarded with assignments to write original stories round box-office titles. Which only goes to prove that the trouble is not with the demand for originals, but with the supply.

THE day has arrived when the director is more than just a man with a megaphone, wildly shouting directions to actors. This new type of artisan who

has invaded the industry is a thinker. He is a capable judge of story values as well as dramatic situations, and usually he is a specialist in *treatment*. This after all is the most important factor in the production of photoplays, because "there is nothing new under the sun" in reference to original plots,—except originality of treatment. Get a director's viewpoint on your story but try and get a new treatment of your story yourself and don't leave all the thinking up to the man who wields the megaphone or doesn't according to his press agents' particular fancy.

Every story is written with a certain effect in mind. First decide what effect you want to drive home and then keeping this point in mind, make every scene, every touch, build up and emphasize this particular effect. You wouldn't hit a bull's eye with your eyes closed, you'd look where you're aiming. Scenario writing is to a great extent, mental marksmanship, so follow this same principle in your screen work. Know what you're aiming at and then don't wobble. Remember always that you are writing your scenario for the *director*. The technical director, title editor, members of the cast, etc., though they are all supplied with copies of your script, and, no doubt, find good use for it, could do without it, *if* the director has his copy and it was written for *him* exclusively. But to the director it is a chart. He must have it, whether he uses it merely to check his progress or as it was intended to be used. The old method of putting scenarios to one side and making the story over in his own way has gone for the director. Producers cannot see paying $10,000 for a continuity only to have the director use it for memorandum. The continuity today is paid for and well worth the price, and Mr. Producer sees that the director thinks so too. The present day director knows the story by heart and follows the script because it is written for *him*. It may flatter the director to think this but he has sense enough not to forget that a continuity today is a technical work, done by a skilled artisan, and worthy of every consideration. It is like the mile-posts to the traveler or the compass and charts to a navigator—and as necessary.

And, remember that scenario writers are not born, they are made. And they aren't made overnight either! Just keep in mind that there are writers who have spent years in training their minds for this type of work. So, don't be discouraged or impatient if your first or your twentieth manuscript does not immediately find a market. It is probable that it won't. Perhaps it may but you will be fortunate indeed in marketing your early efforts so promptly. But keep at it and study—study—study! Five years of anyone's life preparing for scenario writing is none too much and well worth the effort if one succeeds. Where else can a man or woman receive a remuneration far in excess of the President's after only five years of study, that he can in this profession? Think it over. Think of your doctor and lawyer and dentist. And then just for fun, ask them how long they've been establishing themselves!

There are a thousand and one reasons why producers keep printing supplies of rejection slips. Stories are not the easiest things to select. The producer's rejection slip may in no way be a reflection upon the merits of your story, on the other hand it may.

You can best answer this question. Rejection may result from an internal studio condition. For instance, while your story is very fine from a dramatic viewpoint, it may have nothing within reach of the particular producer to whom it is submitted. It may call for a budget of expenditure far in excess of his plans, it may be that his contract players are not suited to the story, or a hundred and one similar reasons, none of which reflect upon the ability of the writer or the quality of his story.

Do not make the mistake of treating your work too lightly. Scenario writing is not suitable as a sideline. Remember that it is a business as well as anything else. Always strive to have your manuscript appear business like and neat.

And above all else, don't forget that little thought: "*Think* in a *Series* of pictures!"

As a change off from directing plays the directors sometimes do some playing themselves, as witness this flashlight taken during the enactment of John Ford's soiree, "A Jubilee of the Plains," staged at the clubhouse of the Motion Picture Directors' Association. Being himself a past master in the direction of Western productions, John Ford introduced some Western atmosphere reminiscent of "The Iron Horse" and suggestive of his new picture, "Three Bad Men," which he is now directing on location at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, which accounts for the presence of the husky looking pioneers and the "friendly Indian." John Ford, by the way, is the gentleman with the five-gallon hat at the right of the Indian, while to the left crouches Bill Beaudine, president of the M.P.D.A. Photo by Milligan, direction by Ham Beall.

THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

An Intimate Travesty

By TRAVERS VALE

LOCALE—Hollywood, California.
TIME—The Present.
THE SCENE—The Clubhouse of The Motion Picture Directors Association.

CAST

HUMAN BEINGS—
The Members.
The Actor.
The Independent Producer.
The Cutter.
His Body Guard.
Knowledge.
Scarehead.

SCENE—The Lounging Room of The Motion Picture Directors Association.

It is a large and comfortable room, with numerous easy chairs and lounges. In the corner is a round table at which five of the Directors are playing a game of Hearts. At one end of the room a large window looks out upon the Avenue. On the walls of the room are framed "mottoes." Prominently displayed is "The Brotherhood of Man," "Fraternity Above All," "Let There Be Light."

The room is comfortably crowded with members of the Association. As the curtain rises they are singing the Club Song:

I'm a Member of The M. P. D. A.
And I know that you'll believe me when I say
That my method of direction
Is the acme of perfection;
I'm an Artist with a Capital "A."
I'm a Member of The M. P. D. A.,
And I love to show my power in every way,
When the Star gets temperamental,
I remark in tones Parental—
Just remember—I'm a Member,
I'm a Member of The M. P. D. A.

(Applause from all the Members)

FRED

Isn't it great—The Spirit of Fraternalism that permeates the atmosphere?

AL

(*A newly-initiated member who has only been admitted to the organization the day previously the Star-Director of a Comedy Company who specializes in animals, and who is having a couple of days' vacation owing to the indisposition of "Peter the Great," the diagnosis being "Distemper."*)

What's he talking about? Some of these highbrow Directors make me sick. What did he mean by permeate?

JIM

There's an Encyclopaedia in the next room. Maybe it's a new "gag." Just as well to listen in on some of these ducks.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—*This skit is written in a spirit of merriment—with malice to none—with the hope, possibly, that it will serve to bring home to all of us, in The Industry, faults that will be remedied. Remember, none of us are perfect.*

Sometimes they do broadcast some thing we can use.

JOE

(Continuing Fred's enthusiasm)

That's the wonderful part of this Association—the abuses we've eliminated. Why, I remember way back in the early days we considered our fellow-directors our personal enemies, but thank God——

ROY

(In the midst of a heated argument at the "Heart" table)

That's the rottenest play I ever saw. Couldn't you hold the *Queen of Spades* a little while longer?

PAUL

(Who rises angrily)

And take it myself? It's every man for himself.

JOE

And now you see—everyone is a friend. Look at the Industry—how it has progressed. Why I remember in the early days——

AL

That guy must have come over in *The Mayflower.*

JOE

—when the Industry was still in its infancy——

JIM

(Thoughtfully)

That would make a great title, "STILL IN ITS INFANCY."

AL

Been used before. All the Film Magnates use it in their speeches at the dinners they give to their Publicity Men. They do say that Hays used it on one occasion, and that the Producers' Association claims that they have it copyrighted. No, it's cold turkey for our stuff.

JIM

That's the trouble with the Big Fellers—they grab everything.

WALLY

(A pleasant-faced Director with a perpetual smile—a favorite with all his confreres, and who has had a preview of his latest picture the previous night.)

Say, Boys, did you see my picture, last night?

EVERYONE

(Brightly—as if they had enjoyed it)

Yes. Yes.

FRED

(Comes over to him enthusiastically and slaps him on the shoulder)

Great picture, Wally. I—I didn't quite like the story, but it was a great Picture. The camera-work was not quite as good as—— Who was it that played the leading part? I didn't think he was quite the Type.

JOE

(Chimes in with—)

I think it was a mistake not to keep up the suspense. You see, in the middle of the first reel everyone knew that the wife was going to leave the husband——

WALLY

That's what The Producer wanted. He said, "It always happens that way in Hollywood, and besides that's up to The Scenario Department."

JOE

It's a great Picture, though. Some of the Sets might have been better.

WALLY

I kicked about them but The Producer said, "That Razinsky and Polotskey and all the other Foreign Directors had 'Shot' them, and that if they were good enough for them——"

GEORGE

(Who has been in a comatose state the entire evening, slowly and solemnly expounds—)

I've got an idea.

FRED

(Earnestly to the conclave)

Silence, Boys. At last George has an idea. Project it.

GEORGE

It's what Wally said about The Foreign Directors. Oh, it's a great idea! You know, Boys, I'm 100 per cent American.

EVERYBODY

(Shouts)

You bet you are. Yes. Yes.

GEORGE

Born, raised and educated in Topango Canyon. Never left the country until I went "Over There." Was one of the first to enlist. Went into the theatrical game when I was a kid, and when the

pictures came I started with them. From acting I was promoted to directing—made over a hundred pictures—but since the armistice I've practically done nothing. All my years of experience count for nothing. Instead of its being an asset, as in all other Professions, it's a liability. *"New Blood," "New Ideas,"* is the cry! Now for my idea. Let me picture it to you. I am supposed to go to Europe—suddenly one day the news is flashed that Rabbi Sholem Ben Cohinsky, the eminent Director from Jerusalem, is on his way over to New York. Do I go to Europe? No! I grow a beard, engage a Press Representative, skip to New York and sneak over to Ellis Island. On my arrival at The Battery I am deluged with offers by the Potentates of The Industry, and if I can only manage to waste a couple of millions on my first picture—there you are.

AL

That guy's got the right dope.

(At the "Heart table" another row is in progress)

ROY

(Throwing his cards down angrily)
The Queen of Spades again!!!

PAUL

(Angrily rising)
Well what did you want me to do with it? Eat it?

(A strange nondescript person enters the door. He is an Actor. He is dressed in a marvelous fashion. White flannel trousers and shoes. Wears a baseball sweater, partly concealed by an evening dress coat. On his head is a French military cap. He is clean-shaven on one side of the face and wears a half beard and a half moustache on the other. He staggers through the door and sinks in the chair which is subserviently offered him. All the Directors look at him with reverence. One offers him a drink. Two other prominent Directors fan him. He is evidently of great importance.)

JIM

Who the hell's him?

THE ACTOR

(Rises and is plainly astounded that he should be unknown to any person. He strides towards Jim)
What? Do you mean to say you are in the picture business and you don't know me?

JIM

(With abject apology)
Well, I've been out of town for a week.

AL

(Reverently)
You ain't Valentino?

THE ACTOR

No. He only plays in *one* picture at a time. I'm in demand. I play in *five. They must have me.* Directors wait for me. Studios stop for me. Producers beg for me. Distributors clamor for me. Exhibitors pray for me. Walk along Broadway and you'll find my name in electric lights on every theatre at the same time, but in a different picture.

AL

(Pointing to his strange costume)
But why the "get-up?"

THE ACTOR

(Indicating from his waist to his feet)
From here down—I belong to the *Hollywoodland Studios.* From here to here *(indicating the baseball sweater), Woolworth Brothers.* The coat is working in a society picture with Silverfish. This side of the face, at two o'clock *(indicating the half-shaven effect)* is working with the *Famous Artists,* while the other side is under contract with *The Half a Century Comedies.* I'm a very busy man.

JIM

What do you do with your spare time?

THE ACTOR

Make a few personal appearances—and pay Alimony. Talking of alimony, wives are getting pretty scarce around this Association. I thought that was a privilege of the Actors.

AL

Not satisfied with hogging all the parts he wants the women.

(Through the door enters a tattered Tramp, who shuffles slowly in. He is known to the Fraternity as "Exzema.")

ROY

(The President of the Club looks at him with reverence. He rises solemnly to his feet)
Out of respect, Boys; out of respect!

(The entire assemblage rises except Al, who is staring at the nondescript creature. They all salute him proudly.)

JIM

(Dragging Al to his feet)
On your feet! On your feet!

AL

Who is that? Mack Sennett?

ROY

Brother Al, as you only joined yesterday, the Secretary will enlighten you.

HAROLD

(The Secretary indicating Exzema)
That—that is the last of the *Independent* Producers. *(He tells the Leader of the Orchestra) A little plaintive music please. (The Orchestra plays "Hearts and Flowers.")* Three years ago he was happy on his little farm in Idaho. He had read Sears and Roebuck's catalogue and heard of the fortunes to be made in Independent Production in Hollywood. He sold his Cow, cranked his Ford, and soon arrived through Cahuenga Pass. Was there a Band to meet him? No. If he'd arrived on the Santa Fe, it would have been different.

AL

Why would it have been different?

JIM

Don't show your ignorance. All the successful ones arrive by train.

HAROLD

(Continuing his pathetic recital)
He received his wonderful distribution contract. He has it framed in the bathroom now. His first picture was a great success. The production cost was only twenty-five thousand dollars, and it grossed nearly half-a-million. It has been released two years and five years from now he has hopes of getting back his cost of production.

AL

What's become of the half-a-million?

HAROLD

Eaten up by the Overhead. The President and the Seventeen Vice-Presidents of the Distributing Company have to have some salary.

JIM

Sure—you can't expect them to work for nothing.

HAROLD

He mortgaged his Ford and started on his second picture, and now he *walks* to The Club.

AL

How much did the Director get?

HAROLD

A percentage of the profits.

EXZEMA

The profits— *(Laughing hysterically.)* Ha! Ha! Ha!

JIM

That's what he got.

(Exzema staggers towards the door.)

HAROLD

(Pityingly)
Where are you going, old fellow?

EXZEMA

To the Museum, to be with the other extinct animals.

(He slowly goes out the door. The Music stops and all sit down. The Toot of an automobile horn is heard outside. Al goes to the window and looks out.)

AL

Some class to that car. A new Rolls-Royce. Must be a top-notch Director.

JIM

No. That's the President of The Assassinated Exhibitors' Distributing Company. They had Forty Independent Productions on their Program last year. None of the Forty have got their production cost back yet, and that is his *sixth car.*

AL

Who is that stout, swell-looking guy with him?

JIM

The President of The Hollywoodland Company, one of the biggest Producing companies in America, but he's a good fellow. Has a large family, and every time a new baby is born he makes him a Director.

(The Telephone rings and Harold takes off the receiver.)

HAROLD

Eh? I don't quite catch the name.

Whom do you want? Eh? *Barbara* wants him——

(A crowd of Directors start for the door at the mention of her name.)

Stop!

(As he shouts "Stop" all the men pause. He speaks in the phone.)

No. This is not a *Barber's*. It's the M.P.D.A.

(Hangs up receiver. To the Boys.)

A mistake, Boys.

(All the men return disconsolately to their seats. A freckle-faced boy about twelve years old enters the door. He is escorted in by a bodyguard of eight policemen with drawn clubs. The boy approaches a well-known Director.)

THE BOY

Ive "Cut" your picture.

AL

Is he a "cutter"?

JIM

Yep.

AL

But why the bodyguard?

JIM

He needs it. Hush.

BOY

(In a positive manner to the prominent Director)

I've cut out that sequence in the Royal Palace, and changed the location from Vienna to Timbuctoo. I've cut out the leading woman altogether.

THE DIRECTOR

Why?

BOY

I don't like the way she bobs her hair.

THE DIRECTOR

That isn't the real reason. I'm not going to have all my pictures ruined by you.

BOY

Ruined? If it wasn't for me all your stuff would be in the can. You Directors stall around—shoot a couple of hundred thousand feet and make Eastman rich, and then it's up to me to get your "Masterpieces" over. You come to a big dramatic situation and then get stuck—and then you "Fade-out." If it wasn't for me and the title-writers the most of you would be in the soup.

THE DIRECTOR

Can't you let a flash of the leading lady stay in?

BOY

And her insulting the Boss like she did the other night? Not a chance.

THE DIRECTOR

(Sinks to his knees appealingly)

On my bended knees I implore——

BOY

(With a look of utter disgust at him—he turns to his guard)

Fall in. *(The Police line up and they march to the door—the Boy turns.)* And let me tell you another thing: The Amalgamated Cutters' Association have got their scissors out—so beware—beware—beware! *(And he stalks out majestically with his guard.)*

THE DIRECTOR

(Staggers to his feet and with an agonizing cry)

My God! What will Sid Grauman say when he sees that Picture?

AL

(To Jim)

Put me wise! Put me wise! Who is Sid Grauman?

JIM

And you a Director? And you ask, "Who is Sid"? Why, he's the biggest showman in the business. He runs the "Gippum Theatre" in Hollywood—the one they found in King Tut's Tomb. He's got P. T. Barnum backed off the map—always plays to crowded houses. If he has any empty seats he fills 'em up with wax figgers. Give Sid a rotten picture, and he'll prologue it to success. Don't ever tell nobody you don't know Sid.

(There is a yell of delight at the "Heart" table.)

ROY

That saves us twenty-five cents—The Queen.

PAUL

(Angrily)

If we were not in The Club——

ALL AT THE TABLE

Rats!

JOE

As I was saying—the Fraternal Spirit—

THE DIRECTOR

(Still moaning over his unhappy lot)

And they cut her out of every scene.

(At this moment "Knowledge" enters. He is dressed in academical robes—wears horn-rimmed glasses—evidently a personage of profound wisdom—he greets the assemblage.)

KNOWLEDGE

Hello, Boys!

EVERYBODY

Hello, Knowledge!

JIM

(Replying to Al's puzzled look of inquiry)

Head of The Research Department at *The Half-a-Century Comedies*. What that guy doesn't know——

(To The Director whom The Boy had criticized)

I looked up the data on that set. You've got seven different periods of furniture in it. The cuspidors are all wrong—they're too plain—and the electric lights were not yet invented.

THE DIRECTOR

But the picture's released. Why didn't you tell me before?

KNOWLEDGE

Why didn't you wait until I found out? Do you expect The Research Department to know these things?

THE DIRECTOR

Well, what are we going to do about it?

KNOWLEDGE

We'll have to put in a couple of titles to cover it. It's up to the scenario staff. The Head of the Scenario Department says we can call it a "Curiosity Shop." The Efficiency Department wants to turn it into "A Dream." The Technical Department puts the blame on the Property Department, and suggests we cut out the entire scene and put it in a "Fight" picture. The Production Manager says it would be okay in a "Revolutionary" picture, but the Studio Manager says it's the bunk. The Camera Department said the photography was good, so they were not to blame. The Electrical Department said, "How the Hell were they to know that electric lights were not invented in 1865?" The only way, in my opinion, is to start a new Distributing Company and release the picture through it.

JOE

Why not put it in the can?

KNOWLEDGE

Cans are all filled. We tried to sell it to *The Seidlitz News Weekly*, but Joe said we'd be infringing on too many of the other productions.

THE DIRECTOR

What did the Financial Man say?

KNOWLEDGE

It took a long time to get the straightjacket on him. The Doctor at the sana torium told me he never would be the same. Of course, if Griffith, or some of those big Foreign Directors had made the picture, the Boss would have said they had an object in doing it that way—that it was the psychology of co-ordination, in a concrete way, only understandable by high mentality, engendered by intellectuality that emanated from their superhuman temperamentality.

AL

That guy uses the needle.

SCAREHEAD

(Now enters the door. He has an eyeshade on. He is coatless—a Typical City Editor. Jovially he greets the crowd.)

Hello, Boys! What's the latest news?

(All the Directors turn away from him with disgust and do not reply to his greeting.)

AL

He seems mighty popular with the crowd. Who is he?

JIM

He's the Editor of *The Yellow Journal*.

AL

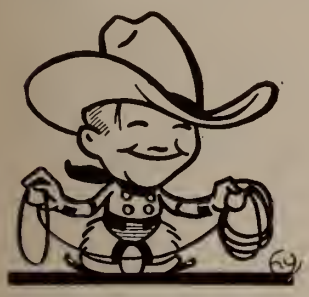
Then why does he ask *us* for the news? He is supposed to give it to us, ain't he?

JIM

No! You poor simp! That's why he's anan Editor. In order not to show his ignorance, if an extra man or some poor mechanic gets into trouble around the studio, he runs big headlines in his paper—"PROMINENT DIRECTOR IS ARRESTED—*So-and-So, the Famous Director, Is Under*

(Continued on Page 55)

TALKING about the fickleness of the fan public, an amusing incident is related as having occured at the recent Greater Movie Season demonstration in San Francisco in which Lew Cody and Fred Thomson were featured. According to the yarn as it came back from the Bay City Lew Cody was heading toward the St. Francis Hotel, where, following the parade, a banquet and similar doings were to be held in honor of the visiting celebrities. On the way to the hotel Lew conceived the idea of adopting a mascot and spotted a street urchin in the motley crowd on the sidelines. With that impetuosity which is so characteristic of him, he made a dive into the crowd and made the kid his mascot. Everything was jake until they arrived at the St. Francis and things were proceeding very much to Lew's liking. But at the hotel the kid spied Fred Thomson talking with a group of visitors.



"There's the guy I wanter see!" the kid is reported to have exclaimed leaving Lew flat and bolting to the side of Fred Thomson with a "mit me" expression. Fred accepted the nomination and Lew had the fun of seeing *his* mascot entertained as Fred's guest.

* * *

AND speaking of Fred Thomson, his Silver King is reputed to have been the first equine guest to put up at the St. Francis in San Francisco. It was during the same Greater Movie Season demonstration and Silver King had been transported to the northern city for that event. Following the parade a section of the St. Francis grill was divided off and a stall made for the horse before the fireplace where he was an honored guest at the festivities.

Incidentally Silver King made the trip from Hollywood to San Francisco in a specially constructed auto trailer designed by Fred Thomson, in eleven hours and thirty-five minutes. One of the fastest trips on record. The S.P.'s crack train to San Francisco, the Lark, makes it thirteen hours and twenty-five minutes.

* * *

"BUSY AS A BEE" developed a different slant from that customarily given it the other day at the Educational lot where Al St. John was shooting scenes on his next picture. Things were moving along swimmingly when a swarm of bees descended on the lot and put a stop to all activity, not only there but on the Pickford-Fairbanks lot adjoining.

* * *

PITY the poor studio worker under the "broiling" California sun. His lot is a hard one, particularly at the Pickford - Fairbanks studio where it is reported that iced orange-juice is served every afternoon at three. According to said reports the custom was introduced by Mary during the "unusual" days in July and no has seen fit to discontinue it.

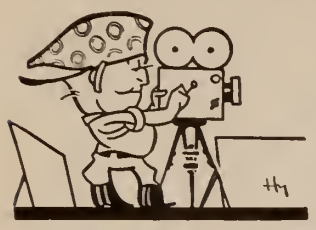
And speaking of the Pickford-Fairbanks lot,—wonder if the vogue for sideburns introduced by Doug's shooting of *Don Q.* has terminated yet? Even the bootblack officiating at the stand just outside the gates, acquired a beautiful set of down-growing sideburns, while they were shooting that production. It was quite a common sight to see musicians and cameramen with more hair growing down the sides of their cheeks than often appeared on their heads.

HERB RAWLINSON, who has just started production for Rayart on a new serial titled *The Flame Fighter,* in which Brenda Lane and Dorothy Donald are being featured, is reported to have been the off-scene hero of an encounter with Strongheart on the grass plot in front of the F.B.O. studios. According to the story as it trickled forth from F.B.O., Herb and Gaston Glass were engaged in a "friendly duel" while nearby Paul Powell was rehearsing Strongheart for the early sequences in *North Star* for Howard Estabrook. It has been said that German police dogs have been trained to attack anyone holding a weapon, and that an actor in such an attitude is a pet aversion. Be that as it may, just as Herb was raising his weapon Strongheart saw him. Forgetting all about the scene he was rehearsing he made a leap for Rawlinson. The quick intervention of Strongheart's trainer is said to have been all that saved Herb from a severe mauling.

* * *

ALL OF WHICH is sufficiently exciting, even when it is outside of the day's activity, but the prize source of disgruntlement is to go through a genuine mauling scene with a full-grown leopard as a thrilling sequence in a jungle picture, and then to have the producing company quit production. That is what happened to Dorothy Donald at the old Selig studio recently where early sequences were being filed in *Jungle Fables.* Realism reached a point a bit too acute for comfort, but it was all in the day's work, until production was indefinitely suspended. Now Dorothy has only her scars and a couple of stills to show for the gruelling moments she spent wrestling with the leopard.

THAT OLD VAUDEVILLE GAG of kidding the show has been materially improved on the M.G.M. lot where the big 'uns at the Culver City studio are reported to have a mysterious two-reeler which none but the initiate have been permitted to preview. According to reports, however, certain of the directors and players concocted the idea of making a burlesque reel on their confreres, each impersonating the mannerisms and characteristics of some other player or director. One scene said to show all the directors on the lot pawing around in a mud-hole and is titled "Looking for the end of Von Sternberg's picture." Finally Louis Mayer is shown driving on scene in a dilapidated flivver, carrying an umbrella to keep off the "rain." He directs the search but whether ending was found has not been disclosed.



Mae Murray is reported to have been considerably muffed over the clever impersonation of her in this film and it is said, refuses to permit the subject to be brought up in her presence.

* * *

STUDIO FOLK throughout Hollywood, and particularly the old-timers, are sincerely mourning the passing of Jenny Lee, one of the real old-timers of the films, who died at her Hollywood home, Wednesday, August 5th. Miss Lee, who, in private life, was known as Mrs. William Courtright, was active in theatrical life for more than sixty years. She began her career at the age of 14 and has since played many emotional parts on the legitimate stage and screen. She came into prominence as a character actress of genuine ability in the role of the Southern mother in *The Birth of a Nation.*

* * *

THAT OLD ADAGE about those who came to scoff and remained—at least to respect, has had further exemplification recently at The Writers where was previewed Ralph Graves' first picture, *Swell Hogan.* Those who had seen the early rushes were extremely skeptical of results and went to the preview frankly expecting to be bored. According to reports, however, *Swell Hogan* is not only an interesting example of what a comedian can do when he turns his attention to dramatic direction, but also what can be accomplished in the cutting room. Cut to five reels, *Swell Hogan* is said to be a classic in characterization and a real gem. The story is simple but well told; suspense carefully developed, the plot a simple character study of the homespun type. Rose Doner, of the *Lady Be Good* Company makes her first screen appearance as the dancer in Swell Hogan's cafe and is reported as doing exceptional work. Her rendition of the Charleston is said to be the best that has ever been executed on the screen.

Swell Hogan was produced at the Waldorf studios and Graves has a "swell" picture but no release.

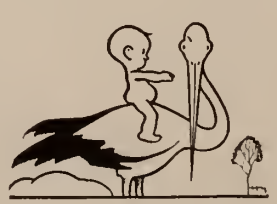
Anyway he still has two more pictures to make for Mack Sennett.

* * *

WHILE he doesn't seem to be making much fuss about it li'l ol' Dan Cupid apparently has been busy around Hollywood studios. Hardly had the news of weddings at the Fox Studios been sprung than Arthur E. Milford, film editor for Embassy Pictures, silently stole away to the little church around the corner, where Rev. Neal Dodd officiates, and was wedded to Miss Dorothy Hunter. Eleanor Hunter, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Arthur Huffsmith was best man. The couple spent a brief honeymoon at San Diego and are now parked at the Marathon apartments. Arthur Milford is reputed to be one of the best film cutters in the business and has a wide circle of friends in the picture colony. He now makes headquarters on the F.B.O. lot.

* * *

THERE'S a brand new director in Hollywood. Anyway there's considerable likelihood that the new arrival at the home of Edward Laemmle may ultimately become a wielder of the megaphone on the Universal lot. In the meantime it is reported that a megaphone is entirely unnecessary and that the new arrival has no difficulty in being heard. Press agents at Universal City hailed the event as the source of new story breaks and sprang one that had that new twist all P.A.'s are reported to be looking for. According to the yarn as it broke in the Hollywood papers Edward Laemmle was working on the lot when word reached him that there was a "bird in the office to see him." "Who is he and what does he want??" E. L. is reported to have asked in that don't-bother-me-when-I'm-busy manner that directors sometimes affect. But when the messenger whispered "It's the stork" it is said that he shouted "Dismiss" to the company and raced away to see the "bird" who had arrived at his home.



"SOLD OUT"

By ROBERT M. FINCH

This is no lilt with a sexual tilt for a screen play up to date.
It's only a tale of a publicist pale who tempted the hands of fate.
Of each manuscript rare, from the editor's chair, he heard with smiling grace:
"Your story is good, be it understood; I'm sorry we haven't the space."

He dug for days in the Kliegl haze where men make reel on reel,
'Til he found a tale to turn men pale with its human-interest appeal.
How the star did beg, with a broken leg, to go on with the scene apace—
"Your yarn's a pip," was the editor's quip; "It's too bad we haven't the space."

For year on year, with many a tear, he struggled to please the fates,
Until, one day, he passed away, and was led to the pearly gates.
Saint Peter alone, from his mighty throne, looked down with a pitying face,
"You can't enter here," said Heaven's seer; "you see, we haven't the space."

To the realms below, where hell-fires glow, the publicist tumbled down,
On every grate, within the gate, was a P-A he knew in town.
The Devil hissed to the publicist, as he looked in vain for a place,
"The Hell of it here, it doth appear, is that we haven't the space."

Mac Swain As Dramatic Comedian

THE announcement that Mack Swain has definitely forsaken straight comedy for character comedian roles in dramatic productions, and that he will free lance in the future, offers food for some interesting speculation. Mack Swain has been so long identified with out and out comedy that for the moment the idea is somewhat startling. His work in *The Gold Rush,* however indicates the possibilities that lie in that field. In Valentino's new production *The Lone Eagle,* he further demonstrates the opportunities that lie in comedy relief in his work as the keeper of the post house. And after all comedy and drama are often so near akin that but a fine line divides them. As character comedian Mack Swain certainly offers interesting possibilities.

"Obey that impulse," says "Life." Not bad advice that, either. Why not try it with THE DIRECTOR as well?

RANDOM THOUGHTS

By AL ROGELL

AN invitation to write an article for THE DIRECTOR magazine is, to my mind, such a welcome opportunity that I am assuming the privilege of dilating on several aspects of picture-making, rather than limiting myself to one particular subject. They are all related, however, because they all appertain to the making of the movies—the vineyard in which we are all laboring with heart and soul, so that the fruit thereof may be not only pleasing but also worth while.

Why are directors not conceded to have the same versatility which the producers have finally grudgingly granted to the actors? They at last have finally been freed from the check-rein which has heretofore held them always to a certain type of performance but the producers, who are our bosses as well as their's, too seldom see that any good director can make more than one type of pictures and make them well.

There are, of course, exceptions to this as to all other rules; ordinarily, a man who makes a few successful Westerns is due to "horse-operas" for the rest of his career —at least with the particular studio where he registered his success. Sometimes a man who makes comedies on one lot may, at the expiration of his contract, succeed in "selling the idea" to another producer that he can make dramas and he may even be given the chance; but this is still a rarity in our industry. And yet, the experience of the last year or two shows a number of successful demonstrations of directorial versatility which have seemingly surprised everybody but the directors concerned.

As a matter of fact, a director can give more to each type of picture if he is permitted to vary those types. Keep a man on Westerns and he will fall into a certain automatic routine; the same is true if you keep him on slapstick comedies, melodramas or society stories. The temptation to slip into the rut is too strong for human beings—even those who sit behind the camera and talk through megaphones. Let the man who has been making Westerns do a straight society story and you will be surprised at the virility he gives to it while recognizing the necessity for the lighter touch. Let the director of society stories do an occasional Western and he will add the finesse he has acquired. Let the comedy man direct a melodrama and he will naturally insert bits of "business" which will speed up the action between climactic points. And so on, down through the list of the various types into which pictures have become more or less rigidly classified. In other words, change the director's diet occasionally and the result will be healthier pictures, which means more real artistry and better box office reports.

(Editor's Note: Al Rogell, despite his youth, enjoys one of the most comprehensive backgrounds in the film world. His experience includes service in every department of the studio—property boy, laboratory man, assistant camera man, cinematographer, author, adaptor, producer and salesman of his own pictures. He is now in Deadwood City, shooting two of his own stories for Universal.)

HOW can we work out some kind of universal regulation of picture projection which varies so much at present?

Any director worth his salt is familiar with the problems of the theatre projectionist and he shoots his picture with those problems in mind, along with many other factors which guide him in his work. We all agree that one of the most important technical points before us is the matter of tempo—timing of our action and determining length of sequences and individual scenes to work out dramatic effects by acceleration or retarding. We shoot a story with these things in mind—then some semi-amateur projectionist in a semi-amateur theatre varies the speed of his machine and our picture is ruined. At a recent meeting of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers, its standards committee advocated a universal set speed for projection of 80 feet per minute. As a matter of fact, most theatres show pictures at a speed of 85 to 90 feet per minute—in these days of long shows with ten or eleven reels of film and various entertainment acts. If the house manager or the theatre operator, or both, have a social engagement after the show, they will often set this speed up a couple of notches and more havoc ensues.

Let us take an idea from the music rolls, where the men who produce the music, and who may be compared to the directors of the films, give definite instructions regarding the speed with which the roll should be turned. These numbers are marked along the side of the roll and the wise man who plays a roll through his player-piano follows the timing set down by the artist who originally registered his expression on this same roll.

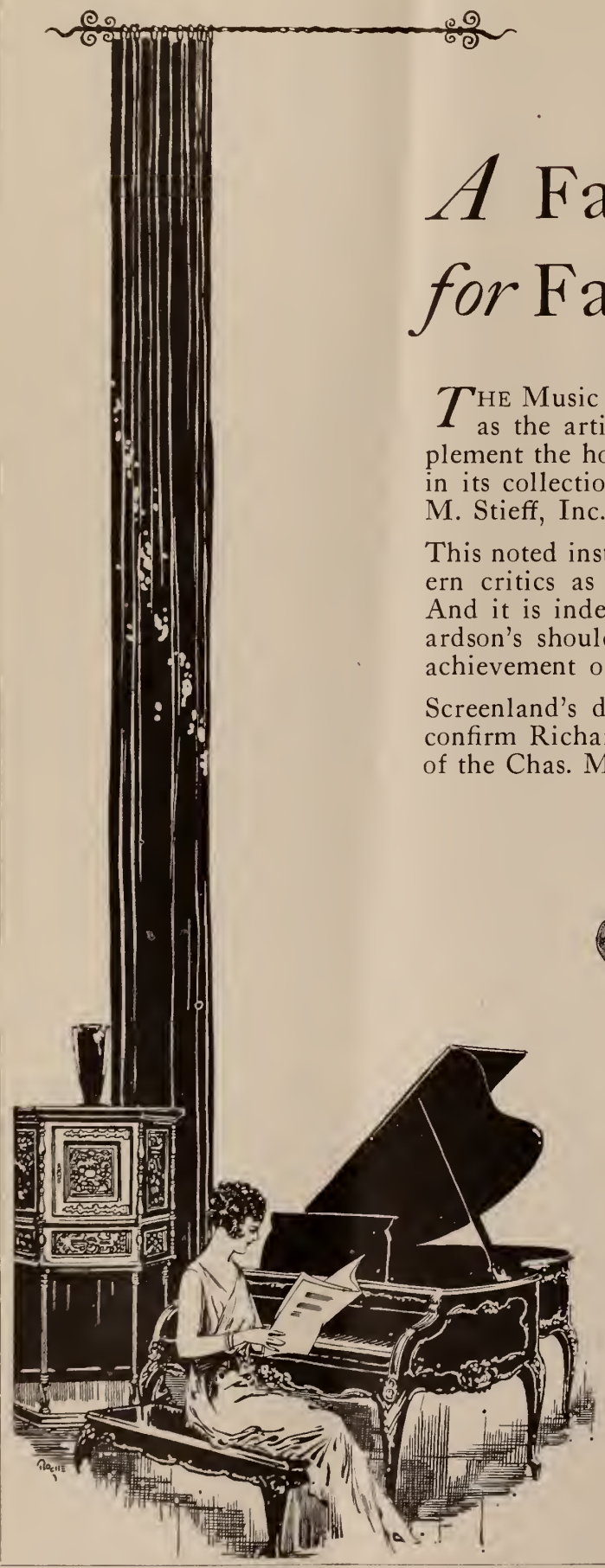
When we shoot a scene, we know the speed at which it should be projected for the maximum artistic effect. Let us, therefore, indicate these changing speeds to the projectionist—who corresponds to the man at the player-piano. In an inconspicuous corner of the little cards can be printed the speed in feet-per-minute at which the ensuing action should be projected until a change is desired. Of course, the human factor will always depart from instructions, but at least we can know that we have set the proper speeds for the different parts of the picture—then, if the operator varies from these instructions, the responsibility is his, not ours. Fortunately, the vast majority of projectionists are conscientious artisans who will co-operate for the best results if given definite instructions of this nature.

IF MOTION pictures are closely related to all the earlier expressive arts —as we all unanimously agree— would it not be wise for us to follow a practice of the choreographic ballet? The dancers tell a story swiftly in pantomime, but at frequent intervals there is a tableau —what might almost be called a "still" picture. These tableux not only rest the mind of the audience for a moment—they also add tremendously to the effect of beauty as expressed in the entire ballet pantomime.

It seems to me that we who make motion pictures can get an important suggestion from this ballet practice. Among its other functions, the screen serves to fulfill the audience-desire for beauty generically and the occasional tableau in the midst of action will achieve the same results on the screen as on the ballet stage.

Of course, it must always be borne in mind that motion pictures must move. In other words, a film should not be merely a succession of beautiful tableaux; but, judiciously interspersed, they will contribute a decided addition to our movies.

SINCE I have been in pictures, I have heard many long debates regarding the most advantageous method of rehearsing actors in front of the camera. There is one school of directors who tell their people just enough of the action and the story to carry them through a particular set-up. Then, there is the other group who go over the entire story with their players and who — if unrestrained by the present policies of production regulation— would rehearse through it and then rerehearse it, seequence by sequence. To me, the compromise method seems the best from every point of view. After your actors have read the script, which the director has approved before shooting, it seems to me it is necessary only to rehearse sequences as units, with additional directorial helps to the players on the individual scenes. This is a compromise method which escapes the bugaboo of the ever-mounting overhead and, at the same time, presents the story to the players in portions large enough to give them the ad-



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vantage of perspective. And it is only with this advantage, that the actors can give their work the best artistry and intelligence they possess.

There is a seemingly increasing practice for companies, especially on location, to make twin pictures — to my mind, this is an excellent idea. It possesses not only the advantages of economy which immediately suggest themselves, but it also gives the director and the players an opportunity to reveal their versatility, which must benefit the pictures as well as the individuals. It provides, in a measure, the same opportunities which were present in the early days of the motion picture stock companies, when the leading players in a picture of one day would have just bits in a picture shot the following day. It gives the director a chance to turn out two good pictures with a given group of players, rather than just one. Granted that it is harder—the main thing we want is opportunity—and so the creative director hails with delight this increasing practice of the studios. In shifting from one production to the other, it freshens his mind and the minds of his players and brings out the most in everybody, which must inevitably result in a higher standard of art.

ART AND THE DRAMA

By CLARA PHILEO SHECTER

SOME of our greatest men and scholars of profound academic achievement have acknowledged to us, from time to time, that the drama has been a great factor and contribution to the history of mankind. That the drama has aided our cultural progress in the forward stride of civilization is a recognized and established fact. Today the drama is a positive and assured educational institution, and is considered an integral part of our cultural needs.

In just a brief survey of our early civilization we find that Greece was not only the centre, but the cradle of our civilization. It was Greece and Greece only which, because of her supreme appreciation of the "beautiful," later became the fountain and origin of all subsequent European Art. It was this love of the beautiful that gave birth to finer morality, and true civilization.

According to the Greek philosophy, before one could be considered a gentleman it was necessary to be beautiful. But the Greek term, *Beauty,* had a wider significance, it implied beauty of the soul as well as material beauty. Socrates himself, one of the ablest minds that the world has known, went so far as to say that the man who is good must also be beautiful. Yet, property and wealth signified little the Athenians. A man's personal worth was the true determining factor, and they summed it up in their phrase, "both good and beautiful" (*kalos K'agathos*).

Holborn's Theory

Stoughton Holborn, one of our foremost lecturers on Art and Archaeology, a master identified with Oxford and Cambridge, in his treatise, *The Need For Art In Life,* tells us that is was the love of the beautiful that inspired the astounding achievements of the Greek. It was they who crystallized our law, our moral ethics, literature, drama and art.

And thus we find that the drama was first conceived in the Greek Art, which is the point of the present discussion. It is impossible in so short a space to give a detailed description of the drama,—the theatre,—the most consummate form of literary art the world has even seen.

The Greek drama was renowned for its choice of themes, and the grandeur of its form, diction, and atmosphere. Or, we might turn to its wonderful unity, a unity which was not material or mechanical, but the result of the fundamental principles of beauty, which aim at the glorification of mankind.

And so we have, with the glowing achievements of Greece, the inception of the true Drama as a significant portion of her Art. The Drama is like a vast fountain from it flow the great knowledge and teaching that inspired and enlightened the world. It was the drama which was the great teacher that enabled Greece to present a subtle artistic form with a supreme intellect.

The Prolific Age

During the Golden Century—the age of learning and power—in Athens, the number of dramas, the highest literary production ever conceived by the mind of man, was, at a low estimate, at least four thousand. The free population of Athens was only about that of Toledo, which has a population of a little over a quarter of a million people. The Greek drama was said to be superior even to the Elizabethan drama, both in quality and in presentation.

In common parlance, how does the drama serve as a factor in our cultural development? The drama caters to the objective: it expresses human emotion. By a true presentation of characters, we visualize all that is beautiful in contrast to the sordid and thwarted emotions. It is the drama that is the great teacher of man's relationship to his environment. Man must have an environment that is beautiful in which to grow. The drama always was considered the teacher of a morality, therefore we should strive to maintain the Greek conception of *"beauty,"* for the loss of the artistic may cause damage to our whole nature.

Now the new drama—the silent drama —does it reflect the spirit of art? Does it minister to art? Indeed, it does. What unexplored fields of beauty and art it unveils to us! What infinite possibilities the "magic screen" has made known to us! What marvelous achievements of science and art it brings to us! To think that a click of the camera brings to our view beautiful Venice, scenes from glorious Florence, the gigantic Alps, the dashing waves, the planets, the whole universe to behold and to admire, and, in addition, the portrayal of human feeling and emotion!

For a paltry sum—the fraction of a dollar—we find ourselves seated comfortably in a gorgeous amphitheatre, viewing the treasures of the universe, Art, Beauty. This wonderful achievement of science makes it beyond human comprehension to conceive the vastness and the beauty that the "silver screen" has to offer. The immortal camera and the skill of the human hand and mind bring literature and art within the reach of the poor and the rich. Those of us who love travel, and desire the knowledge of places with view to study of customs, locales and people, but lack the material means, are now able to find some source of satisfaction by frequenting the motion picture theatre, where we have an opportunity to view the drama and the spectacular events of the day, thus giving all people an avenue for study and observation. Some of our motion picture presentations are produced at a cost of thousands of dollars; some of the productions closely approach the seven figure mark, and yet the rich and the poor alike are able to enjoy this beautiful luxury of Art.

The Directory

A source of authentic information concerning the making of Motion Pictures

Slow Motion

WHY wouldn't a comedy done entirely in slow motion be a scream?" asks a reader of THE DIRECTOR in an inquiry concerning how slow motion effects are obtained, and adds, "Just shut your eyes and imagine one of Lloyd Hamilton's comedies in slow motion."

The question, being parenthetic to the main question concerning slow motion, no attempt has been made to answer it here, but it may afford room for interesting speculation and we shall be glad to hear further on the possibilities that may be contained in that query or the objections which may exist rendering it impractical.

The original question together with the answer by Foster Goss, of the American Society of Cinematographers, follows:

> Editor, THE DIRECTOR:
> Please tell me how slow motion is obtained. Is that done by slowing up the camera or by some special machine; or is it accomplished by projecting the picture faster?
> Why wouldn't a comedy done entirely in slow motion be a scream? Something short and foolish. Just shut your eyes and imagine one of Lloyd Hamilton's comedies in slow motion. Mrs. E. A. G.——.

Answer by Foster Goss

The standard normal speed of taking motion pictures, as recognized by the American Society of Cinematographers, is 60 feet per minute—that is, one foot per second. In turn, each foot of film contains sixteen "frames," each "frame" being an individual picture, which means that sixteen images are registered on a continuous strip of film every second. This is considered normal taking speed.

The standard projection speed recognized by the A.S.C. is 80 feet per minute. This is the standard recently adopted in place of the former standard of 60 feet per minute which has become ill adapted to the continued improvement in projection mechanisms. After a great deal of experimenting, the 60-80 ratio has been finally determined upon as being the ideal basis for taking and projecting motion pictures.

All of which may seem more or less irrelevant to the question but helps in establishing a definite premise by which the basic principles involved in slow motion may be the more readily understood.

Contrary to what the popular conception may be, slow motion pictures are made not by slowing down the normal rate of taking speed, but, actually, by increasing that speed. The increase of speed in excess of 60 feet per minute is in direct proportion to the degree of slow motion desired, with the result that when the picture taken at this accelerated speed is projected at the normal rate of 80 feet per minute the series of "frames" which have been taken or exposed at briefer intervals give a more detailed record of the movements of the character or object photographed. The result is that where normally the audience would observe the completed action as a whole and as a single act, by taking and showing a much greater number of pictures of that action, each separate and detailed step leading up to the completed act is revealed.

While slow motion may be obtained in varying degrees and incidental effects made without changing cameras, simply by speeding up the camera, enough to slow down the action at that particular point, the extreme slow motion effects are usually otbained by the use of a special high speed attachment permitting acceleration to many times normal taking speed.

Going to the opposite extreme, the rapid-fire action which characterizes comedies, chase scenes, etc., is created by *slowing down* the taking speed with the result that fewer images are registered and the speed of the action is seemingly greatly accelerated, when the picture is projected at the normal rate of 80 feet per minute.

FOSTER GOSS,
American Society of
Cinematographers

Old Ships

FROM a letter touching on several matters, pertinent to the magazine but having no direct bearing to this department, has been taken the following question the answers to which have been prepared by Frank Lloyd and by a research man who is in truth a *rara avis* in motion pictures—a man who shrinks from publicity; and requests that his name not be used.

> How do they obtain the old galleys and ancient ships such as were used in *The Sea Hawk, etc.?* Do they make them or are they "faked," and where do they get the proper specifications?

Answer by Frank Lloyd

To obtain the four ships necessary for this picture, we bought four hulls ranging from 95 feet in length to 285 feet. These were brought to San Pedro, stripped and rebuilt to resemble sixteenth century English, Spanish and Moorish vessels. The ships were reconstructed by crews working three shifts a day for ninety days, at an expense of $285,000. Each ship was made seaworthy and all but one were propelled by their own power and averaged seven miles an hour. However, when the ships were used in action, they were actually rowed and sailing and no motive power was used. *The Sea Hawk* fleet represents the most pretentious motion picture ship-building program ever undertaken, and incidentally required a greater expense in their construction alone than is necessary for the entire usual super-production.

FRANK LLOYD

While the expedient of using a miniature ship is cometimes employed when the script calls for the destruction of the ship, in most instances actual vessels are used. Sometimes by building the necessary superstructure relatively modern ships, small schooners, etc., may be converted into semblances of antique vessels. The particular problem involved, the importance of the ship in the picture, whether it is used for close shots or always at a distance all enter into such an equation.

To be specific with respect to the question asked, the galleys used in *The Sea Hawk* were actually built and necessarily so, for a great deal of the action of that picture evolved around them. Similarly in the production of *Ben Hur* Roman galleys were actually constructed in Italy for the important sequences when Ben Hur makes his spectacular rise from his lot as galley slave to one of high Roman rank. When Charles Ray produced *Miles Standish* he built at considerable expense an exact replica of the Mayflower —above the water line. Inasmuch as the craft was built on the studio lot and never entered the water, details below the water line were not necessary, of course, and when water was necessary the space around the ship was flooded. But the interesting detail here is the fact that the ship was built, complete in every detail as to superstructure and rigging.

The matter of getting "proper specifications" for the construction of such ships falls into the province of the research department, either that conducted by the studio where the production is being made, or by one of the independent research bureaus which make it a business of collecting specific information on all sorts of subjects. Research is an important feature of motion picture production today, an importance which is largely attributable to the fact that the American audience is becoming so thoroughly educated by the realism of motion pictures as to demand a reasonable degree of accuracy and authenticity.

"The Lost World"

HERE'S a query regarding *The Lost World,* and one that brings up an interesting point. In procuring the effects on the prehistoric plateau it is quite obvious that certain "tricks of the trade" had to be employed, so obvious that to afford a brief and general explanation of those tricks adds to the interest rather than detracting from the naturalness of the illusion. Hence such a question may be deemed to have a logical place in this department and the answer by Harry O. Hoyt, who directed the production, is given in a short and sketchy summary of the general principals involved.

Editor THE DIRECTOR:

Won't someone please explain in a general way how it was possible to create such realistic effects in *The Lost World,* particularly the scenes on the prehistoric plateau where animals which we all know have been extinct for thousands of years were made to appear in lifelife naturalness? How do they do it?

G. E. I——,
St. Paul, Minn.

Answer by Mr. Hoyt

To tell in a couple of hundred words how we made *The Lost World* is an even harder task than confronted us in making the picture. In short, it was an extension of the animated cartoon idea, except that, instead of animating drawings, we animated figures. This process naturally called for multiple exposure and in some cases we had as high as nine exposures on the same piece of film. The matter of timing was tremendously important—as, for example, in the fire scenes, we had to animate the animals and then animate the fire, so that the speed with which the smoke rose would not be too fast for the movement of the animals, and both of these in turn had to be co-ordinated in time with the movements of the human beings on still another exposure.

The entire picture was made on the United Studio lot. The animals were absolutely correct from a scientific basis, from data furnished to us by the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum.

To make the movements of the prehistoric animals seem less grotesque, we introduced modern pets and wild animals into the picture before we came to the prehistoric plateau, thus securing not only an animal unity for the whole picture, but also shooting close-ups of the movements of familiar animals, revealing their jerky nature, so that when the animated monsters moved, their actions seemed more natural because of the preceding demonstration. *Harry O. Hoyt*

THUNDERING SILENCE

(Continued from Page 26)

"I have learned of its existence," she replied, "but it has disappeared. And, I am positive the police didn't find it."

Chapin nodded thoughtfully and then he looked at her and said; "The money was in a tin-box, under Morgan's arm, when I left the room."

Claudia leaned forward with interest.

"But, when I came back into the room, the box had disappeared."

She studied the floor a moment and frowned. His explanation was simple, but it was too simple to ring true. She didn't believe him, and she let him know it as she said:

"You'd have some difficulty in making the police believe that."

"It's true, nevertheless," he insisted. "Furthermore, I would have been entitled too keep it—perfectly justified. It was my money, or at least money that I had earned. I'd worked damned hard for every cent of it."

She listened and smiled as she shrugged her pretty shoulders. "You were an impostor," she reminded him, bluntly. "It might be well to keep that in mind, Mr. Chapin. The law would take that into consideration. Perhaps you did make it, but you made it for John Morgan. The world knew you as John Morgan and every business transaction handled by you was supposed to have been negotiated by the man whose name you were using. It was a perfectly amicable arrangement. You both agreed to it, and it is assumed that you were in your right mind when you made the agreement."

He realized she was speaking the truth, and it didn't please him a great deal. The more he pondered over this entire business the more convinced he became that it had been a foolish game for him to play. He hadn't benefited much by the deal, and just at present, it looked as though he stood a fairly good chance of getting into trouble before it was all cleared up. Finally he looked at her and said;

"What do you intend doing?"

She had her answer ready, and smiled as she calmly replied; "I intend to remain here, as Mrs. John Morgan—wind up his affairs—take care of all the little details—dispose of the estate—collect the $200,000 from my deceased husband's insurance policy—and then say *au revoir.*"

Chapin smiled at the irony of it all. He couldn't help it. He realized that Claudia Carlstedt was a very clever woman, in fact he had underestimated her shrewdness. She was playing a very daring game and he could not help but admire her bravery. The stakes were worth it, but the danger in case she failed was indeed great. Her chances of success were not to be discounted. Only one individual stood between this woman and her goal. There was only one who could prevent her from carrying out her plans without fear of being detected by the police. And that one person was Howard Chapin. It might be well to remind her of that before she started.

"I presume you are aware that these plans can be considerably altered?" He said this quite confidently.

"Oh, don't be so silly: of course I do." And her smile was quite tantalizing.

But Chapin appeared to ignore it, and after a momentary hesitation, he met her gaze with a grave countenance as he remarked; "One word from me to the police, would have an unpleasant effect, I'm sure."

She threw back her head and laughed heartily. But, you're not so stupid, I believe." Then she became serious. "Prisons are such disagreeable places."

Again she was right. Both Morgan and he had broken the law by entering into such a strange pact. Morgan was safe: he was beyond the reach of earthly punishment; but Howard Chapin was a living personage, and at the present moment, in very good health. However, he was not going to let her hold all the good cards. There was no reason why he shouldn't do a little bluffing, for she had been doing quite a little of it since he came in.

"Suppose I decide to run all risks and accept whatever punishment which might result therefrom?" he asked her.

"I should then feel very sorry for you," she replied sternly. "There are others interested, and I fear they would not be very lenient with you." She rose and clamly faced him with a challenging look.

He was silent for a moment. Then he stood up and studied her with an amused expression. He admitted to himself that he was puzzled. It was the most baffling mystery of which he had any knowledge, and it had few equals even in fiction. He was positive that this beautiful creature was not Mrs. John Morgan. That much evidence was in his possession. To convince others, would be more difficult, for Claudia Carlstedt and Mrs. John Morgan were exactly alike. In fact, so closely did they resemble each other that they might easily be taken for twins.

"How long have you been here?" he asked abruptly.

"I came here early this evening."

"And the servants? . . . . Ricketts—and Wenzel the chauffeur?"

"They left soon after I arrived." And then, as she noted his curious glance. "Servants can always be purchased."

"But they usually put a price on their secrecy, too," he reminded her.

She smiled. "You do not seem to realize that I am not seeking privacy. I came here as Mrs. John Morgan, and the servants received me as the head of this household. The deception is quite as complete as your masquerade." Then, as she glanced aside reminiscently; "Why, poor old Ricketts was so pleased to see me that he fell over a cloisonne vase. And, when I informed him that his services would not be required here any longer, he was unable to control his grief. However, I was able quickly to dry his tears with some handsomely-engraved gold notes, which will secure him against poverty for the remainder of his days."

Chapin paced the floor, and pondered. This woman was no amateur. It was plain that she had deliberately planned everything before the *Empress of India* arrived at San Pedro. She had carefully plotted this whole business before she booked passage on the steamer at Manila.

"You're evidently playing this very dangerous game—alone," he mused.

"Perhaps."

Then, after a considerable pause, during which time she made a careful study of the man who had stopped abruptly in front of her, she spoke. "I hope to carry out this entire scheme successfully, providing I can count on your silence."

He nodded curiously.

"How much will that secrecy cost me?" she added, in a business-like manner.

Chapin was silent a moment as he glanced aside. She stood motionless, looking into his eyes and waiting for his reply. Then he came a step nearer her, and staring straight into her upturned countenance, said; "It will cost you more than you would be willing to pay."

"I will make any reasonable sacrifice," she informed him.

(To be continued in the October Number)

THE BARNSTORMER

(Continued from Page 22)

for the depot, Mr. Reed, the proprietor, advised us to wait and ride down in the hotel bus.

He was so insistent that eight of us waited and rode in his old bus, although the station was only a few blocks away. On reaching the station, the driver demanded two dollars.

I indignantly refused, informing him that, as we didn't pay going up, we would not pay coming down. He replied: "We don't charge going up," and to my protest that there was no sign in his bus reading "fare twenty-five cents," he declared:

"Well, we don't have to put up any sign and I want two dollars quick!"

I advised him to "go to —— and get it."

He left me but immediately returned with Reed, the hotel man, who started to upbraid me as an evader of just bills. I held to my opinion that the charge was unjust and they both withdrew, but as I was watching the baggage go on the train, a man stepped up to me saying, "Your name Frank Cooley?"

On my admitting it was, he stated, "This man"—indicating the bus driver—"has a bill against you for two dollars and you will have to pay it or you don't leave town." To my declaration that I would pay nothing, he informed me that I was under arrest.

I called to my wife, who was on the train. She opened the car window and I handed her the bank roll with instructions to take the company back to Phoenix, put them up at the Mills hotel and await developments as I intended to see the thing through. The marshal then put me in the same hotel bus and we started to jail.

Suddenly he turned savagely on me with "You're a —— of a man; why don't you pay your bills?" I replied that I tried to when they were legitimate. "Well," he said, "this man pays a license and is entitled to the protection of the law."

That gave me a great opening and I dramatically replied, "I am a citizen of the United States and am also entitled to the protection of the law. You think you're right, I think I'm right, so we will see this thing through. If you win I'll have to take the consequences; if I win I'll own this horse and rig. Now shut up, as I have nothing more to say."

We drove in silence for a few blocks, then the marshal whispered to the driver, who turned his horse around and using his whip, got us back to the station in time for me to catch the train, without another word being spoken.

I had my foot on the train step when a little man ran up to me all out of breath, grasped my hand, saying: "That's the way to do it; without a warrant they had no right to arrest you, but they might have done it anyway. I was running right along after you, however, and would have had you right out if they had. These fellows are so used to preying on one-lungers that they don't seem to realize that there are men who have the nerve to demand honest treatment."

I was grateful but careful to say nothing that would prompt the marshal, who was watching me with an ugly scowl, to make any move that might make me miss the train. I was mightily relieved when we finally started.

Going back to Phoenix was like going home. The people welcomed us and we made a little money on the week, using *East Lynn* and *Sapho* three nights each. Our new advance man, named Edgar Rice, an ex-soldier just back from the Philippines, had cut the Mills hotel on account of increase in rates and engaged rooms in private homes, arranging for us to board at "Coffee Al's," the best restaurant in town, excellent and very expensive. Al must have been feeling very liberal when he allowed my advance man to persuade him to agree to board eleven actors three meals a day for a dollar apiece and no restriction on ordering.

At the very first meal one actor ate over a dollar and a quarter's worth. The waiters would give us their check which we did not have to present, and we would walk out leisurely—*very* leisurely, as we were too full for speed. Wednesday evening as I was coming out of the restaurant, after a very excellent dinner, I noticed Al and his partner in earnest conversation. As about all the company were in gorging themselves at the time, I easily surmised we were the subject of the consultation and so asked the partners what the trouble was. They denied there was any trouble, at first, but I was persistent and jokingly accused them of being afraid they would not get their money. My bill would be sixty-six dollars at the end of the week. This brought a reply. "I want to be a good fellow," said Al, "but some of your women order three kinds of dessert. I wouldn't kick if they ate what they ordered but they only nibble at the second and third dessert, just enough to make us throw them out. Now pineapple, for instance, comes a long way and freights are high."

I assured him it would be quite satisfactory to restrict everyone to one dessert and inquired if that was all that was worrying him. He reached behind his safe and brought to view a fairly good silver-handled umbrella, saying, "Well, while we are talking, I might mention that I had a company boarding here last year and the manager, a man by the name of Marsten, gave me a hard luck story and this umbrella for a seventy-five dollar board bill." I eased their fears by paying them thirty-three dollars for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and promised to pay eleven dollars at the end of each day. This pleased them so much that Al declared he didn't give a —— how much dessert the women ordered. We certainly lived well that week.

On Thursday Mowrey hailed me from across the street. He smiled all over as he yelled, "Good bye, Frank; I'm going to Los Angeles on the hog train," and laughed heartily at his own joke. I didn't understand what he was driving at and asked him to explain. "I ride on top of the cars," he said, "and have a long pole with which I poke the cows if they try to lay down. I get to Los Angeles and get two dollars a day besides."

I kind of envied him as I was not sure how we were going to get there. As a matter of fact he made the trip O.K., and landed with money in his pocket, but if he had stayed with me and behaved himself he would have cut in on quite a bit of money in the next few years. But just at that time I was trying to figure a way home.

The week in Phoenix was fair—in comparison to other weeks—a little over three hundred dollars, all mine, as rent and lights were furnished by the street car company. They did not give me the twenty dollars bonus, however, and I still owed a balance on the tickets they had furnished to bring us from San Francisco which I now paid. The railroad fare from Phoenix to Los Angeles amounted to two hundred and twenty-five dollars. The Santa Fe agreed to allow me to buy the tickets on the installment plan, fifty dollars down at Phoenix, fifty at Prescott, our next stop, fifty at Jerome, fifty at Needles and twenty-five at San Bernardino. I had to let my advance man have money as we would not see him again until we reached San Bernardino as the intervening towns were to be one and two-night stands, so after paying all bills and fifty on the ticket, I had about sixty dollars in my pocket.

As we boarded the train for Prescott Joe stood by evidently hoping I would weaken and take him along, but we all figured that he and Mowrey had jinxed us so he was left in Phoenix. A few weeks later a circus struck town. Joe caught on and he also reached Los Angeles long before we did.

We reached Prescott O.K. and on the way to the hotel I looked around, as was my habit, to see what kind of a showing our advance man had given us. I saw one half sheet litho tacked on a fence, that was all—not very encouraging. Almost the entire town had recently burned down. About the first thing we saw was two solid blocks of tents and every one a saloon, but the theatre and one hotel and a few stores were still standing.

As soon as we were settled at the hotel I looked up the reserved seat sale. It was practically *nil* and the clerk's statement that the people were not much on reserving their seats in advance, brought me

small comfort. As the actors had drawn some on the train, the bank roll was now just thirty-five dollars.

The town showed no signs of life, saloons deserted, stores empty and hardly anyone on the streets, and I had to pay fifty dollars on the railroad tickets before we could get on the train.

This was the first time I really felt whipped. I went back to the hotel and stayed there until show time, relying on the boys to get things ready. Even then I didn't go near the front door nor take the trouble to get acquainted with the manager; told one of the boys to go on the door and let it go at that. I put on my makeup and drifted up on the stage and, as was the custom, just before the start of the first act, I looked through the peep hole in the curtain, more from habit than anything else, and was startled to see a full house—a full house just as I was ready to tell the actors they would have to telegraph home for money to get out of town. I called my wife and allowed her to feast her eyes on the sight.

Right away we began to speculate on the amount of money out there. I thought around one hundred and fifty dollars; the missus thought ninety-five would be nearer to it. We had been charging twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five everywhere except Phoenix but I hadn't taken the trouble to inquire what the prices were here.

The actors were all on their toes as this was the first crowded house we had seen. As a result the show went very well and the people were pleased.

The show over, I went out to the box office, made myself known to the manager and told him I was ready to settle up. On the manager's desk, I noticed a stack of twenty-dollar pieces with some silver near and a smaller pile of money a little further over. I assumed this pile was the night's receipts; paid no attention to the other pile as I thought the stack of twenties was a brass paper weight. So when the manager gave me a statement and pointed to what I had taken to be a brass paper weight, with "There's yours; count it and see if it is correct," I had hard work to keep from shouting.

I noticed by the statement that our prices were fifty, seventy-five and one dollar, higher than we had ever played to, and the gross receipts for that night, three hundred and sixty-six dollars and forty cents. My share was sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of this. That was the first time I had ever played on such terms nor have I ever since—or two hundred and forty-four dollars and twenty-five cents. I controlled myself with much effort, signed the house statement with a trembling hand, put the money in my pocket, and making some foolish remark about *Sapho* probably doing better on the next night, said good evening to him.

I walked out of his office with much dignity as if a good house was only what I was used to, but as soon as the door was shut I hurried to the dressing room where my wife was waiting for me and nearly scared her to death with my bunch of gold. I guess she thought I had held up a bank. We went home feeling mighty good that night and the next day I paid a hundred dollars on the railroad tickets, sent fifty to Francis and Valentine, the printers—I owed them over a hundred—and divided the balance between the actors.

The second night we played *Sapho* to three hundred and eighty-eight dollars. The manager was so pleased that he coaxed me to stay another night, really against my judgment, as we were due in Jerome, but as I had failed to get Flagstaff for Thursday and we were due to lose two days, I allowed the fact that if I could change Jerome to Thursday, put Wednesday in Prescott, I would lose only one day, persuaded me to agree. I called up Jerome and the manager consented to the change but with very poor grace. I ought to have called the change off right there, but didn't.

We played *The Story of Inex* for our third night in Prescott and as we had no real way of reaching the public with the news of our longer stay, the receipts dropped to fifty-five dollars and the manager squealed like a hurt child; wanted me to let him take his expenses out and give me what would be left, about ten dollars. I couldn't see it and demanded my full percentage, which I finally received. The next morning we were on our way to Jerome. I had paid the balance on the railroad tickets, given the actors a little more and still had money in my pocket.

I found the manager anything but cordial in Jerome. In fact, he would hardly speak to me at first and threatened not to play the show at all; said there had been a two hundred and fifty dollar advance sale the day before and that we would have played to over four hundred dollars, but now the people were sore and we wouldn't do any business. He was partially right, for we only did eighty-seven dollars. However, I didn't feel so bad; I had my ticket clear to Los Angeles and two hundred dollars in my pocket.

We had to lose Friday night in getting to Needles, our next stand. The rainy season had set in and already there was a report out that the Santa Fe trains would soon be stalled. This made me a little apprehensive as Mrs. Kiplinger, manager of the San Bernardino Opera House, had refused to play me on a percentage basis and I had contracted to pay her one hundred and seventy-five dollars rent for her theatre for one week, newspapers, bill posting, etc., extra. To lose one or two nights would be a heart breaker, and when we reached Needles we found conditions very bad; no billing at all, the town small and no life, although there was plenty for me before I got out. I conceived the idea of

cancelling, if possible, and thereby making sure of reaching San Bernardino in good time and starting some publicity that I felt sure we would need. I proceeded at once to find Dr. Booth, the manager. Someone directed me to the *Needle's Eye,* a newspaper owned and edited by Dr. Booth, who, besides being opera house manager and newspaper editor, was the leading physician and leading attorney of the town.

I met my wife and two of the girls of the company talking to a distinguished looking man of, I judged, about thirty-five years of age and weighing around a hundred and eighty pounds. My wife introduced him to me as Dr. Booth. I immediately asked him what he thought of our prospects for the night. He replied, "Not very bright."

I then inquired if he advised me to stay and show, or cancel and go on to San Bernardino, to which he replied, "You'll do nothing here, so I would like to see you go on." I thanked him and hurried to the train and stopped the unloading of our baggage. This accomplished, I rounded up the company, informed them we were going on and saw them all on the train.

I was about to get on myself when Dr. Booth stepped up and asked how much I would be willing to stay and show for. I replied, "Forty dollars my share." He said, "You wouldn't get it."

I agreed with him and again started to board the train when he again stopped me with, "Very bad judgment has been displayed in this matter." Again I agreed with him but he seemed to be peeved and detained me with, "By ——, I mean you!"

Once more I declared him to be right. "Furthermore," he remarked, "I don't think you have acted like a gentleman."

I naturally inquired in what way.

"Well, I heard you were going to slip by us and not stop at all."

I replied, "Oh, I'm not accountable for rumors and the best answer to that is, I'm here and would have played even at a loss if you hadn't given me permission to cancel."

Now he became nasty: "You haven't acted like a gentleman anyhow."

I came right back: "I don't see any medals dangling from your chest proclaiming you to be such a gentleman either."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I'm not a gentleman?"

"No, but—" And that's as far as I got for the doctor swung one from the hip.

It was so unexpected that it look me full in the face a little to the left of my big nose, luckily, and started his left to follow, but I was fortunate enough to stop him with my own left, a quick, straight jab; then stepped in and caught him with a stiff right in the mouth. He went under the train, staggered to his feet. His lower lip was split, vertically, so badly that his teeth were showing and blood running all over his broad white shirt front.

As he reached his feet, I swung my left hard for his chin, but the hotel man, who was a witness to the whole proceeding, pushed me back by the shoulder just far enough for me to miss.

I was at once surrounded by a mob that evidently had not seen the first blows struck, had seen only the doctor pick himself up from the ground with a cut lip and bleeding. They backed me up against the train and called me everything they could think of, the leadership being assumed by a man named Corning, who operated a smelter in Needles and lived in Los Angeles. He was closely seconded by a "rat" in overalls.

Corning drove me against the side of the train with a swing on my left jaw and I was about to get mine a-plenty, with the mob yelling, "String the —— up!" when Hamilton Armour, an English actor, since dead of lung trouble, the only one of all the huskies I had working for me who had the nerve to try to help me, jumped off the train, and to my side with "Hold on, men; you're not acting like Americans. I've always understood that Americans believed in fair play. If you must have a fight, just step back a little, form a ring and pick out your best man; I'm sure he'll take on any one of you."

I was desperate and figured a fair licking would be a cheap way out of it, especially as I had heard the cries of, "Get a rope, let's lynch the ——!" So I volunteered to go any two and asked for Corning and the "rat." The latter had been prancing around waving his fists looking for a chance to take a punch at me without any danger of a return. Armour succeeded in holding them off for a little but they wouldn't agree to a fight but wanted my destruction.

At this moment the white-haired conductor of our train broke through the crowd and grabbed me by the arm, with: "Here, you get on that train!" I was hustled into the car and sat down by my wife and prayed for the train to start. Just then I heard a rasping old voice cry, "You go in there, arrest him and bring him out, or I'll go in and kill the ——!" I wasn't through yet.

A tall, dark man with a drooping black moustache came into the car followed by a smaller man. They came down the aisle looking over the passengers, trying to locate the man who hit Booth. I did the best acting of my life, looking around with innocent curiosity, as if to see what was going on.

I would have gotten away with it, too, as they walked right by me, if the old stiff who had threatened to kill me hadn't entered the car just then and point me out with, "There's the ——; arrest him!" The officers turned, picked me out of the seat and hustled me from the train just as it started to pull out for San Bernardino.

I was whipped, alone in a rotten town with a mob at my heels that still threatened violence. Dr. Booth was right ahead. I called to him to let me off so that I might catch my train which was gathering way very slowly on account of its great length, but he answered only with a curse and made a vicious swing at me that I was lucky enough to catch with the palm of my right hand. The officers had hold of me on either side and the doctor was going to try again, when the finest looking young man I have ever seen stepped in between us and started Booth off with "Go home, Doc!" and to the officers, "This man is under arrest and entitled to your protection." To which they replied, "Well, he's getting it." "But in a —— poor way," said the man, whom I afterwards learned was named Prince, a graduate of Yale and an athlete. He sure was rightly named.

Well, they put me in their jail, after relieving me of my bank roll, and some jail—one room made out of boiler iron, rather large as I remember it with no windows, but rivet holes everywhere. The marshal brought me a bucket of ice water —it was at least a hundred and twenty in there—and then I was left alone. I never felt so rotten in all my life.

I had been in a couple of hours, when I heard steps approaching. I thought it was the marshal, but the steps suddenly stopped. My nerves were on edge anyway and I imagined some one was slipping up to take a shot at me. I looked around for some place to hide but the rivet holes seemed to command every section of the cell, so I sat on an oil can near the side wall and waited.

Presently a voice within a few inches of my ear said, "Hello." I replied "Hello" and my visitor remarked, "You're in a pretty bad mess"—to which I agreed.

"Do you belong to any secret order, Elks or Masons?" he asked. At that time I did not and so told him.

"That's too bad," he said. "You had better ask for a change of venue as you would never get a fair trial in this town. Only today Dr. Booth received two hundred and twenty dollars for defending and obtaining an acquittal for a prostitute who was on trial for selling liquor without a license and yet I know there was hardly a man on that jury who had not had a drink in her house.

"He was showing his friends a good time on that money today and after he gave you permission to cancel, his crowd persuaded him to make you stay and show as they wanted to see *Sapho.* When he failed to get you to stay, he evidently thought he could knock you down and that you would crawl on the train without a fight and he would receive the plaudits of his friends.

"You can thank your good fortune that no one pulled a gun as that would have started things a-plenty. You would undoubtedly have been shot and the Murphy-

VIOLA DANA

Monahan crowd would have stepped in, as they have been waiting all day for Booth and his friends to give them an opening.

"Now I'll go up town and see what I can do for you, but I want you to promise that if you recognize my voice when you get out, don't let on you know me, as I am so situated here that I can't afford to take your part openly."

He left me and an hour later the marshal opened the door and took me out. He did not set me free, but escorted me to a Chinese restaurant in a small side street and I had something to eat—which I paid for. From there we went to the hotel, by the back way. I was locked in a room with the marshal and a deputy outside the door, seated with big Colt revolvers in their laps. They were probably having a lot of fun with the "actor" but from the talk I had overheard in the restaurant, I figured the marshals feared the Booth crowd might come after me during the night and of course I was not tickled to death with the idea. I looked out of the window and calculated my chances of making a getaway by means of that exit in case things got warm.

Sunday morning came, however, without event and later in the day I was informed that Dr. Booth was willing to let me go providing I paid the advertising bill of one dollar and fifty cents. That was easy, so about four o'clock I was given my bank roll, I paid the one-fifty and one dollar to the hotel and was then conducted out of town by the back way, put on board the caboose of a long freight train and ordered to get into a berth and cover up with blankets. After what seemed to me an awful long wait, the train finally started but I didn't come from under until we were at least twenty miles out of town.

I reached San Bernardino about four-thirty Monday afternoon, had time to shave, take a bath and get something to eat before going to the show house. The rest of my people had reached town Sunday morning, and theirs was the last passenger train to get through for several days, and if we had played Needles the entire company would have had to travel by freight and arrived in San Bernardino late Monday afternoon the same as I did. As it was the boys had had time to get out and do some advertising, painting sidewalks, soaping signs on saloon mirrors and hanging long banners in prominent places.

What a difference that night! The house was crowded and the audience enthusiastic. They even demanded a curtain speech of me and laughed heartily at a brief recital of my troubles in Needles. The newspapers had two-column articles in story form of my run-in with Booth. They knew him well, as he had been sheriff of San Bernardino county for years.

Our opening went around two hundred dollars, prices now the old ten, twenty and thirty scale, and stayed good all the week, totaling over twelve hundred for the six nights and one matinee. Mrs. Kiplinger was not in the best of humor as she figured out where she lost over three hundred dollars by not playing me on the regular 60-40 basis for shows of my kind.

We were due in Riverside the following week but President McKinley died just then and Frank Miller, the manager, canceled and draped his theatre in mourning. We put the week in in Ontario and Colton to indifferent business.

We were to show in Redlands after Colton and as the soldier advance man was quitting, I pressed one of the actors into service sending him to Santa Ana Sunday morning to do the billing for a three-night stand to follow Redlands while I would bill Pomona, where we were due after Santa Ana. We both had to be in Redlands for the show Monday night. I finished in Pomona without trouble but the actor advance man got drunk, failed to reach Redlands in time to show and someone had to read his part. I thought this would kill the week, but it didn't; in fact, we did more business than the following year with a better show and better plays.

Santa Ana and Pomona also showed a little profit. Then we played John C. Fisher's theatre in San Diego for a week, opening in *The Butterflies,* John Drew's successful comedy, to a good house and pleasing the people. One of the papers headed their review of the show next morning with—THE BUTTERFLIES AS PLAYED BY JOHN DREW—ONLY DIFFERENT—and attempted to be humorous, but we did over twelve hundred on the week and pleased particularly well in *Sapho.* Frank Bacon had been there with his show playing *Sapho* and charging more money, but according to the papers, we gave the best performance. I was paying salaries now and things looked good.

(To be Continued)

WHY HOLLYWOOD?

(Continued from Page 17)

can be transplanted to the Pacific Coast.

It is being done constantly. Recently, for instance, on the United lot was created an exact counterpart of Gramercy Square, not as it is today, but as it was in the period in which the story was laid.

True enough, there are mammoth studios in and around New York, humming with production activity, equipped with all the latest and most modern devices. It is a fact that we no longer need to depend

on Old Sol for light—the greatest reason why we first migrated to California—and use electricity to achieve effects which can be and are used in any studio, no matter what its location, working conditions or climate; so that, insofar as interiors are concerned, pictures can be produced in New York or elsewhere with the same ease as in Hollywood, but—

Where, outside of Hollywood, is the "locational atmosphere" so readily available here? Where are the mountains within a few hours' ride—real mountains with serrated peaks and snow lines, with big timber and rushing streams; mountains of volcanic formation with their deep ravines and boulder-strewn canyons? Where is the sea—the mighty rolling Pacific with its long stretches of beach, its dunes and rocky shores—its Lagunas and Montereys? And where is the desert—the real American desert with its sagebrush and its mesquite—where are the plains; where are the complete range of climatic possibilities from the snows of the arctics to the jungles of the tropics?

Why, in a few hours from Hollywood and at little cost we may reach "atmosphere" which, in other centers where pictures are made, would require huge expenditures and the loss of from five days to two months in time.

In Hollywood the producer has at his instant disposal the four quarters of the earth: Alaska, the East, the West, Florida—even with her Everglades—China, Japan, Africa, India, the South Seas!

Can New York, Florida or Europe offer these?

My experience has taught me that they cannot.

DURING the time that I was in Florida I found it extremely difficult to make anything but pictures which dealt with Florida atmosphere. I cannot see where Florida can compare in any measure with Hollywood for convenience in picture making, no matter what the locale of the story, nor in the matter of equipage and facilities.

Similarly in Europe, I found that I could have secured in Hollywood at much less trouble, and saving in time and production costs, what I achieved there at a tremendous outlay of cash.

For, in addition to its "locational atmosphere," Hollywood has developed the necessary accessories to motion picture production. There are in Hollywood more than forty thousand people engaged in motion picture activity, people who have been especially trained in their own particular fields and who have become specialists in their lines; men and women whose lives have been devoted to the creation of entertainment features.

Here is an army of actors, actresses, directors, technical aids, carpenters, plasterers, painters, artists, architects, film chemists, cutters, editors and who and what not, all scientifically trained. At a moment's notice it is possible to procure character types representing practically every race on this planet, singly or in groups of mob proportions.

Say what we like about the extras, they constitute a very important adjunct to motion picture production. Here they are available in seemingly unlimited numbers and all of them have had that basis of screen experience which insures proper make-up and performance before the camera. Insignificant as this item may seem to be, it is one of the contributory factors which adds immeasurably to the weight of Hollywood's claim to genuine superiority over all other centers.

EVERY now and then there comes a fresh outburst of talk concerning the migration of motion picture companies away from Hollywood—to Eastern cities or to foreign shores—and I suppose that such outbursts will continue for many months to come. But such talk can be, in my opinion, but wasted "gas" and idle conversation.

There is too much money invested in Hollywood to permit of any wholesale migration.

Millions upon millions are invested in studio property, in real estate and in equipment. Through the years there have been accumulated in Hollywood, in the prop rooms and on studio lots, equipment, props, accessories and paraphernalia of every nature, most of which have in themselves a value out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth.

And millions of dollars are invested by the players, and people engaged in the business of making pictures, in homes and personal property, too much by far ever to think that they would move bag and baggage to some other location. And incidentally these people are vitally necessary to the successful production of motion pictures.

So, it is my sincere belief that Hollywood will never lose the movies, and that it is the most suitable place for me to ply my profession—the making of motion pictures for entertainment purposes.

There is no other place like it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Carewe's article is the first of a series of articles on the general subject, "Why Hollywood?" In succeeding issues the views of other directors and producers will be presented, not as a prejudiced refutation of foreign propaganda, but as a frank discussion of an interesting and important subject.

Washburn and Crosby have proclaimed for years, "Eventually, why not now?" Well, why not? THE DIRECTOR will appear just as interesting and a whole lot more regularly if you have us mail it to you each month.

Advertising is the merchant's way of placing before you interesting facts concerning the products he has bought for your use. Read the advertisements in THE DIRECTOR for their messages to you.

Still Going Strong

FOUR years ago we had but one Drug Store, and today we are Hollywood's largest retail druggists with five up-to-the-minute stores.

That Progress is based upon our patrons' confidence.

Each shareholder of KRESS DRUG CO. stock has gained, and in order that the KRESS DRUG CO. may ably take care of it's increased business and install more of these dividend making stores, there is being offered you 8% Preferred Accumulative Stock that in the full sense of the word is a *"Safe and Sound Investment"*

HOLLYWOOD FINANCE CO.

fiscal agents

SECURITY BANK BUILDING

GR. 1156

THE NIGHT BRIDE

(Continued from Page 29)

of her years of service in the banker's employ, handed him the morning paper with a sort of thrust; as if she held a lance in her hand and was jabbing at the editor who dared bandy the name of Walsh so lightly.

He snatched the paper from her and read the article through to the last word. His face purpled. With a smothered curse, he kicked over his chair, slammed the paper to the floor and strode from the room, a string of maledictions spewing from his lips.

When Walsh's violent temper was aroused, his reasoning powers failed to function. He had an appointment with Cynthia in thirty minutes. They were going to motor over to the city and attend the races.

He would kill two birds with one stone.

His greeting of Cynthia was cordial, but there was a grim undertone to his manner that drew a sharp look from her.

"I want to stop at the Warrington place a moment, if you don't mind," he said jerkily, as he slammed the door of the car shut and slumped down beside her. Their conversation was desultory, for Walsh was in a murderous mood.

Cynthia observed the spires of the castle loom up before her with mixed feelings. Somehow, she felt thrilled with pleasure in the hopes of seeing the young Ogre again. Angrily, she tried to act indifferent. She knew she wanted to see him—and yet she didn't. She was glad—and she was mad—good and mad, at herself.

The car glided up the driveway and came to a stop at Walsh's signal. It was Cynthia's first glimpse of the castle grounds from the inside.

The marvel of its beauty held her spellbound.

Hector let out a series of yelps and tugged frantically at his chain. He recognized his arch enemy, the man who tried to shoot him.

Biggles hurried out of the garage and saw the intruders. What? That girl here again? He'd see about this.

Over on the tennis courts, a set of triple horizontal bars had been erected. A heavy padding lay stretched out beneath them. Stanley, attired in athletic shirt and white duck trousers, was engaged at that moment in balancing himself on one of the bars head downward. Swinging in a graceful curve, he flung his body through the air, caught the next bar, circled again, catching the third bar; then, circling once more, he let go, twisted into a somersault and landed lightly on his feet. Cynthia and Walsh stared at this stunt in amazement.

Biggles came hobbling over to inform his master they had guests. Seeing who it was, Stanley nodded, and started towards the car, a frown of displeasure on his face.

The seething banker got out and planted his feet firmly on the ground. It was more to his dignity that Warrington come to him. Had his common sense been working—even on half time, he would have carried this quarrel far away from Cynthia's sight and hearing. But his wits had flown in fear of the consuming fires of his rage.

Cynthia watched the young Ogre approaching. She could not help but notice the rippling muscles of the athlete, the smooth tanned skin and graceful swing of his carriage.

Young Warrington gave Cynthia her usual, casual nod, looked the banker over cooly, and waited for the first gun to be fired.

"I want to know," boomed Walsh as he shook his finger close to Stanley's nose, "By what right you indict me in your filthy sheet on subjects you know nothing about."

Stanley's nose swayed sideways in synchronous precision with the fat, pudgy finger of the banker. It caught his fancy to anticipate each stop of the accusing digit. A momentary gurgle from the girl in the car, brought Walsh to imagine that perhaps this looked funny. He lowered his hand.

"The article explains itself," said Warrington, his cool, gray eyes darting sparks of joy, in the prospects of another joust with this trucculant antagonist.

It was the first time Cynthia had seen him without his goggles.

"This isn't the first time you have held me up to ridicule," the irate man was saying. His chest was heaving like a bellows, and his words came in belabored puffs. "At first I attributed it to the brain of a weakling, but there's a limit to everything—and I warn you, it's got to stop. In this last article you practically call me a thief."

"If the shoe fits, wear it," Stanley suggested, without the slightest sign of rancor. "I think you're as crooked as a ram's horn, and I think I have evidence to prove it. As my paper will continue to analyze your public deals in print, I'm curious to know how you're going to stop it."

If the fuming financier's body had exploded into bits, Cynthia would not have been surprised.

Stanley's calm and half-cynical treatment of the whole affair was in marked contrast to the violent display of Walsh's temper. It recalled to Cynthia that old adage, "He who holdeth his temper, winneth the fight." "Somehow," she thought, "When these two lock horns, Addison always loses caste." It annoyed her exceedingly.

The thunder of her fiance's voice broke her reverie.

"I'll tell you how I'm going to stop it," he shouted, a froth of apoplexy sliming his lips. "I'm going to horsewhip you if it happens again, until your hide will look like a zebra's—and don't think I can't do it."

The culprit's eyebrows arched in mock surprise. He deliberately bowed, as if bending to the yoke of his adversary's ultimatum.

"Morituri, te salutatus," he quoted in all humility.

"We, who are about to die, salute thee." To Walsh it sounded like a camouflaged string of epithets.

For a moment, Cynthia feared her friend was going to end the interview in a brawl, but a grimness in Stanley's glare restrained him. Growling something about, "we'll see," he climbed into the car.

Stanley"s eyes met those of Cynthia's. In them, she read an unspoken message, easily translated.

"Congratulations," they seemed to say, "on your choice of a husband."

Cynthia's cheeks flamed. Was it in anger—or humiliation?

When the car had regained the highway, an ominous silence pervaded, as the grim truth came to her. She was affianced to a fat, flabby, irritable man, with brutal tendencies and a vile temper.

On the seat beside her Walsh simmered, like a tea kettle, after the fire has been turned down. But it had not as yet occurred to him, that he had slipped on the top rung of his ladder of romance, and hit the ground with a dull and sickening thud. (To Be Continued)

New Pictures in the Making

DIRECTOR	STUDIO	PRODUCTION	STAR	SCENARIST	STATUS
John G. Adolfi	California	Pals	Wm. Russell	Jules Furthman	Cutting
Del Andrews	F.B.O.	Riding the Wind	Fred Thomson	Marion Jackson	Cutting
King Baggott	United	Tumbleweed	Bill Hart		Shooting
Reginald Barker	Fox	When the Door Opened	All-star	Bradley King	Shooting
Harold Beaudine	Christie	Comedy	Bobby Vernon	Hal Conklin	Shooting
William Beaudine	Pickford Fairbanks	Scraps	Mary Pickford	Winifred Dunn	Preparing
Paul Bern	Paramount	Flower of Night	Pola Negri	Willis Goldbeck	Cutting
J. Stuart Blackton	Warner Bros.	Gilded Highway	All-star	Marian Constance	Cutting
Herbert Blache	Universal	Chip of the Flying-U	Hoot Gibson	Schayer-Lee	Finishing
King Baxter	Fine Arts	Laughing Whirlwind	Roy Hughes	L. V. Jefferson	Preparing
Lloyd Bacon	Sennett	Untitled	Ralph Graves	Staff	Shooting
Charles Brabin	Universal	Sweet Rosie O'Grady	Mary Philbin	Brabin-Scully	Preparing
Clarence Brown	United	Lone Eagle	Rudolph Valentino	Hans Kraely	Shooting
H. J. Brown	California	Windjammer	Billy Sullivan	Henry Symonds	Preparing
Tom Buckingham	Waldorf	Ladies of Leisure	Elaine Hammerstein	Tom Hopkins	Preparing
Edwin Carewe	United	Joanna with a Million	Dorothy Mackaill		Preparing
Horace B. Carpenter	Berwilla	Burnin' 'Em Up	Bill Patton-Dorothy Donald		Shooting
William Craft	Independent	Lightning Strikes	Lightnin'	Wyndham Gittings	Finishing
Eddie F. Cline	M.G.M.	Old Clothes	Jackie Coogan		Shooting
Wm. C. Crinley	Universal	Radio Detective	William Desmond	Staff	Shooting
Allan Crosland	Warner Bros.	Compromise	Irene Rich	E. J. Lowe, Jr.	Cutting
James Cruze	Paramount	The Pony Express	Compson-Cortez	Forman-Woods	Shooting
Irving Cummings	United	Caesar's Wife	Corinne Griffith	A. F. Levine	Preparing
Wm. H. Curren	California	Merchant of Weenice	Delaney-Phillips	H. G. Witwer	Cutting
Cecil B. DeMille	DeMille	Road to Yesterday	All-star	Macpherson-Dix	Shooting
William DeMille	Paramount	New Brooms	Feature Cast	Clara Beranger	Shooting
Roy Del Ruth	Warner Bros.	Broken Hearts	All-star	Darral F. Zannuck	Preparing
Wm. De Vonde	Thos. C. Regan	The Backwash	All-star	Bill Bailee	Shooting
J. Francis Dillon	United	We Moderns	Colleen Moore	June Mathis	Shooting
Robert Dillon	California	The Flame Fighter	Rawlinson	Dillon	Shooting
Denver Dixon	Berwilla	Untitled	Bob Roberts	Staff	Preparing
Harry Edwards	Sennett	Comedy	Harry Langdon	Staff	Shooting
Victor Fleming	Paramount	Lord Jim	Percy Marmont	Geo. C. Hull	Cutting
Tom Forman	Hollywood	The People vs. Nancy Preston	All-star	Marion Orth	Cutting
Sidney A. Franklin	United	Paris After Dark	Norma Talmadge	John Considine, Jr.	Preparing
Emmett Flynn	Fox	The Conquistador	Tom Mix		Cutting
Francis Ford	Universal	Winking Idol	Wm. Desmond		Cutting
John Ford	Fox	Three Bad Men	All-star		On Location
Sven Gade	Universal	Wives for Rent	All-star	Tom Hopkins	Shooting
Tony Gaudio	Waldorf	Sealed Lips	Dorothy Reviere	Rob Wagner	Shooting
Harry Garson	F.B.O.	Heads Up	Lefty Flynn	John Goodrich	Shooting
Louis Gasnier	F.B.O.	The Other Woman's Story	All-star	Staff	Shooting
Arvid Gilstrom	Educational	Untitled		Staff	Shooting
John Gorman	Independent	A Prince of Broadway	George Walsh		Cutting
Alf Goulding	Sennett	Untitled	Alice Day	Eve Unsell	Shooting
Arthur Gregor	Independent	Count of Luxemburg	All-star	Staff	Preparing
Alfred E. Green	United	Spanish Sunlight	Stone-LaMarr	Staff	Preparing
Wm. Goodrich	Educational	Comedy	Lloyd Hamilton	Whittaker-Doty	Shooting
Fred Guiol	Hal Roach	Comedy	Glenn Tryon	Staff	Shooting
Alan Hale	DeMille	The Wedding Song	Leatrice Joy	Edmund Goulding	Cutting
James W. Horne	Hal Roach	Comedy	Lucien Littlefield		Preparing
W. K. Howard	Paramount	Martinique	Bebe Daniels	J. G. Alexander	Shooting
John E. Ince	California	The Great Adventure	Rawlinson-Darmond		Cutting
Ralph Ince	Marshall Neilan	The Sea Wolf	Viola Dana	Hal Roach	Cutting
Fred Jackman	Hal Roach	Thunderfoot	Rex	Emilie Johnson	Shooting
Emory Johnson	F.B.O.	The Last Edition	Ralph Lewis		Shooting
Daniel Keefe	Fox	The Hypotheis of Failure	All-star	Will Lambert	Shooting
Erle Kenton	Warner Bros.	The White Chief	All-star		Preparing
George Jeske	California	Account of Monte Cristo	Delaney-Phillips	H. C. Witwer	Cutting
Burton King	Selig	Counsel for the Defense	All-star		Shooting
Henry King	United	Potash and Perlmutter	Carr-Sidney		Shooting

DIRECTOR	STUDIO	PRODUCTION	STAR	SCENARIST	STATUS
Charles Lamont	Educational	Untitled	Chris Bowes		Shooting
Rowland V. Lee	Fox	Silver Treasure	All-star	R. V. Lee	Cutting
Robert Z. Leonard	M.G.M.	A Little Bit of Broadway	All-star	Jesse Burns	Preparing
Stan Laurel	Hal Roach	Comedy	Clyde Cook	Staff	Cutting
Frank Lloyd	United	The Splendid Road	All-star	J. G. Hawks	Shooting
Ernest Lubitsch	Warner Bros.	Lady Windermere's Fan	Irene Rich		Shooting
Wilfred Lucas	F.B.O.	El Pasado	All-star	Sullivan-Lucas	Cutting
Edward Luddy	California	Last of the Mohicans	All-star	H. C. Witwer	Cutting
J. P. McGowan	California	Silver Fingers	George Larkin	McGowan	Shooting
Robert McGowan	Hal Roach	Comedy	Our Gang	Staff	Shooting
Leo McCarey	Hal Roach	Untitled	Charles Chase	Staff	Shooting
Henry McRae	Universal	Strings of Steel	All-star	Morgan-Goodin	Preparing
Leo Maloney	Goodwill	Win, Lose or Draw	Leo Maloney	Ford Beebe	Shooting
George Melford	Hollywood	Simon the Jester	All-star	Francis Marion	Shooting
Lewis Milestone	Warner Bros.	Untitled	Matt Moore		Preparing
Bruce Mitchell	California	Speed Madness	Frank Merrill	Wm. Wing	Shooting
Warren Milais	Fine Arts	Up in the Air	All-star	Eline Wilmont	Shooting
Edmund Mortimer	Hollywood	The Man from Red Gulch	Harry Carey	Harvey Gates	Shooting
Vin Moore	Universal	Ike's Holiday	Holmes-Corbett	Moore-McKenzie	Shooting
Zion Myers	Universal	Sweet Sixteen	Arthur Lake	Chas. Diltz	Preparing
Lax Neal	United	Go West	Buster Keaton		Shooting
Marshall Neilan	M.G.M.	The Great Love	All-star	Benjamin Glazer	Shooting
Jack Nelson	F.B.O.	Prince of Pep	Richard Talmadge	Jas. Bell Smith	Preparing
Fred Niblo	M.G.M.	Ben Hur	All-star		Finishing
Fred Newmeyer	F.B.O.	Seven Keys to Baldpate	Douglas Maclean	Staff	Shooting
Henry W. Otto	Fox	Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner	Paul Panzer		
Al Parker	Pickford-Fairbanks	The Black Pirate	Doug Fairbanks	Staff	Preparing
Stuart Paton	Hollywood	Through Veiled Eyes	All-star	Payton-Alexander	Preparing
Harry Pollard	Universal	Two Blocks Away	All-star		Preparing
Paul Powell	F.B.O.	North Star	Strongheart	Chas. Horan	Shooting
Albert Ray	Fox	Helen and Warren	Perry-Cooley	Kathryn Carr	Shooting
T. J. Ray	California	The Young American	All-star	Staff	Preparing
Curt Rehfield	United	Viennese Medley	All-star	June Mathis	Shooting
Steve Roberts	Educational	Untitled	Al St. John	Staff	Shooting
Jess Robbins	Educational	Comedy	Lupino Lane	Staff	Shooting
Wesley Ruggles	F.B.O.	The Plastic Age	Clara Bow	Unsell-Sagor	Finishing
Al Rogell	Universal	Deadwood Dick	Jack Hoxie		Shooting
Nat Ross	F.B.O.	Transcontinental Limited	Not Selected	Harvey Thaw	Casting
Al Santell					
Edward Sedgwick	Universal	On the Frontier	Hoot Gibson	Chas. Kenyon	On Location
Chas. R. Seeling	California	Untitled	All-star	Seeling	Preparing
George B. Seitz	Paramount	Vanishing Americans	All-star	Ethel Dougherty	Cutting
William A. Seiter	Universal	What Happened to Jones	Reginald Denny Marion Nixon	Geo. Broadhurst	Shooting
Forrest Sheldon	Goodwill	Untitled	Bruce Gordon	Sheldon	Shooting
H. Scott Sidney	Christie	Madame Lucy	Julian Eltinge	F. McGrew Willis	Finishing
Edward Sloman	Universal	His People			Finishing
Noel Smith	Warner Bros.	Clash of the Wolves	Rin-Tin-Tin	Charles Logue	Finishing
Paul Sloan	DeMille	Braveheart	Rod La Rocque		Preparing
John M. Stahl	M.G.M.	Memory Lane	All-star	Benjamin Glazer	Shooting
Edward Sutherland	Paramount	On Dress Parade	Raymond Griffith	Keene Thompson	Shooting
Jerome Storm	Charles Ray	Sweet Adeline	Charles Ray	Chas. E. Banks	Cutting
Jack Strayer	Waldorf	The Lure of the Wild	Jane Novak		Finishing
Hunt Stromberg	Hollywood	The Last Frontier	All-star	Harvey Gates	Preparing
Wm. Stroubach	California	Untitled	Johnny St. Clair	Staff	Shooting
Slim Summerville	Universal	Comedy	Neely Edwards	Chas. Diltz	Shooting
Sam Taylor	Hollywood	Untitled	Harold Lloyd	Staff	Shooting
Norman Taurog	Educational	Untitled	Lige Conley	Eddie Moran	Shooting
King Vidor	M.G.M.	La Boheme	Lillian Gish	Edmund Goulding	Preparing
Josef von Sternberg	M.G.M.	The Masked Bride	Mae Murray	Carey Wilson	Shooting
Eric von Stroheim	United	East of the Setting Sun	Constance Talmadge	Von Stroheim	Preparing
Raoul Walsh	Paramount	The Lucky Lady	Feature Cast	James O'Donohoe	Cutting
William Watson	Christie	Comedy	Jimmie Adams		Shooting
Millard Webb	Warner Bros.	The Sea Beast	John Barrymore	Bess Meredith	Shooting
C. Richard Wallace	Universal	Comedy	Neeley Edwards	Marcel Perez	Preparing
Irvin Willat	Paramount	Ancient Highway	Jack Holt	James Hamilton	Cutting
R. E. Williamson	Selig	The Feud Woman	Mary Carr	L. V. Jefferson	Shooting
Ceder Wilkinson	F.B.O.	Mazie Series	Vaughn-Kent	Lewell Martin	Shooting
W. Wyler	Universal	The Fighting Barrier			Preparing
James Young	Independent	The Bells	Lionel Barrymore	Young	Preparing

BOOK REVIEWS

GLAMOUR: Essays on the Art of the Theatre, by Stark Young. Scribners, $2.00 net.

A VOLUME of keen imagination and banal stupidity, of sound criticism and silly slush, this collection ranks in literary value far below Mr. Young's *Three Fountains,* which was one of the most refreshing and stimulating folios of essays published last year. However, one cannot expect too much of any book which begins by extending "thanks for permission to reprint" to no less than six periodicals, ranging in diversity from the business-like *New York Times* to the precious *Theatre Arts Monthly.*

The total value of *Glamour* is not the sum of its five parts, of which the first, "Visitors", chronicles the reactions of the author to the New York performances of Eleanora Duse, Cecile Sorel, and the Moscow Art Theatre. Out of the twenty nine pages allotted to Madame Duse, some twenty-five are devoted to the frankest heroine worship. Overwhelmed by his subject, the essayist celebrates her by prostration and prayer. The remaining few paragraphs attempt an interpretation of an art which seems to have been the outward manifestation of a truly Biblical grace. The body of this art is dissected by the critical scalpel of reason, and the surgical investigation fails, of course, to reveal its soul.

Madame Sorel is set down as a clothes horse; and Mr. Young makes the startling discovery that the Anglo-Saxon does not relish French comedy. He also stumbles upon the fact that there are enforced upon the theatre certain artificial conventions, and shares his innocent surprise with the reader.

He is at first disappointed by the Moscow Art Theatre, dissatisfied with the naturalism of *The Czar Feodor,* and lays down the law that historical fare must be served in the grand romantic manner. One surmises that he considered Shaw's delightful *Caesar and Cleopatra* a particularly flat failure. Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard,* a play more to his taste, leaves him raphsodizing that the Russian visitors are "forever right and fine."

Under the heading of "The Prompt Book" a series of short essays point the actor's path to perfection and teach him how to climb. The ideas in this section are too sound and valuable to be startling, and too eternal to master at a glance. While to many of us they will seem rediscoveries of familiar aesthetic shores, they differ from Mr. Young's theatrical impressions in that they are discoveries and not inventions. Truth itself lends their air of veracity. Written in a nervously technical prose (which descends now and then to the level of the classroom lecture), they will be understood and appreciated by only the more literate of our Hollywood actors. To such I commend, with few reservations, "The Prompt Book."

In the third and lengthiest part of the volume, "Letters from Dead Actors", each immortal writes from the grave to scold or reprimand some living performer whose parts are in his own tradition. Mr. Young's mediumship is unworthy of his ghosts, who are too patronizing, too boastful for good taste. Realizing the absence of an essential ingredient, our author attempts to astound us by the depth and diversity of his learning. A vast number of critical allusions lead one to suspect that this portion of the work was written in the reference room of the New York Public Library.

Most addressed to the present reader is the fourth section, "The Art of Directing." Our authority finds truly that the art of directing lies between two extremes—one the subjection of the play to the director's personality, the other the subjugation of the director to the author's idea. Whether your work is patterned after that of Cecil B. or William C., this section will bear reading for its re-statement of familiar problems and its discursive glances into the unknown.

The writer draws a novel parallel between the stage director and orchestra conductor, and sees in the contrapuntal changes of physical action and dramatic point a theory of stage direction as the conducting of a visual music addressed to the eye.

Although the first requirement for photographing Mr. Young's theories of direction would be such perfect working conditions as the screen has never known, his ideas seem often sound and valuble. The man who is doing "costume stuff" will find many of his difficulties reduced to simplicity by the keenly sensible discussion on the difference between empty form and pulsating life.

At the end of one paragraph a perfect phrase unexpectedly sums up the aim of all direction: "to engage the audience's attention with its constantly fresh vitality and surprise."

In the last section, "Sophocles' Guest," we travel with an imaginary young American to witness the revival of *Oedipus Rex* in an equally imaginary Greece. At the end of thirty pages we learn that this impossible feat has been performed to teach us that American and Greek cannot be reduced to an intellectual common denominator. As the lesson has nothing to do with our theatre, it might as well have been learned in any library or at any peanut stand.

Considering Mr. Young's startlingly uneven book as a whole, *Glamour* shows him at his best as a theorist and at his

worst as a journalist. In form as well as in matter, his reporting and correspondence are juvenile when compared to his aesthetic and technical criticisms. Even these are marred by a pedantry, a gratuitous exhibition of the Young culture when it has nothing to do with the case, which makes the temptation to prick a few of his bubbles irresistable.

For his prose, invigoratingly pure in its finest passages, is inexcusably slovenly in its worst. There are such locutions as "People were numerous who objected." The rambling inconsequence of "When you know well the Greek marbles in the Naples museum—but in the north you meet, etc.," is exceeded in affectation only by the baffling beginning "It was as well that the visitor to these shores from Paris should be Madame Cecile Sorel." And it seems comic that so stylistic a poet as Francis Thompson should be misquoted by so precious a stylist as Stark Young.

JOHN FRANCIS NATTEFORD.

The Motion Picture Industry

(Continued from Page 34)

Indictment." That fellow's got a wonderful imagination—he thinks that everyone in the game must be a Director.

AL

Did you ever ask him why he does it?

JIM

Sure. We've gone to his place and asked him to give us a square deal. Over and over again he tells us that he's sorry—the mistake won't happen again—and before we reach the sidewalk he stops the presses and inserts on the front page in larger letters, "Prominent DIRECTORS Try to Bribe This Paper!" He's a cuckoo!

SCAREHEAD

Well, Boys, glad to have had such a sociable time. Anything I can do you for—I mean do for you—you know—call on me:

EVERYBODY

(With meaning emphasis)

Good-bye!

(Scarehead exits, well satisfied with himself)

AL

I'll never read a newspaper again.

JIM

What paper do you read?

AL

None. I don't know how. But I listen to the Radio.

ROY

(At the Heart table)

There goes my last million dollars! A motion for adjournment is now in order.

JOE

In conclusion I would like to say: The Spirit of Fraternalism that permeates the atmosphere.

AL

He's stealing the other fellow's stuff.

JIM

They all do it. It's a privilege of the order.

(They all sing The M.P.D.A. Chorus as The Curtain Falls.)

Talking It Over

(Continued from Page 2)

of players, their matrimonial status or similar queries of a distinctly "fan" nature, but simply specializes on subjects more in character with the publication as a whole.

ANOTHER new feature and one that we hope will prove of general interest to *all* our readers is the department devoted to ANGLE SHOTS AROUND HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS. Here each month will be presented short paragraphs touching on the activities of studio folk, items of personal interest about everyone concerned with the making of films. Other departments of similar nature are also being planned with a view to making THE DIRECTOR of greater interest both to the men and women actually engaged in the making of pictures and to the host of folk throughout the country who are genuinely interested in the production side of the "movies."

AS A matter of interest to both studio folk and those far afield, THE DIRECTOR introduces this month a chart of studio activity showing the status and progress of production. Under the heading *New Pictures in the Making* a month to month record of directorial activity will be published in each succeeding issue. For the present, at least, this record will be confined to the activities of those directors who are actually producing in Hollywood studios, or are on location *from* Hollywood. Because of the difficulty in getting accurate and timely reports on the activities of directors who are producing in Eastern studios or are engaged in making pictures in foreign locales no attempt will be made to record the progress of that work.

SO MUCH for this issue. We hope that you will like it and that you will find it thoroughly entertaining—perhaps really helpful. Your comments will be gratefully appreciated and constructive criticism designed to help us in making THE DIRECTOR a bigger and better magazine is always welcome; for after all this is *your* publication and unless we run it in such a manner as to make it genuinely pleasing to you, we have failed in the responsibility we bear toward our readers.

Next month THE DIRECTOR will contain many features of interest. There will be the departments already described, additional installments of Frank Cooley's narrative, *The Barnstormer,* and the two serials now running, *Thundering Silence* and *The Night Bride,* and another article in the *Why Hollywood?* series.

Bertram A. Holiday, who discusses the question *Can They Come Back?* in the current issue, has written for THE DIRECTOR a discussion of the costume picture as a box office attraction, and analyzes some new slants on this problem which has concerned the production world since the early days of film activity.

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August 15, 1925.

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Los Angeles, Calif.

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Hoping that you will keep Mr. Schneiderman and me informed of any possible changes or improvements on the camera, I remain

Yours very truly,

John Ford

JF/J

MOTION PICTURE

The Director

November 1925

Twenty-five Cents

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J. Stuart Blackton
Editor

MOTION PICTURE
The Director

Bernard A. Holway
Managing Editor

Dedicated to the Creation of a Better Understanding Between Those Who Make and Those Who See Motion Pictures

IT is with a sincere feeling of sympathy and regret that the management of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR is called upon to announce the resignation of George L. Sargent, founder of the magazine as the official publication of the Motion Picture Directors' Association and its editor during the first year of its existence. For the past several months Mr. Sargent's eyes have been giving him increasing trouble, and while that condition is considered only temporary and largely due to a nervous affliction of the eye muscles, a complete rest has been deemed necessary.

MUCH as we regret the circumstances attending Mr. Sargent's resignation, it is with pardonable and justifiable pride that the management announces the advent of J. Stuart Blackton as editor-in-chief of the publication. Mr. Blackton is particularly fitted for the editorial chair of such a magazine as THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR. As the founder and organizer of Vitagraph he is one of the pioneer producer-directors of the motion picture industry and has since its earliest days been one of its foremost exponents. Now that Vitagraph has become a unit of Warner Brothers production program, Commodore Blackton continues his production and directorial activities in association with that enterprise.

In addition to his long years of experience in motion picture production, Commodore Blackton also brings to THE DIRECTOR definite publication experience as founder and early advisor of the Brewster Publications, publishing *Motion Picture Magazine* and *The Motion Picture Classic*.

With J. Stuart Blackton as its editorial head THE DIRECTOR is definitely launched on a program of activity which has as its purpose the creation of a better understanding between those who make and those who see motion pictures. In the furtherance of that purpose its columns shall be devoted to the discussion of interesting phases of motion picture production activity—phases which are of concern both to those within the industry and those who are entertained by the products of the industry—and to the frank discussion by readers and contributors of features of screen production which are of interest to both.

In a sense THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR is blazing a new trail, and asks the constructive aid of its readers both within the field of motion picture production and exhibition and without. No publication belongs to itself but to those whom it serves.

IN no way may the purpose of the magazine be more effectually accomplished than by serving as a medium for the interchange of ideas between those who make motion pictures and those who see. Published in the heart of the film center of the world, by men who are actively engaged in the production of screen entertainment, for those engaged in motion picture activity as well as for those who constitute the theatre-going public of this country, we believe that THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR is peculiarly suited to that purpose.

But, while we who are a part of the industry are in a position to present to you who see pictures subjects pertaining to the production side of that industry, your ideas can only be expressed by you. It is vital to the future of motion pictures that, as outlined by Commodore Blackton in this issue, we receive from you expressions of your likes and dislikes. Write us frankly and freely about the pictures you see. Tell us what you have liked and what you have not liked. Tell us, and through us, the motion picture industry of which we are a part, the kind of pictures you would like to see. Help us to make THE DIRECTOR a meeting place for the frank discussion of ideas. And tell us too about the magazine. By so doing you will aid us in making *your* publication of greater interest and value to you. Tell us what departments you would like to see introduced, what new features developed and how you like the departments and features in the current issues. But above all else write us frankly about the pictures you see and the pictures you would like to see.

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MOTION PICTURE
The Director

In the Director's Chair

Taxation Without Representation

IT is exceedingly doubtful whether the average American realizes how completely motion pictures have become an integral part of the daily life of the nation and it would be interesting to know what would happen if, without warning, there should suddenly be issued a ukase against the theatre, banning motion pictures and kindred entertainment in every city, village and hamlet in the country.

Fortunately we are not living in Russia where such things are not only possible, but where such a ukase was actually issued and, for a time at least, all theatrical entertainment of any sort was completely forbidden. And yet it is typical of the American public that only by some such dictatorial assumption of authority or mandatory prohibition of what has been conceived as constituting an item of personal priviledge are the one hundred and ten millions who constitute the American people to be galvanized into action.

The "movies" have become accepted so universally that the average American either accepts complacently and as a matter of course the screen entertainment that is offered him, or else rants and raves and threatens to withdraw his patronage when the production doesn't suit. Has it ever occurred to him that *he* has a part to play, that upon him devolves some measure of responsibility for the sort of entertainment he receives?

And yet one of the most vital questions confronting the motion picture industry today is "What sort of pictures does the public want?"

The whole future of motion pictures depends to a marked degree upon arriving with some degree of accuracy at an answer to that question.

At present practically the only source of guidance that the industry has to the type of pictures desired comes from the exhibitor and the distributor. If a picture doesn't bring the returns that the exhibitor or distributor expects, whether it is the fault of the picture, of the advertising or attributable to economic conditions existing at the time, that production is thoroughly "panned" and the producer turns desperately toward the development of sure-fire box office angles that will insure box office success for his productions. And he cannot wholly be blamed for that attitude; for the production of motion pictures is a business venture with him. He puts in dollars that more dollars may come out. Every picture produced is a gamble, who can blame him if he seeks to modify the gamble by injecting a sure-thing element?

The director, on the other hand, the man who actually makes the picture, is concerned primarily with making a production that will be a credit to his artistry, that will please his patrons and thereby, because he has created satisfied customers for his product, insure for the producer adequate return for the investment made. To the director the question of what the public wants is of paramount importance. He sincerely and earnestly desires to know what kind of pictures will please that he may bend every effort toward shaping and fashioning his work to that end.

Because of the power and the magnitude of the industry, and its importance in the every day life of the nation—it is vital to the future development of the industry that the men who are directly responsible for the making of pictures should know *from the public* just what kind of entertainment that public really wants.

Since the signing of the Magna Charta the voice of the people has guided the affairs of English-speaking countries. Independence of the thirteen colonies was established on the premise of government of the people, by the people, and for the people. The War of the American Revolution was predicated on the principle that "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

Have the American people now foisted upon themselves "taxation" at the box office without representation in the Film Capital of the Nation?

THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR has been dedicated to creating a closer understanding between those who make and those who see motion pictures. We believe that the purpose of this magazine can be achieved with no greater effectiveness than by

serving as a medium for the presentation of the likes and dislikes of the theatre-going public to the industry of which this publication is a part. Through its columns those who see may find expression to those who make, and, by stating frankly what kind of pictures they really want, thus secure in the Film Capital of the Motion World that representation which is their inalienable right.

Write to The Director your views on current productions. Tell us and through us the motion picture industry as a whole, what you have liked and why, and what you have *not* liked and *why*. Just one letter from one individual won't achieve the result but many letters will. It is the purpose of The Director to make it possible for the lay public, the men and women who are the support of motion pictures, to have a voice in the guidance of the industry. Will you take advantage of that opportunity? Will you write us freely and frankly telling us just what you think? Will you work with us toward the end of developing the one hundred percent entertainment that is the goal of the industry?

For instance, we have learned one fundamental truth concerning the likes and dislikes of the American people—their preference for the happy ending. With this as a starting point every director, every producer and every author versed in the technique of the screen endeavors to shape the screen story logically and naturally to that *finis*. And we believe that we have learned *why* the American people like the happy ending. Having learned *why* we are then in a position intelligently to create entertainment features which, in that respect, at least, we know are sure to find favor with the public. Because we do know *why* we know just how far we can deviate from this fundamental law of motion pictures and still produce pleasing entertainment.

But there are other elements which go into the building of screen entertainment and it is about these other factors that we urge you to write The Director, giving frank expression to your views on current screen production. Tell us frankly just what you like and what you don't like, remembering that The Director is published by *those who make* for *those who see* motion pictures and that in writing to The Director you are actually writing to the motion picture industry of which it is a part, that your letters will be seen and read by the men who are making pictures and who are vitally concerned with learning *from you* your likes and dislikes.

The Director offers you an opportunity to free yourself from the burden of "taxation without representation" by registering your vote for the type of screen productions you wish, not at the box office, but directly to your representatives in the Film Capital.

Plagiarism

THE publicity given the decision rendered by Judge Samuel H. Sibley of the United States Court in Atlanta, Ga., in the case of Mrs. Mattie Thomas Thompson against Cecil B. DeMille, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and Jeanie Macpherson, charging plagiarism in the production of the DeMille feature, *The Ten Commandments*, together with the method of reasoning whereby Judge Sibley reached his decision that Mrs. Thompson had failed to establish her case, should do much toward correcting what has long been a serious problem in the production world.

Plagiarism has been a constantly growing bugaboo which has increased in magnitude in direct proportion to the increase in the popularity of the screen and the growth of the industry. There has been a growing tendency on the part of producers to close their doors entirely to the original screen story created by outside writers solely because of this fact, and to turn their attention more and more exclusively to the adaptation of published books or successful stage plays to which screen rights may be purchased with reasonable security. The recently announced stand of the Cecil DeMille studio on this subject, in which it was announced that in the future all unsolicited manuscripts submitted would be returned to the sender unopened, is a significant illustration.

Conscious and deliberate plagiarism on the part of motion picture producers—entirely aside from the moral and ethical issues involved—is so obviously the worst kind of business that one is constrained to wonder why there should ever have arisen the accusation of story piracy. No producer who has any hope of success in the motion picture field would dare for one moment deliberately to steal a story idea in whole or in part from any manuscript submitted to him. He simply couldn't afford to do so. And yet comparatively few of the big productions of recent years which have been based on historic fact or on the development of a purely fictional plot written directly for the screen have escaped without charges of plagiarism.

The distressing part of it is the fact that in so many instances it would seem that the plaintiffs have been entirely sincere in their accusations and have really believed that their stories or ideas have been deliberately stolen. Yet it has been amply demonstrated in the field of mechanical invention that it is entirely possible for two minds in remotely separated regions of the country to develop almost the same identical idea under circumstances which utterly preclude the possibility of theft. Similarly in developing plots for screen plays it has been demonstrated in numerous instances that while one fundamental idea underlying an original scenario submitted to a studio may be the same as that upon which a finished production has been built, the picture itself was in production or even actually completed and ready for release *before* the manuscript containing that idea had been received.

Judge Sibley's decision in which Miss Macpherson is accredited as the author of the scenario of *The Ten Commandments* and which acquits Cecil de Mille and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from any accusation of conscious plagiarism, emphasizes a point that is of particular interest. In reviewing the evidence presented by Mrs. Thompson he points out that the notes and the completed script of the story she claims to have written bear such a striking resemblance to the continuity of the finished production as to afford foundation for the deduction that they could only have been written *after* the picture had been completely edited and prepared for release.

He points out that such close similarity between Mrs. Thompson's script and the finished production would imply that her story could only have been influenced by either the picture or by advance information concerning the structural plot of the story as finally cut and edited. This brings forth another phase of the situation which may afford some basis for the belief that, in some instances at least, plaintiffs in cases charging plagiarism on

the part of the producer have themselves been guilty of unconscious plagiarism. Granting sincerity on the part of those who believe themselves to have been sinned against it is but fair to assume that the power of suggestion has influenced them in unconsciously adapting another's idea as their own, a situation which has confronted many writers.

Judge Sibley's decision as quoted in the Los Angeles *Examiner* of October 14, is so pertinent to the consideration of this whole subject that it is reprinted here:

"It sufficiently appears that prior to 1919 the plaintiff, Mrs. Mattie Thomas Thompson, produced a scenario based on the Ten Commandments.

"It is shown also that in 1920 the defendant, through Cecil B. De Mille, its officer and director, and Miss Jeanne MacPherson, an employee, produced a motion picture called 'The Ten Commandments' and having a similar structure and plot. Use or knowledge of the work of the plaintiff is wholly denied by Mr. De Mille and Miss MacPherson and their associates.

"Mrs. Thompson now produced in her own handwriting certain notes and a short synopsis of her play, a copy of which she claims to have sent defendant in 1919. The similarity is such as to compel the belief that these cannot be independent productions but were taken one from the other.

"The most plausible theory for the defendants is that the plaintiff, seeing the announcement of the forthcoming picture in the fall of 1923, conceived the idea that her work had been stolen, got a copy of a newspaper article describing the picture, or of the elaborate program put out later containing most of the article, and others more fully setting forth the plot and action, and becoming confirmed in the belief that the picture was taken from her scenarios, completely identified them in her mind, and thereupon she sat down from memory her synopsis under the influence of what she had read from the program, practically reproducing it.

"I find grave troubles about adopting either theory. It is preposterous that Mrs. Thompson should have fabricated the case entirely, and hardly less so that she should have made these papers since the issue arose with the fraudulent purpose of palming them off as of an earlier date.

"On the other hand, it appears that Mr. De Mille was paying generously for his materials. More than a million dollars was expended in making the picture. Such an investment would not have been placed on a stolen foundation, hardly disguised, with the certainty of a reckoning in court on presenting the picture.

"The manuscripts of Miss MacPherson, moreover, show painful development, with almost numberless changes, additions and substitutions by Mr. De Mille, refuting the idea of the adoption of a perfected model.

"The similarity of verbiage is not, however, so much to what is in the photoplay the work of Mr. De Mille and Miss MacPherson, or in the synopsis prepared from the latter by Mr. Kiesling, but to the program, itself a reproduction of a newspaper article.

While I should be loath to conclude that Mrs. Thompson has undertaken to perpetrate a fraud on the defendant and on the court, she has not convinced me that the defendant has done the like. Having the burden of proof on this issue, I must hold that she has failed to carry it and so loses her contention."

Unit Production

RESPONSIBILITY without proportionate authority weakens the functioning of any organization and lessens by the ratio between those two elements the surety of success.

This fundamental law which applies to all forms of industrial and commercial activity loses none of its effectiveness when applied to the production of motion pictures. No great achievement is possible unless authority as well as responsibility for its accomplishment is vested in the man upon whom that burden is placed.

It is a recognized fact that ocean liners cannot be successfully navigated by the officers of a steamship company—there must be a captain and a well-trained crew for each ship. And once the ship leaves the dock the captain, by the unwritten law of the sea, is in supreme command.

A motion picture production cannot be directed by a group of people sitting "in conference." A successful and artistic picture must be the result of the creative thought and work of its director.

An orchestra can play tunes without a leader, but it would be sorry music. A Richard Hageman, a Sir Henry Wood, or an Alfred Hertz is necessary to produce real music.

A successful publishing company finances, prints, manages and sells books, but if the officers, business manager, circulation manager, advertising manager and head printer were to pull apart and reconstruct the writings of their famous authors, the result would not make very successful literature—and yet this is what is happening every day in the making of motion pictures.

Just as surely as the fact that the reading public would turn in disgust from the mangled and maltreated remains of an author's work, if treated as above, so surely will the theatre-going public turn aside from the factory made, routine developed, mediocre picture. Such a product cannot earn its cost. The successful motion picture of the future, artistically and financially, will be that in which the real creative artist is allowed to express his individuality, unfettered and unhindered, in the same manner as his brother workers in the kindred arts of music, painting and literature.

Upon the director falls the responsibility for the completed product. Give him the authority that should accompany that responsibility.

War Pictures

IN the pendulumistic swing of popular favor war pictures again seem riding to the ascendency, and the reception by the theatre-going public of such productions as *The Dark Angel* and *The Big Parade* is being watched with genuine interest. Whether the time is ripe now for a revival of vivid recollections of all that the World War meant to the American that stayed home and the American that went overseas is a matter of conjecture. Advance showings of *The Dark Angel* and *The Big Parade* have brought from overseas veterans keen expression of interest. But what of those to whom the war brought nothing but misery, grief and pain? Are the scars left upon them by the war sufficiently healed that they can view impersonally the harrowing details which are essential to war pictures which are truly pictures of the war?

It is particularly interesting to note that in both these productions realism has reached a much higher point than has been attained hithertofore. This is particularly true of *The Big Parade* by unanimous verdict of those who have witnessed the advance showings of this production. We have had war pictures touching on fragmentary issues and isolated instances, or with the reconstructive period which has followed the war, but here are vivid, realistic productions which depict the great conflict as it actually was, that convey as have few screen achievements of recent year the spirit of the war.

What will be the verdict of the theatre-going public? Does the public want pictures of the war as it actually was? The experiment at least should prove interesting for drama is the foundation of the cinema and drama without conflict cannot exist. War presents one of the greatest elements of conflict the world knows.

WOMEN'S

KNOX

HATS *and* COATS

ROSSITER

220-222 W. 7th St.

(After January 1st at 645 S. Flower St.)

Photo by Witzel

Chappell Dossett is among the newer recruits to the American screen whose work gives much promise, and who comes to this country after eight years of European experience, a large part of which was spent as production manager for the London Film Company. When the *Ben Hur* company went abroad, Chappell Dossett joined the cast to play the role of Drusus. When Fred Niblo brought *Ben Hur* back to Hollywood, Dossett continued in the cast. Upon completing his role as Drusus his next appearance has been with William Neill in the Fox production of *The Cowboy Prince*. Dossett has distinctive screen personality and looks like a comer on the American silver sheet.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Tyrone Power is another of the ever-growing number of veteran stage actors permanently to ally themselves on the side of the silent drama. After six months of free lancing in Hollywood, Tyrone Powers considers himself definitely a part of the motion picture colony and finds in the cinema a variety of roles that afford opportunities for interpretive work seldom found on the stage.

Bert Woodruff while long since having passed out of the juvenile class, is nevertheless popularly known as the "G.A.R. Juvenile of the Screen," an appellation which is readily understandable by those who have witnessed his characterizations of this rapidly diminishing group of Civil War veterans. Woodruff is one of those veterans of the profession who may always be depended upon for human characterizations of difficult roles.

Kate Price through a series of remarkably human portrayals has created for herself a reputation as the screen's foremost character actress. In all her work there is that element of genuineness, of human understanding, that adds a vital touch of realism to any production in which she appears. Like others who have risen to the top of her profession, she is a graduate of the old Vitagraph school. As a daughter of old Erin, she is particularly at home in humorous and semi-humorous roles calling for Irish characterizations.

Photo by Freulich

Allan Forrest is one of those dependable players who can always be counted upon for effective work as a featured lead. Because of this very dependability and the recognized following he has won, he is much in demand as a free lance. For instance, having completed his work as male lead for Harry Beaumont's production of *Rose of the World,* he was called to the M-G-M studios in Jackie Coogan's picture, *Old Clothes,* and is now playing male lead opposite Barbara de la Mott, in Robert Vignola's production of *Fifth Avenue,* now filming at Metropolitan studio for Belasco.

Photo by Hartsook

Claire McDowell

and her actor husband

Charles Hill Mailes

constitute one of the oldest teams in the acting profession. Both are "graduates" from the speaking stage as well as from the old Biograph Company and have appeared together in many roles in stage and screen. Their most recent production in which both have appeared has been *Ben Hur*. Claire McDowell appears as the mother in *The Big Parade* and has been cast in a similar role in Hobart Henley's forthcoming production for M-G-M, *Free Lips*, in which Norma Shearer plays the feminine lead opposite Lew Cody.

Directing Harold Lloyd

By Sam Taylor

STYLES in entertainment change as rapidly and as radically as any dress mode, a fact that has been amply demonstrated in every branch of entertainment: magazine fiction, novels, stage plays and especially, motion pictures. In no field of entertainment activity, however, has this been more strongly indicated than in the realm of comedy production.

During the past few years has been evidenced a steady trend toward what we were wont to call in former days, "subtle comedy"—the comedy that builds its humor on a dramatic foundation, the comedy that is treated seriously and with infinite attention to structural details, the comedy that is actually built just as a contractor rears a limit height building rather than one which is just thrown together.

Early exponents of this type of comedy were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and a decade ago the "know-it-alls" were loud in their affirmations that the subtle comedy of the Drews would never go over. But they put it over and were becoming thoroughly established as leaders in this particular type of comedy when Sidney Drew's death intervened.

Until Harold Lloyd stepped into the breach with the new distinct type of dramatic comedy which has placed him today in the front rank of box-office attractions, the trend toward dramatic comedy stagnated and received but little impetus. Such developments as were made in this direction were limited to the field of comedy dramas, rollicking dramatic stories with a strong undercurrent of humor—productions of the type that the late Wallace Reid did so effectively.

Lloyd's steady rise to the top has not only brought him the success which he so richly deserved, but has also amply demonstrated the fundamental truth of the premise upon which all of his pictures have been predicated: the treatment of comedy with the same seriousness as that accorded to dramatic productions, and the infusion of a strong vein of drama into comedy features of the story.

There is a vast difference between comedy-drama and dramatic comedy of the Lloyd type. The first is fundamentally dramatic, as its name implies. Whatever comedy it has, is injected to provide relief between intensely dramatic sequences and to give the audience a rest from emotional strain.

A dramatic comedy is, naturally, basically aimed to produce laughter. The drama which is infused into it, is placed there not alone to rest the audience's risibilities—which is important enough from a physiological point of view—but also to knit together the comedy sequences in the network of a fundamentally dramatic story. Thus alone can we tell a logically-motivated comedy story and it is this practice which has made the Lloyd pictures what they are today and which is bringing about a revolution in all comedy producing.

Motion pictures have found their most genuine expression in comedies rather than in dramas and, in the double race toward the goal of perfection, comedy has far outstripped any other type of picture. I can say this without being accused of prejudice or bias, since it is only a reiteration of what the sincerest students of the screen have already said.

In the first place, the fundamental technique of motion pictures is pantomime and even a surface study reveals the supremacy of the comedians in the pantomimic field. And with the supremacy of this type of actor, there has been a corresponding improvement in story-telling and in the direction of comedies far beyond the heights reached in dramatic productions! True pictures should, of course, be told in action rather than in words, and the possibilities for such narration through pictures are far greater in the comedy field.

COMEDIES have gone ahead through recognizing the artistic and intellectual development of motion picture audiences far more than the dramatic films have done. The screen public has not only improved in its ability to "read film;" it has

also developed real artistic ideals—an improvement in mass taste which has never before been even approached in the development of any other art-expression within a similar period of time. The screen public has graduated from the kindergarten stage of Sunday-supplement, alleged humor. The custard pie industry is now restricting itself to the manufacture of edible dainties rather than comic missiles and even bathing beauties must be able to act a little in addition to the sculptural charm of their lower limbs! Some slapstick has, of course, survived and we shall always have it, but to a more and more limited extent.

Harold Lloyd's drawing power is due not only to his own charming personality, but also because his pictures have shown a realization of the changed desires of motion picture audiences. The Lloyd comedies have gags, of course; but always the gag furthers the story. In fact, only those incidents which fulfill this requirement, as well as being intrinsically funny, can stay in the picture. And underneath the whole structure is a foundation of legitimate plot and character development as consistent as in any of the so-called dramatic films.

In fact, our practise in preparing the scenarios for Lloyd's pictures, during the period before actual shooting, reveals this truism. Our first task is to write a dramatic foundation structure, that we divide the scenario into "factions," or integral sequences, and then proceed to the insertion of gags into them. First we "gag up" the initial faction and then while I am directing Harold in this sequence, the gag men in the office are preparing the incidents and treatment for the second faction. Always, of course, under Lloyd's guidance and my own supervision—and so on, until we have shot the several factions which compose the story.

THE FRESHMAN illustrates, perhaps better than any other Lloyd picture outside of *Girl Shy*, our method of injecting drama into comedy. Interspersed in this rollicking story of collegiate life are several incidents of poignant pathos and real romance. There is a really beautiful sweetness in the first meeting of Harold and Jobyna on the train and a wistfulness in the scene where her maternal instinct leads her to rescue him from the ordeal of sewing on his buttons.

There is real drama in the building up of the photograph episode, where Harold first puts his own picture below that of the most popular man in college whom he has set up for himself as his ideal. Later, he puts his picture alongside of his hero and, finally, above it. It is not a spirit of boastfulness, but the expression of a youth's realization of a cherished ambition and a universal youngster's trick of bolstering up his own courage by telling himself he is achieving what he has set out to accomplish. And Harold's complete break-down and sobbing in the lap of the girl he loves, when he realizes that he has all along been the student joke rather than the college idol, is to my mind as dramatic an episode as anything I have ever seen on the screen. The incident of the photographs enters again, to symbolize the drama, by the introduction of a flash shot of his empty room —a gust of wind blows Harold's picture off the wall and into the waste basket!

Do you remember the sweet romance in *Girl Shy*, where Harold saves the box which once held the dog biscuit for Jobyna's pet and where she, in turn, keeps the crackerjack container which they enjoyed together? The episode had a comedy twist, it is true; but we all of us felt that the romance of it was just as strong and just as sweet as the trite dramatic form of the boy treasuring his girl's handkerchief or her pressing a flower which her lover had given to her. Then there was the scene in the publisher's office, where Harold brings his treatise on how to make love, with all the seriousness and studiousness of an erudite professor, when he realizes that his book of experiences is but the recounting of a series of episodes in which—to use the vernacular—"he has been kidded to death."

HAROLD LLOYD HANDS SAM TAYLOR HIS FIFTH MEGAPHONE, SYMBOLIZING HIS FIFTH YEAR AS LLOYD'S DIRECTOR.

The use of two of Harold Lloyd's pictures to point out specific instances of general theories is not done, I assure you, in any spirit of boastfulness, but because these very points have been mentioned repeatedly in countless criticisms of these two pictures and because, having worked out the incidents named, they come to my mind as illustrations of the policies we have followed in making all of these pictures.

The chief factor which has made it possible for us to inject drama into comedy has been the great talent of Harold Lloyd and the fact that it is only pictures of this type which can really exploit his versatility as an all-round actor. This fact explains Lloyd's supremacy and, at the same time, his responsibility for changing the entire course of comedy making.

THE improvements in comedy, based on the improvement in audience-desires—and the consequent wish of the audience for more comedy in all pictures —leads, in turn, to an explanation of the practice of introducing comedy into dramas. All of us, who are making pictures of any type, know of the recent coming of the

(Continued on Page 50)

Getting What You Want, When You Want It, Is Given As One of the Reasons

Why Hollywood

By Robert Vignola

The Second of a Series of Articles Discussing the Pros and Cons of Hollywood as the Center of Motion Picture Production

OF the many genuinely adequate reasons why Hollywood is and in all probability will continue to be the logical center of motion picture production, the fact that Hollywood is the one place in the world where there are adequate facilities for making pictures impresses me as being a factor well worthy of consideration.

As a result of the location of the industry in Hollywood and its having become an important factor in the community there has grown up around the industry an amazing array of accessory features which have today become absolutely essential to the efficient and economic production of modern film entertainment.

Not the least important of these is the development of "prop" facilities. In addition to the highly organized property rooms of the various studies there are a number of independent prop houses supplying all sorts of accessories for settings and costuming to which any producing unit may turn.

Where else can such facilities be found? For instance, while making *Fifth Avenue* for Belasco Productions in New York last month, I had a sudden need for a hat, size 7¼, such as might have been worn by a young blood of the fifties. In Hollywood a phone call would have brought me twenty of them in an hour. I could have entrusted their selection to any of half a dozen agencies which exist for that purpose. In New York, it took me three days to get one—and two men spent all of their time searching for it.

The picture industry is built on props and costumes, more or less, and actors. And the good will of the community.

THERE is undoubtedly more genuine colonial furniture in New York than in Hollywood. There are, without question, more pewter mugs and bustles in Florida than in California. Spokane, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco—to mention several other cities that have embryo motion picture studios—may possibly have more Indian head-dresses, more flint-lock muskets, more ox-carts, within their confines than has Los Angeles.

But in Los Angeles the man who wants a flintlock, a bustle or a colonial high-boy, or twenty of each, can get them more quickly and more certainly than can anyone anywhere.

If the prop or the costume he wants is not in the wardrobe or the prop room of the studio where he is making his picture, he can phone the Western Costume Company or the immense rental prop department of the United Studios, or anyone of a score of other agencies and get what he wants in an hour or less.

If he wants a lion, or a two-headed pink snake, or a dancing monkey or a whole menagerie; if he wants a score of bald-headed negroes with white beards, or three red-headed Japanese; if he wants a three-inch cockroach that can't swim or a Kaffir spear—all a director has to do is to consult a directory and phone the right number—or, simpler yet, tell his assistant to get them.

Nearly fifty thousand people are listed on the books of the various casting agencies—and included among them are club-footed giants, bow-legged dwarfs, sword-swallowers, snake-eaters, mothers with children aged anywhere from two days to seventy years, women noted for their beauty and for their ugliness.

I WANTED a boot-jack and a celluloid collar for another of the "Fifth Avenue" scenes in New York. It would have been a matter of a few minutes wait if we had been working in a Hollywood studio. It cost us a day—several thousand dollars. And then the celluloid collar came from Philadelphia. One of the prop men said his father lived there and he always wore them, so, after canvassing more than twenty shops in New York, he wired his father and the collars arrived at noon the next day.

I will leave the discussion of the capital investment in the picture industry in Hollywood for someone better able to deal with it than I, but before leaving this subject I do want to point out that in New York the industry is one of hundreds—and of less importance to the community than the cloak and suit business. But to Hollywood, to Los Angeles, the industry is of paramount (adv.) importance. Barker's or any furniture house, will rent anything in its stock for a picture. The First National Bank, or the corner grocery in Watts, is always willing to allow its quarters or its employees to be used in a scene.

As for me, personally, for the first time in my adult life I have a HOME—and I am going to stay there. I'll go to New York for a few weeks, or to Timbuctoo, but I am going to LIVE in Hollywood for the rest of my life. I dwell on a hilltop, in quiet and peace with the lights of the city below me and those of God above me. In ten minutes I can be at work in the studio, in twenty at the theater. Forsake that for rumble, lights, excitement? I should say not!

Nor will anyone else of importance in the industry that I know!

IN THE PROP ROOMS OF THE STUDIOS ONE MAY FIND ANYTHING FROM A BIRD CAGE TO A FOUR-POSTED BED—ABOVE, FOUR-POSTED BED DESIGNED FOR MARY PICKFORD'S USE IN "LITTLE LORD FAUNTELROY—AT LEFT, ONE CORNER OF THE PROPERTY ROOMS AT THE UNITED STUDIOS.

KFWB

Putting the Movies on the Air

By NORMAN MANNING

RADIO has been frequently decried by theatrical wise-acres as being not only competitive to motion pictures but as even threatening the very existence of the motion picture theatre, but such has not been the experience of Warner Bros., who, as owners and operators of KFWB, the huge broadcasting station which dominates the air in Hollywood, occupy the unique position of being the only motion picture firm of national magnitude functioning in the radio world.

In adopting the radio Warner Bros. have put into operation that age-old principle of converting what seems at first glance to be a destructive force, into an ally contributing its share toward the final results to be achieved. In this somewhat the same principle as that which has actuated the development of radio broadcasting as an adjunct to newspaper publishing has been followed. As an advertising medium the radio presented threatening aspects to the established advertising mediums of the community as represented by the newspapers until a certain domination of the air was acquired by the newspapers themselves.

Similarly in the cinematic world. While the radio might be conceived as possessing features detrimental to theatrical entertainment Warner Bros. have demonstrated through KFWB that it possesses distinctively constructive features which have tended to increase the popularity of the silent drama. For, just as the radio has had the effect of "vocalizing" newspaper advertising, so has KFWB served to create for Warner Bros. screen activities an interest heightened by the addition of an auditory appeal to the already existent optical features of screen attraction.

This has been particularly demonstrated in the matter of creating among screen and radio fans, a more intimate contact with the personalities of the silent drama. In one sense, the radio as utilized by Warner Bros., has supplied the missing link between stage and screen through broadcasting the voices of the stars appearing in the films. That these voices come to fans on the air and are wholly detached from visible expression of the star's personality but adds interest and novelty to the experience. Imagination readily supplies a mental picture of the star whose voice is heard, a picture that is frequently a composite of several of the roles which that star has played on the screen and which have particularly appealed to the auditor.

THUS the radio, in addition to its advertising features, has proved a distinct contribution to the screen interests of Warner Bros. Studio.

And yet, when Warner Bros. decided to install their broadcasting station immediate disaster was predicted and it was pronounced foolish opposition to their pictorial interests. So completely has its value been proven that plans are in consideration for establishing KFWB in the new theatre which Warner Bros. are to erect in the immediate future at Hollywood Boulevard and Wilcox avenue.

Not only that but it is planned further to develope its use in connection with Warner Bros. screen studios and under the supervision of Frank Murphy, electrical engineer for the studio, six motor trucks have been designed and equipped with loud speakers, receiving sets, microphones and telephone attachments. Several of these trucks are now in operation on location and are proving their worth in the direction of Warner Bros. Screen Classics. Particularly have they proved of value in directing mob scenes and in making clearly audible instructions to hundreds of people scattered all over the set.

Other trucks have been sent East where a cross-country tie up it contemplated by which fans from coast to coast will be informed of events in movieland and will be told about current and forthcoming Warner productions.

To this end "Chief" Murphy is now superintending the construction of a large portable broadcasting station which will be a miniature duplicate of KFWB. The power to operate will be supplied by two motor generators. Its call will be 6XBR; its wave length 108 meters.

EVERY evening between ten and eleven a player from the studio stock company, which includes Marie Prevost, Louise Fazenda, Irene Rich, Dorothy Devore, June Marlowe, Patsy Ruth Miller, Dolores and Helene Costello, Alice Calhoun, Myrna Loy, John Barrymore, Monte Blue, Syd Chaplin, Huntly Gordon, Willard Louis, John Roche, John Harron, John Patrick, Kenneth Harlan, Matt Moore, Clive Brook, Gayne Whitman, Charles Conklin, Don Alverado and Charles Farrell, is selected to act as guest announcer. This gives fans who have seen them on the screen many times, an opportunity to hear their voices.

In all respects KFWB is a motion picture broadcasting station. It is not only owned and operated by a producer but it is the aim of Warners to knit a closer contact with their listeners and the industry. Various motion picture stars and directors drop in of an evening and they are immediately pressed into service to say a few words. On Sunday evening at the regular Warner Bros.' hour the station holds an impromptu hour. Stars from all over Hollywood are invited and a regular screen family program is floated through the air. The atmosphere of Hollywood, the center of the motion picture industry, is imbued in the entire program.

The station itself is a 500 watt Western Electric outfit erected and maintained by Frank Murphy, the studio chief engineer.

The 150-foot towers are placed directly in front of the big white studio on Sunset Boulevard, one at each end of it, and all passers-by know that it is the motion picture industry that boasts of Station KFWB.

All radio fans know it and know they can hear their favorite star any evening between the hours of ten and eleven, but with mighty good programs every night from six to 12 p. m. "Don't go 'way, folks, it's KFWB."

Many of Warner's directors have also been heard on the station, among them William Beaudine, Charles "Chuck" Reisner, J. Stuart Blackton, and Erle Kenton.

New York Shows Disgust Star

"And they censor motion pictures!"

That was Evelyn Brent's pertinent comment on the New York shows when she arrived home in Hollywood Sunday after several weeks vacation in Gotham.

"I saw and heard things in reputable New York theatres which would bar any newspaper from the mails if reproduced in print," she declared. "I saw women prancing about the stage, making an exhibition of their nakedness, without a thread to cover them.

"I didn't sneak up an alley to see the sights of the slums. I didn't seek out nasty shows. I loathe nastiness. I have lived my life in New York and London and Paris and think I am broad minded. But I was disgusted with what I saw in the shows that are most talked of in New York. The music was good, the scenery and the costumes were splendid works of art. The spectacles had been conceived by masters.

"A nude woman may be pretty. But a naked one is disgusting. And the show girls in the Follies type of performance were naked. When they wore anything at all it was just to accentuate their nakedness.

"And they censor motion pictures in New York!"

As general manager of KFWB, the only motion picture broadcasting studio, Norman Manning is creating for Warner Brothers stars increased popularity through "personal appearances" on the air.

Custom *versus* Costume

By Bertram A. Holiday

BOTH CUSTOMS AND COSTUMES IN "THE MERRY WIDOW" ARE INTRIGUING.

WHILE everyone with whom I have talked seems thoroughly satisfied that the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of *Ben Hur* is destined to prove the biggest cinematic sensation since *Quo Vadis* and *The Birth of a Nation,* its actual reception by the theatre-going public is likely to prove exceedingly interesting, and to the best of my knowledge no sure-fire method of predetermining what the reaction of that public to any production is likely to be has yet been evolved.

However there is every reason to believe that *Ben Hur* will measure up to all expectations and possibly even more. Certainly it ought to if the amount of time, effort and money involved mean anything, not to mention the fact that it has taken two sets of directors, scenarists and principals.

I doubt if there ever has been a production possessing greater box office angles, as those angles are commonly interpreted. It has a marvelous story as its foundation plus a play which ran successfully for more than a score of years, all of which means a wealth of ready-made publicity and exploitation.

While these are of value and play a part the importance of which hardly can be questioned, there is one other factor that appeals to me as being of equal importance, dove-tailing with the others to certain extent, yet of importance even without them. I refer to the psychological appeal in the story of *Ben Hur.*

It is this appeal which discounts in advance the fact that *Ben Hur* is and must of necessity be a costume play and costume plays are things which the American producer has learned to leave severely alone and which the American exhibitor has learned to his cost too frequently fail to bring results at the box office.

The American public shies instinctively from the costume play. Ordinarily it doesn't appeal to them, and if there is one thing that the American producer strives to do, it is to give the theatre-going public what the producer believes that public wants.

All of which bears more or less directly on the opening paragraph of a letter I received recently from Budapest, Hungary, in which the writer, one Anthony Ehler says,

"I am the author of a film scenario. I am one who has sent in a scenario to several producers and whose scenario has been returned with regrets, saying that although

Splendidly acted as is their portrayal of the customs of the period, there is an inevitable staginess about this scene between Novarro and Bushman in the M-G-M production of "Ben Hur."

the story is an interesting one *they* are not interested at the present in costume stories and that the public is tired of them. Will you look into this business for me?"

I have looked into "this business' for him, and, as expressed in the foregoing have found that the market for costume stories, as such, simply doesn't exist; that there must be some powerful motivation back of such a story, some theme with world-wide appeal, before a period play will even be considered.

I am not advancing this as a new discovery by any means. It is a matter of common knowledge, at least in the producing world. Costume pictures don't seem to pay out.

And yet there are so many people outside of immediate contact with motion picture activity who consider that the screen is peculiarly adapted to the depiction of stories of this type. All of which is essentially true, up to a certain point. The screen *is* ideally suited to the depiction of the romance of bye-gone ages and through its illusive qualities that romance may be made to live again.

And there is the rub.

IT is one thing to be held spell-bound by the graphic art of the novelist, to be swayed by the charm of his description and by the brilliance of his style and diction. One's imagination keeping pace with the imagination of the author readily evolves from the word pictures on the printed page, mental pictures which visualize the characters, the settings and the action of the story.

Such a story as Herr Ehler submits with his letter, a story to which he has given the title *Oberon* and which he states is founded on the folk-tale of Wieland, if told with all the skill of a great novelist would grip the imagination of the reader and would hold it in breathless interest to the very end. And from the word pictures woven by the author into the warp and woof of his story the reader's imagination evolves mental pictures in which the characters of the story come to life and move amid the settings so graphically described.

But here is the interesting feature. Every reader creates his own mental picture, a picture inspired and dictated by something that has gone before,—by the capacity of his mind to reconstruct. Sometimes these pictures are sharply etched, sometimes, and I believe this to be more frequently the case, they are nebulous and sketchy, bare outlines which, while entirely sufficient to make the story seem real to the reader, would vanish as a puff of smoke were the reader to attempt to put down on paper the picture he sees in his mind. The details just aren't there.

But while they last these pictures seem real. For instance, how often have you read a book which particularly appealed to you and a year or so later have picked up that book and in thumbing through the illustrations have searched in vain for some particular illustration you were positive was there. Why that picture was so clearly etched in your memory that you could have sworn that it had actually appeared in black and white in the pages of the book. And yet when you look for it, it isn't there, and you come to the realization that it has only been a figment of your own imagination! Undoubtedly we have all had such experiences.

All of which is parentheteic to the thought that we read a fascinating story of the dim remote ages and thoroughly enjoy it, we recreate in our mind's eye the characters and settings of the story, but when it comes to actually reconstructing characters, scenes and action of such a story illusion disappears and reality enters. And cold reality too often brings disillusionment.

This to my mind is one of the dominant factors mitigating against the so-called costume play of any period. While the same story told with the art of the novelist is fascinating in the extreme and we find delicious enjoyment in reading the flights of fancy of Sir Rider Haggard, Edgar Rice Burroughs and H. G. Wells, when it come to translating that story to the screen illusion is lost and the reality which invests the depicting of the story on the screen is so utterly different from preconceived ideas that we are generally disappointed.

There must be something deeper, some greater appeal to the interest of the spectator to offset the unreality that characterizes such productions. There must be some emotional appeal to which he makes instinctive response. *Ben Hur* presents such an appeal.

This phase of the situation has been interestingly summed up in the suggestion offered by a New York advertising man who took a flyer in motion picture advertising and then returned to his beloved New York and the more prosaic exploitation of the necessities of life, by referring to screen entertainment as being "predigested." The product of imagination, screen stories leave so little to the imagination when translated to the screen, that they in truth do become predigested.

SHORTLY after receiving Herr Ehler's manuscript and its accompanying letter I was talking with a printer who has devoted his life to the study and application of expressing thoughts in terms of type faces. With the enthusiasm of an artist for his art he entered into an animated discussion of the merits and interpretive values of various type faces.

"Type is the vehicle for thought," he said, "Make your printed page easy to read. Set your message in the type face with which your readers are most familiar and they will read it quickly and easily. Set is in unfamiliar type and easy reading is retarded through the necessity for 'translating' the type and puzzling out familiar words in unfamiliar dress."

Give the public what it is *in the habit of seeing.*

In that paraphrase of the old printer's comment it seems to me is summed up the psychology of motion picture production, and is expressed at least one reason why the costume picture as such has so universally proved disappointing at the box office.

Presenting a story of the Middle Ages on the screen with all its attendant qualities of unfamiliar costumes and unfamiliar settings is to my mind very much like setting a familiar nursery rhyme in old German type. The unfamiliarity of the type of itself would "stop" the average reader. The fact that the rhyme is expressed in English, that the spelling of the words is just the same as one is accustomed to see, is entirely offset by the unfamiliarity of the "costume" worn by the familiar characters. It isn't real.

Such a production, for instance as *Romola,* in which, despite the splendid work done by Lillian and Dorothy Gish, the careful characterizations and the infinite attention to detail, the unfamiliarity of characters, costumes and background destroyed the element of reality and mitigated against the box office success of that production to a marked degree.

On the other hand, indicative of "the exception that proves the rule" *Ben Hur* possesses all the attributes which enter into a successful box office picture and the mere fact that the story is laid in its entirety some 2000 years ago will in this instance have very little effect on the final result.

And while this may sound paradoxial, I believe it may be easily explained. Despite the period in which it is laid, despite the fact that it is essentially a costume picture, *Ben Hur* possesses an appeal to the American public—to the world public in fact,—that transcends any inhibition against costume pictures. *Ben Hur* is real, not only because of its long success on the American stage, not only because of the tremendous popularity of General Lew Wallace's book on which that play was based, but because in *Ben Hur* are symbolized religious history and religious teachings which are familiar to the entire Christian world. As such there is to *Ben Hur* as there was to *Quo Vadis* an intensity of appeal that is entirely apart from other factors which so universally enter into the equation.

GOING back into "ancient history" for a bit, some thirteen years ago George Kleine brought over *Quo Vadis* an Italian-made feature production—the first super feature to be exhibited in this country—and startled the cinematic world with the tremendous success that picture made as a box office attraction.

Quo Vadis was an instanteous success throughout the country, partly because it was a novelty—a mammoth, spectacular production of unheard of pretentiousness for the films—but largely because it visualized a story with which the whole world was familiar and because it visualized a period of world and religious history known to every man an woman.

WHILE IN THE WARNER BROTHERS PRODUCTION OF "THE CAVE MAN" MATT MOORE PACKS A REALISTIC PUNCH THAT IS MOST CONVINCING AND WHICH IS THOROUGHLY UNDERSTOOD BY THE PRESENT GENERATION.

Between *Quo Vadis* and *Ben Hur* there is a distinct parallel, and what *Quo Vadis* was in its day *Ben Hur* is very likely to become today. And yet it is interesting to note that every effort to revive *Quo Vadis* has been disastrous.

Going back to that *Quo Vadis* period, an interesting illustration of the point established is found in the fact that following the success of that production other productions of similar nature were imported and in every instance proved a complete flop.

With all the power of Bulwer Lytton's literary classic back of it, with all the spectacular elements that such a subject afforded, *The Last Days of Pompeii* proved a box office failure. Similarly *Julius Ceasar, Spartacus at Rome* and *Anthony and Cleopatara* failed utterly to measure up to the standards of box office success established by *Quo Vadis.*

Marvelous as each production was, spectacular to a high degree splendidly done, each founded on a famous story or an episode in the history of the world with which all students are familiar, these productions lacked that seemingly intangible quality that made *Quo Vadis* a mighty success. The story each told, while fascinating in the extreme, true to the period in which it was laid, lacked that vital element of direct individual interest which characterized *Quo Vadis* and which is to be expected in *Ben Hur.*

Still turning back the leaves of memory I am impressed by the fact that in nearly every instance plays in which period settings have been involved, or even where the entire action has been laid in foreign settings with costumes peculiar to those settings, have proved unsatisfactory as box-office attractions.

I have already referred to *Romola* as one instance. There have been a great many others. There have been, too, many instances where stories have been laid in foreign settings with foreign costuming predominate, but leavened by the introduction of "home-folk" in familiar garb. For instance there was *Graustark* as played by Bushman and Bayne and the more recent Talmadge version. The costume element found relief in the fact that the interest of the spectator was focused on an American hero.

The current production of *The Merry Widow* is another case in point. Not only is there the relief afforded by the presence of the troupe of American players, but there is a subtle touch of World War influence and modernism in military accoutrement, contrasting with the old world costumes. The result is an extremely colorful production in which there is sufficient realism as interpreted by the American audience to balance the unfamiliar settings and create an atmosphere of charm and interest for the whole. Add to that the

(Continued on Page 50)

Does the Public Want

New Stories

An Interview with ALBERT LEVINO---*by Jimmie Starr*

HAS a new idea any sex appeal? That is not quite the status of our story, yet it is a good opening if nothing more.

Just why one should pick upon such a busy personage as Albert Shelby LeVino, I don't know, but according to this, I did.

And believe me he was the right guy. He more than hit the nail on the head—he socked it. If there was ever one who brought up the villainous heat of the lower regions into an agrument, which is all ready white hot with the various versions of pin-headed producers, then—well Battling LeVino is ready for all comers.

Tune in and listen to some high-powered broadcasting of truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Word has been gaily circulating around our fair Cinema City that the latest wail (it is that) of the many production heads of the motion picture industry is the lack of "new" stories.

"Perhaps," says scenarist Albert, "they are in a conspiracy to keep artistic producers—if any—and high-minded studio executives—if any again—from obtaining new stories."

Which isn't such a bad crack, come to think of it.

Just at present about ninety per cent of the studios are asking for new stories. Maybe this is ignorance—because there isn't a new story under the sun that is commercially sound.

"A short time ago," breaks in LeVino again, "my very good friend—and at that time employer—Harry Rapf, blurted out that the industry really needed 'not new faces, but new brains', which included only writers and directors.

" 'Well, Harry', I asked him, 'don't you think you might also include some new brains as production heads?' "

Harry Rapf chuckled good-naturedly, which was most natural for a man in that position, and he nodded his head in LeVino's favor of suggestion.

Many of these so-called "wise ones" of the movies seemingly have lost their knack of guessing just what the public wants. That is easy to analyze.

"It's the same old story, over and over again," yells Le Vino at the top of his voice. "A love story—with that much bedamned happy ending."

Those who don't agree can stop here. This is fair warning—if you go farther, you are apt to get yourself into a hot and heavy argument. Watch your step!

"WHAT all competent directors and writers know—at least we hope they know that," says LeVino, "but what some producers and critics seemingly do not know—is that the Anglo-Saxon amusement-supporting public wants, or ever has wanted, is the same story over and over again."

Perhaps it is the fact that we all are producing the same story which will awaken in the public a desire for something else. But nothing in the literary or dramatic scope of the English speaking countries justified such an assumption.

By now you are probably doubting that we are telling the same old story on the screen and always have been telling it. Let us permit LeVino again to have the floor:

"The first thing we do is create a girl or woman character and present her so that the audience will like her. Then we construct her boy or man counterpart and present him so that the audience will like him. Now we bring the heroine and the hero together—and make them like each other. Simple, isn't it?

"Here comes the dirty work. Even a scenario writer is a villain at heart and with a pen. Just at the moment when said heroine and hero would like to kiss and start to live happily ever after in spite of the whole cock-eyed world (apologies to Ben Turpin), the weaver of the yarn steps boldly forth and slaps in the conflict element. Still simple, isn't it?

"This new move separates the happy pair both mentally and physically. From then on it is a battle—a mighty one for the writer—to keep the heroic characters from getting together again in peace, amity and Hollywood. Here is the catch: The very instant the conflict element is defeated, the adult audience reaches for its collective hat and grab the children by the arm. There is only one thing to do—shove in 'The End' title and call it a day."

NOW that LeVino has succeeded in making himself and ideas clear, let us chatter on with other stuff.

Sometimes the old formula—and it is that—is varied, seemingly by presenting the heroine and hero as a married couple. This method, some times, according to the scenario writer's ability, may enhance the conflict element. Probably a deeper, more sincere thought is carried out.

The age-old gag is used and maintained so as to part the husband and wife—and keep them apart until time for the fade out.

It all narrows down to this: The only variation in the presentation of the formula lies in the treatment. There have been countless ways and means contrived by the most subtle minds of the world, which, after all, seems to be the only thing we are seeking.

We are not after new stories, but forever seeking and endeavoring to discover some newer method of presenting the old idea, which is my idea of being truly original. To be a successful film writer you have to be fitted and able to "top" the newest gag, and ye gods, there is a new one born every minute.

Once again LeVino hops up and takes the floor:

"I have a beautiful, large-type copy of the *Gesta Romanorum,* the book from which William Shakespeare is said to have secured seventeen of his thirty-four (or is it thirty-five?) plots. I have read the book often and most diligently, but I can not get even one plot from those old monks' tales that will pass any studio executive. Which is only another proof, and quite an unnecessary one, that Bill Shakespeare was and still is, a better craftsman than I am."

In speaking of the *Gesta Romanorum* in which are the seventeen plays, one finds that Shakespeare was really guilty of an awful lapse. He was often praised for seventeen *different* plots, but there is another catch. Those seventeen stories, which include all the plays ending happily, are absolutely identical in plot formula—just as all our really successful screen stories. are.

King Vidor

The Man on the Cover

The Story of
A Little Parade
When the Camera
Jammed and a
Big Parade
When It Didn't.

Photo by Waxman

SOME men achieve success, fame and distinction when Fate places Golden Opportunity in their path and when, with the instincts of a football player, they pick it up and race down the field to the goal.

Some men achieve success solely through their grim, dogged persistency and their indomitable resolve to accomplish the purpose for which they set out.

Such a man is King Vidor, whose portrait appears on the cover and whose most recent film triumph, *The Big Parade,* is already on the tongue of the professional world. King Vidor has "arrived" because he has never for one moment forgotten the objective which he set as his goal, because he has allowed no opportunity pass that might further his purpose and because when no opportunity presented he went out and made one.

When the films and King Vidor were both young there was born within him an ambition to become a dominant figure in the motion picture world. It is doubtful whether at that time he concretely visualized himself as a director. Probably he did not. But in him is the creative instinct—the instinct which is the heritage of every boy but which in so many instances becomes atrophied with adolescence and manhood and is completely subjugated by the responsibilities of life and the burden of making a living. Combine in one individual creativeness, persistency and ambition, and Destiny will read the result in terms of success.

When King Vidor is asked about his early career in the movies he becomes retrospective and a twinkle comes into his eye as he tells of that day not so many years ago when, as a boy in Houston, Texas, he wagered $5, and offered to sell his bicycle if necessary to meet the wager, on the mechanics of motion pictures. It is a story that he delights in telling and in that incident he believes he received his first genuine inspiration to make the movies his life-work.

The films were still comparatively new in those days and the story opens with

two youngsters standing on the sidewalk in front of a small theatre, blinking in the bright Texas sunlight and discussing the motion picture paraphrase of "what makes the wheels go 'round."

"The pictures sure moved," said one of the boys, "but I bet that they were justed painted on."

"No, I think that they were photographed with some kind of a camer," replied the other.

"What's your 'bet'?"

"I'll bet you $5, even if I have to sell my bicycle to pay you," King Vidor returned, "but I won't have to because I know I am right."

The boys carried their dispute before the mayor of the town and it was explained to them that moving pictures were indeed photographed by a kind of a camera. After that nothing mattered to King Vidor but this fascinating business of moving pictures. He had to know more about them.

The obvious place to turn was to the theatre where they were shown and he succeeded in getting a job at the Excelsior theatre in Houston, his first job in the movies. He took in tickets and acted as usher and because he worked faithfully and persistently for ten hours a day, he was paid the munificent salary of $2.50 every week.

At that time a feature picture was a whole two reels in length and King Vidor has the pleasure of seeing it twenty-four times a day. The feature picture that marked his entrance into the film world as doorman and usher at the Excelsior theatre was called *Ben Hur* and he thought it was a pretty good show. But after he had watched the brick tumble down from the wall a number of times he decided that it might have been better, and gradually there was born in him the ambition to make a better picture.

Now, that ambition to write a better story or make a better picture has started many a man in whom is the creative instinct upon the road that leads to success.

Fired with this new ambition he started in to learn all that he could learn. He had the operator—they were called operators and not projectionists in those days—explain to him all the intricacies of the projection machine. While his patrons gropingly found seats for themselves in the dark, King Vidor diligently studied the technique of the silent drama, counting the number of scenes and analyzing the *modus operandi*.

Then he began to write scenarios and when he had fifteen or twenty good ones he sent them away to various moving picture organizations. They must have been good ones, for they never came back. In fact he never heard of them again.

Came a day when there was to be a parade of soldiers in the town and an advertisement appeared in the paper asking for someone to make moving pictures of the parade for a news reel. He promptly got the job, and then remembered that he didn't have a camera.

But that was soon solved. There was a movie camera in the town owned by a chauffeur with whom he promptly entered into business arrangements, agreeing to split the profits, if any.

Things were moving smoothly until the chauffeur learned that he had to drive in the parade and if the picture were to be taken King Vidor would have to turn the crank himself. This was something different again, but here is where the persistency of the man becomes evident. Like most heroes of fact or fiction he was not to be daunted and he practiced that night operating the camera without film. The next morning, at least three hours before the parade was to start, he was stationed on the roof of the Odd Fellows Hall with his camera trained on the street down which the soldiers were to march.

At last the procession came into sight. The drum major in all his glory whirled his baton just in the range of the lens and King Vidor began to crank. There was a crumpling sound inside the mysterious box. The handle jammed. The boy ran frantically with his camera into a dark corridor and with excited fingers straightened out the buckled film. But when he rushed back to the roof, the parade had passed.

Thus ended the first episode, but like many episodes it proved but the beginning of another. He and the chauffeur organized a company. Vidor wrote the story, played the leading role and, with the help of different colored beards, played other characters as well.

A trip to New York followed and his introduction to that mysterious procedure termed Distribution.

After New York, Texas lost its appeal as a moving picture locale. Besides Hollywood was then becoming the center of the film wold. And so to Hollywood he came.

For a few years he did a little bit of everything: acting, writing, assisting as director and building sets. Every little while he insisted that he could direct pictures and finally was given an opportunity to make a kid comedy. It was a good one and he made nine more. But comedies didn't satisfy his ambition. He wanted to create something more real, something more tangible, something more lasting. And so he quit making comedies.

But getting a chance to direct a real feature presented many difficulties and a few weeks later he was sitting on the extra bench of a casting office. Tiring of the interminable waiting his imagination sought something to occupy itself with, he began evolving in his mind the plot of a feature production. It was then that he conceived the big idea, and sitting on the extra bench he worked out the detailed plot of *The*

(Continued on Page 64)

"MEN in squads, in platoons, in regiments . . . toiling through the sticky mud . . . falling out by the roadside to bandage blistered feet, or to buy food from sad faced villagers, only again to take up the interminable drive to the front. And with the men the guns, big guns, medium-sized guns, little guns . . . guns in column and guns in convoy . . . guns behind prespiring horses and snorting tractors . . . their muzzles lurching, dipping, careening through the gray fog like wave-tossed dories on a stormy sea . . . shiny guns, rusty guns; dripping guns, guns stuck in the mud and surrounded by swearing, sweating men, tugging, pulling, straining in that laborious, ominous purposeful crowding on and on in *The Big Parade* to the front.

For the first time a director has caught and transplanted to celluloid, both the immensity of the World War and the underlying spirit of the American Expeditionary Force. In the foregoing lines one overseas veteran tells of his impressions of THE BIG PARADE. On the opposite page Robert M. Finch, a man who was there, tells his impressions of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production in which King Vidor has created the supreme achievement of a brilliant directorial career. In his first attempt at motion pictures, King Vidor's camera jammed when shooting a small-town parade, but when THE BIG PARADE came along the camera didn't jam and King Vidor has given to the world what is considered as the truest picture of the World War that has been filmed.

An Overseas Veteran's Impressions Of

Tom O'Brien, John Gilbert and Karl Dane, as the "three musketeers" in "The Big Parade"

THE Big Parade

By Robert M. Finch

C'EST LA GUERRE.

Despite the idiomatic significance which attaches to that phrase so commonly on the tongue of the Frenchman during the World War, its broad interpretation sums up so completely my impressions of *The Big Parade* that I sat back in my seat during an advance showing of this really worth-while production of war-time France with but the one thought:

It *is* the war!

In every sense of the word, *"It is the war!"*—a realistic, vivid portrayal of war-time France and the A.E.F. that brings back a flood of memories and revives as has no other screen production that I have seen anywhere those days of the "big push."

The Big Parade to me is not just a war picture. It is in all reality, *a picture of the world war.*

Never have I seen the *spirit* of those war days caught and translated to either printed page or silver sheet with such fidelity, such accuracy of detail, such reminiscent touches of those little things that remain so vividly in the mind of every overseas veteran. Surely author, director and cast *must* have been there. It doesn't seem possible that realism could have been obtained otherwise!

The Big Parade is to me a dynamic, vital, gripping presentation of the war itself—of the Great Experience. For the first time anywhere it brings the cataclysm of the age to the inner consciousness of all who view it, in all its awful majesty, its ruthless dominance of everything and the pitiful insignificance of the human atom engulfed in its tremendous eruption.

There have been numerous war pictures and war stories in which isolated fragments have been vividly reproduced, but in most of these the vital element of realism seemed to be lacking. The soldiers depicted on the screen seemed more like automatons—mere puppets in the hands of the director—than like men who had been there, who

(Continued on Page 28)

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Renee Adoree As Melisande, the vivacious, adorable "Mimi" of war-time France, Renee Adoree has, in *The Big Parade,* an exceptional opportunity to give to the screen the best work of her screen career, an opportunity that she has fully lived up to. She certainly knows her France and in *The Big Parade* she has done herself and King Vidor proud. As the true-hearted, bubbling "Madelon" of the villages, she astonishes with her impetuousness and enthralls with her charming presentation of that sublime faith that gives all and asks, Oh! so little in return.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

John Gilbert Of the many roles in which he has captivated the hearts of the theatre-going public, John Gilbert's portrayal of Jim Apperson in King Vidor's production, *The Big Parade,* is undoubtedly his best. Dumped from the mansions of the avenues into the dirt and the grime of war-time France, many a scion of the aristocracy discovered himself in the inferno of The Front where Death stalked ever near. Typifying the flower of American manhood who went into the war through circumstances, his delineation of the boy who learned to forget himself and become a real soldier in that ghastly hell of No Man's Land will not soon be forgotten.

FROM THE ALLEYS AND BARROOMS THEY CAME AND WERE CAUGHT IN THE SWIRL OF "THE BIG PARADE." TOM O'BRIEN PORTRAYS A DIFFICULT ROLE AS ONE OF THE "THREE MUSKETEERS" IN AN ADMIRABLE WAY. EVERY OVERSEAS VETERAN KNEW HIS COUNTERPART IN FRANCE. IN "THE BIG PARADE" O'BRIEN APPEARS AS AN EAST SIDE BARTENDER DRAFTED INTO THE WAR. HIS INSTINCTS OF SELF-PRESERVATION MADE HIM A CORPORAL. HIS NATURAL ARROGANCE OVERCAME HIS DISCRETION AND HE WAS REDUCED TO A PRIVATE.

had plodded weary hours through drizzling rain and sticky mud, who had smelled a shrapnel burst and had had their ears deafened by the pounding of the big guns at the front.

But in *The Big Parade* are found not only the individual touches which are still fresh in the memories of overseas veterans, but underlying the whole picture is that dominant note which was so evident all through the American doughboy's experiences "Over there,"—the ceaseless interminable push to the front; the endless stream of olive-drab figures forging on and on and on in The Big Parade.

It required no conscious flight of imagination to transport me back to those days in Belgium and the Argonne. Even while my attention was riveted on the screen, in imagination's eye was the picture that every veteran of the A.E.F. will have——a picture of overcast clouds and drizzling rain and through the rain a seemingly endless stream of men and guns.

And over it all the subdued, insistent, sullen rumble of the artillery in that vague distance to the front, like the bass notes of some colossal organ or the vibrant, dominating pulsing tom-tom of African war drums. Day by day growing ever louder, more insistent, more compelling as the weary columns struggled on. At night more weird as across the distant horizon flickered a fitful glare in accompaniment to the eternal reverberation.

What overseas man can ever forget it?

FRANKLY, I confess that, having been an infinitesimal atom in the mighty ensemble of war machinery that Marshal Foch poured north to crush the Hun, it was with some skepticism that I dropped into a seat at Grauman's Egyptian to witness an advance showing of *The Big Parade*.

Somewhat indifferently I followed the trend of the early sequences. Before me on the silver sheet flashed the usual prelude . . . The Boy crowded into the war . . . The Girl he left behind him. The Rookie cantonment—it all had been done before and I set myself to see "just another war picture."

Came a long shot down a sloping hill with shielding poplars lining the macadam road, a road that glistened and shone in the drizzling rain, while down the road rocked seemingly endless columns of marching troops.

Indifference fell from me like an impatiently discarded mantle.

This was France itself—the road from Dombasle to Rendezvous du Chasse over which The Big Parade swept in 1917.

Memories flooded over me and I was back in France. As the long shot faded into a close-up of weary, set faces plodding on and on in The Big Parade it was the faces of my war-time buddies that I saw on the screen.

The scene changed. A typical French village flashed before me and I laughed aloud in delicious reminiscence as the men fell out around a manure pile. I could smell the musty straw in the loft and the burned grease from the *pomme de terre frie*. I pictured Laurence Stallings the author, among the men of that platoon. He surely must been there!

Then the "Three Musketeers!" What platoon in the A.E.F. did not have them! The arrogant corporal, the Swede iron-moulder and the pampered scion of wealth—all engulfed in the maelstrom of The Big Parade—buddies by chance, not by choice. In the soldier's retrospect, irresistibly real and funny now—not so funny then!

Expectantly I waited for the introduction of the "Madelon," the laughing, self-confident madamoiselle of all France, without whom no picture of the war would be complete. Wistfully, I found myself hoping that she would be real.

Then I saw her, standing in the gate. The little smiling "Mimi" of the cross-roads village whom every soldier in France knew. The same semi-sophisticated boldness, the same little mannerisms.

Renee Adoree, as Melisande, is as Frenchy as her name and one needs no exercise of imagination to fit her into both role and atmosphere. She just belongs. She is real. Back went my recollection to Erize la Petite, or was it at Montigny du Rue that I knew her counterpart?

Now John Gilbert, as Jim Apperson, steps out of the The Big Parade and registers as an individual. He meets Melisande and gets busy with his French dictionary. I venture that this clever bit of pantomime will be as refreshingly reminiscent to every veteran who sees *The Big Parade* as it was to me.

Then the scene where Melisande introduces her soldier-wooer to her family and friends . . . The stilted welcome . . . The adulation of the French for their heroes as they read their letters from the front . . . Their fervid and dramatic patriotism. It is all there and will bring back memories to many through its adroit realism.

The arrival of the mail . . . Slim's disappointment at not receiving a letter, a quickened bit of artistry . . . The corporal kicks the wrong man and loses his stripes . . . Slim gets the promotion. As you see it depicted on the screen, so it was done in France, as I am sure every overseas veteran will agree.

MOVING UP!
The confusion of assembly and entrainment is admirably portrayed . . . The lover's parting, an impassioned scene so typical of the French who realized the ominous possibilities of the last march in The Big Parade from which so many dear to them had failed to return.

The front at last.

The clumsy deployment when for the first time they faced the Great Unknown, half-dazed by the appalling cannonade of the covering barrage . . . Their *baptisme de feu,* as the French so naively phrased it . . . The awkward stilted advance with lagging feet. . . . The crushing clutch on the rifle stocks . . . Bayonets fixed . . . The seeming indifference to companions as the air rains steel. No flights of imagination are necessary to sense that the man who engineered these scenes had been there himself.

Artillery laying down the barrage . . . The dancing 75's with their perspiring crews . . . The 155 howitzers and rifles splashing the mud as they buck back on their trails in recoil . . . One could almost hear the metallic ring of the contracting tubes and smell the acrid back flare from the muzzles.

The sputtering of the German machine guns . . . Even sensed through the eye alone one seems to hear subsconsciously their vibratory rat-tat-tat as they belch their deadly streams of lead.

Hand grenades, and the Heinies surrendering before the grenades are heaved . . . With eyes transfixed before them, the men in the first wave stumbling on, bayonets at the ready, seemingly oblivious to the upraised arms of the surrendering Germans. To my mind this is one of the really great hits of the picture in its conception. Only the seasoned veteran would realize that prisoners are to be taken by the second wave and the moppers up.

NO man's land, with its eerie lights . . . The "Three Musketeers" in a shell hole . . . Jim's rebellion at the awfulness of it . . . Bull's dazed attitude . . . Jim's crude indifference to the situation. A remarkable portrayal of the manner in which different men stood up under fire.

Then the call to go to the front . . Slim's clever ruse to gain the opportunity . . . Jim's high strung spirit and his hysterical anxiety to find his buddy. Here enters what was to me one of the most vividly realistic episodes of the picture.

Jim has the last German, desperately wounded, completely at his mercy. Goaded to uncontrollable fury by the fate of Slim out there in the dark, Jim sees red. Here is the enemy delivered into his hands. Slim is out there, wounded, perhaps dead. Somebody must pay. He raises his arm to strike but is arrested by the agony in the Hun's face. Sanity comes back to him and, softened by pity, he finds himself handing his enemy his last cigaret. A picture not soon forgotten.

THEY WERE ALL AMERICANS UNDER THE SKIN. AS THE BIG CLUMSY SWEDE IRON MOLDER, KARL DANE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF THE LAUGHS IN "THE BIG PARADE." PHLEGMATIC, SLOW THINKING, EXHILARATINGLY FUNNY, SLIM, THE CORPORAL WHO WENT TO HIS DEATH WITH A FRESH CUD OF TOBACCO IN HIS CHEEK, IS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST CHARACTERIZATIONS ON THE SCREEN.

I once saw a corporal under very similar circumstances, mortally wounded and frenzied with pain, seize a rifle and bayonet a defenseless German prisoner, only to throw himself on the ground weeping hysterically with genuine grief when he realized what an awful thing he had done.

It is such poignant, vivid episodes as this, realistically done, presenting at the same time the actual horrors of way and its truly human side, that register so compelling on the consciousness of the overseas soldier who sees *The Big Parade.*

Never before has the intense drama of life and death in the Great Experience been so powerfully reproduced in its intimate, human quality. Never before have the humorous aspects and ironical absurdities in the routine life of soldier on foreign soil been presented with such delicious drollery. Never before has the consuming ardor of patriotism in the French that makes the chanting of "The Marsellaise" a religion with them been so superbly exemplified.

So much for the picture as an epic of the Great Conflict.

I frankly believe that no overseas soldier can view *The Big Parade* without being carried back to those drab days in France and without being thrilled as I was thrilled by its masterful portrayal of The Great Experience. I am confident that it stands the inspection of its severest critics—the men whose fortitude it extolls.

Of course some of the scenes depicted are ugly and unrefined in spots. The World War was no afternoon *soiree.* If it all were pretty to look at it would not be war.

To me *The Big Parade* is a dynamic,

(Continued on Page 59)

The Night Bride Part V

By Frederic Chapin

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

WHEN Cynthia Stockton, motoring home from the country club, observed that the Ogre's castle, which had been long vacant, was tenanted, her curiosity was aroused.

She soon learned that young Stanley Warrington, Jr., owner of the Warrington fleet of steamships, had purchased the place. Stanley hated anything that pertained to the sea and was—according to his friends, a bug on writing. He also had suffered from a disastrous love affair and with his man Biggles, a gruff old one-legged ex sea captain who had been given charge of Stanley since he was a boy—the young man went into retirement, refusing to meet his neighbors and treating everyone with scant courtesy.

This piqued Cynthia who was used to adulation and admiration from the male members of the exclusive colony in which she lived. Her friendly advances repulsed, she became angry and accepted Addison Walsh, a wealthy banker, much older than she, who had become her father's creditor for huge sums advanced the Stockton factories.

Mrs. Stockton—whose lavish expenditures had made her a social leader—sponsored this match and was delighted when the ring was finally placed on Cynthia's finger.

Meanwhile, Stanley bought the local newspaper as an outlet for his penchant for writing—and started in to expose Walsh's nefarious financial schemes which made the two men bitter enemies.

But through it all, the call of youth kept this young woman hater in Cynthia's mind, although she had given him up as a bad job and hated him. She slyly sent him an invitation to her birthday fete given at night on the Stockton lawn on a lavish scale—and caught the young man hovering in the shadows, looking on. It thrilled her, for his presence proved the potency of her charms and she knew she had secretly penetrated his armor of sex hatred.

Then came a disagreeable clash between Walsh and Stanley—once, over his dog which had nearly caused an accident to the Walsh car—and again, over his open articles of condemnation in his newspaper. These two meetings had been in Stanley's favor and convinced Cynthia that she was affianced to an elderly, choleric man with a mean tongue and a vile disposition.

To add to her discomfort—she knew Stanley condemned her with every look for what seemed to all appearances the sale of herself to the banker to save the Stockton fortune.

Now go on with the story.

Fifth Installment

THE Poodle Dog Inn was a notorious place. Nestling in a curve just off the highway about twelve miles out of town, this ancient tavern had been converted by one Louis Henri—once *maitre d'hotel* of a well-known hostelry—into a modern roadhouse.

The quality of Louis' food was worth the prices charged. The average respectable man shunned the Poodle Dog for sundry reasons. But young men of wealth, and married men whose wives were away, found the service and seclusion to their liking.

Out of nowhere, Louis managed to conjure famous brands of liquors and wines of rare vintage.

Those whom he knew, he trusted and served. Louis knew Addison Walsh by virtue of his past patronage, and a large room upstairs was already prepared for that worthy gentleman's bachelor dinner. It was to be his parting shot at the high life—a last embrace, as it were—of the Goddess of Frolic, before entering the sedate portals of marital life.

For the past year, Walsh had shunned the primrose path. But the urge of reckless abandon in his salacious soul, called for one last fling—a rip-snorting revel—one more of the good old times when jazz-crazed men and women could whoop 'er up into a Bacchanalian orgy.

Walsh, immaculate in evening dress, was the first to arrive. He surveyed the appointments of the table with satisfaction. Casting his gastronomical eye down the menu, he admitted it to show promise of being a feast fit for Epicurus himself.

The dapper little Frenchman stood by awaiting the verdict.

"Excellent, Louis," said Walsh approvingly.

Louis bowed stiffly, his body bending like a hinge.

"You're sure there is no danger of anyone disturbing us?" Walsh asked.

"Non—non—Monsieur," Louis assured him. "Ze doors are locked, ze shuttaires are closed, ze lights are out and ze place, she belong to you."

The portly host pulled out an expensive perfecto, Louis supplied the light and hurried away to turn the bottles in the coolers; while Walsh drew in the fragrant smoke and rocked back and forth on his patent leathers in complete accord with the world.

His guests had been chosen with care. No outsiders would ever know what transpired there that night.

But a benign Providence works in mysterious ways.

It so happened—that very day, the advance agent of a girl show . . . one of those cheap musical melanges, that depends upon the scanty attire of its chorus for its drawing power, dropped into the office of the *Daily Eagle*. They were due to play in Sterling the following night.

Bill Dobbins, alone in the office at the time, attended to his wants. The agent, always glad when his onerous duties were over, rolled one of his own and leaned back in his chair. Casually he picked up a copy of the paper and the bond article caught his eye.

"Say!" he exclaimed, with more than passing interest. "This Walsh feller must be some pun'kins around these diggings, ain't he?"

"About as important as a pumpkin—or a squash," replied Bill.

"He must have a bankroll."

"He sure has."

"He's the guy that bought our show for tonight."

"Bought it?" Bill repeated, pricking up his ears.

"That's what I said—bought it—for one performance. We were due to give a show in Milo tonight, when this bird blows in and writes a check for the amount of the receipts."

Bill pondered.

"Wonder what little Addy did that for," he said musingly.

The agent smiled knowingly and hitched his chair up closer.

"Keep this under your hat," he whispered confidentially. "There's going to be a wild party tonight—at the Poodle Dog—Walsh's bachelor dinner. His last leap into the realm of wine, woman and jazz. The song stuff is out. Our twelve beautiful queens of burlesque are going to be there—that's why he had to pay for the whole show. And after the sixth cocktail, it takes six to get them started if they don't cut loose and rip the chandeliers off the walls, then I ain't never seen them in action."

Bill surveyed the speaker akin to affection. A holy joy flooded his soul. He wanted to rise up and ease himself in one unearthly whoop. Instead, he reached into his desk for a box, and skidded it over towards the agent.

"Have a cigar," he said nonchalantly. "Take a couple—a fist full. They're good, we smoke 'em ourselves."

The surprised man took his quota and soon left the office. Bill grabbed up the 'phone and conversed with Stanley. His "Uh huh,"—"You bet"—"Sure thing"—and "Leave it to me", seemed to punctuate certain terse commands from the other end of the wire.

That was why Bill Dobbins was seen to park his motor cycle near the Poodle Dog at exactly nine thirty that same night.

Several limousines were lined up in the carriage shed while the chauffeurs, by the aid of a flash light, indulged in a game of crap.

The faint sound of a phonograph, mingling with the shrill laughter of feminine voices, floated from the darkened tavern, and Bill knew the jamboree was on.

It was no trick to shin up a post to the upper balcony, where a tell-tale light through a slit between the lowered curtain and the frame of the window, gave promise of a glimpse inside.

Bill parked himself comfortably, glued his eyes to the window, and found himself the happy owner of a ringside seat for the show.

The party had reached the stage of a lewd and licentious riot. The twelve queens of grease-paint were making the most of their sudden plunge into an unlimited supply of pre-war hootch. Walsh, maudlin and drooling in his drunken joy, chased the scantilly attired coryphees hither and yon.

The tipsy period had passed, all were just plain drunk. Then a game started where the loser forfeited some portion of their wearing apparel.

"Looks like something is going to come off" muttered Bill, glancing at his wrist watch. He would have to hustle to get the story ready for the morning paper. however, he had seen enough.

He had a tale that would melt the type.

Stanley was waiting for him in the office. Bill proceeded to give him a lucid account of the dinner party.

When the young man had finished, Warrington, Jr., wheeled around, thought a minute and started his yarn with a string of alliterations, that would have brought joy to the heart of a circus press agent.

As he paused to light his pipe, Bill glanced over his shoulder and read the headlines.

"Where will you have the remains sent?" he asked.

Stanley gave a grunt, punched viciously at the machine, gathering speed as he swung into his stride—and the tale was in the telling.

THE morning paper flopped on the doorsteps of its subscribers at the usual hour.

Delia, as was her custom, swung open the portals of the Walsh mansion, scooped up the rolled paper and went into the house.

But this was her liege's wedding day. That worthy gentleman lay at the moment buried in a mound of bed clothes, snoring like a huge sea cow. It would be hours before he awakened. There would be no customary reading of the morning paper at the breakfast table. A crumpled newspaper at such a time was a drug on the market.

It flopped into the waste basket.

At the usual hour, the Stockton butler stepped out to the terrace, inhaled a breath of morning air, picked up the morning paper and departed into the house.

But this was Miss Cynthia's wedding day. Already, the house was astir; and thus it was that the paper found its way to the hall table, an unwanted thing of ugly pot. There it lay throughout the day, unopened and unread.

The residents of Sterling however, were running on their regular schedule. By nine o'clock the story was being mouthed as a delicious morsel of scandal, for Stanley had painted a picture with a carmine brush.

Minerva was up early. Her husband. a humored invalid slept late to conserve his strength for the ceremony. Cynthia, after a sleepless night, had finally succumbed to the blessings of a profound slumber. Throughout the long hours the terrors of her coming marriage to Walsh had lashed her brain with stinging thoughts of rebellion.

In the grip of her dreams, she had seen herself as one besieged. On one side, her mother, garbed as a battle-crying Brunnehilde, hurled javelins at her, anathematizing her with cries of, "Ungrateful child,"—"see what you have done,"—"look at your poor father,"—"he is ruined, and we are disgraced."

From the opposite side, Walsh, in his rage, tore big chunks out of the Stockton factories and threw them at her in fiendish glee.

Turning in blind fear to escape her tormentors, she saw her father confronting her as if in condemnation. He seemed to falter and then fall lifeless to the ground. She wanted to go to him, but she found herself running—running as one possessed in the other direction. The road lay open before her. In the distance, she could see the gates of the Ogre's castle opening, as if to offer sanctuary. She stumbled on, passed through the gates, heard them clang shut, and dropped breathlessly to her knees. The young Ogre came to her, lifted her up gently, and carried her away.

In Stanley Warrington's arms, she had fallen asleep.

"A Welsh rabbit nightmare," would have been Bill Dobbin's comment.

Photo by Moss

CANYON PALMS

THE wedding was to take place at eight o'clock that evening. Any girl could be married in a drawing room at four in the afternoon, but Minerva was forever striving for something new.

On the broad, green sward of the Stockton estate, an altar banked with roses, was receiving its finishing touches by a florist of discernment. A hundred or more chairs were being unfolded and set up. From a hidden group of palms and shrubbery, an orchestra would thunder out the measured tread of Mendelsohn's melody. In another bower, a caterer was unpacking his viands, silverware and dishes.

Many lanterns of variegated hues were being strung to invisible wires, while Minerva, the creator and builder of this fairyland, scurried about, giving an order here, or a suggestion there.

The wedding gown in all its finery lay in state in Cynthia's boudoir. A wardrobe trunk, one of the many pres-

sent—with a gold plate bearing the engraved name of Mrs. Addison Walsh, awaited its assortment of finery for the honeymoon.

In the office of the *Daily Eagle,* Bill Dobbins was busily engaged in cleaning and oiling an old horse pistol.

"What's the big idea?" asked his father, as he peeled off his coat for the day's work.

"Just mobilizing."

"Who for—Walsh?"

"Yep."

"You're crazy."

"Sure, crazy like a fox."

"He wouldn't dare get rough," said Cal, snorting out his work.

"Nevertheless," observed the cautious one. "When he reads our little sketch, he's going to bounce right through his roof and land in here. He may come empty-handed—and he may not."

Cal chuckled. It smacked of the days when men went gunning for the editor.

"By the way," inquired Cal. "Where is ye editor of ye paper?"

"Gone dove shooting."

"Think he's afraid to show up?"

"Not on your life," replied Bill loyally. "He isn't afraid of anything—unless it's a girl."

Cal gazed out the window in retrospection.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small," he mused.

"Which leads us to——?" queried Bill.

"I was just wondering what Cynthia will do when she reads that," said Cal, tapping the article with his finger.

The younger Dobbin indulged in a grin of satisfaction.

"She'll just naturally pick up a monkey wrench, and throw it in Addy's machinery."

"There'll be the devil to pay if she does," Cal predicted. "He'll just teetotally beggar them."

"Sure," acquiesced his worthy son. "But out of the ruins, Cynthia will rise—beautiful—and resourceful. Gosh," he added, viewing himself in a pocket mirror. "Being married to Cynthia wouldn't be hard to take."

Cal gazed at his boy with paternal pride.

"Never mind, kid," he said in a gentle tone. "Some day, some girl is going to fall hard for those freckles of yours.

"Yeah," admitted Bill doubtfully. "The fall will be hard—on her. Now—if I only looked like good old Stan—Say! "he said, jumping to his feet, "That's how it ought to be. Wouldn't they make a pair to draw to?"

"It isn't in the cards," said Cal laconically.

"Ever drink deep of those eyes of hers?"

"No—and neither has he."

"Well—maybe he hasn't drunk deep—but I'll bet he's taken a little sip." With that bright remark, he turned to the cleaning of his gun.

IT lacked ten minutes of eight. In just about fifteen minutes, Cynthia would be Mrs. Addison Walsh. That accomplished—and Minerva secretly admitted it to be an accomplishment—the future of the Stocktons would be firmly planted on a solid foundation.

The guests were being ushered to their seats. The orchestra was tuning up, while the bridesmaids chattered and preened themselves in the library, like a bevy of magpies.

The bridegroom had not arrived as yet, but that perfumed Lothario was already on the way. Seated in his closed car, he removed his silk hat, and mopped the moisture from his brow with a handkerchief as big as a lunch cloth.

Outwardly he appeared to be calm, but inwardly he was literally stewing. Delia had to practically blast him out of bed. He had, what is termed—a beautiful hangover. But, by the aid of a barber, a cold shower and a good jolt of whiskey, topped off with a peppermint lozenger on the tongue, he felt able to go through with it.

Thoughts of the beautiful girl who would soon be nestling in his arms, buoyed him up.

It was his crowning hour—the ultimate achievement of his career. "Cynthia—his priceless princess of love—"

Walsh was plunging joyously into a sea of gush.

Cal and Bill had waited all day for the explosion. As the hour of the wedding drew near, they had to scurry around at the last minute to get their dress suits out of camphor, have them pressed and find suitable linen.

Standing on the Stockton lawn, absorbing the beauties of the scene, they marveled. Not a peep out of Walsh, nor a protest from Mrs. Stockton. Everything was proceeding merrily, despite the story of the bachelor dinner.

"Wonder if anybody reads our paper," muttered Bill.

"Looks as if they didn't" said Cal.

"What's got into everybody?" asked Bill. "Is it possible the king can do no wrong?"

Cal had no answer for him.

A town car glided up to the house. The bridegroom alighted somewhat gingerly, it seemed to them. Then he hurried into the house, and was shown immediately into the music room. He came in, shut and locked the door, and sank into a chair. His best man turned in relief from his nervous pacing of the floor. Addison groaned and held his head in his hands. The friend, who had been a guest at the Poodle Dog the night before, had come prepared. He quickly produced a silver flask, and silently handed it to the stricken man.

He drained it with a series of guzzling gulps, like a man just off the desert would guzzle water.

"Thanks, old chap," he murmured faintly, as he leaned his head on the back of the chair. "It was some party, wasn't it?"

The flask-toter granted it to be a record-breaker, and took a swig of the flask to fortify himself.

MRS. Clotilde Burlingame-Magoun was one of the guests who read her morning paper assiduously. A charming widow, grass and otherwise—was Clotilde. Possessed of a small income, that made it an unpleasant strain to live up to her apparent affluence; stories of her vast estates having been judiciously spread throughout the community, she was usually hard pressed to make both ends meet.

With her beautiful eyes, deep wells of onyx, someone had called them, continually scanning the matrimonial horizon for a man whose rating in Bradstreet's would relieve the situation, she had set her cap for Walsh and nearly landed him.

But that was a year ago, then he had slipped away from her and turned to Cynthia Stockton.

Disappointment turned to rage, and rage to a roaring furnace of revenge. She stood in the Stockton hallway, gazing wistfully at the door of the music room, through which, Walsh had passed not a moment before.

For a year she had nursed a forlorn hope that she might recapture him, but now she realized that all was over. He was lost to her forever.

With a sigh, relative to a groan, she turned to go. Glancing down at the table, the crumpled newspaper caught her eye. Her nimble wits instantly apprised her of its significace there. Could it really be, that no one in the household had read the story? If that were true, and it appeared to be so—then she could understand many things that had puzzled her. She knew Cynthia well enough to realize the effect such a tale would have on her. As for herself, she was willing at all time to take Walsh—as is.

A clever plan inspired her.

Hastily picking up the newspaper, she called the passing butler, who hurried over and bowed profoundly before this ravishing guest.

"Could you tell me?" she inquired in a throaty tone of voice, "Whether anyone here has seen the morning paper? I found it here, rolled up—just as it was delivered this morning, I presume.

The heavy Englishman nodded impressively.

"I think not ma'm," he said, radiating competance. "I placed it there myself. It has been such a busy day——"

"I quite understand," said Clotilde, anticipating him. "I wonder if you would do me a favor? There's an article in this

(Continued on Page 58)

The Playhouse of the Stars

THE Screen Club

At Lake Arrowhead

By Harry D. Wilson

ON a lofty bluff overlooking in one direction Lake Arrowhead and the forest beyond and in another the little Swiss village of Arrowhead nestling at its base, awaiting for its formal opening but the first fall of snow in this mountain retreat where the white mantle of winter affords pleasing contrast to the semi-tropical climate of Southern California's playground, stands the recently completed Screen Club, the first exclusively cinematic institution of its kind.

With that first fall of snow at Arrowhead mighty logs will sizzle and spark and burn in the giant fire place of the trophy room and final plans for the formal opening for which all preliminary preparations have already been made, will be whipped into shape and this new mountain home for the stars and executives of the silent drama colony of Hollywood will be officially and formally dedicated.

Unlike many openings in the theatrical world, last minute hustle and bustle is destined to be utterly lacking, for the Screen Club stands today complete in every detail, beautifully and attractively furnished, with landscaping and gardening and all the attendant decorative details fully carried out, —a treat to the eye and something that the motion picture industry may well be proud to claim as its own.

"There is nothing like it anywhere whether it be in the White Mountains, the Blue Hills, or Switzerland," said Norman Manning, well-known sportsman and in charge of the activities of the new club. "It has been created for the screen stars and studio executives and its organization consists of some of the finest business men in the film colony.

"The club," continued Manning, "will be available all the year 'round and during the winter months, winter sports will be the interesting appeal while in the summer, there is everything on hand for the vacation hunter and for that 'few days rest from the studio' feeling.

"The club is probably one of the most picturesque and interesting place in the land. It is large and spacious, contains some sixty guest chambers, a huge living room, the wonderful trophy room, and in fact, everything that a modern up-to-the-minute gentleman's lodge should boast."

That the film colony is responding to the membership invitation is evinced in those who have been participating in the activities of the club house despite the fact it has not, as yet, been formally opened.

Stars such as Lewis Stone, Anna Q. Nilsson, Dorothy Mackaill, Blanche Sweet, Lew Cody, Henry B. Walthall, Lloyd Hughes, Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Mary Akin, Dolores del Rio, Ben Lyon, Milton Sills, Alice Joyce, Agnes Ayres,

and many more are keenly interested in the club and its future. Directors of the standing of Frank Lloyd, Edwin Carewe, Alfred E. Green, Curt Rehfeld, John Francis Dillon, Irving Cummings, and others are among those participating in the activities of the club.

"That the Screen Club will be a lasting home for the film folks—a retreat high up and away from the busy whirl of the studio life, is assured," continued Manning. "From every quarter, we are receiving requests for membership and questions asked relative to the procedure for joining. It is created exclusively for the Screen people and the executives of the picture industry. It will be one of the show place of Southern California and there is no doubt but that it will be doing a capacity business every week of the year."

"'One of the interesting angles about the Arrowhead Screen Club," said Lewis Stone, one of the most enthusiastic boosters of the institution and himself a property owner of no small means in the Lake Arrowhead region, "is in the fact it is so near Hollywood. The average driver can make it on a non-stop basis in three and a half hours and not be afraid of traffic officers on the highways. The approach is ideal. No rough roads and the incline from the foot of the hills until one stops his motor at the main gate of the resort, is most easy for any automobile of modern type."

A gala opening is being planned. At this opening, stars and directors and officials of filmdom will gather and pay homage to their new mountain home. This event will be with the first fall of snow and plans are now afoot to stage a giant winter carnival in connection with the opening.

There is a toboggan slide of a mile in length, facilities for ice skating, ski sports, and everything that an Eastern winter resort can offer. The opening of the Screen Club of Lake Arrowhead promises to be one of the events of the winter months—something for the film folk to look forward to with no mean anticipation.

Grown-ups *and the* Serial Picture Play

An Interview with William Lord Wright

By Walter M. Leslie

WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT, head of Universal serial department, takes exception to the oft-heard remark that the serial picture play is only for children and that it appeals only to children.

"The serial picture," says Wright, "as regards the more mature movie fans is much the same as the circus. The children are only a means to the end. Parents, uncles, aunts and older brothers and sisters use the children as an excuse to go to the circus. And by the same token, they use the children as an excuse to follow the thrilling episodes of a serial picture. They enjoy it but won't admit it!"

"Many of the big feature pictures are nothing more nor less than glorified serials," continued Wright, "costing more, but with no greater attention paid to detail than is given the serial. Serials are slowly but steadily gaining in public favor. There might have been a slump for a time but this has passed. Universal's belief, not only in the growing popularity of the serial picture, but also in its educative value, is shown by the program it has mapped out. We will make six serials the coming year and perhaps eight.

"More money is now being spent on serials than heretofore, not only as regards cost of production, but also as regards price paid for stories and casts. Historical atmosphere is being sought for more and more, and some of the best writers of the country have contributed their efforts to Universal's coming program. Another thing, serials are being given more comedy relief, which appeals not only to the children but also to the grown-ups. The successful serial must be clean above everything else. In considering stories, that is Universal's first thought. Then it must have novelty and enough of a plot to make it interest sustaining for 10 weeks, and that is what we are getting now.

"The serial is, I think, the most difficult feature of motion picture work. Where it treats of historical matters, it must follow history closely. Writers of serials must know their technique, and directors must display more resourcefulness than in any other brand of pictures. Getting back to the serial and grown-ups, the serial is reaching out and replacing the hold that juvenile literature once had on the children's elders. Many a tired business and professional man has been known to seek relief from his worries through the medium of books that he once read as a child. Now he is seeking that same relief from the serial pictures.

"Take *Perils of the Wild,* one of Universal's recent releases. It is a screen adaptation of the famous Swiss *Family Robinson.* It is reported as drawing as many older persons as it does children. This, I think, is the first serial showing boys working in adventure. Four youngsters have prominent parts in it. Children like to see those of their own age going through adventures on the screen, and the grown-ups get much the same feeling out of it, for it takes them back to the days when they had visualized themselves in these very roles.

"The present day serial can be made of wonderful educational value and that is what Universal is striving for. We are now finishing two such pictures. One is *Strings of Steel,* and the other *The Radio Detective.* The former is a thrilling and romantic story of the invention and development of the telephone. Before we began to make that picture, we secured the co-operation of the Bell system. We were given access to their museum in New York City and from the data secured there and from veterans still in the service, we have produced an historical picture that will be instructive and interesting to all ages.

The Radio Detective is based on Arthur B. Reeve's story of the same name. Everything touching on the radio that appears in this picture was first passed on by radio authorities. Boy Scouts play an important part in it and here, as well as through the radio feature, is something that certainly appeals to others than children. While the serial has been described as a 'children's picture,' it is a safe bet that father and mother, uncle and aunt, and elder brother and sister are glad to be able to see one even though they do hide behind the excuse, 'the children like it.'"

What Bill Hart *Stands for*

By Adam Hull Shirk

WILLIAM S. (Bill) HART has always stood pre-eminently in motion pictures, for clean, wholesome, western drama. The few other types of films in which he has starred were so to speak incidental to his *metier*—i.e.—the portrayal of western types in pictures which deal with either historical or purely imaginative incidents in the developments of the frontiers of our country.

The fact that millions of boys love Bill Hart and adore his pictures is adequate proof, if there were none other, of the clean character of his photodramas. The evil in men has not been held up for aggrandizement, and always the villain has received his just punishment. Bill Hart has always stood, as he does today, for fineness of character, for bravery, honesty, dignity and clean-cut manhood. No milk and water heroes, his—but red blooded men who fought against obstacles, and won by sheer pluck and sturdiness of character and an infallible belief in justice.

His present vehicle, soon to be released by United Artists is "Tumbleweeds" adapted by C. Gardner Sullivan from Hal. G. Evarts novel, and directed by King Baggot. It is an epic of the west, with the central element of the great land rush in '89 for the Cherokee Strip, when it was opened to homesteaders. This was in Kansas and Oklahoma and the scenes and incidents of the period are ably depicted. Barbara Bedford is his leading woman and there is an excellent cast.

This picture cost $300,000. That is a good deal for a western picture some may say, but this is no common western; it is an epic drama with power and strength and romance as well as a great historical background. The land rush alone required the services of thousands of horses and wagons, hundred of people and nineteen cameras to get the shots.

Bill Hart among the tumbleweeds

Bill Hart makes history as he goes along; rather, he perpetuates in celluloid the history of the great west. As few other men do, he knows his west. He has studied it, knows many men whose names are part and parcel of its development. He loves it and he makes his pictures labors of love. Yet he is keen enough in his business judgment to know the requirements of the box office and as a result his films have always been successful. The first one he ever made, and every one made since, is still being shown and in demand. This is a record few stars can point to.

Withal, Bill Hart, with his love of animals and his great interest in the boys of the nation; his studious habits and his quiet, methodical manner, is one of the most modest and considerate of men. His associates swear by him. He is eminently just and fair.

Few men are more often referred to in the writings of famous authors—such as Sherwood Anderson, James Montgomery Flagg, Katherine Fullerton Gerould—all of whom have referred to him in glowing terms, as the true western exponent of drama for the screen, and, moreover, as a man who in real life is all that his screen characterizations imply—a man who is imbued with the spirit of honesty, justice and fairness, big of soul and heart, a man who stands pre-eminently as one of the great bulwarks of the film industry.

Motives and Motifs

By Sid Grauman

WHEN I was a schoolboy in San Francisco, our teacher constantly reiterated a copy book efficiency maxim which, if I remember correctly, was as follows:

"One safe, sure and attainable quality is that of attention. It will grow in the poorest of soil and in its own due time bring forth flowers and fruit."

It made a tremendous impression on me at the time as an efficiency maxim to promote concentration in studies, but it was not until years later that I recognized its application to other things.

To my mind it is the very foundation of the science of the theatrical business as we know it today, whether it be grand opera, drama, vaudeville, the staging of great film productions, or the neighborhood motion picture show.

The producer or exhibitor is in the position of the school teacher seeking to gain and hold the attention of his audience, the general public. He must first of all draw the interest of the great crowd seeking diversion or education, as the case may be.

Experience has shown that the most successful productions are those which attract the attention of all sorts of people, young and old, ingenuous and sophisticated. Plays that are designed for a class, or which harp too much on one chord, or which are understandable only to a small part of the population, usually are short lived. The plays that endure are these for the masses.

The playhouses that most frequently display the 'S.R.O.' sign, you will find are comfortable, conveniently arranged for the public, and courteously conducted. You cannot hold the attention of the audience if the patrons are cold, cramped or crowded, and slights or discourtesies from the house personnel will establish a disagreeable feeling that will distract attention during the whole performance.

Productions that hold the attention of the masses appeal to all the senses. The introductory music by its auditory appeal gets the audience into a receptive mood, and the experienced exhibitor avoids permitting it to be too insistent in volume. I have seen stage performances terribly handicapped by an overzealous orchestra conductor.

The motion picture alone, which reaches the sensibilities of the audience solely through the eyes, will not suffice as complete entertainment. The prologue gives the opportunity to vary the sensory appeal and prepare the audience for the picture production. It should be artistic, to appeal to the sense of refinement. With the stage spectacle you may reach the sense of rhythm through the dance, beauty, grace and poise through the tableaux, and unlimited opportunity is given to appeal to the humorous and dramatic senses of the audience. There are no limitations to the effects that can be achieved by scenic art and costuming.

Sid Grauman's success in making The Egyptian more than just a theatre but a national institution has encouraged him in carrying out his plans for the erection of a colorful Oriental playhouse with a distinctively Chinese motif. The forecourt, entrance to which is shown above, will constitute a lavishly laid out Chinese garden surrounded by forty-foot walls. Ground for the new theatre will be broken early in November.

The picture play prologue that holds the attention of the audience is an introductory entity in itself. Simple vaudeville acts, no matter how striking or novel, unrelated one to the other or to the picture production, distract the attention, and destroy the element of suspense for what is to follow, which is the very object of the prologue.

IN staging the prologue for Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" at the Egyptian theater, a problem was presented which illustrates this point. The setting for the entire prologue was a panoramic spectacle of Chilkoot Pass in the Klondike. I did not want to lower the curtain during the entire prologue to risk diverting the attention of the spectators, if it possibly could be avoided. And yet I had planned

to present a Monte Carlo dancehall scene in the spectacle. In studying the problem from all angles, I was struck with the idea of the manner in which such an effect is usually accomplished in motion pictures, in presenting dream illusions on the screen, 'the lap-dissolve'.

The mechanics presented some difficulties, but the problem was finally solved by cutting the set in two and introducing the halves simultaneously from both sides of the stage, with the players in position on the ground floor and the balcony of the dancehall ready for the play the instant the illusion was complete.

The set was removed the same way it was introduced, with only a slight dimming of the lights, for the final scene of 'Charlie Chaplin's Dream', the panorama of the pass.

The effect accomplished more than repaid for the effort, for it permitted the staging of the prologue spectacle without a curtain or any interruption. A continuous snowstorm throughout the prologue was visible to the audience through the dancehall windows.

WHEN the Egyptian theater was projected for Hollywood, I was warned by theatrical men in whose judgment I had the greatest confidence that I was making a mistake in choosing a location. It was too far from the center of population, they said, and the public would not go to Hollywood to see a picture show, no matter how elaborately it was staged. If an ordinary theater had been contemplated, their advice would have been heeded.

But my plans called for a playhouse of a different character from the ordinary conception of a theater. I desired to erect a structure that would command the attention not only of the residents, but of the winter tourists. I had in mind an institution unique not only in architectural design, but from the standpoint of the character of the productions to be offered.

The Egyptian was designed with a forecourt as a means of holding the attention of the public all day long where exhibits of an interesting or educational nature relative to the production could be displayed. It also offers a commodious and convenient park for the audience, both men and women, to use as a promenade during intermission.

The favor the Egyptian has enjoyed from the public in the last three years has given me the courage to go ahead with plans for the new Chinese theater to be located on Hollywood boulevard, near Orchid avenue, a project I have had in mind for years for a playhouse for the production not only of picture plays, but of grand opera and drama as well.

Faith in the future of Hollywood and Los Angeles convinces me that the time has arrived when the best of facilities for production of plays and pictures are none too good.

The plans call for a great oriental garden within 40 foot walls as a forecourt in which I hope to be able to incorporate such surroundings as to give the impression that the visitor is in truth entering another world.

While it will not be the largest theater of its kind, I have planned an institution which incorporates my best efforts to provide a setting unique and splendid enough to be worthy of the surpassing class of productions I am confident are to be produced here.

To perpetuate for posterity the memory of the artists of the screen who have done so much for the Southland, a hall of fame will be included in which will be hung paintings and sculpture by artists of international reputation presenting the stars of today and tomorrow.

Hollywood already commands the attention of the world as its cinema capital. With the world renowned figures of the stage and the screen, music and other arts resident here, why cannot Hollywood attract the attention of the universe as an artistic center and realize the fruits and flowers promised by the copy book?

The Barnstormer

PART III

By *Frank Cooley*

OUR week in San Diego ran around fourteen hundred dollars, but as were on a fifty-fifty percentage we did not clear as much as we did in San Bernardino.

Our next stop was Bakersfield, where we were booked for a three night stand. I had located a new edition of fine four-colored litho work for *Ten Nights in a Barroom,* so had our advance man advertise this for the last night. Mr. Scribner, the manager, pleaded with me to substitute something else, saying, "No one will come to see that old nightmare". The customers didn't show up in overwhelming numbers the first two nights, but for Wednesday, our last night, the reserved seats were sold out early in the afternoon. We actually turned people away. The receipts on old *Ten Nights* were $285, but I don't think the show was lucky—a blacksmith after witnessing the performance went home and blew his brains out.

We hit Selma next. Here the house lights and stage lights were lamps. The manager had worked out a dimming system with strings, but it didn't work very well, the wicks burning to different lengths. Then when the string was pulled some would go out entirely, and when the string was pulled the other way, some would go up too high and smoke, then someone in the audience would run up and blow the offender out.

We had a new actor, Joe Rhodes, whom I had picked up in Redlands. He said he hadn't had much experience but "was as limber as a string". He was playing Willie Green in *Ten Nights.* Willie gets shot at the end of the first act, I think. We opened in *Ten Nights* so I could use my advance man as an actor and still be able to get him off in time to bill the next town. When Joe was shot he did a very dramatic and elaborate fall, but there was quite a bit of stage below the curtain and when Joe finally came to rest, he was in front of the curtain line. I whispered loudly to him from R. 1st, where I stood ready to ring down, "Joe, get back! You're in front of the curtain." Joe opened an eye, saw the curtain, which was on a big roll, trembling, ready to descend. He arose, moved upstage, and died all over again. The curtain came down with audience and actors enjoying a hearty laugh. The show again was unlucky. We played to a good house, but during the second act a boy ran in crying, "Mr. Thompson, your house is on fire!" Mr. Thompson and family hurried out, but their house burned to the ground and they had to get rooms at the hotel for the night.

We were now playing *Under Two Flags* for our second night. The janitor, who also ran the curtain, brought his little brother to see the show from the wings. He had him stationed in the first entrance. The sword fight between Black Hawk and

Bertie Cecil so excited the lad that by the time the curtain was coming down he was under it. The big heavy roll caught him and was bearing him to the floor—I yelled to his brother, the janitor, and he stopped the windlass just in time. The boy was quickly pulled from under and the curtain allowed to descend. I was so mad that I made for the janitor at once and demanded that the boy leave the stage at once. He replied: "He's my brother and he stays right here." I took a punch at him—he looked at me in a daze, turned to his brother, saying, "Johnny, get the hell out of here!" Johnny went out in front and the show proceeded.

The next morning I went over to the theatre to get something out of my dressing room. The janitor was sweeping the stage and upon seeing me, he dropped his broom and quickly preceded me to the dressing room, opened the door and ushered me in saying, "Look, I've cleaned her out good for you, Frank." There was fresh paper on the shelf, clean water in a pitcher, and quite the neatest dressing room one had a right to expect in a small town. I played Selma every season after that for seven or eight years and never had the least trouble with anyone. I was generally called "Frank" by all and made some wonderful friends.

The janitor, who also ran a draying business, was a young man and the manager's brother. He was a husky young fellow, yet he was taken ill and died a few years after our first visit and I have always deeply regretted hitting him.

Jim Corbett loses a bet to Frank Cooley and pays it many years later—Jim Corbett at left, Frank Cooley at right.

ANOTHER recruit joined us—MacDonald—I don't remember his first name. I think he runs a drug store in San Bernardino now. He sang between acts, but in Tulare the piano player and he couldn't mate up and he got the "Bird". I was wild and intended to fire him, but he anticipated me by getting out over the back fence and I didn't see him again for years.

Before I get too far away I want to mention regarding my trouble with Dr. Booth at the Needles—that several years after the occurence we were playing a week in Pomona.

One night after dinner I was sitting in the hotel office, when the bus arrived from the station with quite a number of guests. As they were registering, a writer on the morning paper came in, spoke to me and started a conversation, but I was an indifferent listener as I was wondering where I had seen the man before, who was at the moment entering his name on the register. He had the politician's smile, and was rather good looking, his dark hair streaked with gray reaching almost to his shoulders. As soon as he left the register I sauntered over to the desk. You can imagine my surprise when I learned it was Dr. Booth? I joined my newspaper friend and asked if he knew who the man with the long hair was. "Sure," he said, "that's Dr. Booth. He's running for coroner of the county on the Democratic ticket."

I recalled to his mind the trouble I had had with the doctor at the "Needles". My friend had written a two column article about it at the time. He was immediately interested and had me review the occurrence for him. His was a Republican paper and next morning's issue contained rather a sour account of the Democratic meeting and at the bottom stated, "Quite a coincidence—last night Dr. Booth and Frank Cooley were guests of the same hotel. This brings to our mind Frank's first visit to the Needles" — then followed the story of Booth, the mob and the jail, ending with "—and this man now asks the voters of Los Angeles county to elect him to the important office of Corner." Another coincidence, Booth ran ahead of his ticket in Los Angeles, but behind in the county. He was not elected.

IN a few weeks we hit San Jose. All went well till Sunday morning. I was dressed in my best clothes and moving along Santa Clara Avenue with a roll of music under my arm, on my way to try out some songs with the first soprano of the big Catholic church. As I was passing a saloon, a young man in a bicycle suit was backing hurriedly out, followed by two hard looking customers who were hitting him with all their artillery. As he neared me he was knocked down and one man started to kick him. I held the larger man away, saying, "Your partner can lick him without you." My back was turned to the man on the ground and his opponent.

Suddenly I received an ungodly swing on the right ear. I turned to face my enemy and as I did so, the big fellow that I had held off swung one from the hip and caught me on side of the nose. If it

had landed on top my nose would have been broken beyond repair. I succeeded in getting them both in front of me and was doing quite well, when the larger fellow said, "Look out, fellows, here comes the bull!" I never saw this fellow again. I kept on with the other one, however, trying hard to catch him on the chin, but he was coming so fast that I kept hitting him too high. I opened a long cut on his left cheek and closed his left eye. The policeman—Mr. Pickering was his name—arrived and placed White and myself under arrest. I learned later that White was his name and he had quite a local reputation as a box fighter. The fellow I had protected mounted his wheel and rode off as soon as he got to his feet, never offering to help me in the least. I was diplomatic and the officer did not as much as put his hand on my shoulder.

He escorted us to jail, one on each side. We were both bleeding freely and there was a large crowd following. The desk sergeant said, "Your bail will be $15 each." I pleaded that I had to leave town early in the morning and wouldn't he please reduce it to ten. He looked at me rather queerly, but agreed. We were put in the cage together with a warning that if we got to fighting in there, things would go hard for us.

Within an hour the darndest bunch of Mafia looking gents I ever saw, bailed my opponent out, but I remained in jail for over three hours before one of my company arrived with the necessary ten—and the iron doors opend for me.

I learned later that White—my enemy—stood trial and was only fined eight dollars. On a later visit I called on Justice Glass and tried to get my ten back, but he laughed and said, "That ten has gone towards paying the policeman's salary and you are lucky we don't arrest you for jumping your bail." I thanked him for his leniency and got away from there.

Every time I have played San Jose since, White has occupied seats in the second row—first alone; then with his wife; and finally with three children.

On a visit just a few years ago, I happened to be in the box office, when a very stout man asked for six seats in the second row. As he received them he said, "Frank Cooley sure, ain't it?" The box office man answered, "Yes." "That's him," said White; "he's a damn good actor." As he stepped away from the window the cashier whispered, "Frank, that's White, the fellow you had the fight with years ago." I ran out of the office and called, "Oh, Mr. White." He turned, looked a moment, recognized me, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Cooley, you was dead wrong dat time. If you knew what dat —— —— did to me, by God, you hit him, too." We shook hands and he said, "Dat's fine."

WE reached San Francisco at last and "laid off" a week, as the leading lady received another offer and quit. I put Mrs. Cooley in the leads and engaged Harry Pollard, now a great director, as second man.

We opened in Redwood City to $33. It was winter then, and as the theatre boasted no stove, the audience nearly froze. I invited them to sit down in front and they filled about three rows. I announced a stove for the next night, but evidently I was not believed as the receipts for the second night only reached $10. We made good nevertheless, and by Saturday we were doing over the century. We used *Tom Sawyer* for matinees and always had a full house of children and mothers. I gave a china plate with every 25-cent ticket and a box of candy with every 15-cent ticket.

We succeeded in keeping out of trouble till we reached Sebastopole. Here the morning we were leaving—I think it was about six-thirty and very cold—I jammed with the drayman. Our contract obligated me to pay four dollars for the hauling of trunks and scenery, round trip, but we had borrowed a little organ to use in *The Daughter of Dixie*—a play that Frank Bacon and I wrote. The drayman charged me a dollar and a half for taking this to and from the theatre. Anyone could have carried it, as I don't suppose it weighed over sixty pounds. I grumbled while counting out the five dollars and fifty cents, and to be as mean as I could, picked it out of the bag in quarters, nickels and dimes, and piled it on a Wells Fargo wagon. The drayman suddenly pushed the pile over, saying, "Don't pay a cent if you are as cheap as that." I hit him and a darb of a fight was on. He weighed about a hundred and eighty. I had the best of it but he cut me every time he landed; took the skin off the top of my big nose, cut my cheek, and gashed my mouth. But I had him bleeding plenty—all over his clothes, and the sight of blood scared him so that he dropped his hands and ran around the station, with me after him. His brother stopped me, saying, "Don't fight any more, Frank, he's got enough." I replied, "He isn't licked; he has plenty of fight in him yet." But the big fellow popped his head around the corner of the station and said, "Never mind, I'm no professional fighter—I know when I've had enough."

They could have double-banked me and beat me to death, but they were good fellows and sports. The next time I played the town, they hauled my baggage again and never even asked for their money. I sent the four dollars to the Hopli Hotel, however, and the proprietor paid the bill. These brothers are now two of the leading citizens of Sebastapole and very well to do. More power to them!

I took an awful looking face to the next town with me. I couldn't take my opponent with me to show what I had done to him, so I surely looked a big loser. The grease paint poisoned my nose and I had a knuckle there that was a fright to behold. Some one advised me to get some Hall's antiseptic cream, which I did, and within a week the nose was O.K.

I had an actor with me now who had a reputation for drinking, so I signed him to an agreement whereby I held out fifty dollars of his salary and if I caught him drinking, he was to forfeit the fifty. I was sure that he was drinking but was never fortunate enough to catch him. The show was making good but during Lent business was not particularly encouraging, with the exception of Willows. Here we played to a great business for a full week. Everyone seemed to know us.

THIS was my first visit here since 1889 when a number of members of the Olympic Club had given an exhibition in one of the big Willows wheat warehouses. I boxed four rounds with Phil Beaulo. My boxing partner, Lovett Lafferty, sparred with Jim Corbett. Bob McCord was to have been Corbett's partner, but failed to show up. The show was short so I was hustled into a long coat and recited, "Anthony's Address to the Romans," from the ring.

There was a colored foot racer by the name of Pickett in town—a bootblack. His supporters claimed he could beat anyone in America for a mile. I remembered seeing him run foot races at Shellmount Park, near Berkeley, and was sure I could beat him. I told Corbett this and right away he arranged a foot race between us to take place the following day. We had a hard time raising two hundred and fifty dollars, which Pickett's backers demanded. In fact Corbett pawned his gold watch before we could total that amount.

Just before the race my nose started to bleed and I was leaning against the fence trying to stop it, when Corbett saw me. He thought his money was about to bid him farewell. He raved and called me everything, but the nose didn't bleed long and in a short time we got on the mark. At the crack of the pistol Pickett ran away from me—the crowd roared. He reached the quarter pole a good thirty feet ahead of me, but I set after him down the back stretch and caught him at the half mile pole and finished the mile well in the lead.

Corbett offered me twenty-five dollars in gold but I had to refuse to take it, although I did want it awfully bad. Later in San Francisco we compromised. Corbett paid for a dozen photos at the Elite Gallery and promised to give me a silver-headed cane.

That was in 1889, when I was sixteen years old. Corbett never gave me the cane until last year when, during his visit to San Francisco, some of the old Olympic boys, Bill Keanneally and Bob MacArthur, got after him. In fact they went

with him to a cane store and so thirty-five years later, I received the cane. It is inscribed: Due Frank Cooley 1889
Presented by
James J. Corbett 1925

CORNING was our next stop. The last night here one of the actors and myself were playing the slot machine and having a drink or so at the hotel bar. The machine was a little out of order and I won something over eleven dollars before the bartender turned it to the wall. We started to leave, but were invited to have a drink on the house. We readily consented, and after we poured ours, the bartender filled a fourth glass to the brim, saying, "Excuse me, I have a lady friend in the box. I'll take this to her." Then we treated and bought a drink for the lady in the box. This was repeated several times, each glass for the lady filled to overflowing. We thought it a great joke.

My actor companion finally told the bartender that his lady friend had some capacity. The bells were ringing for me, so we went to bed. I was pretty dizzy, to say the least, but had saved myself by taking very small drinks, and my friend had smoked several cigars, so we were not as bad off as we might have been.

The next morning we assembled at the depot for an early jump. The actor that had the fifty-dollar forfeit arrived, carried by the property man and carpenter. He was surely "loaded." I jumped all over him and told him he had lost his fifty.

He looked at me with a sickly smile. "Oh, no, Frank," he said, "you got me pickled—I was the bartender's lady friend last night."

What could I say? I learned later that he sat in that box, drinking free whisky until he slid to the floor and had to be carried to bed.

We had a ball team now. I was the pitcher and Harry Pollard the catcher. During a game in Roseburg, Oregon, Harry caught a foul tip fair on the nose. We had no masks. His nose was badly broken, but he refused to quit and finished the game with the blood running off his chin, and both eyes almost closed. We begged him to stop but he refused. We opened in the next town with my handsome juvenile's eyes blackened and almost closed. He certainly showed plenty of gameness.

Two weeks later we closed in the Metropolitan Opera House, Portland, after a season of one full year.

The actors all had money in their pockets. I didn't have much money, but I had forty-one signed contracts for next season and was happy. I had but one losing season after that. The pictures drove me off the road in 1908 and I retired to my ranch fully believing that the pictures were a fad and would run their course in a couple of years.

I think maybe I was wrong. [To Be Concluded]

Directorial Briefs

In directing *The Million Dollar Handicap* Scott Sidney returns to the field of drama after several years of comedy directing at the Christie studios.

* * *

"Slim" Summervils, the elongated megaphone weilder is directing *Look Out Below,* Joe Rock's current standard comedy.

* * *

Al Rogell, the mascot director, has completed his twin pictures *The Overland Trail* and *Red Hot Leather* featuring Jack Hoxie, and is busy editing and titling both productions.

* * *

Finis Fox, scenarist, director and former producer, has been signed by Metropolitan Pictures and will augment the scenario staff of which Jack Cunningham is the editorial chief.

* * *

Sam Taylor is finishing the heavy traffic scenes in Harold Lloyd's first production on the Paramount program and accordingly activities on the picture are returning to the normalcy of six-days a week. *For Heaven's Sake* is the working title.

* * *

The New Commandment, the first eastern-made production directed by Howard Higgin, is reported to have been warmly received at a trade showing in New York.

* * *

The entire freshman class at Fordham University turned out en masse to see *The Freshman,* Harold Lloyd's current production directed by Sam Taylor, thus honoring one of their alumnus. Sam Taylor graduated from Fordham in 1915.

* * *

Bill Beaudine will resume work under his contract with Warner Bros., upon the completion of his direction of Mary Pickford in *Scraps.*

* * *

Jack Conway is directing an all star cast headed by Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe in *The Reason Why,* most successful of all Elinor Glyn's novels, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

* * *

After an absence of nearly two years Robert Thornby returns to the studios in the capacity of director, and has started work on the latest Christie comedy, *The Man Pays,* featuring Neal Burns and Vera Steadman.

* * *

Billie Dove says being married to a director has many advantages aside from domestic relationship and asserts that Irvin Willat is her severest critic.

Paris is reported as being scheduled as Paul Bern's first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, the continuity of which is being done by Jessie Burns from an original story by Carey Wilson.

* * *

From the M-G-M lot comes the report that Victor Seastrom is busy lecturing on American customs to his countrymen in the industry, adding that he is "father confessor" to Greto Garbo, Mauritz Stiller and Benjamin Christiansen, newer arrivals from Europe.

* * *

Edward Sloman has been called to New York to supervise the cutting of his recently completed Universal feature, *His People.*

* * *

Jean Hersholt has returned from Portland and points North and is again on the lot at Universal City waiting for his next assignment. Hersholt was loaned to Louis Moomaw to direct the Moomaw production *To the Brave.*

* * *

Concluding his first vacation in three years Reginald Barker has returned from a three week's trip to Chicago and New York, mostly New York, and is now lining up for directorial activity for the fall and winter. Barker's trip seemed to have been marked by festivities all along the route. On the eve of his departure a dinner was given in his honor at Cafe Lafayette at which notables of screen and publication world were present. In Chicago he was greeted by the Fourth Estate who were his hosts between trains and in New York he was met at the Grand Central by a delegation from The Players of which he has long been a member.

* * *

George Melford has returned from Sitka, Alaska, where he has been on location with his *Rocking Moon* company for Metropolitan. Incidentally *Rocking Moon* is reported as being the first production to be filmed on location at Sitka.

* * *

James Hogan is busily engaged in cutting his recently completed production for Metropolitan, *Steel Preferred.*

Doorkeeper Becomes Director

Victor Nordlinger has been promoted from a gatekeeper at Universal City to director and will make "The Love Deputy," starring Edmund Cobb, supported by Fay Wray, Frank Newberg, George F. Austin, Buck Moulton and little Francis Irwin.

Off Screen Personalities

Fate and The Man

EVERY once in a while, Fate gets the man, the job and the opportunity together. Then things happen.

The stage was set for one of these rare occasions one afternoon eight years ago when a rather harrassed young man walked into what was then the Paralta Studios at Melrose Avenue and Van Ness.

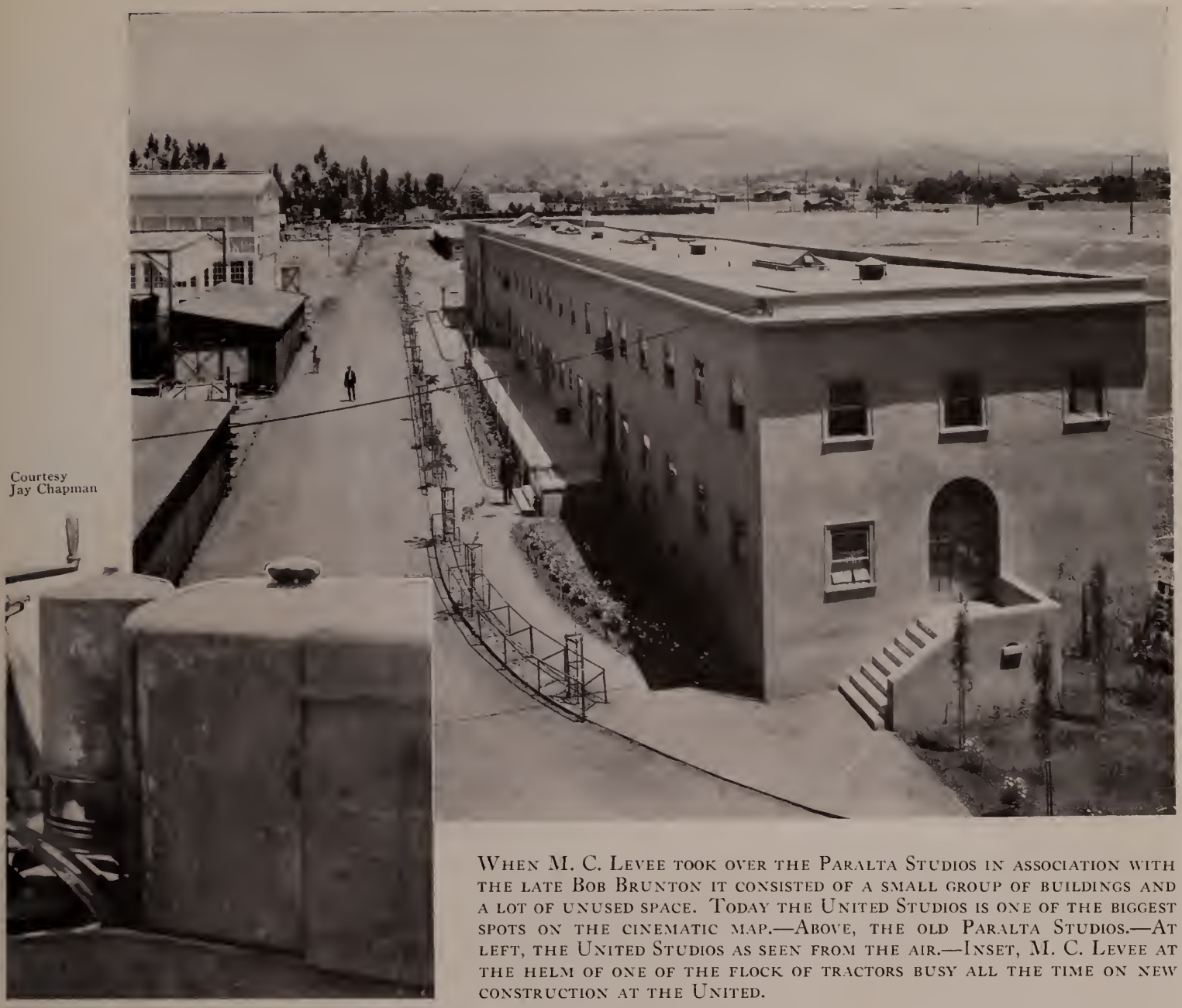
Just ahead of the young man came a formidable looking person wearing a sheriff's badge. The young man didn't know it, but his destiny, as well as that of the motion pictures, was tied up with this coincidental entry.

"I'd like to see the head of the studio," said the young man.

"That's him talking to the sheriff," replied a workman, gloomily.

The young man was interested. He had come to the studio with the idea of producing a picture and, if there was a sheriff in the offing, he wanted to know what it was about.

It didn't take long to secure the information. The studio head had taken over the Paralta three days before, on very favorable terms. He had just learned why the terms were favorable. The studio was head over heels in debt, and the sheriff



Courtesy
Jay Chapman

When M. C. Levee took over the Paralta Studios in association with the late Bob Brunton it consisted of a small group of buildings and a lot of unused space. Today the United Studios is one of the biggest spots on the cinematic map.—Above, the old Paralta Studios.—At left, the United Studios as seen from the air.—Inset, M. C. Levee at the helm of one of the flock of tractors busy all the time on new construction at the United.

was there to attach anything of value. was there to attach anything of value.

"I'm afraid you can't produce here," the studio head said, in conclusion. "I'm afraid no one can."

But the mind of the young man had been working actively. In a moment, he was expounding a scheme by which the studio could be extricated from its difficulties. The studio head listened, first incredulously, then with hope. Finally, while the sheriff waited, he and the young man reached an agreement.

An hour later, the sheriff was gone, and the young man and the studio head had laid the foundations for a project which was to have a profound effect on the history of motion pictures.

The studio head was the late Robert Brunton, who had been art director for Thomas Ince. The young man—he was then 25—was M. C. Levee, now president of the United Studios and of M. C. Levee Productions.

The project which routed the sheriff and changed motion picture history was the conversion of the Paralta, then a producing lot, into an independent leasing studio, the first in existence.

How important the move was can only be guaged by a remembrance of the time in which it took place. In 1917, the large scale independent producer was unknown. It was impossible that he should exist. All important pictures were made by the big producers. They had a monopoly of the facilities for large scale production, and they were not anxious to share these facilities with anyone. It was natural. Outside producers would upset the normal tenor of their own organizations. There was no object in encouraging competition. So if you wanted to make any sort of real picture you could either build your own studio or—let the people who had studios go on making them.

But the time was ripe for a change. Imagination and adventurousness was lacking in the big studios. They were producing a certain type of inexpensive picture, and were fairly well satisfied with it. Exhibitors were complaining—as exhibitors frequently are, for that matter—but it did them no good. The people with new ideas did not have the studios and the people with the studios didn't have the ideas—or not enough of them anyway.

There was danger that the motion picture, having progressed in a few years from an experiment to an established industry, might stop there. Had it done so, its artistic development would have undoubtedly been delayed for years, and the picture business, as it is today, would not have existed.

Into this situation, stepped,—or rather, fell—Levee.

HIS personal story, like many others on the Hollywood lots, is remarkable. He was born in Chicago, sent himself through school by selling newspapers and conducting a boys' orchestra, and began drawing an office clerk's salary when he was 16. At 21, he had $1,000 saved up, and, coming to Los Angeles with an uncle, put it into an installment cloak and suit business.

By 1917, the firm was doing a tremendous business, and Levee, married, was living in an expensive apartment and driving a high-priced car. He became interested in pictures through his wife, who had brief ambitions to become an actress, and took a furlough from his installment business to become an assistant prop man at $20 a week in the Fox studios. What he saw persuaded him that the picture business offered an easy highroad to success, and he finally sold out his other interests with the intention of getting into it.

On a trip to San Francisco, he picked up an idea for a picture based on the Mooney trial. He secured the promise of financial backing from wealthy labor sympathizers, and returned to Los Angeles with the intention of becoming a producer. It was to secure studio space that he visited the Paralta on the momentous day which was to determine not only his personal future but, to a calculable degree, that of independent motion pictures.

The Paralto had failed as a producing lot. It was heavily in debt. It's owners were in Milwaukee, and had made the agreement with Mr. Brunton as a sort of last hope. Levee knew he could not finance a producing studio, but he thought he saw a way by which the Paralta could be saved from attachment, and turned into a profitable leasing lot.

His own experience in searching for a studio where he could stage a production had shown him there was need for something of the kind. In addition, he had read in the newspapers a few days before that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks had split with Famous and announced their intention of producing their own pictures.

Perhaps Mr. Levee can himself best discuss this phase of the matter.

"It all came to me in a moment," he said the other day in his luxurious offices on the present twenty-seven and a half acre United lot. "There was nothing in sight except some muddy ground, a lot of scattered lumber, and a couple of stages. But I visioned a real leasing studio, big enough to handle any kind of production and with the facilities to handle every detail of it. I could almost see the completed project. I saw all the immense advantages of such a scheme from the standpoint of both the studio and the producer.

"I remembered what I had read about Mary Pickford and Fairbanks. From my own experience, I knew there were a lot of other ambitious actors and actresses who could easily get financial backing to make their own pictures if they only had a place to produce them. I realized they had no chance while the big producers owned the studios. What the independents needed was a chance. I made up my mind right there that I was going to give it to them."

It was the urge of a dream—but it was a dream that was destined to become true.

That night, the future president of the first independent leasing studio in the world, got the Milwaukee owners of Paralta on the telephone and made an agreement with them by which they put up one-third of money due the creditors on condition that he should take care of the rest within a comparatively short period. Relieved of the sheriff, and aided by the credit he had established here, Levee managed the rest of the financing without difficulty.

In a few months, the Paralta producing studios were a memory, and the Robert Brunton Studios, jointly owned by Levee and the former Ince art director, was making a successful debut as an independent leasing lot.

PART of Levee's dream had been that Mary Pickford would be his first tenant, and he proceeded to realize it. At the moment, she was considering the purchase of a studio as the first step in her program of independence. It would have been an ambitious step, and perhaps ruinous financially.

Levee went to Miss Pickford. He outlined his whole plan for a big leasing lot, capable of fulfilling every demand of a major production. He pointed out what an immense advantage such a studio would be, not only to her, but to every other actor or director with ambitions beyond the salaried routine. He appealed to her, not only on the ground of economy and service, but those of a high idealism.

Miss Pickford still wavered. Then Levee played his trump card. He produced the plan of a bungalow. At that time, such a thing as a star's dressing-room bungalow on the lot was undreamed of.

"Why," he said, "I've even had this bungalow designed for you. It goes with your lease whenever you are ready to start."

The bungalow, drawn and designed the previous day by Jack Okey, art director of the studio, proved the deciding factor. Miss Pickford signed, and the next day the bungalow was going up. It is still on the lot and is now used by Norma and Constance Talmadge.

In a few months, Miss Pickford's example had been followed by others. The studio boomed. Sets were smaller in those days, and, at one time, there were eleven companies working on the two stages. But, as business increased, Mr. Levee's difficulties began.

"You see," he said, in discussing this phase of the situation, "we were pioneers. If there were any mistakes to be made, we made them.

"In nearly any business, you have precedent to guide you. But we were a new thing in a new field, and we had to solve all our problems on the spot.

"The more tenants we got, the more problems there were. We started with a small mechanical department; in a few months it had tripled.

"I had made up my mind that, no matter how impossible a tenant's request might seem, the studio would produce it. Now, it's simple. Nine times out of ten, we either have it in our big prop department, or we can make it right on the lot. But, in those days, it often required a lot of patience and ingenuity.

"Costs had to be estimated, and sometimes we went wrong. But we made progress anyway. The need of an independent leasing studio was great and when you fill a real need, you don't have to worry about your eventual success."

Perhaps the first big vindication of the importance of an independent lot to the motion picture industry as a whole came with the George Loane Tucker production of *The Miracle Man*.

The Miracle Man, as everyone conversant with pictures knows, established new standards of production. It was the sort of departure which only an independent producer would have made. Mr. Levee still looks back on it as one of the big steps in the fulfillment of his dream.

In 1918, the studio had grown so that it was compelled to lease thirteen and one half acres next to the ten acres on which the Paralta had stood. In this same year, came the first serious setback. There was a depression in pictures, and the big producers, in an effort to make both ends meet, began leasing space to the independents themselves.

But it did not endure. The producers soon found that the demands of the resident organizations weighed too heavily against their own. Several who had left came back, and the business continued to grow.

An important factor, too, in meeting this competition, was the manner in which the studio had continued to build up its organization and facilities. It added a planing mill to its mechanical department. It laid the first concrete streets inside any studio in the world. It was the first studio to employ 3-ply veneer flats instead of compo board for its sets. It built new stages, new dressing-rooms, new executive offices. It raised its property department to the point where it could compete with any in the city, and then to the point where none can compete with it. And, under all difficulties, it adhered strictly to Levee's precept that nothing was impossible if a client wanted it.

(Continued on Page 56)

Angle-Shots

Around Hollywood Studios

SPEAKING of fish stories——

An interesting yarn has leaked out from one of the big studios regarding a whale. According to the story as told with many reiterations that names must not be used, the property department of this w.k. studio was called upon to produce a whale for a whaling sequence. With memories of *The Lost World* and similar productions in mind, props turned to and fashioned a life-sized whale of rubber composition—a realistic replica of the monsters of the deep, fitted with mechanical devices operating a concealed propeller to provide motive force. Something like $20,000 is said to have been expended and with great eclat the "whale" was taken to deep water to do its stuff. Now natural historians tell us that a whale, while not a fish at all but belonging to the animal kingdom, spends much of its time on the surface, but frequently dives to great depths. This one did. It dived as soon as it was launched and the dern thing wouldn't come up. According to latest reports it is still a denizen of the deep while efficiency experts at the w.k. studio are tearing their hair at the wastage of the thousands of dollars it is reported to have cost.

* * *

SHOOTING in technicolor is reported to be an expensive process and every precaution is being taken at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio to avoid retakes and excessive footage, all of which developed interesting angles during the shooting of a water scene in Doug's new picture *The Black Pirate*. According to the script one of the band of bold bad pirates is supposed to jump overboard and swim to the shore where the cameras were stationed—four of them—to register the scene. He jumped all right but, while the cameras clicked off the footage, failed to reappear. Minutes passed and still the bobbing head of the swimmer didn't enter the angle of the camera lenses. Finally he bobbed up and to the pleading and commands that he come out of the water, replied "I can't. I lost my pants," and with that he dived again in his mad search for masculine raiment. So far as history states he is still there searching for his pants.

* * *

IN fact many interesting things are developing at the Pickford-Fairbanks lot in the shooting of *The Black Pirate*. Realism has been developed to such an extent in the shooting of several scenes wherein skeleton fragments of pirate ships are being used to create the desired illusion, that the hydraulic rocking of the ships to simulate heavy weather has proved too much for numerous members of the crew by developing accute attacks of *mal de mere*.

But realism isn't by any means confined to hydraulically operated ships that rock and roll and pitch on a sea of sand and rocks. Certain scenes were being shot at Los Angeles harbor aboard the full-rigged ship the *Llewelyn J. Morse* when a fifty-mile gale sprang up, snapped the current lines and threatened to blow the *Morse* out to sea. The pirate band while good actors all, were not sailors and didn't know what in heck to do. Upper and lower tops'ls were all set and the *Morse* was just rarin' to go. Nobody knew enough about reefing the expanse of sail, according to reports, and there they were pulling on ropes until their hands were torn and bleeding, struggling manfully to "save the ship." Finally by dint of hauling the yards aback they managed to get her nose headed into the wind until a tug came up and took them in tow.

And an added touch of realism was given when, instead of blowing up a miniature "in a bath tub", Doug took advantage of the stranding of the lumber schooner *Muriel* on the bar at the entrance to Newport Bay and arranged to blow it out of the water. Accordingly the *Muriel* was worked over to resemble a galleon of the 17th century and blown up as a sequence in the filming of *The Black Pirate,* affording genuine realism and at the same time removing a menace to commerce and solving an accute problem for the owners of the derelict.

SCREEN comedy usually attains to the heights of laugh-provoking humor after the film has been edited and titled and it is rare that gag scenes are as funny at the time they are being shot. But according to Arthur Hagerman Fred Guiol had a heck of a time out at the Hal Roach studios trying to shoot a scene in a new comedy in which Tyler Brooke and George Cooper have a partnership gag which caused all kinds of trouble.

According to the story as related by Hagerman, Brooke is supposed to be a reformed crook. Cooper is his unreformed buddy, whose soul he is trying to save at all costs. About one-third of the scenes shot are of Brooke looking at Cooper and pleading with him to "go straight". The humor of the scenes lies in just how much pathos and sadness they can get into these closeups—and many a closeup has been spoiled by both of them breaking into laughter right in the middle of the action.

After a fine assortment of silverware and jewelry had dropped out of Cooper's sleeves and trousers while Brooke was pleading with him, the whole troupe broke out laughing and spoiled the scene. The same stunt was repeated several times. Finally Brooke yelled at Guiol and his staff——

"If you men can keep your minds on your jobs for about one minute and not laugh at this gag, we can get it over. We don't want an audience, what we want is silence."

* * *

"CHURCHILL MARMADUKE", read the card presented Fred Schuessler, casting director at Universal.

"Sit down Mr. Marmaduke," said Schuessler, "What can I do for you?"

Marmaduke settled himself comfortably. He was one of the fast-disappearing type of old-time Shakespearean players, a bit tattered, but still maintaining his dignity.

"I came to see if perhaps you had a place in your company for one who has played MacBeth, King Lear, Othello and all the other great gentry of the stage," boomed

out the deep voice of the tragedian, "My price is $50."

Schuessler regretted he had no opening. Then he remembered that Edward Sedgwick was calling for Indians for his *Hearts of the West.*

"I can make you an Indian at $25," said Schuessler.

"An Indian at $25," roared the old actor, "Sorry sir, but I cannot accept."

As he neared the door, the veteran stopped.

"My price, sir," he said, "is $50. I cannot play an Indian for $25, but I will agree to go on as a half-breed at that price."

* * *

With the recent death of Eugene Sandow, in London, Joe Bonomo claims to be the undisputed strong man of the world. While age had somewhat weakened the iron muscles of Sandow, Bonomo's claim to the title of the world's strongest human was contested while Sandow lived, but with his passing, the Universal star now believes that he is rightfully the holder of the title. He is willing to compete for the honor with any strong man.

* * *

PATSY RUTH MILLER has been having lot of fun with her newly shingled thatch of hair. She has been regarded as a staunch defender of lengthy locks for so long that falling beneath the bobber's shears has brought consternation.

Just after the clipping, hatted in a neat little felt, she made a personal appearance with other stars at a benefit fashion show, and the man who introduced the stars tendered a deft compliment on the wisdom of Pat's retaining her individuality by keeping her long hair. He concluded by asking Pat to give a few words on why she never bobbed her tresses.

Pat was at a loss for a moment—but not for long. She swept her hat off and stood in the glory of her new shingle bob.

"I haven't a thing to say!" declared Pat, and the audience howled.

* * *

ALTHOUGH studio gatemen in the film capitol are no longer fooled by the clever disguises of actors, it remained for Charlotte Mineau, featured player with Mary Pickford in *Scraps* to "put one over" on the casting director at the Pickford-Fairbanks lot.

When Miss Mineau was being considered for the role she is now playing the well-known c.d. voiced a protest against the signing of Charlotte for the part, claiming that she was "too darn attractive" to essay the character of an old hag. The following day, while the matter was still under discussion, a slovenly old woman walked in on the conference and demanded an immediate interview with the casting director. Indignantly, the c.d. ordered that the wretch be 'given the air' and it was than that Miss Mineau revealed her identity and affixed her signature to the coveted contract.

ACCORDING to Pete Smith at M-G-M the surest way to analyze the fundamental traits of star characteristics is to note the type of music they want played off scene, as for instance:

Lillian Gish, at work on *La Boheme,* prefers pensive classics; Raff's "Vavatina," the Berceuse from "Jocelyn," Gounod's "Ave Maria" and the "Racconto Del Rudulpho" from *La Boheme* are most frequently heard.

Mae Murray, starring under Christy Cabanne's direction in *The Masked Bride,* is a dancer. Strains with striking rythm are her inspiration. A jazz orchestra plays music that is heavily punctuated by tympanii;—"Lulu," for instance.

Norma Shearer reacts to violins;—"Traumerei," Rubinstein's "Melody in F" and Kreisler's "Olden Melody" are among her favorites. Pauline Starke likes modern comic operas;—and Gilbert and Sullivan. Lew Cody prefers airs from the French operas;—"Thais," "Louise," and "La Navarraise."

* * *

WHEN Rupert Julian wants certain music for a scene he is directing he doesn't depend on the limited repertoire of the three-piece "orchestra" playing on his set, he just sits down to the little ol' piano and knocks out his own love song or whatever is demanded. He was directing a scene for *Three Faces East* on the DeMille lot the other day and did his own pinch-hitting when a particularly touching melody was required. Old Man Overhead chalked up just ten minutes to Julian while he knocked out a tune that would have made Beethoven or Wagner green with envy. You may not see it in the pictures but you'll see Walthall, Clive Brooke and Jetta Goudal emoting to its strains.

* * *

BECAUSE Norma Shearer's brother, Douglas, used to be a radio fan—and used to practice all day with the "code", Miss Shearer has been able to cast discomfiture into the souls of two very clever youths.

The boys, evidently amateur wireless enthusiastic, were looking in a store window and carrying on a conversation by whistling;—that is, whistling the dots and dashes of the code, as is often done by operators.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star stood regarding them for a moment. One of the boys whistled a rather risque remark.

"Lobster", whistled Miss Shearer in code, and walked away, leaving two flabbergasted youths staring after her.

* * *

Postal authorities, even in foreign lands, have their picture fans as was proved by the postcard Mae Murray received at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios after it had traveled from Japan to Washington, Washington to New York, thence back to California to the studios where she was being starred in *The Masked Bride.*

Pasted on it, in lieu of an address was her photo—nothing more. It was signed "From a Japanese admirer."

The Japanese postal authorities recognized the photo and forwarded the card to the Postmaster General's office at Washington; there it was sent to New York, where her whereabouts was ascertained and the card forwarded to the studios at Culver City. Which shows that Miss Murray's face is not without fame

* * *

PROBABLY the meanest actors before a camera are the alligators rented to picture companies by an alligator farm near Los Angeles.

Seven of the beasts were used this week in Mary Pickford's *Scraps.* While Miss Pickford is leading nine little children through the swamp, they are suddenly confronted with the alligators.

The making of the scenes was extremely dangerous, and the greatest care was taken to protect Miss Pickford and the children, as well as the workmen who handled the animals.

During one scene an alligator suddenly snapped at H. F. Carney, one of the cameramen. Carney was deep in the mud, and could not move his boots. So he slipped out of the one nearest the alligator, and made his escape to shore in his stocking foot.

Crack shots with rifles were stationed just outside the range of the cameramen.

* * *

THOUGH accustomed to every sort of costume from Roman togas to the rags of Lear, Tyrone Power, celebrated character actor, donned his first Indian attire in the Alan Hale production of *Braveheart,* starring Rod La Rocque. Particularly dismaying were the Indian leggings which, as every westerner should know, cover the redskin's legs, but not his southern facade. It was on the heels of this discovery, the first morning on location, that Mr. Power, summoned before Alan Hale after an hour's delay, which he spent sulking within his dressing-tent, stalked majestically forth, an injured look in his eagle eye.

"What's been keeping you Tyrone?" inquired Hale, glancing with approval at his chief's costume which was, at the moment, on display from the front.

The mighty chieftain blushed a delicate pink under his Duco finish.

"Most extr'ordin'ry," he complained nervously, "Extr' ordin'ry mistake somewhere, Alan. Some imbecile has given me a pair of trousers without a seat," and he turned on his heel for inspection as the

Order was restored immediately after lunch.

Exploitation

By The Boulevard Reporter

"WHAT is the exhibitor's slant on the exploitation material which under the present method emanates from the New York office of the distributing company handling a picture—a picture that in all probability was made here in Hollywood?"

I asked that question casually of an exploitation man handling a group of neighborhood houses. His reply was aplenty and started a train of thought that led me to get a few more slants.

According to his views the principal exploitation material received is contained in the press sheet and he asked, "Why give us a press sheet at all? We fellows who are handling neighborhood houses in suburban communities haven't much use for a press sheet. The newspapers can't give us much space and what space they do give us has to do double duty for the house and the picture. The big fellows can get their stuff across because they buy advertising space, and they usually have a well-organized publicity department to work up publicity and exploitation angles.

"What we want," this chap went on to say, "are exploitation suggestions, stunts that can be worked and that have been figured out from a practical angle; not a bunch of half-baked theories that either have no box office pulling power, or else are so hoary with age that they can scarcely stand, let alone do any effective work."

What is a press sheet, anyway?

I went to a publicity man—an old-time advertising man, one who has been in the game "since its infancy"—and I asked him what it was all about.

"Is this for publication?" he replied.

I assured him that it was and he closed up like a clam. Nothing doing. So I tried him on another tack. "Well, suppose I don't make it a direct quotation or don't use your name, how about it?"

"Oh, well, in that case—"

Anyway, he came through with some more slants on the subject and once I had assured him that I wouldn't use his name, he talked quite freely. According to his viewpoint the press sheet as now constructed is neither a press sheet worth a tinker's hooray to the newspaper editor to whom it is supposed to be taken with the assurance to the exhibitor that the said editor will glean therefrom the stories he wants to run about the production of "Blah Blah" at the Oompah Theatre, nor is it an effective exploitation sheet.

This tied in with what I had gotten from the exhibitors with whom I had casually talked.

"The trouble is that the New York office takes the stuff we write for publicity purposes and practically all of which has already been sent out pretty generally throughout the country, and works it over into a press sheet," he went on. "But instead of making it an effective compilation of interesting news items, New York becomes obsessed with the idea that the darn thing ought to do double duty and that here's a wonderful chance to sell the exhibitor on the picture. Result—a hybrid product that usually fails of either objective. Something more is genuinely needed, just what I am not wholly sure right now."

HERE was a live lead that seemed to possess interesting possibilities and, looking for a constructive angle to the situation I trotted over to the De Luxe Theatre to see Jed Buell and get his slants on the thing.

I picked on Jed Buell because he had impressed me as a live-wire exploitation man, an impression that had been heightened by the fact that during the past few months he has grabbed off three first prizes for exhibitor exploitation, two national prizes offered by Carl Laemmle and one local prize. Incidentally, he holds the record for being the only exhibitor to capture two first prizes in succession and, according to Fred J. McConnell, general sales manager for Universal, he "leads the country in U prize awards." Besides, from him I felt reasonably sure I would get the exhibitor slant that I wanted.

I found him in his cubby hole over the box office figuring out stunts for his next picture and having him effectively in a corner, put my original question to him:

"Jed, what's your slant on the effectiveness of the exploitation material which, under the present method, you receive through the exchange?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he began—that's the way they usually come back when you ask a direct question—"that's something that I have been thinking about a good bit lately and here is the hunch that I have on the situation: The press sheet is about all we get from the exchange nowadays and we've got to dig our exploitation ideas out of that. But they aren't there. What I think is the answer to the whole darn thing is the creation of a new department, in the production office, something in the nature of an exploitation gag man, if you get what I mean.

"I don't mean to imply that the publicity departments aren't competent to turn out exploitation stuff, but as I see it, looking at things from the outside, of course, and from the exhibitor's angle, the publicity man has his hands full publicizing the production and the cast. It seems to me that there should be a separate department, functioning in association with the publicity department, if you like, but strictly responsible for just one thing—exploitation ideas for the exhibitor, who after all is the one who has to sell the picture to the ultimate consumer. The man for such a department would appear to me to be a chap who combines the instincts, training and inventiveness of a publicity man with the experience of an exhibitor.

"PERHAPS one trouble lies in the fact that exploitation angles are developed in New York and not on the lot where the picture is made, or in the center of production where it is previewed and analyzed before final cutting and editing. It seems to me that there is where many ideas for exploitation can be developed. I know that I personally get many ideas during a preview for exploiting a production that I am reasonably sure is coming back to me later on regular booking.

"As it is now, the main asset of the press sheet lies in the fact that it contains the cast of players appearing in the production, and I believe that the average exhibitor will agree with me in this.

"If we could only have some originality in our exploitation, some carefully worked out stunts that can be pulled—stunts that are really practical, not the cut and dried stuff that is dished out to us as a general thing. Producers are always hollering for the 'surprise twist' and the box office angle in the stories selected for filming. We need some surprise twists and box office angles in our exploitation material. Stunts that will pique the interest and curiosity of our patrons and which will tie in with the picture so that they won't feel that

they have been tricked into coming to the theatre only to be fooled again.

"You can't fool 'em all the time and get away with it.

"But we don't get the surprise twist. Usually the predominating note is a tie-up of some sort, usually with a proposition more national than local. For instance, a very common suggestion is a Gloria Smith tie-up with Mme. Velma's Facial Cream or hokum of that sort. Ten chances to twelve Mme. Velma gets $3 or $4 a jar for her marvelous stuff and very seldom is it sold outside of New York or the bigger cities. What good is such a tie-up for the average neighborhood house in suburban community?

"Here is a suggestion that appeared in the alleged live-wire 'Putting It Over' column in the press sheet on one of our current attractions:

" 'Load a truck with a small band of six or seven pieces and a mounted wax figure of the star, and parade this through the streets adjacent to your theatre. This makes a great flash—a wonderful ballyhoo—and will pull the people into your theatre.'

"Now that's a real novel idea and a big help to the showman, isn't it? It was probably used in the days of Caesar, but they hand us such suggestions as this as bubbling over with originality.

"EVERYWHERE else the motion picture industry has made wonderful strides. Directorial genius has created many marvelous productions. Motion pictures photography has become a distinct art. But when we reach the press sheet, things take an awful slump. Money is spent lavishly for stories and in production, but when it comes to selling the picture to the ultimate consumer, cut and dried hokum is ground out by the yard in lieu of sure-enough exhibitor aids which will bring money into the box office and increased business for exchange and producer.

"Exploitation is a problem that stares every exhibitor in the face today. Few productions will win at the box office without it. This is particularly true of the smaller houses, which, unlike the downtown theatres with their greater capacity and longer runs, have no money to spend on exploitation."

"How about the contests in which you won first prizes, did you get away without expenditure there?" I interjected.

"You bet I did," Buell answered; "I had to. In putting over the exploitation on *The Riddle Rider,* for instance, the stunt that won me my first national prize in the Laemmle contests, I spent practically nothing. Here's an illustration: I needed something to act as flaming red bandannas for the thirteen program boys whom I had dressed as cowboys and mounted in broomsticks for a ballyhoo. Ten cents worth of red crepe paper from the corner drug store did the trick.

"But to go back to the press sheet," Buell added, shying away from the exploitation of his own exploitation, "one of the big stunts that is suggested in almost every press sheet is that of window displays. But that has been done so much that it has lost all its kick and only when there is a particularly effective tie-up is a window display of any great value. You've got to keep handing the public something new and that is what I am hollering for. The producer realizes it when he searches for new story material. The director realizes it when he seeks for the new angles to be injected in the script. The gag man realizes it when he is working out new gags that will add punch or humor to the production.

"Why don't they give us exploitation gags that are planned as carefully and as exclusively for the production in question as the gag man works out his stuff?

"I really believe that the whole answer to this problem will come when something like an exploitation gag man is developed to work out the exploitation angles of a production and nothing else.

"Of course I appreciate that we fellows on this end of the game are expected to use some brains in devising new stunts to fit our particular needs and to sell our houses and our productions to our patrons. But I do believe that it is entirely equitable for us to expect more direct help in advertising each individual production than we are now getting. Changing pictures at least twice a week, as most of us do, sometimes three and four times, we haven't much opportunity to work out stunts for pictures that nine times out of ten we won't see until they appear on our screens. During the production period and when the picture is being previewed, when the exhibitor advertising is being planned and the paper is being laid out—that's the time when real exploitation angles can be developed and tested and relayed to us on the firing line."

Photo by Moss

SUNSET AT SANTA MONICA

The Directory

A source of authentic information concerning the making of Motion Pictures

IS the motion picture industry a closed shop and does "Who do you know?" constitute the only open sesame?

Apparently that is the view point held by many who seek their careers within its ranks as witness this letter from a reader of THE DIRECTOR, the answer to which, because of the generality of the question, has been prepared by members of the editorial staff:

Editor, THE DIRECTOR:

In your last issue of THE DIRECTOR you ask for ideas and comment upon things that concern the motion picture industry. May I ask a question—What is the relation of higher education as at present expressed in the universities to motion pictures? Do the heads of this field encourage college men and ideas, or is entrance into the motion picture field limited to—Who do you know?

I know of a history professor with unlimited experience in the field of research, two Oxford men, a specialist in the field of costume design and origin and a great many degree holders from universities of the West, all of whom have found little or no encouragement, each telling the same story: that motion pictures are a closed industry.

I myself have had much the same experience. After studying with the express purpose of motion pictures in view, I have for some time been following promises that lead but to other promises, blind alleys and officious office boys.

This is not a crank letter, for I love the work and being young can still manage to more or less subsist on dreams and odd jobs and continue to like it. But motion pictures being one of the largest industries in existence must eventually have trained men of theoretical background as well as practical experience. To the point—

It has been proven by a great many corporations that the conducting of courses in the line of practical experience over the various phases of their industry more than pays for itself by securing thereby executives who fit their job. This method is based merely on taking promising young men, paying them enough to subsist on and giving them a few months of intensive training in various departments, thus getting a certain amount of work at a cheaper price than before in addition to finding to what line various individuals are best suited. At the end of this period the student is either employed, if he has made good, or all relations terminated. Incidentally it has given the student a wedge with which to dig himself in and has supplied a source of new blood for the corporation, thus benefiting employers as well as employe.

Could not some deviation of this be put into practice by the larger producing companies?

D.W.C., *Hollywood.*

THE evident sincerity of D.W.C. in asking his questions and presenting what he conceives to be a constructive criticism, accompanied, as most constructive criticisms are, by a remedial suggestion, generates a desire to try and answer his query as fairly and as completely as possible.

In drawing his parallel between the motion picture industry and others of a commercial nature, D.W.C. has in a measure answered his own question, for speaking generally the attitude of the motion picture industry toward new blood and toward men of educational attainments is much the same as that of any other large industry.

New blood and educational attainments are always welcome and are constantly being sought. But as do other large industries the motion picture industry prefers that when a man of specific educational attainments is brought into the industry one of two conditions shall exist: Either that such a man be a specialist in some particular field for which the industry needs highly specialized knowledge, or that he have, in addition to his educational background either some experience in the dramatic field or an understanding of the peculiar requirements of the industry and a sympathy for the silent drama.

No more than any other are motion pictures a closed industry. But like most other enterprises entry, excepting through the door of experience, is difficult, particularly so to the man who because he has made a specialized study of some particular field, or because he has achieved the degrees of higher education, is impelled to the belief that he should step into a responsible and well-paying position by virtue of those attainments.

Because a man of such qualifications may happen to have friends, relatives or intimate acquaintances holding responsible positions in the industry and thereby may be given an opportunity to demonstrate his value is not necessarily a sufficient reason for declaring that the motion picture industry is closed excepting to those who have "pull". The same is true of any industry. Opportunity is sometimes made for some individuals, others make their own, But in any industry the surest mode of entrance is that which is expressed by "beginning at the bottom."

However there is one factor of the motion picture equation which *is* peculiar to this industry: The fact that it is in all probability the most popular line of activity in our modern business world,—the most romantic, the most alluring and the most attractive profession in the world. Result: Everybody and his brother wants to break into it. Figuratively and literally they want to "break in" for nine out of every ten applicants who apply for positions seek to crash to the top overnight.

Now all this invokes the immutable law of supply and demand. With the gates of the motion picture industry being besieged by thousands demanding and beseeching entrance, the supply of available material is grossly in excess of the actual demand. Employment offices of the studios are swamped with talent of all sorts. Under such circumstances experience is naturally given the preference over theoretical knowledge. It is human nature to follow the line of least resistence. And yet the studios are not at all unmindful of the importance of training new blood. Exemplification of this fact is found in the establishment of schools for the training of specialized workers by Universal, Paramount and other large producing organizations.

The motion picture industry has no quarrel with higher education, nor does it discourage college men and college ideas. Both are welcome, particularly ideas, for the motion picture industry is essentially creative. But somehow ideas based on theory or evolved from without the industry by people who have had no practical experience in the field of the silent drama seem consistently to fail through lack of understanding of the principles involved.

In the matter of research, not only does each studio maintain a highly developed research department of its own with specially trained men and women of education and *experience* in charge, but there have grown up as adjuncts to the industry research organizations who specialize in accumulating accurate data on all sorts of subjects. In addition when special knowledge in any one subject, historical or otherwise, is required that knowledge is sought from the most authentic source attainable.

It might be well for D.W.C. to consider that the production program of each studio in the space of a comparatively few months will cover a wide range of diversified subjects. One unit may be producing a story of Ancient Rome and follow immediately with a story of the South Seas and again with a modern society drama, an epic of the old West or a story of the French revolution. It is the business of the research department to provide on *short notice* all the essential data and facts necessary to build sets, design costumes and plan the atmosphere of the locale in which action of the story is laid. It is rare that specialized knowledge on any one subject is required with a degree of regularity to warrant the retention of such a history professor as D.W.C. refers to, for presumably, being a history professor he has specialized on that subject, and equally as presumable is the assumption that he has specialized on some specific period in the history of the world.

After all, regrettable as it may seem from an idealistic point of view, the attitude of the business world of today is not "What can we do for you?" but "What can you do for us?" The motion picture industry is no exception.

DIRECTING HAROLD LLOYD

(Continued from Page 14)

gag-man into his own and the introduction of men of this type into the dramatic lots. Every studio of any consequence today has one or more gag-men whose sole function it is to furnish gags to be injected into dramatic stories. The improvement in comedies has taught audiences to laugh; the producers have recognized this fact and, like all good businessmen, they are endeavoring to satisfy their customers' demands.

The result has been a growing homogeneity of motion pictures—not a sameness, but a closer kinship. It is the same march of events which can be traced in the history of any other art-expression. There will always be a small number of out-and-out melodramas and, at the other extreme, downright farces, but the in-between group of pictures is growing in volume with this increasing kinship—and rightly so, because it means we are giving our audiences worth-while entertainment with a proper admixture of comedy and drama. The small circle of directors and producers who have already recognized the fact of this artistic progress on the screen is reaping a just reward and, in this case at least, the tendency to follow-the-leader will be beneficial to all concerned.

CUSTOMS AND COSTUMES

(Continued from Page 21)

popularity of the comic opera from which the picture has been adapted and the musical theme which accompanies it and *The Merry Widow* is another of the exceptions that prove the rule.

In the category of costume plays one must perforce include allegories and fantasies. The same basic principles that apply to the period play apply here as well and to an even greater extent.

In the old days the illusive possibilities of the camera prompted the production of many allegorical subjects, productions which in practically every instance failed of success as box office attractions. The element of realism as understood by the American public was lacking.

Fantasies have suffered much the same fate. Notable exceptions have been where the personalities of players have carried the production over through the sheer force of personal appeal. Douglas Fairbanks in *The Thief of Bagdad* achieved a greater success than would otherwise have been the case simply because it was Fairbanks.

All of which explains in part why Anthony Ehler's scenario *Oberon* having traveled the rounds has been consistently rejected by American producers. *Oberon* might indeed be a very successful production in Europe, visualizing as it does many elements of European history and tradition which have only an indirect appeal in this country and that largely to those of foreign birth to whom the legendary characters are more or less real. But in this country the chances are 100 to 1 that it would prove a decided "flop."

A BUSY SEASON FOR EVE UNSELL

WRITING the modern screen story, whether in original form or as an aptation, calls for a degree of versatility and a knowledge of human nature that is astounding when you stop to analyze things a bit. For instance, a resume of the scenaric activities of Eve Unsell during the past few months runs pretty much the whole gamut of human emotions as well as involving an intimate understanding of the modus operandi of some half dozen directors and half as many studios.

During the past year, which Miss Unsell states has been "the happiest and most successful of my busy screen career," she has turned out nine scripts either as a whole or in collaboration. Starting with the adaptation of *Hell's High Road* for Cecil B. DeMille, she followed that up with *The Plastic Age* for B. P. Schulberg. Then came collaboration with James Hamilton in the adaptation of *The Ancient Highway*, a James Oliver Curwood story, for Famous Players-Lasky; and then a period of collaboration with June Mathis during which were evolved *What Fools Men!* for Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason, directed by George Archainbaud, and adapted from the book, *Joseph Greer and His Daughter; The Girl from Montmarts*, for Barbara LaMarr and Lewis Stone, directed by Alfred E. Green and adapted from the book, *Spanish Sunlight*, and *The Second Chance* on which she is now working in collaboration with Miss Mathis, as a vehicle for Anna Q. Nilsson to be directed by Curt Rehfield. In between have been scripts for three Fox productions, *Thunder Mountain*, a Victor Schertzinger production based on the John Golden play *Howdy Folks* by Pearl Franklin; *The Yankee Senor* from the book *The Conquistador*, a Tom Mix production directed by Emmett Flynn, and *The Golden Strain* another Victor Schertzinger production from the *Cosmopolitan* story *Thoroughbreds* by Peter B. Kyne.

Following his return from his transcontinental trip visiting the exchanges, E. O. Van Pelt has taken a flier up into the Yellowstone where he shot exteriors on a new feature in eight working days getting some remarkable scenic stuff on the side.

Wampas Doin's

By A. Wampa

AFTER a summer of relative inactivity, with many members away on long distance jaunts, including both President Harry Brand and Vice-president Tom Engler, the Wampas have swung back into the harness and, in the words of Harry Wilson, are "up and at it again."

Many things are on the schedule for the fall and winter that promise interesting developments. Of which——more anon.

The inactivity of the summer months was broken with a smash September 28th when Ham Beall took charge of the first of the fall meetings—a meeting which marked the return of Tom Engler as the van guard of the wandering Wampas who were wending their way westward. Tom's return was an event in itself, particularly inasmuch as at that time he was the only presiding officer that the Wampas had, Harry Brand having resigned because of New York affiliations. But the entertainment program staged by Ham Beall broke all records for snap, pep and vim. With the Dixieland Blue Boars from Freddy Solomon's Palais de Dance tearing off the jazziest jazz heard by the Wampas in a long while and the Texas Tommy team from the prologue at Grauman's Egyptian whirling through their dizzy dance number, things moved fast. With the genius of the true showman Ham balanced the program with the Bartender Baritone, also from the Egyptian rendering a reportoire of old-time songs and ballads of the vintage of *The Gold Rush.*

Ham Beall

Saturday morning October 3rd the S.S. Manchuria docked at 8 o'clock with Harry Brand and Garrett Graham on board, Garrett likewise returning from New York as the eastern terminus of his recent tour. On the dock to meet Harry was a committee of the silk-hatted Wampas composed of Joe Jackson, Harry Wilson, Norman Manning and Larry Weingarten, heading a Wampas delegation of sleepy-eyed press agents. In view of Harry's popularity and his leadership during the early part of the year, when he actively filled the office of president it was to be expected that there would be a Wampas delegation on hand to greet him, but when that delegation was augmented by a group of newspaper men including several city editors, the home coming assumed new proportions and developed into a glowing tribute both to Harry Brand and the Wampas as a whole.

On the Tuesday following the docking of the Manchuria, a special meeting and dinner was held at the Writers' Club in honor of the returning Wampa at which the Fourth Estate of Los Angeles turned out en masse. It is doubtful if there has ever been a greater gathering of Los Angeles newspaper men and representatives of the motion picture industry to do honor to a publicist than that which assembled in the spacious dining room of the Writers' Club as a welcome to Harry Brand. In addition to the newspaper men were several writers of national repute, including Donald Ogden Stewart and Montague Glass; while the motion picture industry was ably represented by Sid Grauman, Sol Lesser, M. C. Levee, J. Stuart Blackton, Frank Keenan, Lew Cody and a host of others.

Coming in relays from Warner Brothers, entertainers from the KFWB radio program contributed the entertainment features of the evening through the courtesy of Norman Manning. Manning, by the way, having been elected to associate membership following the 1925 Frolic was elected to full membership in the Wampas at the September 28 meeting.

Tom Engler

The surprise of the evening was sprung by Tom Engler, who presented his resignation as president, urging that Harry Brand be reinstated. Tom's resignation was acted upon and Harry reinstated by popular acclaim.

With Harry Brand as the pivotal point the dinner developed into a home-coming for several other Wampas whose absence had been felt during the preceding months. There was Mark Larkin who had just gotten back after a summer exploiting *Don Q.,* Garrett Graham, who started for San Francisco and wound up in New York, Enoch Van Pelt, who has just finished a tour of the exchanges of the country; Tom Engler who has been visiting the old home folks in Maryland, and Arch Reeve who has been jaunting back and forth between Hollywood and San Francisco.

Harry Brand

After rusticating in the wilds of Kansas City, Eddie Hitchcock has returned to the fold and is handling publicity at the Criterion.

Pete Smith, publicity director for M-G-M has also returned from a snappy trip to New York where he says he was so busily engaged in—well the things one does in New York—that he didn't even have time to convey the greetings of the W.A.-M.P.A. to the A.M.P.A.

Jeff Lazarus, formerly handling publicity at the Metropolitan theatre in Los Angeles is now handling exploitation and publicity for Boston's new theatre of the same name.

Among those who have returned to Hollywood during the past few weeks have been Tom Reed and Carroll Graham, who have returned to the centre of press agentry from Universal City and have hung out their shingle at 6683 Sunset Boulevard. As a matter of fact Tom Reed has busted into the ranks of the free lance publicists with a flock of twenty-four sheet stands scattered where they will do the most good announcing that fact. As an exploitation man Tom is a good doctor—he takes his own medicine.

But "seriously fellows" as Bert Dorris would say, ol' Bert himself merits a word of commendation for his handling of a difficult problem during the summer months when he was called on to pinch hit for Harry Brand and Tom Engler.

What the Direc

DIRECTOR	STUDIO	PRODUCTION	STAR	SCENARIST
John G. Adolphi	Fine Arts	The Phantom Express	Dave Butler	Tom Hopkins
Lloyd Bacon	Sennett	Comedy	Ralph Graves	Staff
Clarence Badger	Paramount	Hands Up	Raymond Griffith	
King Baggot	United	Tumbleweed	Bill Hart	
Sylvano Balboni	United	The Far Cry	All-star	Katherine Kavanaugh
Harold Beaudine	Christie	Comedy	Neal Burns	Kingsley Benedict
William Beaudine	Pickford-Fairbanks	Scraps	Mary Pickford	Winifred Dunn
George Beban	F.B.O.	Loves of Ricardo	George Beban	Staff
Paul Bern	M-G-M	Paris		
J. Stuart Blackton	Warner Bros.	Maryland, My Maryland	Costello-Harron	Marian Constance
Frank Borzage	Fox	The First Year	All-star	Frances Marion
Clarence Brown	United	Kiki	Norma Talmadge	Hans Kraely
H. J. Brown	California	Windjammer	Billy Sullivan	Grover Jones
Tod Browning	M-G-M	The Mocking Bird	Lon Chaney	Waldeman Young
Edwin Carew	United	Joanna with a Million	Dorothy Mackaill	
Eddie F. Cline	Sennett	Comedy	Alice Day	Staff
Jack Conway	M-G-M	The Reason Why	Norma Shearer	Loring-Lighton
William J. Craft	Universal	Radio Detective	William Desmond	Staff
Allan Crossland	Warner Brothers	Don Juan	John Barrymore	Bess Meredith
Cecile DeMille	DeMille	The Volga Boatman	All-star	Coffee-Macpherson
William DeMille	Paramount	Magpie	Daniels-Hamilton	Violet Clark
Roy Del Ruth	Warner Brothers	The Agony Column	Blue-Devore	E. T. Lowe, Jr.
Edward Dillon	Metropolitan	The Bride	Priscilla Dean	Finis Fox
Scott Dunlop	Universal	Seventh Bandit	Harry Carey	Dick Shayer
Dallas Fitzgerald	Universal	On Her Own	Clara Bow	
Francis Ford	Ben Wilson	The Power God	Ben Wilson	George W. Pyper
John Ford	Fox	Three Bad Men	All-star	John Stone
Sven Gade	Universal	Wives for Rent	All-star	Tom Hopkins
John Grant	California	Plumb Center Comedies	All-star	Staff
Alfred E. Green	United	Irene	Colleen Moore	June Mathis
Wm. Goodwich	Educational	Comedy	Lupino Lane	Staff
Fred Guiol	Hal Roach	Comedy		Staff
Alan Hale	DeMille	Braveheart	Rod La Rocque	Mary O'Hara
Hobart Henley	M-G-M	Free Lips	Shearer-Cody	Loring-Lighton
Joseph Henabery	F.B.O.	Playing Safe	Monty Banks	Staff
George Hill	M-G-M	The Barrier	All-star	Harvey Gates
James W. Horne	Hal Roach	Comedy	All-star	Staff
John E. Ince	Fine Arts	Midnight Thieves	Rawlinson-Darmond	Staff
Lloyd Ingraham	F.B.O.	The Nut Cracker	All-star	Madge Myton
Fred Jackman	Hal Roach	The Devil Horse	Rex	Hal Roach
Emory Johnson	F.B.O.	The Last Edition	Ralph Lewis	Beatrice Van
Daniel Keefe	Fox	Cupid a la Carte	All-star	
Erle Kenton	Warner Brothers	Broken Hearts	All-star	Gregory Rogers
George Jeske	California	Untitled	All-star	Staff

tors Are Doing

DIRECTOR	STUDIO	PRODUCTION	STAR	SCENARIST
Henry King	United	Potash and Perlmutter	Carr-Sidney	Frances Marion
Charles Lamont	Educational	Untitled	All-star	Staff
Robert Z. Leonard	M-G-M	Dance Madness	All-star	
Del Lord	Sennett	Comedy	Raymond McKee	Staff
J. P. McGowan	California	Mistaken Orders	Helen Holmes	William Lester
Robert McGowan	Hal Roach	Comedy	Our Gang	Staff
Leo McCarey	Hal Roach	Untitled	Charles Chase	Staff
Leo Maloney	Maloford	The Blind Trail	Leo Maloney	Ford Beebe
George Melford	Metropolitan	Rocking Moon	All-star	Cunningham-Clawson
Lewis Milestone	Warner Bros.	The Cave Man	Matt Moore	Julian Josephsen
Bruce Mitchell	Fine Arts	The Ace	Dick Grace	Gene Taylor
Vin Moore	Universal	Comedy	Holmes-Corbett	Moore-McKenzie
Jack Nelson	F.B.O.	Prince of Pep	Richard Talmadge	Jas. Bell Smith
Fred Niblo	M-G-M	Ben Hur	Ramon Novarro	June Mathis
Al Parker	Pickford-Fairbanks	The Black Pirate	Douglas Fairbanks	Staff
Albert Ray	Fox	Helen and Warren	Perry-Cooley	Kathryn Carr
T. J. Ray	California	Untitled	Jackie Ray	Staff
Herman Raymaker	Warner Bros.	The Night Cry	Rin-tin-tin	
Chuck Reisner	Warner Bros.	Nightie Night, Nurse	Syd Chaplin	Reisner-Zannuck
Curt Rehfield	United	The Second Chance	All-star	Eve Unsell
Lynn Reynolds	Universal	Combat	House Peters	
Jess Robbins	Educational	Comedy	Lupino Lane	Staff
Steve Roberts	Educational	Untitled	Lige Conley	Staff
Al Rogell	Universal	Gunning Guns	Jack Hoxie	Al Rogell
Wesley Ruggles	F.B.O.	A Broadway Lad	Evelyn Brent	J. G. Hawkes
Nat Ross	F.B.O.	Transcontinental Limited		Harvey Thew
Vic Schertzinger	Fox	The Golden Strain	All-star	Peter B. Kyne
Lou Seiler	Fox	The Flying Fool	All-star	Staff
William Seiter	Universal	Skinner's Dress Suit	Reginald Denny	Rex Taylor
H. Scott Sidney	Metropolitan	Million Dollar Handicap	Vera Reynolds	F. McGrew Willis
Cliff Smith	Universal	Fool for Luck	House Peters	
Edward Sutherland	Paramount	Behind the Front	Mary Brian	Frank Condon
Jack Strayer	Waldorf	Untitled	Dorothy Revier	
Slim Summerville	Universal	Comedy	All-star	Staff
Sam Taylor	Metropolitan	Untitled	Harold Lloyd	Staff
Norman Taurog	Educational	Untitled	Lloyd Hamilton	Staff
King Vidor	M-G-M	La Boheme	Lillian Gish	Edmund Goulding
Eric von Stroheim	United	East of the Setting Sun	Constance Talmadge	von Stroheim
Robert Vignola	Metropolitan	Fifth Avenue	De La Mott-Forrest	Anthony Coldewey
Raoul Walsh	Paramount	The Golden Journey	Nissen-Collier, Jr.	
C. Richard Wallace	Hal Roach	Comedy	Clyde Cook	Staff
Herman Weight	F.B.O.	Flaming Waters	All-star	Staff
Roland West	United	The Bat	All-star	Roland West
Ceder Wilkinson	F.B.O.	The Mazie Series	Vaughn-Kent	Lewell Martin
John Griffith Wray	Fox	The Golden Butterfly	All-star	Bradley King

Charley Chase Turns to Activity

By EDITH M. RYAN

IN the annals of Hollywood there are numerous cases of actors who have become directors, but it would be more difficult to present a list of directors who have exchanged the megaphone for the makeup box. Consequently the hat of Charley Chase, student of laughter, thrown in the comedy ring is interesting. And since it is there to stay, it is timely to measure this young man.

CHARLEY CHASE

During his six years with Hal Roach, Charley Chase spent four of them as director of highly successful one-reel comedies. The money they earned would reflect credit on the most widely known director in the game. And they are still making money.

But the psychological moment came and Charley Chase in the full enjoyment of his prestige as director, reckoned as one of the best in the comedy field, burned his ships and began the fashioning of his name for the electric lights, in the role of the average American youth who has been plunged into amusing situations.

To Charley Chase has been given the gift of story weaving. As director he wrote all his stories and supplied the "gags". He has not escaped the typewriter as actor. For the first year of his one-reelers, he wrote thirty stories, and since he began the Charley Chase comedies, he has written fully a dozen stories in collaboration with Leo McCarey, in charge of this unit. When his year ends he will have completed a better average than one a month.

OFF SCREEN PERSONALITIES

(Continued from Page 44)

IT was not until 1922, however, that Levee attained his whole aim. In that year, he mustered capital, bought out Brunton, acquired the land on which the studio stood, with the addition of ten more acres, and became president of the corporation. Coincidentally, the name of the big lot was changed to the United Studios, and remains that.

It was at this time, too, that Joseph Schenck, now chairman of the board of directors and a heavy stockholder, became an important factor in the affairs of the organization.

Until he bought out Brunton, Levee had been vice-president, treasurer and assistant secretary. The staff had been Brunton hired, however, and, when the former vice-president took over, the executive heads assumed as a matter of course, that they would be discharged. So, following custom in such crises, they turned in their resignations.

Then Levee did a characteristic thing. He called all the executive heads into his office.

"This is all nonsense," he said. "We've had some little scraps from time to time, but we'll forget them. I want you all to stay. All I ask is that you give me the same loyalty you did Brunton."

They stayed—and they are still staying. As for their loyalty, try to hire one of them. Other people have.

From the day when Levee became president, the expansion of the studio has been marked. It now has six stages, including number six, the largest in the world. Two more are now being built as part of a $300,000 improvement program begun in August.

Producing constantly on the lot are Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, Constance Talmadge, Colleen Moore, First National Productions, Frank Lloyd Productions, Corinne Griffith, Edwin Carewe, Henry King Productions, Samuel Goldwyn Productions and June Mathis Productions.

Each of the various producers has his individual offices on the lot. There are three star bungalows. The Talmadge sisters sisters occupy the one built for Miss Pickford, and left tenantless when her needs and those of her famous husband caused them to build a studio of their own. The other two were built for Rudolph Valentino and Marion Davies. In addition, ground is now being broken for a bungalow for Colleen Moore. There are a host of dressing rooms, and more being built. The mechanical department, with its planing mill, blacksmith shop, painting and electrical departments, now occupies two acres. The contents of the huge prop buildings are valued at more than a million dollars.

The actual area of the studio is now twenty-seven and one half acres, six acres having been subdivided in the spring of 1925. Incidentally, as a sample of Los Angeles land values, they were sold for more than the entire thirty-three acres had cost four years ago.

Levee, the young man who strolled into the studio in 1917, and routed a sheriff, can sit back now at the ripe age of 33, and survey the realization of his dream. He does that. He has a personal pride, not only in the studio, but in the pictures which are produced in it. Such pictures as *The Isle of Dead Ships, Flaming Youth, Black Oxen, The Sea Hawk* and *Ashes of Vengeance.*

When Levee dreamed of an independent studio, pictures like this had never been conceived. Would they have been if someone had not built a place where imagination and ambition could have free scope? Possibly, but certainly not soon.

—*C. S. Dunning.*

Demand for Short Subjects

A greater demand for entertaining short film subjects exists today than ever before in the history of the motion picture business. Exhibitors throughout the country are clamoring for wholesome two-reel comedies that can be featured on their programs but at the same time there is no demand for ordinary 'fillers'.

This is the contention of Joe Rock, producer of Standard and Blue Ribbon comedies, who but recently completed a survey of the short subject market.

"Such two-reelers as the pictures we are now producing are extremely popular with showmen everywhere as they are clean and entertaining and have a genuine appeal with adults and children alike," says Rock. "No longer will the producer of suggestive comedies find a market for his product as exhibitors have found out that this class of so-called entertainment is neither profitable nor appealing."

Rock recently mailed a questionnaire on the subject of comedy films to 500 leading exhibitors in this country and he bases his conclusions on the replies he received from this campaign.

Frank Lawrence Resigns

Frank Lawrence, film editor-in-chief at Universal City, has resigned that office, according to an announcement made by Lawrence. Lawrence has cut and edited some of the most successful pictures produced by Universal.

Hal Crane, one of America's most brilliant creators of vaudeville sketches, is to take a fling at motion picture scenarios, it was learned with the announcement of his new contract with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Claims Sitting Bull "Stole" Massacre Scene

CHIEF Standing Bear, son of one of Sitting Bull's great war chiefs and who is appearing with several hundred other Indians in Universal's *Hearts of the West,* takes issue with history as to the part played by Sitting Bull in the campaign that eventually ended in the Custer massacre. Sitting Bull, in the language of motion picture people, merely stole the scene from Chief Gall and Chief Crazy Horse, two great war chieftains of the Sioux, according to Standing Bear.

Standing Bear was three years old at the time of the massacre, is a graduate of the famous Carlisle Indian School and has delved deep into the lore of his tribe. In addition, his statements are supported by the accounts of the campaign given him by his father.

"Sitting Bull was not a 'brave,'" says Standing Bear. "Never had be taken a scalp. He was a medicine man who exercised great influence over his people. At the time of the Custer massacre he was six miles away. Chief Gall was the real war leader of my people. Sitting Bull, he had 'big head.' When they took him to Washington to see the Great White father he really thought he was to be made president. But he changed his mind when he came back, and but for my father he would have been killed. My people hated him. When he returned, Crazy Horse tried to kill him but my father held Crazy Horse off with a rifle."

Standing Bear takes a rather unique stand as to the ethics of scalping.

"When our boys came home from the war in Europe they brought back German helmets and rifles as trophies," he said, "to show people that they had really been there. When the Indian took the warpath against an enemy tribe he brought back the scalps of the braves he had slain. It was his proof that he had been to war and had killed an enemy."

The cast of *Hearts of the West,* includes such players as Hoot Gibson, Anne Cornwall, Dustin Farnum, Ward Crane, Kathleen Key, Eddie Gribbon, Harry Todd, George Fawcett and Harold Goodwin.

Producing Entire Pictures on Location

Probably not since the film industry was "in its infancy" has an entire picture been made wholly on location, but that is what Renaud Hoffman is doing in the Redwood State Park near Santa Cruz and what Jack Ford has been doing at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where the Fox special, *Three Bad Men,* has been in production.

A large company of players with a formidable array of props and equipment have been sent to Santa Cruz and filming is now under way on *The Phantom of the Forest,* Hoffman's newest feature for Gotham Productions. Both exteriors and interiors will be made in the wilds with the old Spreckels' ranch at Aptos furnishing part of the settings. The electric power company has installed transformers to secure current from the main transmission line several miles away.

The Phantom of the Forest will feature Thunder, famous canine actor of the screen and is an original story from the pen of his owner, Frank Foster Davis, who also plays a prominent role in the picture. James J. Tynan made the adaptation. The all-star cast, under the direction of Henry McCarty, is headed by Betty Francisco and Eddie Phillips and includes James Mason, Irene Hunt, Rhody Hathaway and others. The company will be on location for several weeks according to Glenn Belt.

Donald Ogden Stewart Signs With M.G.M. Studio

Found at last! A famous author who doesn't want to revolutionize the screen!

His name is Donald Ogden Stewart, and he has just arrived in California to serve what he calls an "apprenticeship" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Stewart, author of the remarkable successful novel, *The Crazy Fool,* recently purchased by M-G-M, is under contract as an editor and supervisor, possibly to do his first work on his own novel. He is one of the best known authors in America, and six of his books in succession have won wide popularity.

"I never had anything to do with pictures before," says Stewart, "and have no illusions about revolutionizing them—nor have I any idea that I know anything about them. I am going to try to learn the business before I talk about it."

Stewart is the author of *A Parody Outline of History,* hailed as a classic in humor, *Perfect Behavior, Aunt Polly's Story of Mankind* and *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad.*

Getting the *Third Dimension* On the Screen

DEVELOPMENTS in cinematography presaging results of far-reaching importance in both production and exhibition of motion pictures are announced by Charles B. Hazlehurst in connection with the perfection of experiments conducted by Max O. Miller in third dimensional photography.

According to the statements made by Mr. Hazlehurst, as attorney for Mr. Miller and his associate in the development of his stereoscopic patents, and as demonstrated at a private showing of a test film given the members of the Wampas, third dimensional photography is not only possible but exceedingly practical.

Ordinary photography, Mr. Hazlehurst explains, has but two dimensions, length and breadth, but no depth. The function of the Miller attachment is to produce depth, and when you have depth, you have the "roundness" of objects in the foreground that creates the stereoscopic effect.

Interesting as this phase of the device is in its far-reaching possibilities for creating greater realism in screen production, there are two other angles that are of equal importance, Mr. Hazlehurst points out. In getting depth the Miller attachment also gets distance; and while these terms might at first be conceived as being synonymous in the results achieved, there is a very finely drawn distinction. This was demonstrated in the scenes of the test reel showing shots of the Grand Canyon in which sharp definition was gotten for a distance of fifty miles, and it is claimed by Mr. Hazlehurst that it is possible to get definition for 125 miles.

The other factor involved is that of registering scenes on the films when there is a minimum of reflective light — after sundown, in fog or rain, or even at night. Again the angle of "distance" is responsible, for as explained by Mr. Hazlehurst, it it possible to register upon the sensitized film of the camera everything that the naked eye can detect in the same amount of light. For example, it is claimed that it is possible to take pictures during rain and register the same picture as that which will be seen with the naked eye.

The importance of this feature is more far-reaching than would appear in casual consideration of the subject. For Mr. Hazlehurst confidently asserts that the problem of Kleig eyes may be conclusively solved through the light absorption qualities of the Miller attachment. He bases this assertion on the fact that the glare of Kleig lights is not essential to perfect photography in steroscopic film. The same results can be procured through the use of simply the Cooper-Hewitts and the broads by which daylight is simulated on a darkened stage.

THE fundamental principle of the Miller device, Mr. Hazlehurst points out, while declining to make any further statement concerning the composition or details of the attachment, is based on bringing to the eye of the camera all the light that is in both foreground and background.

"The ordinary lens," says Mr. Hazlehurst, "excludes through absorption, refraction, reflection and other qualities, fully fifty per cent of the light impinging upon the lens. Through the Miller attachment all the light that is available is brought to the lens and through the lens to the sensitized film.

"There is nothing wrong with the film," he goes on to say. "The film now in use will register *all* the picture that reaches it. By using the Miller attachment on any camera greater detail and definition can be obtained and consequently a clearer, sharper picture in which objects in the foreground will assume that condition of 'roundness' which is induced by the depth acquired in the background.

"And conversely whatever has been registered on the film can be reproduced on the screen by fitting the projection machine with the Miller projection attachment."

According to Mr. Hazlehurst, the attachment has been simplified to the point where it may be quickly and easily attached to any camera or projector and calls for no other adjustment or special apparatus.

Like many others Mr. Miller has been experimenting with third dimensional photography for many years. He has worked for the past twelve years, to be specific, in perfecting his stereoscopic attachment and it looks as though he had achieved it.

The demonstration given at the Writers' Club before the Wampas showed very interestingly something of the possibilities of the device. The first scenes were taken after the sun had gone down and were thirty per cent stereoscopic. The principle demonstrated in these scenes was that of getting definition and distance under conditions which ordinarily would be considered impossible. The results were gray but *the picture was there.* The most interesting features of the demonstration, however, centered in the shots of the Grand Canyon in which some marvelous results were obtained. Not only was distance beyond the range of the ordinary lens or even the naked eye procured with remarkable definition, but the third dimensional qualities giving depth to the picture brought out, as has rarely been done, the full grandeur and beauty of the Grand Canyon.

Shots showing the Colorado river flowing through deep gorges into which sunlight penetrates only a few minutes during the day, were shown sharply and clearly and were snapped into extreme realism by effective tinting. One of the most interesting features of the river scenes was that showing one of the water falls in which a flickering rainbow playing through the mist was caught clearly and distinctly.

Indicative of the possibilities of the Miller attachment for registering scenes in light other than direct bright sunlight, Mr. Hazlehurst included in his demonstration a shot down the gorge made *after the sun had gone down,* in which the beauties of the canyon were still clearly visible for fifty miles beneath bank upon bank of fleecy clouds upon which was reflected the last rays of the dying sun.

IN the past it has been frequently asserted that third dimensional results were obtained through the use of the stereoscopic device, formerly seen so commonly on the parlor table, by a double set of lens which focused each eye upon a separate picture, and that it was because both eyes were used in this manner an effect of "roundness" was obtained. But, according to Mr. Hazlehurst, that theory can be exploded by the simple expedient of closing one eye. An object that is round will still appear round. Mr. Miller's preliminary experiments were based on the theory that it doesn't take two eyes to produce stereoscopic results, and that accordingly the single lens of the ordinary camera can be made to produce the same result.

First public exhibition of films made with the Miller attachment will be made in December when the screen version of Emerson Hough's *Ship of Souls* will be released by Associated Exhibitors. The entire camera work on this production was done under the direct supervision of Max Miller and with the use of the Miller attachment. Most of the scenes were taken at Truckee and because of the brilliancy of the reflection from the broad expanses of snow, the stereoscopic qualities were

stopped down to thirty per cent of their full value.

That the possibilities of the Miller attachment are not restricted to motion picture photography is brought out by the assertion that equally as interesting results can be obtained in still photography and that the attachment may be used with similar effectiveness in connection with small kodaks as with the large cameras of the motion picture and commercial world.

Practical demonstrations of the Miller attachment are to be made during the week of November 9 at several of the large motion picture studios when direct comparative experiments will be made between the cameras regularly used on the set and a camera equipped with stereoscopic features. The real test in these experiments, Mr. Hazlehurst predicts, will come when the same scenes are shot without the use of Kleigs upon a stage illuminated only by Cooper-Hewitts and broads.

Popularizes "Mother" Roles

CLAIRE McDOWELL has been secured by Hobart Henley to play the part of Norma Shearer's mother in *Free Lips,* with Miss Shearer and Lew Cody.

Miss McDowell bids fair to become the screen's sensation in mother roles with the release of her next two or three pictures. Three of the very greatest roles of this or any other year have recently fallen to the lot of this actress, and according to all reports she has made the most of everyone.

Miss McDowell plays the mother of Ben Hur, one of the very greatest parts in the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. She also plays John Gilbert's mother in *The Big Parade,* which promises to be this year's sensation, and has won unstinted praise from critics and public alike for her portrayal of "Katrina," Norma Shearer's mother, in *The Tower of Lies.*

Superstitious Cats

ALL cats are superstitious. They think its bad luck to work on any director's birthday. Hence the trouble Jimmy Hogan had the other day when he tried to get a black cat to perform in *Steel Preferred.* With prop boys holding the black cat and others trying to coax it into acting natural, it developed a terrible streak of temperament, darted across stage in the wrong direction and escaped under the studio floor, never to return. Walter Long and his wife happened by and when told of the catastrophy, promptly motored home brought two beautiful black cats not adverse to working on Hogan's birthday and they went through their paces beautifully. Thus was old man Overhead thwarted again.

Doug and Mary

To Do Joint Picture

RUMORS that Doug and Mary are to realize Miss Pickford's oft-expressed ambition to do a joint picture have been confirmed from the Pickford-Fairbanks studio in the announcement that tentative plans are being formed for a joint Pickford-Fairbanks production to be filmed abroad.

According to the present plans of these two world-famous stars Doug and Mary will probably leave for a tour around the world in March or April to be gone a year, returning to Hollywood in the spring of 1927.

In the meantime Doug is busily engaged in the filming of his first technicolor production, *The Black Pirate,* while Mary is completing *Scraps,* her second picture under the direction of Bill Beaudine.

Immediately upon the completion of *Scraps* Miss Pickford is scheduled to start work on a third production in which will be recited the adventures of a shop girl in a large American city. With Bill Beaudine scheduled to return to Warner Brothers, by whom he was loaned to Miss Pickford, upon completion of *Scraps,* considerable interest centers around the question of who will be Miss Pickford's director on the third picture. No statement on this subject has been forthcoming from the Pickford-Fairbanks studio, however.

That Mary Pickford intends never to "grow up" is evidenced by her assertion that in the future she will do only the child parts that have always been her most successful roles. In this she has been influenced both by inclination and by the phenomenal success which it is reported has attended the openings of *Little Annie Rooney,* not only in the key centers of this country but in Europe as well.

Harry Langdon Moves to First National Lot

FINISHING his contract with Mack Sennett by completing his last two-reel fun film for the comedy producer, Harry Langdon and his staff, have moved bag and baggage to their new quarters on the United Studio lot where First National makes its headquarters.

William Jenner, the comedian's manager, had already taken space, occupying the offices which were used by Rudolph Valentino and his organization.

These quarters, however, are only temporary, for the Langdon unit of First National will occupy a bungalow—a building separate from the administration offices of the various companies at United Studios.

The comedian is to begin production at once on a five-reel fun fest, the script of which has been compiled by five noted scenarists and gagmen.

THE BIG PARADE

(Continued from Page 29)

pulsating drama of life itself. It is the first production that I have ever seen that has caught the spirit of national pride that makes the United States army the greatest fighting organization on earth—that subtile yearning to acquit themselves honorably in doing that which the situation demands, that brings heroes out of the slums and the mansions of wealth alike.

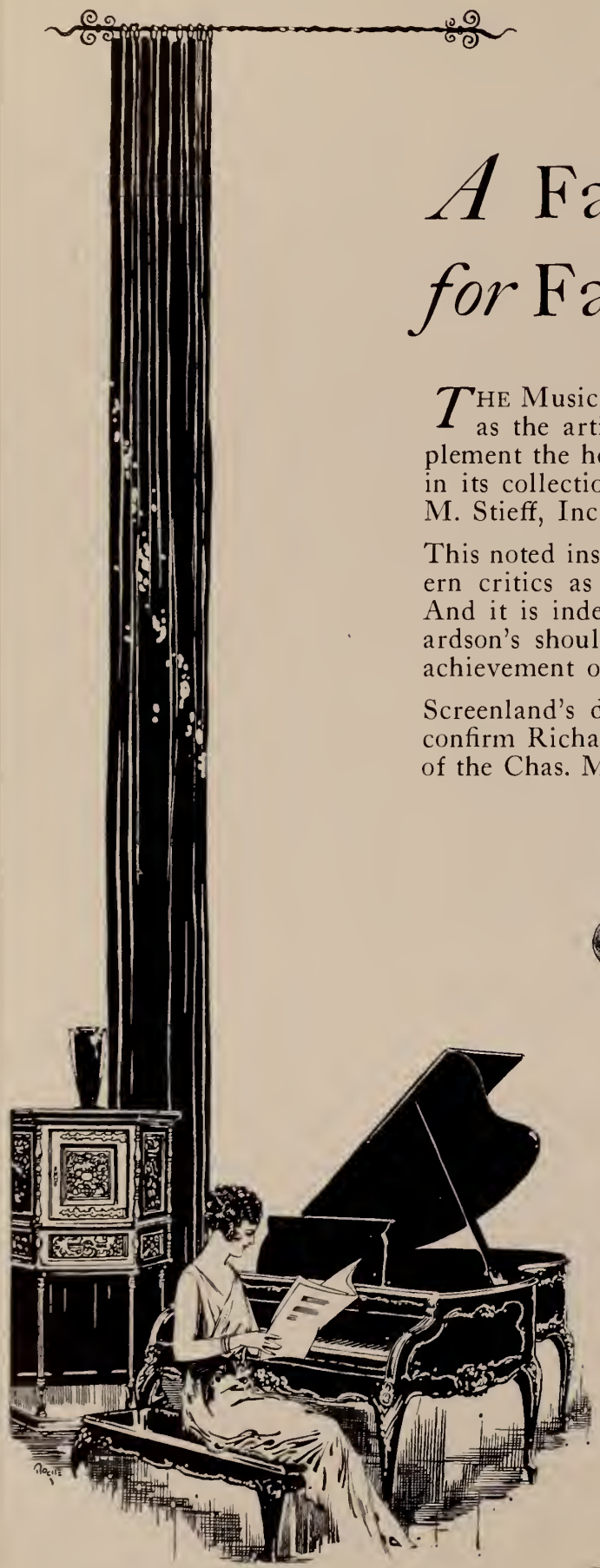
I saw *The Big Parade* screened without accompanying music, in a cold, empty house. With an introductory prologue of the calibre that has made Sid Grauman famous; with a musical score of the throbbing vitality with which he accompanies each great production at the Egyptian, *The Big Parade,* as a Grauman presentation, should prove one of the greatest attractions the Hollywood playhouse has ever known, if not one of the greatest presentations anywhere.

"Good Old Days"

STAGE hands of forty years ago, recruited, two from an old soldiers' home at Sawtelle, and two from the ranks of screen extras, returned to their old craft during the filming of *La Boheme,* Lillian Gish's new starring vehicle.

They handled the old gas footlights, reproduced in the theatre scene in the play, on a specially arranged stage at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. They handled the ancient paper scenery, obtained from the storehouse of an old theatre at San Bernardino, and tended the varied obsolete stage fixtures.

A theatre of years ago was reconstructed in every detail for the new picture, which King Vidor is directing.



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Focus

By Wilfrid North

ALL directors have been through it at some time or another. A morning when everything went wrong. First, the leading woman did not arrive until past ten o'clock, then it was discovered she had dressed for the wrong episode and had to change her clothes; then, when finally she reappeared, and everybody said, "At last!" and "Thank goodness, we can start now," the cameraman suggested that in the "long shot" he was showing a lot of ceiling, and there was an abundance of light, and no visible reason for it, and, as it was an evening party, he would advise they hang a chandelier,—and that was as far as he got. The director, who had waited, and waited, and waited with a calm patience that had been exemplary, now flew all to pieces, and asked the cameraman "Why in thunder he hadn't said so two hours ago? Why wait until they were ready to take the scene?"

And the cameraman said it was not his business to design the sets, "don't bawl me out because the technical director had slipped a cog; no one has shown *me* a script." The poor cameraman had to guess whether it was day or night, or stormy, or a pensive gray light for retrospections; no one told him the nature of the scene; and he sat up nights studying the various aurae the French psychics had discovered just for the sake of lighting people sympathetically, "and a property boy who knew no more about Art than a Zulu does about etiquette could have a script two weeks before a production, and he had better call him to light it! He was through!"

Then the poor director sees—in his mind's eye—his pet cameraman leaving the set, and pictures him working with his hated rival on a No. 2 set, and obtaining finer negative than he had ever seen! There surges through him a feeling that the producer might lose a week, the backer might lose his money, but he will *not* lose his "pet" cameraman. So everybody is told to clear the stage.

The director calls the cameraman, and asks him just where he wants the chandelier—and the style of it—and the number of lights, and tells him to go and smoke a cigarette while it was being placed.

Then he calls the property man and bawls him out for not having put a chandelier on his list *anyway*. "You hear me —*anyway*—do that hereafter, have one anyway! Now chase one as quickly as you can—any kind of chandelier—the quickest kind of chandelier you know how to hang! Hurry!"

And this is how I had a chance to sit down by Jim, the old philosopher, who was happy playing extra parts, and was now on the sidelines addressing two or three who loved to listen to his wisdom. The Director hoped Jim was talking about *"Brotherhood,"* his favorite topic, so he sat near him, and this is what he overheard:

"You have just patted yourself on the back, my friend," Jim said, addressing a nice-looking young fellow in front of him, "when you should have been kicking yourself for not *focusing*. Have you ever been in a projection room when they have been running the dailies, or the rushes, the rough work of the day before, and chanced to hear what the supervising director and the editors have said to a cameraman who took a scene out of focus?

"There's one place where the alibi won't work. If a scene is out of focus, it is the fault of the cameraman, and if a screw is loose, or someone has kicked his tripod, it is the fault of the cameraman! Do you get me? And if you are out of focus, it is *your* fault, because you adjust your own actions. Now you have just stated that you are a very good life insurance agent; can sell insurance to anybody you start after. Then, why in heck are you trying to act You are not a good actor, to my mind.

"You have intelligence and look well, and you do what the director requests you to do, but that isn't acting. Acting is living the part you are impersonating for the time being; thinking as he thinks; moving as he moves; being the character, and not yourself.

"You make me think of an undertaker who thought he would put his profits into a more pleasant mode of living, so he started a green grocer's establishment two doors away, and went into debt to finish building it. Then someone said 'he sold bad vegetables in the hope of helping his undertaking trade,' and the joke was told as a truth, and the people stopped trading at the store, and he failed and died, and proved himself a job for his own undertaking establishment.

"Now, my boy, don't think you can be a jack of all trades and succeed at them all. You must be a master of one thing today. You live in a day of specializing. If you take cognizance of directors—they specialize! One handles horses very much better than the rest. Another is a society director who *knows* society; how the ne plus ultra dresses and acts; another is successful with children; another knows the West. See what I mean? Don't flatter yourself that you are a good actor, but that you are a better insurance man. Go and be a still better insurance man, and give a real actor a chance to play your part. See what I mean by 'focusing' yourself?"

And by this time the chandelier was hung; and the director rose, saying to himself, "By George, *I'm* going to focus!"

And he *did!*

"Gag" Men Organize Club

Now the "gag" men of movieland are to have their own social organization. The boys who put the 'kicks' in up-to-the-minute screen entertainment are organizing a society to be known as the "Re-writer's Club" and they have asked Tom McNamara, who at various times in the past has "gagged" many pictures, to head the association as president. However, as McNamara is no longer a "gagger" he has declined the office but has promised to assist in the perfecting of the organization.

Members of the Re-writers earn their living by editing and improving on the material turned out by the personnel of the Writer's Club—so they say. Be that as is may, the gag men are now to come into their own by boasting of as fine a club house as there is in all Hollywood.

Billie Dove Becomes "Color Girl of Films"

Billie Dove, appearing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in *The Black Pirate*, is rapidly becoming known as "The Color Girl of Pictures".

The reason is that Miss Dove has been specializing in color films; in fact, she is a pioneer in this field. Her first fame as a featured player in an all-color picture came with her appearance in Irvin Willat's production of the Zane Grey story, "Wanderers of the Wasteland". In this photoplay her rich coloring, quaint charm and buoyant personality proved her superiority in natural color pictures. In fact, her work in "Wanderers of the Wasteland" did much to influence Douglas Fairbanks' selection of her for his lead in *The Black Pirate,* another epic in color.

Hands As Character Indices

Judging men by their hands, their manner, and their faces, as Conan Doyle made Sherlock Holmes do in his novels, isn't as fantastic and practical as it may sound. According to Lon Chaney, it's very practical indeed.

Chaney has made a lifelong study of reading character from external appearances, and often astounds co-workers at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios by wagering on his ability to tell at a glance a man's occupation or antecedents. He seldom fails to win in his queer game.

"Just a matter of observation—and deduction," he says. And he didn't mean to quote Sherlock Holmes, either.

Side Lights on Production Costs

By C. S. Dunning

EVERY business man realizes the value of a motion picture plant to a city, from the standpoint of publicity and general advertising.

But how many of them appreciate the value of a big motion picture concern purely as a business asset—considered on the same footing as a cracker factory, a packing house or an automobile plant?

Not many probably. Yet even a cursory survey of such a plant shows that, as a source of income to a city, it compares more than favorably with nearly any manufacturing industry that could be named.

Take the United Studios, the big independent lot of Southern California—the biggest independent lot in the world, in fact. A little conversation with M. C. Levee, President, and with R. W. Allison, his assistant, will give an idea of what such a plant means to a city.

The United lot, you will learn in the first place, represents a standing investment of $2,000,000—land, buildings and property on the lot. Sometimes, owing to the vagaries of the business, the property may be greater or less in value, but that is about the average.

The lot covers 27½ acres, about as much as a big factory. It has a regular pay-roll—exclusive of actors and including only the regular employees of the United Studios—of from $20,000 to $40,000 a week.

There are never less than 350 persons regularly employed, and, in times of large production, which covers about half the year, there are from 500 to 700.

To this, it may be only partially fair to add to the salaries of the actors and other employees of the companies which regularly produce at the United Studios. Still, if there was no plant, there would be no actors, so it is at least worth taking into consideration.

Well, there are ten companies which produce regularly at the United Studios, including the First National. Norma and Constance Talmadge, Samuel Goldwyn, M. C. Levee, Frank Lloyd, Edwin Carewe and Rudolph Valentino. The income of some of the stars involved is so well known that it is scarcely mentioned. To add up that of all the actors who produce on the lot during the year would involve too much inter-company prying to be practicable. It can be approximated, however, and, when it is, quite conservatively, it reaches the staggering sum of $2,000,000 a year.

At least half of that $2,000,000—and probably more—goes back into the development of Hollywood and of the city of which it is a part, Los Angeles.

With the studio employees, this makes a yearly payroll of at least $4,000,000, surely a sizeable addition to the wealth of any city, and something for the merchants and business men generally to regard with satisfaction.

This is the outstanding item, as the payroll is always in industrial computations. But it is not all by any means.

Studios require vast amounts of variegated materials. Many of these are expensive; virtually all are purchased within the city.

An example is lumber. The United Studios pay out an average of $200,000 a year for lumber, mostly to be used in the construction of sets and temporary buildings.

The electric light and power bills average $1,500 a month—and this in a city where electricity is much cheaper than in the average municipality.

A paint bill of $20,000 a year is another item.

Stone and brick must sometimes be used in the building of sets, and this combined bill averages $5,000.

Flowers and trees are often required, and nursery men and florists get an average of $10,000 per annum.

Looking further down the list of expenditures, you find "salt" $500. You are puzzled as to what any business can do with $500 worth of salt. Then you remember that salt is the only thing which provides a good imitation of drifted snow, and you understand. Similarly, it is easy to explain an item of "paper, $500." Paper is used for falling snow.

A large item obtrudes. It is "canvas, $7,200." Canvas is expensive, and great amounts of it are used for scenery. Sometimes a thousand dollars worth is painted, and then scrapped. The scene does not suit. In its nature, the motion picture business must often seem extravagant and wasteful, but the city gets the benefit.

Here are a few other entries which may give an idea of the steady outgo which makes a studio valuable to a city: Lime, $198; cement, $375; copper, $1,250; roofing, $740; floor wax, $670; pipe, $452; silk, $3,800; fan blowers, $800; ice, $1,200; hose (fire) $350; glass, $1,058; furniture, $200,000 and cotton waste, $75.

Similar items could be quoted by the yard. The United Studios, it must be understood, leases out its facilities to independent producers, and gives them what they want when they order it, whether it is a grand piano or a baby-carriage. Consequently, its outlay is so variegated that it can almost be said there is no line of business it does not patronize.

BIG PROGRAM FOR UNIVERSAL

THE largest production schedule ever launched at Universal City will be projected at the "U" studios next season according to Edward J. Montagne, scenario editor, who announces a production budget in excess of $5,000,000.

The next Mary Philbin vehicle will be *Going Straight,* from an original story by Raymond L. Schrock, being prepared by Monte Katterjohn.

So far, three stories are in preparation for Reginald Denny; Byron Morgan's *The Love Thrill,* being scenarized by Don Lee; Ray Cannon is preparing *Follow the Signs;* and the well-known play *Rolling Home,* by John Hunter Booth, is being done into script form by Rex Taylor.

Laura La Plante will do *Brides Will Be Brides,* the famous story by Lucille Van Slyke. The scenario for this picture is being prepared by Charles Kenyon.

Hoot Gibson's next big picture will be George W. Ogden's *The Cow Jerry,* the script for which is now being made by Marian Jackson.

Herbert Blache is making his own adaptation of *Crimes of the Armchair Club,* as a special on the 1926 program.

Edward J. Montagne and Harry Dittmar are collaborating in preparing the next big Edward Sedgwick production, *The Big Gun,* by Richard Barry.

Harry Pollard will direct *Poker Faces,* by Edgar Franklin, the scenario for which is being done by Mel Brown.

A big outdoor feature which will be made in the Fall, with the northern snow country as the location, is *The Yukon Trail,* by William McLeod Raine, being prepared by James Spearing.

All rumors regarding the famous Harriet Beecher Stowe novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* are set at rest by the announcement that A. P. Younger is now making the adaptation.

Curtis is putting a big circus story into continuity form, *The Trail of the Tiger,* by Courtney Riley Cooper, master of animal and circus tales.

Svend Gade has begun production on a new Jewel, *Wives for Rent,* next week; William A. Seiter started Reginald Denny's new starring vehicle, *Skinner's Dress Suit,* on Monday; and Lynn Reynolds has commenced *The Rowdy,* House Peters' next picture.

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THE W.A.S.P.S

By EDITH M. RYAN

AMONG the active clubs in Hollywood is the Women's Association, Screen Publicists, which was organized about a year ago and which meets twice a month. One of the meetings is an open meeting when a member acts as chairman of the entertainment committee and in conjunction with the president, Carolyn Wagner, invites outside speakers and distinguished visitors in the city. Recent social affairs in October included a buffet supper given by the girls in honor of Agnes O'Malley, vice-president of the club, who has resigned from her post of director of publicity for the Mack Sennett studios to accept the position of assistant editor of Photoplay magazine in New York. Miss O'Malley was further honored, when the members in appreciation of her zeal for the club presented her with a handsome traveling bag, complete in every detail. This affair was held at the home of Mrs. Wagner.

* * *

Margaret Ettinger, of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, was club hostess for the second week in October when a brilliant dinner was held at the Writers'.

* * *

The leading event of the Wasp's social calendar took place October 24, when they entertained at a dinner-dance at the Montmartre in honor of the film magazine writers.

* * *

Carolyn Wagner has accepted a position as coast publicity representative on special productions for the Davis Distributing Corporation of New York and is now busily engaged on an extensive publicity and exploitation campaign for *The Red Kimona,* Mrs. Wallace Reid's latest vehicle.

KING VIDOR

The Man on the Cover

(Continued from Page 24)

Turn in the Road. That night he wrote out the scenario. This time nobody laughed, for in *The Turn of the Road* were all the elements that go to make up a genuine feature production.

That was eight years ago. Determination, persistency, sincerity and a keen human understanding have enabled him to force steadily to the top. His *Wild Oranges, The Jack Knife Man, Peg O' My Heart, His Hour* and other notable achievements have been stepping stones that have carried him steadily upward in a career that has been fittingly crowned today with his magnificent production of *The Big Parade.*

And this time when the very Big Parade came into sight, the camera did not jam, and as the World War marched by, each thought, each feeling of that great conflict was captured and translated to the screen in a masterpiece of motion picture directing.

THE NIGHT BRIDE

(Continued from Page 32)

edition, I feel sure Cynthia would like to see. It concerns her wedding. Could you, by any chance, see that she gets it right away? I'd like to have her read it before the ceremony."

"Why, certainly, ma'am," said the broad bosomed fellow. "I'm sure Miss Cynthia would be glad to read anything appertaining to her wedding."

He took the paper and started up the stairs.

Clotilde's eyes narrowed, and her heart beat a rapid tatoo of exhultation.

"Who knows," she breathed through clenched teeth. "Perhaps the fight isn't lost yet."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Richard Thomas Takes Over Berwilla Studios

THE Berwilla Studios in Hollywood will, in the future, be known as the Richard Thomas Productions Studio. This move will add another to the list of modern producing plants in Southern California and is another spike in the guns of the Eastern claimants of New York and Florida as future capitals of the film world.

The capitalists who have invested in the Richard Thomas organization are Los Angeles and San Francisco men, making it the first motion picture firm with an all-California backing.

Thomas himself has to his credit 27 pictures which he has produced and directed. The most recent ones, *The Love Pirate* and *Phantom Justice,* were distributed through F. B. O.

The present plans of the company include eight all-star feature dramatic films per year; the first will be a screen version of William Dudley Pelley's Saturday Evening Post story, *What Women Love.* Albert Shelby Levino has already completed the adaptation.

The Richard Thomas Studio, will be remodelled at a cost of $100,000, according to plans drawn up by A. F. Mantz, Hollywood architect. The executive building will be covered with stucco and raised to a height of two full stories. Important changes will also be made in the interior of the studio. The new equipment will include a lumber mill, a series of projection rooms, a large wardrobe department and suite of dressing rooms for the players besides entirely new electrical equipment. In the intervals between shooting, Thomas plans to rent stage space to other independent companies. The studio will be completed about the early part of December and at that time actual filming will begin on *What Women Love,* the first Richard Thomas production.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF "THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR," PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, FOR OCTOBER, 1925.

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, appeared RICHMOND WHARTON, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publishers, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Director Publishing Corporation, 1925 No. Wilcox Ave., Hollywood, Calif.; Editor, Geo. L. Sargent, 1925 No. Wilcox Ave., Hollywood, Calif.; Managing Editor, Bernard A. Holway, 1925 No. Wilcox Ave., Hollywood, Calif.; Business Manager, Richmond Wharton, 1925 No. Wilcox Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

2. That the owner is DIRECTOR PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 1925 No. Wilcox Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (No stockholders.)

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.....(This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1925.

(Seal)

RICHMOND WHARTON, Business Manager.

GILBERT S. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 10, 1928.)

MARY PICKFORD COMPANY
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

October 16,1925.

Mr. H. F. Boager,
Mitchell Camera Corp.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Boager:-

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Charles Rosher, who shot the two latter pictures with Miss Pickford as the star, is taking a Mitchell to Europa to usa at the UFa Studio -- that's what he thinks of them -- and ha ought to know.

Yours sincerely,

Bill Beaudine

P.S. Don't cut out the alligator - he got a $7.50 chack for this picture.

B.B.

The comments of men like Mr. Beaudine and Mr. Rosher serve their best purpose by spurring us on to higher achievement in the perfection of our product.

Mitchell Camera Corporation

Hollywood, California

The MOTION PICTURE Director

February 25cents

Clarence Brown

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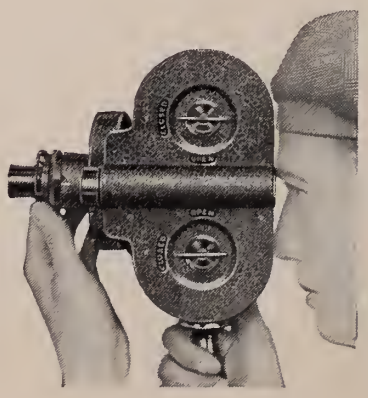

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"A Better Understanding Between Those Who See and Those Who Make Pictures"

Volume 11
Number 7

The MOTION PICTURE Director

February
1926

BERNARD A. HOLWAY
Managing Editor

J. STUART BLACKTON
Editor

JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN
Assistant Editor

CONTENTS

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The Open Door

From Those Who See To Those Who Make Motion Pictures

Editor,
THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR:

In recent issues you have asked your readers to express themselves freely in regard to the pictures that they see and the pictures that they would like to see. You have told us in your editorials that, through THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR magazine, we have an "open door" to the producers of pictures. Accordingly I want to register my vote for the type of film that I really like and enjoy.

Motion pictures to me are not just mere entertainment but virtually a panacea for all human ills. When one is in a joyous mood one goes joyously to a downtown theatre or to a neighborhood house and enjoys a good picture. When one is blue, in the dumps, one goes to the films to forget and to get away from one's self. At all times pictures take one out of one's self and into a land of romance, and adventure. One the silver sheet we see often ourselves in romantic roles—as we would like to be, perhaps.

Taking these things into consideration I believe that I am speaking for many others when I say that the films that are most enjoyable are those that entertain and amuse, that take one's thoughts from oneself and one's own problems and leave one with a pleasant feeling of having, for the time at least, completely lost one's self in the entertainer.

The intensely dramatic picture, on the other hand, not only is depressing but because of its intensity frequently proves an emotional strain that is exceedingly tiring. Personally I incline to the belief that the American people of today more thoroughly enjoy the lighter themes. Such pictures as "Best People" for instance with its delicious satire are thoroughly enjoyable. One relishes the satire, one enjoys the dramatic features, the suspense of the plot and working out of the story to the happy ending that we Americans so insistently demand. It so happened that on the same evening that I saw "Best People" I also saw a preview of "Dance Madness." I went into the theatre tired and out of sorts, I came away refreshed and with the feeling that I had had an enjoyable time. While much more dramatic I have enjoyed equally as much "The Merry Widow" and "The Eagle." In neither instance was there the dramatic intensity nor the emotional strain that I have referred to.

Just the other evening I attended the preview of what is probably a big production. It features a famous star and a strong cast of film favorites. It was directed by a director who has made a notable name for himself as the director of unusually powerful pictures. It was adapted from a world-famous story. Yet I came away worn out—exhausted. The tenseness of the dramatic suspense, the vividness of the emotional scenes and the unhappy ending left me depressed and regretting the evening spent. I am making no quarrel with the unhappy ending in this instance. It had to be in order faithfully to follow the original story. To do otherwise would be to have created a picture that had no excuse for being. But even without that ending the story left a "bad taste."

Undoubtedly such a picture will appeal to people who seem to derive a certain degree of enjoyment from morbid scenes. Probably it would be a tremendous success in Europe. But to me it is the antithesis of the type of production that American audiences desire and really enjoy.

The American people are living essentially in the present. We are keyed to a high pitch all the time and, whether we realize it or not, under a constant nervous strain,—a feeling that we must keep up with the procession. Yesterday has gone, tomorrow never comes. It is today that counts. "Then, why mourn for about what is gone or worry about what is to come?" may be said to be an expression of the national outlook on life. It is in such a spirit that we attend the motion picture theatres, seeking relaxation, amusement and relief from the every day problems of life. Give us pictures that entertain without engendering emotional exhaustion and you will give us pictures that we, who constitute the American theatre-going public, thoroughly enjoy.

M. J. D., *Los Angeles.*

Editor,
THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR:

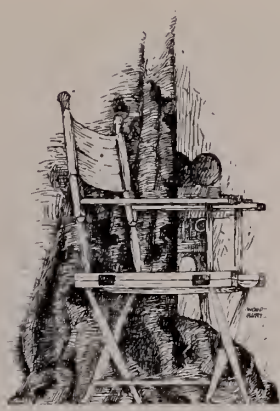
I am very much interested in the making of moving pictures, especially after reading about "Ben Hur."

I think that moving pictures are nearly as valuable as educational matter as they are for entertainment. For a few cents we can see before our eyes "How the other side of the world lives." Every school should use more educational pictures in the class room. I think they would make more impression on the young mind than hours of study. We use them in the Navy to instruct our Engineers in operation of new machinery. For preserving historical events they have no equal and to my rather inexperienced mind they should be placed side by side with steam engines, telephones, radio, automobiles and electric lights in everyday usefulness.

I am very anxious to be allowed the privilege of visiting some large studio with soneone who can explain the "inner workings." Some time ago a certain moving picture company took a few "shots" aboard this vessel. They didn't cause us one bit of inconvenience; in fact, they caused a lot of enjoyment. The director said he would show us the finished product some evening. The evening arrived and he said he was bringing a *few* of the actors along.

When they came on board there were about twenty persons. The picture was shown and a very interesting picture too, featuring the life of a Navy man on sea and on shore. To us, who *know* the Navy Man on shipboard it was very true to life, and great credit is due the director and company for their excellent acting. The picture was full of comedy and thrills. Not only did they honor us with their

(Continued on Page 68)



IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

By J. Stuart Blackton

The Battle of Bunker Hill

ABOUT the year 1900, the motion picture appeared and in ten years it began to take its place with the kindred arts, Literature and the Drama.

Today, literature and the drama enjoy the same freedom of expression that was their heritage from the War of Independence.

Today, the motion picture is the victim of a pernicious and growing class legislation.

In the year 1909, the writer produced a two-reel historical film portraying the life of George Washington.

Then an unbelievable thing happened!

Our Chicago office wired that the Chicago Board of Censors, headed by one Major Funkhauser, refused to permit the showing of our Washington film unless we eliminated the Battle of Bunker Hill and the Siege of Yorktown.

Further particulars convinced us that it was not a huge joke as we first suspected. The redoubtable Funkhauser and his misguided associates were in deadly earnest.

When asked for an explanation, he pointed to Clause V in the list of scenes and action subject to elimination under the local censorship board's ruling. There it was, in black and white: "Clause V. It shall be a misdemeanor to exhibit in moving pictures on the screen in any public place, scenes showing firearms being used with intent to kill, and such scenes shall be eliminated before a permit can be issued for exhibition."

The Battle of Bunker Hill and the Siege of Yorktown typified the beginning and end of the Colony's struggle for freedom, but the Colonial and British troops were "using firearms with intent to kill," and so the stupid censors, in their doltish and destructive ignorance, applied Clause V to the case in hand without regard to the injury it worked upon those who made the picture and those who wanted to see it.

As a matter of fact there is no need for censorship as it is imposed on the American screen. The sternest censors of motion pictures after all are, first, the public itself, and secondly, the exhibitors—the men who show the films. The big, high-class theatres will not debase themselves by showing the type of pictures that is essentially censorable. The neighborhood theatres would not dare to show them. Such houses cater to a regular clientele which would quickly draw away were pictures of a genuinely objectionable nature to be shown.

If a picture is so bad that it is not fit to be exhibited anywhere there are very plainly worded laws on the statutes of every community providing for just such contingencies. But as a whole the petty censorship imposed by the self-appointed censors of the smaller communities accomplishes nothing and is seriously damaging the picture that is made for and belongs to the American public.

The very people who are themselves most directly affected by censorship—the theatre patrons of the country—are the ones who have it in their hands effectively to eradicate a censorship that arbitrarily imposes its will and its whims on the screen and permits literature and the dramatic stage complete freedom of expression.

Suppose, for instance, that every novel that is written were at the mercy of local censors, that before the people of a community could buy it or read it, it had to be reviewed by the local censor boards. Suppose that every traveling theatrical company when arriving at a new city or town had to change the lines and rehearse the show in order to conform to some notion of the community censors, what kind of a play would it be? Certainly it would soon cease to be the author's work as originally conceived and presented.

Actually this censorship question does not affect the producer of films one-half as much as it affects the rights of the public in the kind of picture they want to see. And the people have at their hands the most potent of weapons to combat pernicious censorship in the power of public demand, a power that, expressed at the box office, has greater force than all attempts at regulation exerted by individually created censor boards.

Let us for a moment consider the film situation in Russia. In a recent article in *The Film Daily* Ernest W. Fredman explains that in Russia the government recognizes what a force the cinema plays in the lives of their people. The government controls films by a state department under the name of Sovkino that entirely deals with the film industry. The Sovkino is a big renting organization which has the monopoly in film renting throughout the whole of Soviet Russia and to whom every foreign country sells its product. A stranger to a Moscow or Leningrad cinema gets the complete shock of his life when he sees an American picture. If it is a social drama and contains scenes of high life, it is either cut to shreds or it is twisted about so as to convey propaganda that the rich are living at the expense of the poor.

Native production gets preference and, as almost every one of these films has propaganda of some kind, it can be easily understood how the Soviet subtly weaves its ideas into the minds of the people.

The Censor Board is very strict in Russia. They view everything from the revolutionary point of view. Films in which monarchy is portrayed are utterly taboo; kissing frowned upon, and all Biblical films have been banned.

Not much difference between Funkhauser and Sovkino, except in the spelling.

One hundred and fifty years ago, the war for independence was fought and won. Our forefathers fought and died for the high principles of Liberty—liberty of thought, liberty of speech, liberty of action, liberty of government "of the people, for the people, by the people."

For nearly one hundred and fifty years this country rejoiced in what was recognized throughout the civilized world as the most perfect form of government. Class legislation was not permitted and trades, professions, societies, religions and the arts and sciences were allowed full freedom of expression. If they transgressed the laws and statutes based upon the Constitution of the United States, means were provided by law to punish them. It was not until censorship singled out the motion picture, over fifteen years ago, that class legislation began to be permitted and suffered. Motion picture censorship was the original Sovkino. Censorship is class legislation pure and simple. It prohibits the cinema from doing what the press can do with complete freedom. It denies the motion picture the freedom enjoyed by literature and the drama. It very definitely indicates that the police and other proper authorities deemed competent to handle every sort of crime, are incapable of exercising control over motion pictures.

Censorship could easily be considered as the greatest laugh of the century if it were not working such injury to the very principles for which the patriots fought at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Melbourne Spurr

Pola Negri in pensive mood. She is finishing her first production for Paramount under the direction of Dimitri Buchowetski to be released under the title "Because I Love You."

Melbourne Spurr

Alice Terry is again to play the feminine lead in Paris-made productions for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and has returned to Paris where she will rejoin her director-husband, Rex Ingram.

Melbourne Spurr

Marion Davies in her new production, "Beverly of Graustark", is introducing some spectacular thrills that promise genuine entertainment.

Marie Prevost, following a successful career in featured leads at Warner Brothers, has now been signed by Metropolitan and elevated to full stardom.

Hartsook

Lilyan Tashman found January a busy month, appearing in Metropolitan's production of "Whispering Smith" and being loaned to Fox for an important part in "Siberia."

Harold Dean Carsey

Ronald Colman as Renal in the Norma Talmadge production of "Kiki" is giving the screen another of his convincing portrayals, particularly when cast in a French role.

Norma Talmadge is playing "Kiki" as the lovable, fiery little bundle of impudence appears on the stage, a role so utterly at variance with her customary portrayals as to cause one to wonder, "Is this Norma Talmadge, or a totally different person whom we have never met before?"

NORMA *Plays* KIKI

by Jay Brien Chapman

THE announcement several months ago that Norma Talmadge would make "Kiki" as her first contribution to motion picture theatregoers for 1926, caused a great deal of speculation within the motion picture industry.

While interest was focused on the question of what Miss Talmadge would do with a role so different from those she usually portrays, as that offered by Belasco's sensational stage success, a wider significance attaches to the making of "Kiki" and the success or failure of an individual production.

No one can doubt the ability of Miss Talmadge as an actress. If she were merely a versatile character woman, there would be no question of her ability to please the public in the role of "Kiki." But she is more than a capable actress. She is a star whose great popularity has created two distinct Norma Talmadges.

One of these Talmadges is the actress herself, apart from her reputation. The other is the formidable Norma Talmadge of the public mind, who, as one of the screen's best-known and best-loved personalities, belongs not to herself but to her audience. It is this second personage, and not the first, who may be limited in her capacity for versatility; not by her ability but by the conception of her that dwells in the minds of this great audience.

Her case is not unique. Chaplin might excel his own record of artistic achievement if he were to turn to tragedy—but could the Chaplin who lives in the public mind be replaced by another, however capable? Mary Pickford is another of several of today's stars who are bound to a general type of role by the shackles of popularity—and one may ever go beyond the beginning of motion pictures and consider the stage for further examples. Sarah Bernhardt was always the divine Sarah of the public's conception, a great actress whose genius deprived her of the privilege of versatility.

The fact that the role of "Kiki" is so great a departure from the portrayal of the certain definite type which has made her famous, injects considerable suspense into the present speculation in film circles regarding the success of her undertaking. The question arising in their minds is, will the public accept Norma Talmadge as comedienne, and in the role of a French gutter-snipe?

The launching of a star of such powerful reputation into a character vehicle so different from those upon which she had built her fame is a courageous venture, and one in which the whole motion picture industry has something at stake. Her success as "Kiki" may be the means of destroying certain musty traditions now existing which have heretofore discouraged individual producers and artists from departing from "type." A greater variety of expression, and as a result, a greater freedom from box office limitations may be established.

Even if "Kiki" should not be received with favor by her public, Miss Talmadge will have achieved a definite accomplishment as well as having succeeded in a courageous venture. And the point proved will be that a star-personality, built through adherence to a single general type of role until it dominates individual ambition, but continue to prevail, so that the star of outstanding reputation cannot be allowed to exceed certain limits of versatility without suffering temporary retrogression in the public favor.

Norma Talmadge is playing "Kiki" as that lovable, fiery little bundle of impudence appears on the stage, and the production and technical staffs under Director Clarence Brown are giving the screen play a background of color, atmosphere and setting that fully takes advantage of the cinema's greater facilities in this direction.

Standing, one afternoon, in the heart of the famous Montmartre section of Paris—or to be more accurate, standing beside the cameras that were filming a very fine reproduction of that section as it had been built on the United Studio lot—the impression of the screen's vast resources came to me with unusual force.

It was a bustling street scene, filled with the polyglot, cosmopolitan crowd that throngs that section of the Parisian's playground. The old buildings of the Montmartre shouldered each other down the street and vanished around a corner in the foreground. The narrow pavements were crowded with push carts, omnibuses, bicycles and Renaults of all vintages. On the sidewalks was a colorful mingling of various foreign types and individuals. An artist with a framed canvas under his arm hurried along close to the wall. A gendarme flirted with a saucy girl who was burdened with various hat boxes. A street gamin, feminine gender, offered papers to the passers-by, her stand the vantage point of an omnibus "Stop."

I looked around for the star, and in doing so, unconsciously looked for Norma Talmadge as I had come to know her in

The old buildings of the Montmartre shouldered each other down the street and vanished around a that throngs that section of

previous productions. Suddenly I realized, with a shock, that my eye had passed her as casually as I have described, in the above scene, the character she represented —that of the little paper seller!

Truly, Miss Talmadge was playing "Kiki" as we know her from the stage. The stately Norma of "Graustark," had become the true Parisian street gamin, the saucy model for everyone's rags, instead of being merely superimposed upon the personality of Miss Talmadge.

Ronald Colman, in the part of Victor Renal, has many opportunities particularly suited to his ability, and Gertrude Astor, who plays the role of "Paulette," is an admirable foil for the star as well as the villainness of the piece. Marc McDermott as "Baron Rapp" is another antagonist in the play, while the more-than-ordinarily interesting servant role of "Adolphe" rests with the capable George K. Arthur.

The task of adapting the Belasco stage play to fit the requirements, utilize the facilities of and conform to the limitations of the screen was entrusted to Hans Kraly, whose splendid work in adapting "Her

corner in the foreground . . . . a bustling street scene, filled with the polyglot, cosmopolitan crowd the Parisian's playground.

Sister from Paris" has won him a high place in the scenario field.

Judging by the detailed synopsis of "Kiki", Mr. Kraly has done equally good work with the harder problems it involves. Harder because of the fact that in visualizing the action of the star, Kraly was obliged to create, in his own mind at least, a new version of Norma Talmadge.

Those who have been fortunate enough to have seen the play in New York or elsewhere may have heard that the American stage versions differed somewhat from the French that may have been made, are probably to spare the feelings of the censors. The screen version which must be offered to an audience so widely opinionated, has probably been slightly toned down from the stage version for the same reason, but it has not suffered in dramatic interest in the process.

The screen play will introduce "Kiki" as the guttersnipe of the Paris streets, seller of papers in the Montmarte. Difficulties with her landlady threatens her with eviction, but instead of paying her

(Continued on Page 64)

Estelle Taylor

As she will appear in the role of Lucretia Borgia opposite John Barrymore in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production of "Don Juan". Costume of green velvet trimmed with gold and silver lace, diamonds and pearls, designed by Sophie Wagner, Photo by Harold Dean Carsey.

Irene Rich as "Lady Windemere"

Motherhood *and the* Screen

by Irene Rich

"YOU can't be a real mother to your children and an actress too!" they told me.

"They" were the usual groups of friends and relatives who surround anyone who is going into motion pictures, or to move to another state, or to choose a college or to buy a hat.

"It's a matter of duty to the kiddies," they continued. "You know what the screen career is. It isn't fair to the children to take them into that atmosphere, or to take their mother away from them."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I'm going into motion pictures because of the children."

A gasp! They all looked at my mother who, bless her sensible heart, was on my side.

"I *don't* know what the screen career is," I continued, "and if you'll pardon my saying so, dear friends, neither do you. But I have reason to believe that as a motion picture actress I can raise the children in a better atmosphere, can give them a better home, a better education and more of my own care than I could if I were going to become a stenographer, a bookkeeper, a —"

"But, my dear girl! Surely you know that there are such occupations as professional hostess, social secretary and others in which one's social training may be capitalized—"

"And one's time monopolized!" I retorted. I'm afraid I wasn't altogether polite or considerate, but as a matter of fact I was secretly agitated. In spite of careful consideration of the problem, and arrival at a decision that I had no intention of changing, I had little disquieting fears—little jangling nerves that were easily aroused to the "jumpy" state.

"I am going into motion pictures as I would enter a business venture," I said. "I'll have a sinking fund. I'll be prepared to wait for business. I'll invest in ways and means of attracting business, such as advertising and publicity. If I fail I can always try to find some other market for my personality and limited talents."

"You're going into it, child, because you're caught by the lure of acting, just as any silly little girl with no responsibilities might rush to Hollywood and destruction!" The speaker was a friend old enough and dear enough to speak her thoughts without reserve—and on this occasion she spared me nothing.

"I plead guilty of feeling the lure, as you call it," I said, "but it isn't just the glamor of the thing. I've always wanted to try acting for the screen, because of the scope of the medium. Now I have an added incentive in the matter of its financial appeal. If I do succeed, I can do more for the children than I could do in any other way, I'm sure. So—"

Every time I hear of any girl or woman breaking the home ties and launching forth, from some distant circle of friends and familiar atmosphere, into the struggle for film success in Hollywood, I think of that scene. No doubt it is rather typical, for if children do not figure in the problem, inexperience in life or any one of many obstacles will be held up before the eyes of the aspirant to career, and magnified, I believe, beyond a just proportion.

I'll add my voice to those of the many who have said that the screen career offers no broad, easy highway of approach, no flower-strewn path of progress, no sinecure when success arrives. But we cannot keep up with the bandwagon of the times and still preserve those ideas of the not distant past that if possible girls should be kept from seeking a career other than that of marriage.

Duty to children? As I saw mine, it

was to give them the best in the way of education and surroundings that I could procure for them, plus home life in their tender years, and their mother's own care, love and attention. I was not entirely confident of screen success, and I did not know for sure that I could, in pictures, do what I hoped to do for my two girls. But I had thought it over carefully, and decided to try.

I have never been sorry.

The girls are growing older. Now, having attained a degree of success in my work, and a degree of experience and insight into the screen as a career, I can bring not only the point of view of the actress to bear, but also that of the mother whose girls will some day seek careers of their own, I know the mother's fears. Knowing, too, the spirit of independence in the kiddies, I have decided not to try to raise them in the way I was raised, but to prepare them for whatever may come in this lively age of ours, not only by giving them the best cultural advantage possible, but by aiding and abetting their natural wish for independence.

They're now in Switzerland, adding finishing touches to their preparatory education, and learning for the first time what it is to do without their mother. I'm now in Hollywood, trying to learn to do without them. And deep down in my heart, I have a feeling that my lesson is the harder to learn!

A thing that has impressed me during my travels—not that portion of them abroad, but in our own dear homeland—is the fact that Hollywood and New York no longer stand apart from the rest of the country. The radio, the motion picture, the printed word, the transportation facilities have lit the fires under the melting pot. The city dweller and the country dweller are fusing in temperament; the small townsman and the about-town-folk of the great cities are thinking alike. These things, of course, apply with greatest force to the new generation, and that is why, with bewildering rapidity, some of the older generation are losing perspective.

As a motion picture actress familiar with the supposedly sophisticated and ultra-modern life of Hollywood, I'm amazed to find that I am nearly as far behind the generation to which my children belong as some dear friends of mine are in their home in a country town in the east. Emotionally, I'm sometimes at war with the new conditions; intellectually, I'm not, for I perceive that these times are wonderful ones, that our young folk are wonderful young folk, and that if there is a bit of chaos, it is because of the lack of adjustment. The children go too far in seeking independence; the parents put too much pressure on the reins.

It is because we who have children, though our own childhood isn't so terribly far distant, are far behind the generation into which our children are growing. We contributed to the bringing about of a degree of independence and equality with men, of our women-folk. We, in fact, created the environment that is shaping the much-talked-of new generation, and we tend to sit back and contemplate our work with a bit of fear, simply because it has grown beyond us.

It would seem that we must be educated, that we must take forward steps, that we must strive to understand our children and their problems rather than striving to make them understand our own, unless we are quite, quite sure that we understand the problems which, far beyond any control that parents can exercise, confront the new generation.

The fact that country and city have been brought closer together by a process of amalagamation of thought brings the career of a film star and that of a wife and mother nearer to each other. More girls who sincerely feel and respond to the urge for artistic expression through the shadow-stage medium, are going to attempt the film career. More women whose marital barques have been upset by death or unhappiness are going to turn to the screen instead of to second marriages or millinery.

As happily married women seek independent careers (and that is one of the newest and most rapidly growing customs of our times that has come to my attention), more and more of these will turn to motion pictures as well as to other artistic careers. And I wish to say here that if such women have children, there is no reason why they cannot give those children proper mother love, care and personal attention while pursuing screen success. If success does come, the children inevitably will be benefited.

The picture actress does keep very busy, when success comes her way—and yet there is plenty of time, ordinarily, to keep in touch with children as a mother should. If her own mother, the children's grandmother, is there, so much the better; that was an advantage I enjoyed.

The "atmosphere" of Hollywood as it concerns the children of professional folk, is just as much one of the home as any, except, perhaps, for a little note of artistic enthusiasm that enters it everywhere. The note of artistic enthusiasm I mention is healthy rather than otherwise. Bringing my theory home again, for the sake of illustration: I do not believe that my profession, my study of the screen art, or friends from the studios introduced into my home socially, in any way adversely affected the welfare of my children. At the same time, we were kept alive mentally by that enthusiasm I have mentioned, brought into our home by those contacts.

There was none of that, "Oh, dear—another dead, weary old day past—nothing to do until tomorrow!" attitude. I was vitally and constantly interested in my work, and the children to a certain degree shared my enthusiasm. They were brought up with an attitude of interest toward work, in general, that, I think, will go along with them into whatever careers they may elect to follow.

Another important point in connection with their moulding in the environment of a screen actress' home—they will never invest the idea of a career in pictures, on the stage, or in any other line of endeavor, with false glamour. To them any sort of art will appear simply a very interesting, absorbing kind of work.

They have studied the screen with me, and if any phase of their environment has tended to make them precocious, it is that. But the development they were given in that way is along the lines of close, accurate observation and criticism. It was balanced by physical development and outdoor sport of the healthiest sort, and I believe that the result will be faculties of quick, accurate judgment; of self-criticism as well as criticism of others, and a well-balanced healthy temperament.

Living in the picture atmosphere, we probably saw no greater number of pictures within any given period of time, than the average family does. But for my own sake as well as that of the children, I was careful to analyze, within their hearing, the pictures we did see. Insofar as I was able, I separated for them the true from the false, the real from the actual, the good from the bad.

"Why did so-and-so do such-and-such a thing, mamma?" was a question frequently asked.

There might be a perfectly logical reason I could explain to them. Or, if it was one of those slips of the artist in mirroring life, often to be found in the best of films, I would blame it on the person I thought responsible.

"That, Jane dear," I'd say, "is the continuity writer's idea of what she'd do. We don't think so, do we? But you see, he may have been in a very great hurry when he wrote the scene, or he may not have been able to imagine what the scene would look like when it was complete."

Then we'd decide what "she" should have done under those circumstances, instead of doing what she did. We may have been right or we may have been wrong. But whichever it was, I was in position to give things the sort of interpretation, in general, that I wished, in accordance with my ideas of what was good for my little ladies.

I have tried, also, to give them an impression similar to my own of the motion picture in its general aspects. They have a respect for the institution that is similar to my respect; I think they are proud of their mother for what she has been able to accomplish, proud of her association with the motion picture industry, and proud of the industry itself. *(Continued on Page 64)*

The Irene Rich of "Lady Windemere's Fan" and the home-loving Irene Rich are two very different personalities. Dramatic art of high order created the former—and a delightfully natural mood of the latter is expressed by the camera study above.

The Bride of the Storm

by FRED APPLEGATE

VIDOR may have done the most touching, Webb the most powerful, Von Stroheim the most artistic, and Niblo the most spectacular moving pictures of the season, but J. Stuart Blackton has done the most unusual.

To the habitual picture-goer sated with "Northwoods stuff," "flapper stuff," "epic stuff," "costume stuff," and other "stuff," his production of "Bride of the Storm" for Warner Brothers will come like a cool sea breeze on a suffocating midsummer night. It is as strange and intriguing as a lost city.

"The Bride of the Storm" was cleverly adapted to the screen by Marian Constance from "Maryland, My Maryland," a short story by James Francis Dwyer, which at the time of its publication in Collier's weekly attracted considerable attention and comment because of the originality of its setting and the freshness of its theme. It is said to have been inspired by the song "Maryland, My Maryland" and although the entire story hinges as much on the song as did Ernst Lubitsch's "Lady Windermere's Fan" on the fan, it does it in an entirely novel and unexpected manner.

Pictures pivoting upon or inspired by famous songs have of late enjoyed an astonishing popularity and success. Two of the most noteworthy of recent release counted among the top-notchers of the last season are "Little Annie Rooney" directed by William Beaudine, and "Kiss Me Again" directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

Commodore Blackton explains this prominence of music as the theme and inspiration of picture successes by the important part which music has played and the increasingly important part it is now playing in the affairs of the human race. An art which has the human emotions as its medium could hardly ignore the most elemental, universal, and emotional of all the arts, music. It could not represent life without representing the profound effect of music on it.

Tyrone Power
as Jacob Kroom

As usual Blackton has assembled a well-balanced cast of extraordinary strength. Many years ago he began and sponsored

the film career of the greatest star of his day, Maurice Costello. In "Bride of the Storm" he had the pleasure and satisfaction of helping launch the promising career of that favorite's remarkable daughter, Dolores Costello. Her rare type of wistful, spiritual beauty was ideally suited to the characterization of Faith Fitzhugh, the little Maryland girl, who shipwrecked off Pag lighthouse in the Dutch West Indies, becomes the slavey of the three keepers. In a short glimpse of her father's mansion in Baltimore at the beginning of the picture, and in the shipwreck and rescue by the keepers, Julia Swayne Gordon is seen as Faith's mother.

Tyrone Power as Jacob Kroom, the hook-handed grandfather in charge of the light, Sheldon Lewis as Piet, his crooked-backed monster of a son, and Otto Mattieson as Hans, his idiot grandson, form a particular sinister and repellant trio. Aware of Faith's identity and comprehending that she comes from people of means they keep her so that they may marry her to Hans and come into possession of her property.

Faith arrives at womanhood ignorant of all but the bleak cramped world of the lonely light house isolated on tiny, rocky Pag island, the memories of her earlier, happy life almost blotted out by the drudgery, hardship, and loneliness of her existence under the brutality and ignorance of her masters. Old Jacob regards her as a heaven-sent bride brought by the storm for his grandson, whom he knows no woman would willingly have and this thought of marriage with Hans is a constant horror to her.

Then one day from the balcony of the lighthouse she sees a destroyer anchored a short way off and the sight of the American flag at its peak stirs old memories. Something wells up in her throat and she sings —"Maryland," the words meaningless to her and garbled with Dutch which has replaced what little she knew of her native tongue. Dick Wayne, a young lieutenant played by John Harron catches a snatch of the song as he is coming up on the other side of the lighthouse and this and the hostile reticense of the Krooms, who deny the presence of a woman piques his curiosity so that he returns another time to find Faith alone on the beach.

As he maneuvered for a landing in a small rowboat, a breaker neatly capsized it and drenched him. Scrambling ashore to where Faith has been watching the accident

(Continued on Page 65)

Wilfrid North as Mynheer Tom, the renegade parson

Otto Mattieson as Hans, the idiotic grandson

Sheldon Lewis as Piet, his father

Dolores Costello and Johnny Harron, the lovers, about whom the maelstrom of a gripping, dramatic plot whirls, with malevolent intensity

DRAFTING OF EUROPE AMERICAN

VICTOR SEASTROM

BENJAMIN CHRISTIANSON

SVEND GADE

Freulich

ERIC VON STROHEIM

THE vast, world-conquering popularity of American screen production has resulted in the drafting of the best directorial brains of Europe into the work of film production in Hollywood.

Of the group pictured above, the majority have come from Europe after outstanding achievement in the film industry there had attracted the attention of American producers. Eric Von Stroheim is the only real exception to this rule among those listed here; while he studied the stage and was an actor in Europe, he worked in pictures in Hollywood as an extra, a character player and a star before becoming a director.

Inevitably, one tends to put the foreign directors into one group classification, and American directors into another, and to say that the work of the former differs from that of the latter. Actually, the director whose natural dramatic methods most resemble those of Ernst Lubitsch, for instance, is not one of the other foreigners, but an American. The same might be said of Svend Gade, as we know him by his work to date; while Benjamin Christianson groups with the foreigners only by race.

The closest bond that exists between any of the foreign directors occurs in the case of Victor Seastrom and Mauritz Stiller. The latter was a pioneer European director, and Seastrom was an actor in Stiller's pictures. Seastrom, how-

THE BRAINS FOR THE SCREEN

ERNST LUBITSCH

Freulich

MAURITZ STILLER

ever, first attracted the attention of the American producers, while Stiller is one of the most recent importations. In the case of Dimitri Buchowetzki, the Russian's work is as distinct from that of his foreign colleagues as it is from that of the indigenous directors.

Buchowetzki directed "Sapho," "Danton," "Othello" and other notable pictures abroad, and his most recent American films are "Graustark" and "The Midnight Sun." Christianson produced "Blind Justice," "The Witch" and other films for Ufa, and has just done "Devilkin" here. Stiller is such a recent arrival that his first production in Hollywood is only now under way, but great things are expected of him since his foreign production, "The Atonement of Goesta Berling."

Seastrom attracted attention here principally through his European production, "Give Us This Day." His most notable productions here are "The Tower of Lies" and "He Who Gets Slapped." Ernst Lubitsch made that remarkable German film, "Passion," and in America has made "The Marriage Circle" and many other notable contributions. Svend Gade scored a particular success with "Hamlet" abroad, and has to his credit in America, "Peacock Feathers" and "Watch Your Wife." Von Stroheim's great success with "Foolish Wives" definitely placed him upon the cinema map, preparing the way for such accomplishments as "Greed" and "The Merry Widow."

Richee

DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI

The Man on the Cover

CLARENCE BROWN, the man, is an infinitely more interesting subject for editorial comment than Clarence Brown, the director. Naturally, it is the man who actuates and motivates the director. But to know the man aside from the director is to plumb the depths of his sincerity. Let it suffice to say that the Brown of this dawning epoch of heydays is the same man of yesteryear's turbulent era. Today he would not say anything, nor do anything, that he would not have done yesterday. He is entirely free from the sudden snobbishness and false flourishes that have hurtled many other promising and delightful people of leaner days into a personification of the inane.

When Clarence Brown says something to you, you know that he means it. He doesn't "beat around the bush." He doesn't "talk to the gallery." If he has any serious shortcomings as either man or director they have not made themselves apparent. He is the kind of a man that you can pin your faith on. He would never violate a trust. Those kind of men make good directors. Brown is one of the best in the business.

The physical make-up of Brown is indicative of a thinker and a doer. Of sturdy build, about five feet ten inches in height . . . black hair fringed with gray . . . a penetrating gaze; the gaze of a keen analyst and a sound intellectualist . . . a quizzical smile, at times fading into a vague reverie . . . subduing outward emotions . . . not inclined much to speech except at times when enthusiasm moves him to ardent discussion . . . never indulging in idle gossip . . . and of a temperate nature that is one of the rarities of Hollywood (he neither drinks nor smokes) . . . . he exudes a firm resolve and radiates a dominating personality.

Clarence Brown was born at Clinton, Mass., on May 10, 1890. At the age of fifteen he graduated from high school there. Four years later he was graduated from the University of Tennessee with two degrees . . . those of Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering and Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering. For about six years he directed his knowledge and abilities in the realm of automotive engineering in a worthy capacity with the Stevens-Duryea Motor Co. Unwittingly he was fitting himself for his future work as a film director. For it is the sense of mechanical motivation of drama, drama that however does not lose its emotional power, that sets Brown apart as distinctive in the field of directors.

For six years after his entry into motion pictures in June, 1915, Brown was assistant with Maurice Tourneur. From the start he exhibited his capacity to forge ahead in the young industry. He readily grasped the somewhat intricate engineering of photoplay production. Brown, however, thought in terms of human thought, rather than from the standpoint of what constituted "good drama" from the viewpoint of director and cameramen. He later evidenced this in violating many of the moth-eaten bugaboos about camera angles, sequence of events, in brief, the construction of a motion picture to him was good as long as it abided by the natural trend of progression, and not by the box-office idea of scene assembly.

The most noteworthy of his productions are "The Great Redeemer", "The Acquittal", "The Signal Tower", "Butterfly", "Smouldering Fires", "The Goose Woman" and "The Eagle", in the order of their making. It was the initiation of a new order of consistently fine photoplays that established him. Probably "The Signal Tower", more than any other, served to bring his name to the public foreground. Each succeeding Brown picture has been consistently better, regardless of theme or size. It is generally conceded that "Kiki", the Norma Talmadge vehicle which Brown is now producing, will be the greatest triumph of both Brown and Talmadeg.

At the present time he is under contract to Joseph M. Schenck to make pictures for United Artists Corporation. Brown was maneuvered from Universal by Schenck immediately after the completion of "The Goose Woman", which proved to be one of the biggest hits of 1925 and brought Louise Dresser to stellar fame on the screen.

One thing about Brown that is of interest to the layman—and also to the man

(Continued on Page 62)

Capitalizing Opportunity

An Off Screen Personality Story

JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.

THERE comes a time in the career of every man when he pauses to take stock of himself, and deliberately seeks his proper niche in the scheme of life. And so it happened that a young man stopped to take account of his assets before embarking upon his career. Behind him lay college, athletic achievement, travel and a good deal of money variously spent. Before him lay the world and the problem of how to attack it most advantageously.

Assets: Health and optimism. Cultural polish imparted by Stanford, Yale, Oxford and Heidelburg Universities, and student life abroad. Discipline from experience in the navy during the World War. Friends and connections in the show business. Capital, none to speak of except in the form of those other assets.

The young man was John W. Considine, Jr., son of the John Considine known to fame in the theatrical profession as partner in the enterprises of Sullivan and Considine. Like many young men, he had not thought seriously of the profession he would eventually enter until this particular time. His college studies, beginning with medicine, had been broad and general in their later developments, and they gave him no particular index to the choice of a career.

There came back to Considine's memory a conversation he had had with a room-mate at Yale. He had said, in effect:

"Buddy, if ever I need to go to work I'm going to pick out some big man I like, engaged in a line of work I'm interested in, and get a job with him with the intention of ultimately becoming his secretary."

"Ultimately becoming his *secretary?*" the room-mate had said with justifiable surprise.

"Yes. That's one of the best short cuts to mastery of big business. It happens that I know, because I've made an intimate study of my father's secretary, who was a master of the secretary's art. By studying him, too, I've learned part of his tricks—and in my opinion, the secretary to a big, active figure in any line of business is in position to get into the executive end of that business quicker than he could arrive by any other means. First he makes himself indispensable—"

And so on. As Considine had said, he had made a study of the secretary business, not with any thought of becoming a secretary at that time, but simply because he admired high proficiency in any capacity, and considered his father's secretary extraordinarily proficient.

"What's the future of such a position?" he had asked himself, and instantly found the answer in the fact that aside from his father, no one knew so much about his father's business as that secretary did. Future? All that individual ability and the possibilities of the particular line of business in question could offer.

It was precisely at this point in his introspection that Joseph M. Schenck entered his career as a vital factor. Through his father's association with the Loew enterprises and consequently with Mr. Schenck, he knew that dominant leader, and admired him immensely. The business in which Mr. Schenck's interests were centering, motion pictures, also intrigued the interest of young Considine.

He promptly approached Mr. Schenck for a position. He was in New York, and the date was November, 1921.

"Meet me in Los Angeles," said the producer, "and I'll give you a chance."

At the appointed time and place, Considine reported for duty—any sort of duty there was to offer.

"You'll be the assistant of Sidney Franklin's assistant director," Schenck told him. "Now, before I turn you over to him, here's one vitally important piece of advice. Forget that you're anyone but an energetic young man trying to get along. Forget that you're the product of several colleges. You're in a business now where your personal ability will carry you as far as you make it, and nothing else will help you; in fact, anything else is liable to handicap you. Go ahead and make good!"

Considine found that his new position was, in fact, that of third assistant director. The picture was "The Primitive Lover," starring Constance Talmadge. Following the advice of Mr. Schenck faithfully, and pouring all his energy into the new task, he succeeded in pleasing Mr. Franklin with his work. Winning the

(Continued on Page 67)

Montagu Love, Dorothy Devore and John Patrick in the Warner Bros. Classic, Leave It to Me, *directed by William Beaudine.*

Bill Beaudine says Leave It To Me!

OVER at Warner Bros. a neat little "job" in the matter of a crook movie has been "pulled off" by William Beaudine. Phil Klein and E. T. Lowe hatched the plot by adapting Darryl Francis Zanuck's story, whereupon "Beau" assembled such notorious characters as John Mescall, Gene Anderson, George Webster, "Briny" Foy, and Bert Shipman to aid and abet him in filming, with Dorothy Devore, John Patrick, Montagu Love, George Pearce, Lynn Cowan, Russell Simpson, James Gordon, Frank Brownlee, Fred Kelsey, Charles Hill Mailes, and others, Warner Bros. production of "Leave It To Me."

The conventional "crook picture" deals with gobs and gobs of underworld people in the big city, virtuous lady crooks who reform, big-hearted gent crooks who do the same, faithful "dopes" who get "clunked" in the last reel to everybody's sorrow after saving something or somebody, etc.

There isn't a big city, a "dope," a crook, male or female, who reforms, a mean, nasty detective, a pair of handcuffs, a den, a poolroom, a "fence," or a secret passageway in "Leave It To Me." Nobody gets poisoned, or shot, or stabbed, or what is worse—converted.

Ninety-five percent of the picture was taken on location in woodsy places or little towns. It is a picture of the great outdoors "where men are men," yet it is a crook picture. As a rule the heroine and hero are promising young crooks doing a flourishing trade in crime—not really bad crime—quite chivalrous and respectable in fact. When they meet, their consciences smite them both simultaneously and they begin to long to set each other on the straight and narrow way.

In "Leave It To Me" the procedure is reversed. The young gentleman (of the press, by the way), and the young lady start out perfectly respectable. Circumstance intervenes and brings them together—to impress each other with their wickedness and their bold, bad exploits.

Up to the very denouement of one of the most delightfully interesting tangles seen upon the screen in years, they have each other convinced of their sinfulness. These of course are John and Dorothy. But there are a couple of honest-to-goodness crooks, consistently crooked and proud of it, who serve to liven things up considerably. The big master-brain who is responsible from the first for so much humorous activity, Dr. R. Rappaport Runyon, alias Ducket Nelson, is splendidly charactrized by Montagu Love. Frank Brownlee makes an admirable convict, better than would ninety-eight per cent of those now enjoying the hospitality of our penal institutions.

"Leave It To Me" is a light, swiftly moving comedy-drama wonderfully well suited to the talents not only of Miss Devore and Mr. Beaudine, a working team of long standing, but to those of John Patrick. For Patrick it is the chance for which every picture actor and actress hopes and prays. His star as a comedian has been hanging brightly well above the horizon, giving great promise, but from "Leave It To Me" on just leave it to John. His star is scheduled by this particular astronomer to rise higher and shine brighter at an increasingly steady rate.

The Motor Car Trend for 1926

by CHARLES H. BIRD

ANOTHER great national preview has come to a close, and has been followed closely by many local premiers and debuts.

This screen parlance refers to automobiles, and with good reason: probably no other industry, trade or profession uses more high-class passenger automobiles than the motion picture industry and its workers.

Cars are a vital necessity to stars, directors and members of technical and producing staffs. For the army of extras and other itinerant workers in films the automobile is no less necessary as a means of speedy transportation from studio to studio, and aside from the use of commercial cars and trucks, an unusual number of good automobiles are to be found in studio transportation departments. These cars are used in pictures and for emergency transportation of all sorts. Truly, the motor car has an important place in film production.

Every January, in the Grand Central Palace, New York City, leading motor car manufacturers collaborate in a comprehensive exposition of the latest developments in automotive design. That is the national automobile preview.

Naturally, a good two-thirds of the population of United States are on the qui vive to know what the outcome will be, what new departures will be introduced in various makes of cars, for they all have cars at home, the style and value of which are going to be more or less affected.

The great question of the day on the street, among motor car owners, is "What's the Trend"?

That word trend is a term somewhat difficult to interpret in the face of the kaleidoscopic progress being made in the development and improvement of personal transportation.

And just at this time of year investigations into probable trends are seriously hampered by the amusing "veil of secrecy" in which over-anxious motor car men attemp to swathe their business.

But information as vital as the news of automotive doings, has a way of circulating, and so it may be authoritatively stated that the outstanding trend of passenger transportation for 1926 presents a very definite advance toward a paradoxical combination,—that of speed and safety.

Cars of 1926 are built to travel faster, to afford even greater comfort to passengers, and at the same time, to be controlled with greater ease.

Another encouraging trend is the rapidly spreading custom among leading motor car builders of abandoning yearly models. That, more than anything else, has established owner confidence. Today, the automobile owner, who selects a new car from the line of any of the fifty dependable manufacturers can rest assured that the style and value of his chosen vehicle is not going to be almost totally wrecked by the sudden advent of an entirely new model, sprung on an unsuspecting public within six months of his original purchase.

Standardization in basic principles of design and construction has come to stay for two excellent reasons. First, owner confidence, that most vital asset, must be maintained, and second, "Old Man Overhead", the ever present enemy of the manufacturer must be kept down, and radical changes of design send manufacturing costs skyrocketing, to the ultimate ruin of those who persist in attempting to snatch success through sensationalism, rather than achieving it by means of the slower, surer process of sound merchandising of dependable products.

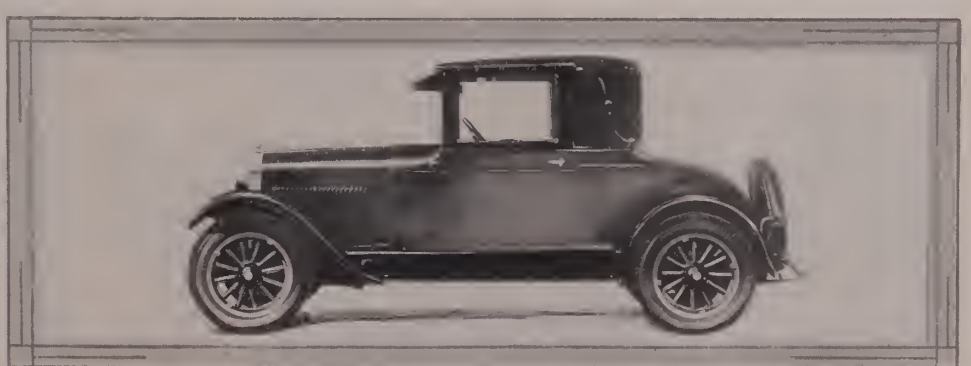
Significant proof of the actual time and space blanking spirit of this present era of rapid transit, is seen in the fact that, simultaneously with the opening of the New York Show, new model cars, identical with those displayed "for the first time" in the Grand Central Palace, began to appear on the Pacific Coast, notably, in the fine salons of the Hollywood and Los Angeles motor car distributors and dealers.

And with them came several surprise announcements of great eastern mergers, all tending toward the inevitable plan of further standardization.

The Stutz vertical eight, one of the most striking developments of the new year, is introduced here under the sponsorship of Lynn C. Buxton, who for years has stuck to the Stearns-Knight line. But Willys-Overland Inc. of Toledo announced the purchase of the Stearns factory. This brings the manufacture of all cars with the sleeve-valve engine under one head, although the various plants are to be operated as separate units.

The new Stutz is replete with unique

Sensation of salons, the new Stutz Vertical Eight offers revolutionary motor design in six body styles. by Brewster. The Sedan is shown above.



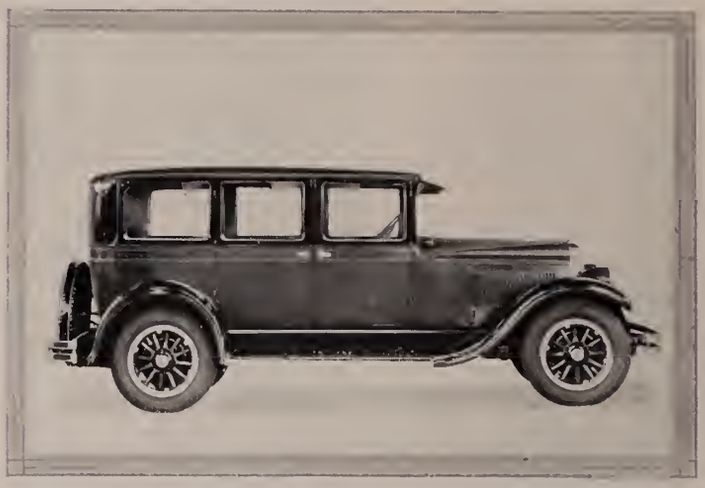
General Motors' new low priced creation is the Pontiac Six, featuring this Coupe and a Coach distributed as companion cars to the Oakland line.

Introducing "Auto

The fastest selling model of the Buick line, with latest refinements, is this new Four-Door Sedan.

The handy "One-Shot Lubrication" has been added as one of many improvements in this new Twentieth Century Six-Cylinder Sedan by Chandler.

High-class conveyance at mass price is the aim of Oldsmobile in offering this new Utility Coupe and a Coach of similar line and appointment.



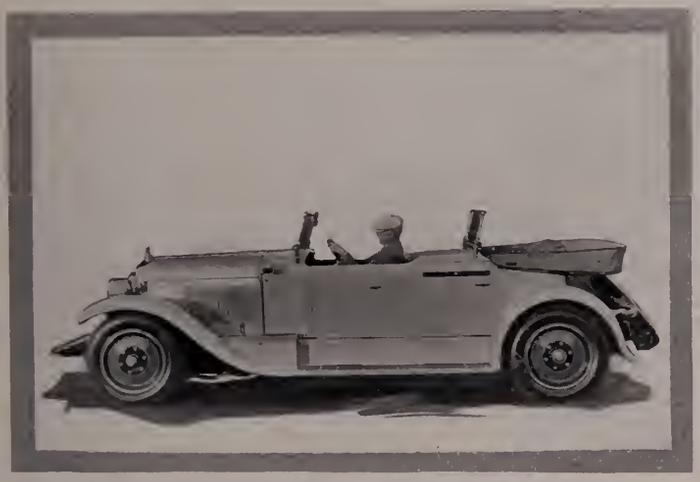
A new Big Six, the "Imperial 80," is presented by Chrysler, with a 92 H.P. motor and speed ability up to 80 miles per hour.

With rich appointments and an improved design of their famous speedway motor, Locomobile offers this new Coupe and a Brougham in the Junior Eight.

Capt. E. V. Rickenbacker declares his new line of straight eights are the fastest cars in America, the Coupe Sedan with two carburetors and a 100 H.P. motor is shown here.

The smallest sleeve-valve engine ever built in America, powers the new Willys-Knight Six Seventy, built to sell under $1800.

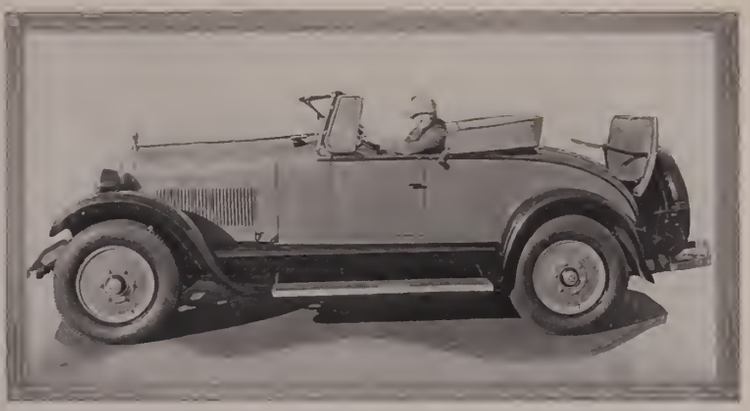
Debs" *of* 1926



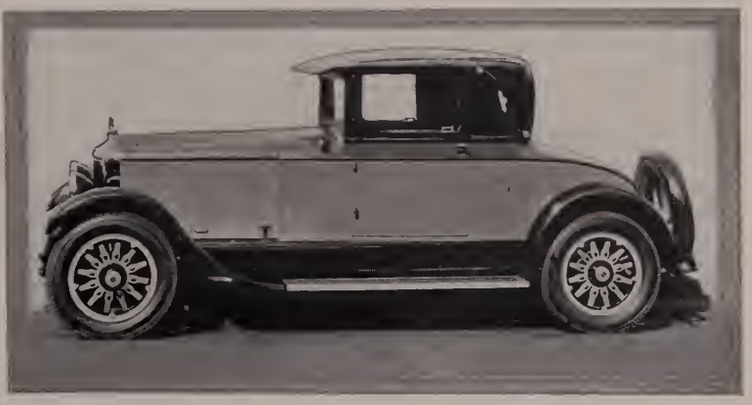
This is a special Sport Phaeton customed by Don Lee on the new "Ninety Degree Cadillac Eight Chassis," with tonneau cowl and European deflectors.

Spirit of Youth is typified in the "Gray Goose Traveler" Sport Phaeton of new Wills St. Claire group, which includes a new V-type Eight.

Don Douglas, airplane builder, knows motors. Here he is with his Franklin "Camel" Sport Roadster, the famous air-cooled six series.



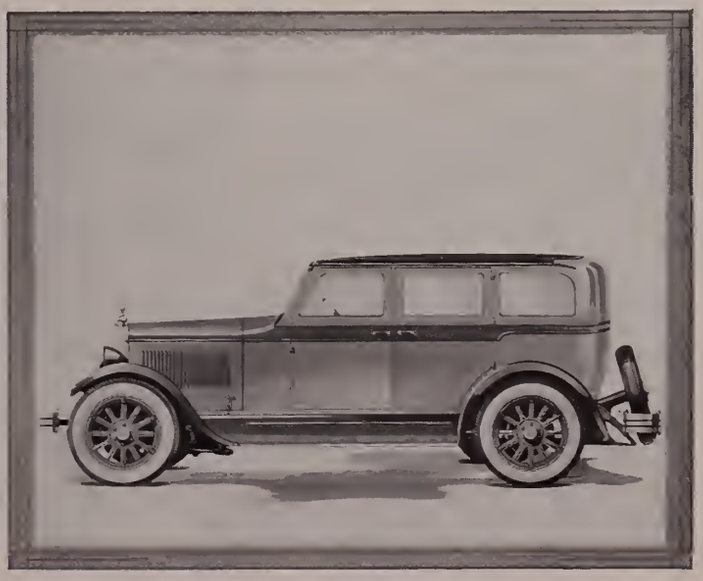
Paul G. Hoffman dictated the final design of this new Studebaker Big Six Sport Roadster, and Kathryn McGuire agrees that he is a scientific artist.



This Diana Line Eight Cabriolet Roadster produced by Moon specialists, is credited with intriguing lines, tiger getaway, and superb comfort.

Nash has designed a new engine used exclusively in his closed models. This Advanced Six 4-Door Sedan has the new "Closed Car Motor."

A Sedan of novel design, built to offset wind resistance, after the German idea, is introduced by Velie in this six, "better vision" closed car.



mechanical features, combined in a long, low, swift looking car. The maximum outside height of the entire line of six body types is 70 inches, making it possible for a person of average height to look clear over the car when standing on the curbing.

One standard price, under $3500, has been set for all six Stutz models, a sales innovation which will no doubt be followed eventually by many builders. The engine is eight-in-line with nine main bearings and an overhead valve control assembly, automatically oiled. Automatic oiling is also carried out in the chassis. The famous Stutz under-slung chassis is retained with refinements and improvements. The seat level is only 30 inches from the pavement, and although the car is rated 131 inches long, it can be turned in a 24 foot radius. Latest type hydraulic four wheel brakes, balloon tires special cam and lever steering gear for balloon tires, with coordinated spring design, are said to make these new cars remarkably comfortable and so easily and positively controlled that they are practically skid-proof, even at high speed, on wet surfaces.

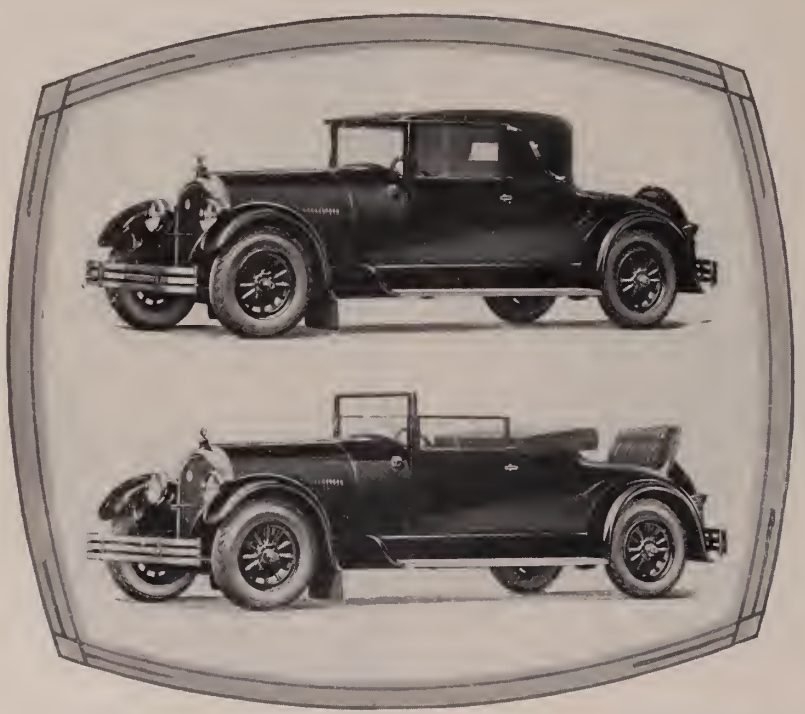
In fact many features of the new Stutz line and the methods outlined for their distribution and sale are prophetic, marking a trend close to policies adopted all along the line by the foremost motor car makers.

Two sport roadsters and four closed body types make up the line.

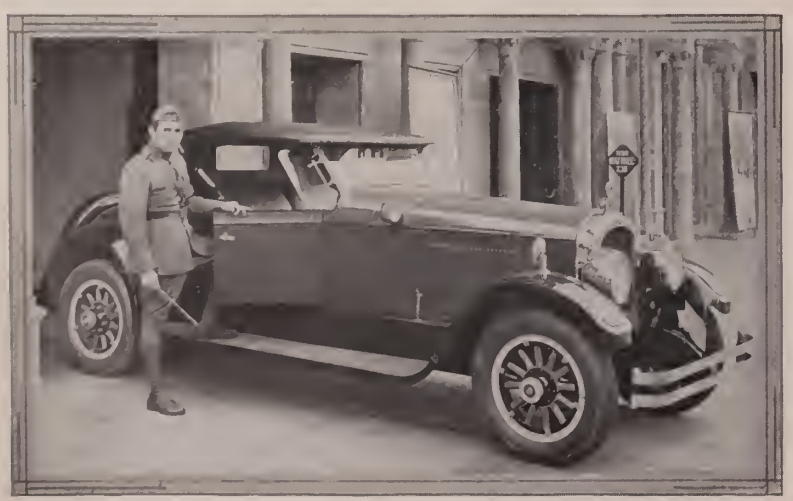
Most of the new cars for 1926 are closed models, with smart roadsters, equipped with rumble seats, representing the open types. And even the roadsters and speedsters are receiving brisk competition by the advent of many sport coupes.

General Motors announces an entirely new six, the Pontiac, featured in a coupe and a coach to sell around a thousand dollars, distributed as a companion car to the Oakland line. It is reported to be the "last word" in moderate priced transportation, carrying all the newest mechanical and comfort features, such as automatic lubrication, special easy-ride spring design, feather-finger control, and marked operation economy by reason of a friction-free motor of powerful, but small piston

Majel Coleman had the first ride in this new Jordan Line Eight Playboy which has an engine designed after the turbine principle.



Readily convertible from sleek sport roadster to snug coupe, this new Kissel model is offered in both six and eight. It is called the "All-Year Car."



A flash of foreign fashion is incorporated in the design of the new Marmon, and Mitchell Lewis found this Speedster irresistible.

construction. The closed cars undoubtedly hold the center of the picture. Some makers have quit building open models, while others offer them only in de luxe designs. Times have certainly changed. Yesterday, the rich man was known by his closed car. Today, the open sport type vehicle is the mark of affluence; for it is usually the second car in the family, reserved for exceptionally fine days. Body finishes continue to lean toward the new lacquer coating, although baked enamel and multi-coated paint and varnish coverings are still favored by some.

Chassis life has been lengthened by improvement in fit and quality of parts. The old song about cars being built better in former years is now passe. Today's cars are actually better than they were even two years ago. Increased life has been gained by improvements in design. Pressure lubrication is now almost universal. That increases bearing life, and all wearing surfaces are larger, and hence slower to deteriorate.

Two new features, the air-cleaner and the oil purifier, or rectifier, adopted by many leading builders have materially increased engine life. The former takes the dirt out of the air which is drawn into the motor through the carburetor, and the latter takes the grit out of the oil in the crankcase; also keeping it free from water and gasoline drippings, thus increasing bearing service.

Another interesting device which is gaining wide acceptance and is installed on many of the new models this year, is the gasoline filter. It became prominent last year when Studebaker adopted it as standard equipment without any special publicity.

Shock absorbers are prominent as stock equipment this year, adding to riding comfort, and nearly all models have balloon tires and four-wheel brakes, with special steering improvements which have increased motoring safety through quick and easy car control, a most vital advantage in

(Continued on Page 59)

Just an extra who inherits a million, then starts out to spend it.

Brewster's Millions *a la Mode*

IF Dickens were alive today with all his literary urge and power of old, would he write of the old times or of the new?

He wrote of the things modern in his day. Modern life, contemporary problems held his interest. His claim to imortality lies in his revelation of human frailty and strength of humanness in general, unchanging within the short span of history. One is constrained to believe that if the question were put to him, he would reply,

"Of course I would write of the Jazz Age! Character is unchanging, but the conditions surrounding it and modifying its manifestations, change with the passing years. This day is more advanced, more complex, more fascinating in its possibilities than those of my time. It is not fair to let my work, with its comparatively dull atmosphere, stand judgment upon its humanness alone. I would give it the advantage of a modern background, a tempo and color contemporaneous with its modern readers."

A somewhat similar problem confronted the Paramount organization in filming "Brewster's Millions." The George Barr McCutcheon story appeared some twenty-five years ago in the form of a novel and a stage play. Five years ago it was brought to the screen as a Paramount production featuring Roscoe Arbuckle.

Such great technical progress has been made in motion pictures that any reissue of the original film would be impractical.

The change in public taste, the amazing metamorphosis in the lives and surroundings of the screen patrons themselves, is a development that relegates any previous version of the story still farther into the background of the past. Stories of the year 1900 fall into a peculiar class that has neither the romantic color of tales of the more distant past, nor the present-day interest of our own modern times.

A picturization of the exact story against a modern background could not satisfy the modern taste, yet the basic dramatic elements of the story were too good to be laid away in the museum of past successes.

In the topsy-turvy land of "Miss Brewster's Millions," stars become extras and extras become stars. Here are ten extras who impersonate Mary Pickford, Florence Vidor, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Betty Bronson and Colleen Moore.

Paramount solved the problem by changing the title and placing a feminine star in the leading role, thus accomplishing several things at once. Most important of these is the fact that the present title preserves the identity of the story and at the same time conveys the thought that plot changes are to be expected.

The changes in the superficial elements of the story are radical; those in the basic, human side in which lies the real value of the original "Brewster" are very slight. And all the new and unfamiliar material is due to the influence of the modernization of its setting.

In those times when the original hero was a strictly up-to-the-minute young man, his attempt at spending a million a year was so unusual and presented such difficulties, that it possessed a great "punch." Since then, times have progressed far beyond the author's wildest dreams so to preserve the "punch" of the idea a girl was created to spend the millions!

At present, spending a million in a year isn't such a remarkable feat. Miss Brewster of 1926, as she is portrayed in the Lasky film by Bebe Daniels, must spend the amount within three months!

According to the producer this is a fairly accurate example of the increased tempo of modern life during the twenty-six years that have elapsed since the author's original conception of the story.

In keeping with that increased tempo are the other elements of added "pep" and thrill, flash and color comprising up-to-the-minute ultra-modernism. Lavish clothes, the absence of conventions and social restrictions characteristic of the most colorful phases of modern life will feature "Miss Brewster," and make the original spendthrift of the earliest days of our present century appear dull and uninteresting in comparison.

Instead of making the principal character a member of the "four hundred" as was the case in the original story, the feminine Brewster makes her bow as an extra girl in Hollywood. This new idea holds a special significance. In 1900, New York's famous social circle represented the ultimate in speed, the peak of ultra-modernism, the abode of thrills, the atmosphere into which there entered the greatest liberty of thought and expression, the utmost in freedom from convention.

The life of an extra girl in Hollywood conveys to the general screen audience the present-day ultimate along these lines. All classes of our society meet and mingle in the democracy of motion picture life. The spirit it represents typifies the complete disappearance of artificial social barriers and conventions.

Jazzing up "Brewster's Millions" has been lots of fun for the entire staff. Here Miss Daniels is shown talking over new gags with Clarence Badger, director; Monty Brice, scenarist; Travis Banton, designer; H. K. Martin, cinematographer; Kenneth Hawks, editorial supervisor, and Paul Jones, assistant director.

Incidentally, there's a certain glamor in the life of screen folk that was missing in that of the "Four Hundred." "Miss Brewster," herself a famous star portraying the role of extra girl is seen meeting many other famous stars of filmdom in her rounds of the studios. That in itself is sufficient to interest millions of picture patrons.

Another important character of the story, that of the uncle, has also been remodeled in order to take him out of the class of the ancient villain and thus endow him with a greater humanness. A fuller, truer and less dignified revelation of one's human qualities is permissable today, whereas twenty-six years ago it simply wasn't being done. There has since been added the final touch of destruction to the idea of "poise," for which has been substituted spontaneity. Instead of the stern, dignified, overbearing character of his prototype, Ford Sterling as the uncle in "Miss Brewster's Millions" becomes a humorous, human sort, possessed of all of our present-day weaknesses.

To have attempted making "Brewster's Millions" with a feminine star five years ago might have been folly, for it is a question as to whether or not the public would have accepted the substitution. Since then, however, the screen patrons themselves have so accelerated the tempo of modern life that they have involuntarily created "Miss Brewster's Millions" and successfully influenced the Paramount organization to screen her 'a la mode, proving conclusively that forcing the producer to recognize intelligent public taste stimulates competition and creates better pictures.

If in some future development of the public taste, interest should shift to men instead of remaining, as it is a present, focussed on women and their problems, perhaps some enterprising producer will bring forth "Brewster's Millions" for the third time, and allow a man to spend the millions.

Meanwhile Bebe Daniels as the comedienne who must spend the million in three months, should keep her audience hysterical from the time she makes her entrance on a miniature horse following a wagon-load of hay, all the way through to the high-speed finish of the film. The radical departure of the producers in making the star of the play feminine is more than justified by the promise of her performance for this role, and the lavish staging that is being given the production by Director Clarence Badger. Miss Daniels has, in her role of "Miss Brewster," the sort of opportunities in which she appears to the greatest advantage.

Below—Alice O'Neill in her workshop at Universal City supervising the execution of her designs for the Ballet of Jewels. Right—the Gold Girl as evolved from the original sketch shown immediately below. Right center—Pearl with inset of the original conception.

THE JEWEL BALLET *from*

ALICE O'NEILL, who designed the costumes for "The Midnight Sun," Dimitri Buchowetski's spectacular picture-story of life in pre-war Russia for Universal has given to the film world one of its most colorful and brilliant spectacles in the Ballet of Jewels sequence of that production scheduled for fall release on the Universal Super-Jewel program.

While but a spectacular incident in the dramatic action of the story itself, its sheer beauty and color make it one of the most interesting and attractive highlights of the picture as a whole. The story, which centers around the character of a

Below—Black Diamond, the contrasting note in a kaleidescope of color. This is the evolution of the sketch Miss O'Neill is holding on the opposite page. Left Center—Diamond, with accompanying sketch. Right — The Ring Girl. Center — the ensemble of the Ballet of Jewels in the Grotto of Gems.

"THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

little ballerino in the Russian opera (played by Laura La Plante) reaches one of its dramatic peaks in the ballerino's first appearance in a premiere role. It was to give this feature of the story a proper setting that the Ballet of Jewels was planned. Several suggestions were offered for the particular treatment, but were discarded in favor of the more brilliant spectacle as finally conceived. In planning the ballet full cognizance had to be taken of the limitations of the screen which, strangely enough, in this particular instance, are greater than those of the stage, and several suggestions had to be abandoned for that reason.

(Continued on Page 66)

HOLLYWOOD BUILDS

AMID much popping of fire crackers and oriental ceremonies fitting such an occasion ground was broken January 3 for the building of the Sid Grauman's new Chinese Theatre at Hollywood boulevard and Orchid street, a visualization of which is conveyed by the accompanying pen and ink sketch from the architect's drawings. Below, reading from left to right, and appearing as some of the principals in the event, are shown Sid Grauman, Norma Talmadge, Lige Conley and Anna May Wong, with Miss Talmadge holding the gold shovel with

(Continued on Page 63)

NEW TEMPLES OF ART

AT THE hour of high noon on the second of January Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., presented the gold spade, with which ground was broken for the new six-story Warner Bros. Hollywood Theatre, at Hollywood boulevard and Wilcox avenue, to Motley Flint, executive vice-president of the Pacific-Southwest Trust and Savings Bank, and the first dirt was turned with suitable ceremonies. Charley Wellman was on hand, and his "Don't go 'way, folks!" announced to KFWB radio fans that they, too, were to participate in the exercises. Below are shown the principals who

(Continued on Page 63)

3 BAD The World

BY FRANK

OLD Grand Teton, mighty, snow-clad monarch, reared his venerable, white-crowned head over the lesser but still towering peaks of the Teton range—reared his head, blinked his eyes, and stared down into the Jackson Hole country in astonishment.

He has seen the ages go by; had watched the passing of whole geological epochs immeasurable in puny years. From the time of his chaotic, raw-edged and undisciplined youth, he had watched broodingly over the Wyoming plains. Even before the glaciers had polished him; before they and the storms of ages had made soil around his lower slopes and vegetation had sprouted there, he had observed animal life out on the plains.

Lower down, right at his feet, grew long, rank grass loved by the mammoth. When the glaciers and the passing of time had left of the animals only the weaker and the smaller, notably an insignicant descendant of the great cave bear, the weakest puniest animal of all made his appearance —a man, walking on his hind legs, dependent for protection against the cold on the hides of other animals incapable of much of a fight with tooth, claw and fist—but endowed with a marvelous facility for shaping inanimate things to his needs.

He proved, to Grand Teton, the most fascinating spectacle in the drama of the ages. The tribe was weak and few at first, but soon waxed mighty; and yet, at what appeared the height of its power, another tribe came in and conquered it. Weak and few were they, at first, but they, like the darker-skinned tribe which had preceded them, grew amazingly in numbers, and beyond all grasp of the great mountain's imagination, in power.

Not only fire and clubs and spears, and arrows that kill at long distance, were theirs, but harnessed thunder and steam and other natural forces. Grand Teton at last saw steel rails invading his very range, tunnels through his granite shoulders, cuts high on the sides of his canyons. He finally saw a giant man-made insect that buzzed through the air, bearing men on its back.

Then, as we have said in the beginning, he saw the most amazing thing of all. He had been dreaming of the liveliest, the most interesting and thrilling of all the time he had witnessed since. Earth had thrust him forth into the air. Those times were the days at Jackson's Hole and its surrounding country, when the Indian territories were opened for settlement, and the place became the most noted rendezvous for "band men" in the West.

MEN *in* of Promise

A. MURRAY

Those days had gone by—he had seen the aeroplane and the automobile. But when he had opened his eyes from dreaming of that colorful time, there, before his amazed, far-reaching vision, was being re-enacted the scenes of the past! It was a violation of the evolution that he had watched through the centuries—an evolution so steady that he had learned to bid good-bye to each vanishing epoch as a thing of memory, something gone forever and beyond recall.

Was he still dreaming — or did he see ghosts of the old road-agents gallop madly across the low-lying flat of notorious Jackson's Hole? There were the unending wagon trains pushing forward in the face of almost impossible difficulties. The towns of tents were there, ruled by the worst of bad men, by force of gun and bowie-knife.

No, here were no ghosts, and he was not dreaming. The lurid history of strife, bloodshed, black deeds and gallant deeds of old was once more transpiring before his eyes, curiously mingled with manifestations of the modern age such as automobiles.

The story of Jackson's Hole unfolded as he had seen it unfold in real life. There was the time when the rule of the bad men reached its zenith; when evil force was supreme and lawlessness was the law. Then came stern justice; retribution, swift and sure; the six-gun became the symbol of law and order.

There were, besides automobiles and other modern equipment, and the things of the old times, curious things that belonged to the new times, yet made it possible to link old times with new; to give to a vast audience over all the world eyes that saw farther than the eyes of Grand Teton himself; age and experience greater even than his. Motion picture cameras. . .

John Ford, a young Fox Films director who put on the screen a picture of giant theme, "The Iron Horse," and rose by its fame into the first ranks of directors, was responsible for the spectacle that made Old Grand Teton think that he had been dreaming of the past again; that, more important, will open to the eyes of the world's great cinema audience one of the most picturesque and thoroughly representative periods and locales of the West's storied lawlessness.

The new Ford drama is called "The World of Promise," originally entitled "Three Bad Men"—a tale of empire building, outlawry, and the struggle centering around Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, and having its period at that critical time when the Indian territories were opened for settlement by whites. The theme is great in scope, and yet the story differs from that of "The Iron Horse" and other

JOHN FORD,
The Director

photoplays which have been styled screen epics, in its emphasis upon human drama rather than the movement of peoples, or upon war, or conquest.

With Director Ford and the production staff were George O'Brien and Olive Borden, romantic leads; J. Farrell Macdonald, peerless "Corporal Casey" of "The Iron Horse," Tom Santschi, Frank Campeau, Lou Tellegen, Jay Hunt, Otis Harlan, George Harris and a host of others appearing in chief supporting roles.

In the very heart of the celebrated "Hole," John Ford and his company lived in the open, undergoing the test of the rugged climate of late autumn and early winter. The towering Tetons, on one side, and the glorious Shoshone range on the other with their snow-capped peaks and deep canyons, inspired the production to the greatness of pioneer picture undertakings.

Death Canyon, notorious retreat of the old-time cattle rustlers who inhabited the Jackson Hole country, was used for a scenic background for many of the big scenes in the production. While in the "Hole" filming exterior scenes, the director took advantage of the proximity of the noted landmark and "shot" scenes on the very spot where, in years past, widely known thieves had assembled.

The story of the construction of the Wyoming camp wherein the company was quartered is as full of daring exploits and romance as a fiction story.

The campsite at Jackson's Hole, while it is in northern Wyoming, was situated nearly one hundred miles from the path of "The Iron Horse." The advance guard was sent from the Los Angeles studio three months prior to the time that Director John Ford led his picture-makers to the scene of activity. Three-fourths of this time was used in clearing the campsite of growth to allow for the construction of the tent city. Once this clearing was made, five weeks sufficed for the gang of workmen to erect the tents, build floors and set up stoves.

Difficulties in transportation and the inability of the merchants to meet the heavy demand for material handicapped the construction of the canvas town. Lumber, used in such quantities that mills in the vicinity of the camp were startled at the size of the orders, was purchased from four sawmills, three being located in Wyoming and the fourth in Idaho. The mills were all located more than forty miles from camp, causing a long delay in the delivery of the necessary lumber.

After the first heavy drain upon the resources of the sawmills, these institutions were unable to cope with the situation and as it was vitally necessary to have a constant supply of lumber to complete the camp before the invasion of the production unit, crews were sent into the forest, timbers were felled, snaked to the mills, which turned them into the planks, thus eliminating long delay.

After the initial influx of workmen, the construction engineers were confronted with the problem of keeping their supplies coming into camp. To insure regular deliveries, one hundred and fifty trucks were constantly traveling between the Fox Films camp and Victor, Idaho, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. When climatic conditions were favorable, these trips were completed in forty-eight hours each.

In spite of such difficulties and setbacks, the camp was completely finished when Director Ford and his company arrived. The production unit arrived late in the afternoon and started camera work the following morning with every department functioning as swiftly and smoothly as though the protecting hand of the studio was just around the corner.

From Pocatello, Idaho, to the lower end of Hogback Canyon, Wyoming, a distance of three hundred miles, emissaries of Fox Film Corporation traversed, gathering the herds of horses and wagons; covered wagons and surreys; oxen and wild animals and the vast horde of humans that appear in the production.

Two hundred and fifty horses and fifty wagons were utilized during the construction of the camp. These were added to five hundred saddle horses for the big scenes in the photoplay. Three thousand steers were rounded up for the picture. To feed this large herd of animals, thirty hay wagons, using one hundred and twenty horses, were constantly hauling hay from Jackson, Wyoming, thirty miles away. These teams never stopped. Night and day the procession moved across the Jackson Hole flats with the loads of hay.

One hundred and fifty laborers and fifty carpenters, augmented by machinists and loggers, comprised the working crew. More than half a million feet of lumber was used in building the camp.

The public little realizes what forethought, preparation and organization is involved in a huge motion picture location movement. The only news to reach the outside world during an activity of this nature is of the fanciful brand: interesting notes of the players, fictional tales of the surroundings and catchy paragraphs pertaining to the new experiences of the stars.

In the production of "The World of Promise," a vivid example of motion picture efficiency was shown by the moving of the huge Ford camp from Wyoming to the Mojave desert, near Victorville, Calif.

At the outset the studio officials were confronted with the huge task of providing sturdy, clean, warm living accommodations for nearly five thousand people, which alone constitutes a herculean task. Not only this phase of preparation was intensive. Three thousand horses and other kinds of live stock had to be sanitarily corralled.

Over a million feet of lumber was used in the building of the street sets for use on the desert location. One hundred and fifty carpenters and skilled studio mechanics worked for two months prior to the arrival of the production unit erecting

(Continued on Page 66)

AS WORN BY THE PLAYERS

Margaret Livingstone wearing a black French spider lace gown over flesh colored silk demonstrates in the William Fox production "A Trip to Chinatown" what the well-dressed "vamp" should wear. One sleeve is fashioned of the dress material, the other of georgette. Both are edged in monkey fur. The only touch of ornamentation about the costume is in the elborate rhinestone shoe buckles.

Speaking of Shawls: Dolores Del Rio, (left) and Lilyan Tashman (right) pose for camera studies in new shawls of hand painted design and exotic coloring.

America's Sweetheart

SHE will never be allowed to grow up. The little girl who, at the age of five, began her stage career with juvenile parts in the Valentine stock company of Toronto, Canada, struck a chord in the heart of America's amusement patrons that has endured, and will endure.

Fame is a peculiar thing. To some who attain it to a great degree, it comes overnight. Lord Byron is by no means the solitary example of a human being waking in the morning to find himself upon its pedestal. But fame enshrouded Mary Pickford gradually, and it is hard to say at what point in her career it really began —just at what time she became "America's Sweetheart."

It would not be too far-fetched, in the light of subsequent developments, to say that it began when she was nine years old. At that age she was starring in stage productions such as "The Fatal Wedding," playing juvenile parts that were usually older than herself; in other words, the nine-year-old girl even then had begun to lay the foundations of her present fame through playing just the sort of roles in which she is beloved today.

As a child nearing her 'teens, she played with Chauncy Olcott in "Edmund Burke," for Belasco in "The Warrens of Virginia," and in many other productions in which her parts were overshadowed by names and personalities who were then famous, and whose roles gave them the center of the stage. Yet her fame as well as her ability may have been growing even then; one might almost say it must have been growing—for is she not, today, in spite of her real-life physical maturity, the same little girl of those early stage roles?

When she went into motion pictures, in the days before the film players were given personal publicity and screen credit, she had to "start all over again" in one sense. She became known as "The Biograph Blonde." But the Mary Pickford personality, in some way, emerged from this trade-marked obscurity, and in spite of the fact that a few more noted stage players had overcome their prejudice against films and were working before the camera, she was one of the first to become known to the public.

Producers began to discover that the people were willing to pay to see Mary Pickford, regardless of film trademarks and story titles. Experiments in placing her in various types of roles established the fact that her following wanted their star to play the sort of stories which her

An early picture of Mary Pickford, showing her at the time when she first appeared on the stage in Belasco productions, and Mary Pickford as she is today. "Little Mary" never grows up and whether it is in her latest pictures, "Sparrows," extreme right, and "Annie Rooney," lower left, or in "Heart o' the Hills" or "The Hoodlum," she is—America's sweetheart.

terday and Today

work had really made popular for the first time. No one wanted her to grow up. Similar experiments have been made ever since, sporadically, and the result has always been the same. There is a Mary Pickford role, typified by her outstanding successes in such pictures as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Daddy Long Legs," and "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley." The international success of "Little Annie Rooney" proves that there is no change of mind and taste on the part of the motion picture goers, insofar as Miss Pickford is concerned.

The picture she has just completed, "Sparrows," presents the star in a role that undoubtedly will take its place in public favor with her past triumphs. "Scraps" was the original title, and the story deals with Mary's adventures with a little band of mistreated orphans on a baby farm.

"Even without Mary, 'Sparrows' would be a great picture," said Douglas Fairbanks when he and Joseph M. Schenck viewed the completed production.

In that remark lies considerable significance. The public will not let Mary Pickford depart from her role, and the star's name is sufficient to make almost any passably good picture a big financial success. But she and her producers are not relying

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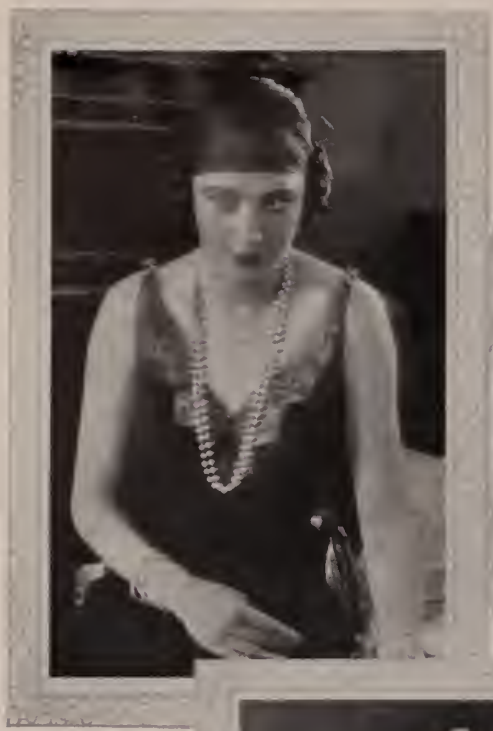


Above
Nita Naldi

Marian Davies

Sally Long

Right
Dolores Costello

Below
Helen Lee Worthington

THE FOLLIES GIRL

As told by Sally Long

"HAS a Follies girl any better chance of making a success of a career in motion pictures than another girl of equal beauty, ability and intelligence?"

It was in the early fall of 1924 that I first began to puzzle over this question. It all started when I casually inquired of my chum, Betty Grey, as I dropped into a chair beside her in the wings of the Selwyn Theatre, "Well, where do we go from here?"

Just an expression, something to say, but she chose to take it seriously. "I'm going to Hollywood," she calmly proclaimed. "I'm tired of working all night and rehearsing all day and living in a tiny apartment. People in the show business know who I am now. I can get to see the directors and producers by just sending in my name. I may not be any younger or as beautiful as some of the millions of others trying to break into the movies, but the public—or a goodly portion of it—knows me as young and beautiful and my name, as a Follies girl, has a certain amount of box-office value that gives me an edge on all of the others trying to break onto the screen.

"Then, too, Mat Stone has been hanging around ever since I met him when he came to New York a couple of weeks ago and he can help a lot for he puts up the money for a lot of pictures."

Then. began an argument which lasted for months. Betty and I had ten minutes in the wings together, between numbers, every night. And every night we argued the advantages and disadvantages of a career in motion pictures and one on the stage. I pointed to the security of our position with Mr. Ziegfeld. He had made us, given us an opportunity to acquire a certain amount of wealth and a great deal of fame.

Betty spoke of the quicker success to be attained in the films. You get six or eight chances a year to do something big. Here you get your numbers at the beginning of the season and have no chance to try for

Kathryn Perry

Anne Pennington, Jacqueline Logan and Billie Dove at Fox Studios

Right—Dorothy Mackaill

Below—Lilyan Tashman

ON THE SCREEN

to C. S. Dunning

something bigger and better for another year."

Betty won the argument—and stayed in New York. I lost—and came to Hollywood.

I think that it was the list of Follies girls who had come to Hollywood and made a success that decided me. I couldn't think of a one who had failed. And there was Marion Davies, Nita Naldi, Ann Pennington, Dolores Costello, Lilyan Tashman, Jacqueline Logan, Billie Dove, Helen Lee Worthing, Blanche Mehaffey, Jocelyn Lee and a half dozen others who had made a name for themselves in the films.

If the Follies girl, by virtue of her reputation for beauty and the box-office value of her name, had a better opportunity of breaking onto the screen than the average newcomer to Hollywood, she must also have a better chance of staying there, I decided. For hadn't all the Follies girls who had gone to Hollywood stayed there? I had never heard of any coming back, begging for their old job. It must be that the training, the knowledge of how to take direction, of tim-

(Continued on Page 66)

Muskrat fur in plaid design forms a novel idea for trimming this beach Club sport dress. The wide cuffs, band and scarf, all but cover the straight line crepe gown, and the short ruffle at the bottom of the skirt and sleeves are a most unusual finish. Worn by Ruth Stewart of the Majestic Theatre.

Photo by Mandeville

Gwendolyn Lee, featured Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player wearing a cape of silver applique finished at the bottom with sea foam green maline pleating and at neck with maline ruff finished with hand rolled petals. To be worn over a dance frock of same material, with plain silver pumps and diamond buckles.

Alice Calhoun charmingly wears this plaid taffeta and batiste embroidery dress with full flare skirt and full sleeves, one of the surprises in the mode for the coming summer.

Individuality *the* Key Note of the Mode for Spring

GOWNS—ORIGINAL CREATIONS BY ETHEL PAINTER CHAFFIN

by ETHEL PAINTER CHAFFIN

FUR CREATIONS BY WILLARD H. GEORGE, INC.

I should like to feel, when designing and creating apparel for the women of Southern California, that we have enough individuality to dress becomingly. We must bear in mind that the gown we so much admire on another, even though beautifully designed and executed, may ill become our own personality.

The individual figure, more than ever before, is demanding the attention of the leading French designers, and to it they are turning their entire attention. If your individual figure requires long skirts, do not wear the shorter ones simply because Paris decrees that skirts shall be fourteen inches from the floor. Consider your figure and the effect a long or short skirt will have in giving to you the desired silhouette.

Study the accessories, for they play an important role in the ensemble. Shoes and hose must be carefully considered. Do not wear snake skin shoes and hat and carry a hand-bag of the same material when wearing a dark tailored gown. Accessories are necessary and smart when worn with sport costumes or an ensemble carefully thought out. The women of Southern California are acknowledged among the smartest dressed women of American and in establishing a prestige, we should each one of us wear the becoming things. Personality is the keynote. A gown or wrap correctly designed to the individual will give that certain touch and poise that is recognized instantly as good taste.

The morning sports costume can be severe and plain, but shoes, hose, hats, gloves and bag should be adapted accordingly. There is nothing more delightful than the smart white tailored sport suit, supplemented by the new snake skin shoes, hat and bag. Snake skin will play an im-

portant part in milady's costume this spring, and as it comes in a wide range of colors it is readily adapted to almost any costume design. If furs are worn for sport wear, they should proclaim the purpose for which they are intended. With the various pelts on the market today there is a wide selection from which to choose furs suitable for motoring to and from the Country Club or for the shopping tour.

The familiar nutria is soft and warm, very durable, and of a rich brown shade so becoming to most women. Sealion and the leopard dyed kids, newcomers in this field, many times trimmed with fox or other contrasting fur have a dash that is most youthful.

The luncheon ensemble should become a bit more intimate as it may drift into a bridge or a Mah Jong for the afternoon. A combination of cloth or crepe and chiffon is correct or even a lovely embroidered frock and coat. A bit of fur either in white or pastel shades used for the collar or trimming will do much to soften the lines of the face or figure. The hat may carry softer lines than that used with the sport costume for morning wear. The materials for afternoon run the wide range from brilliantly flowered chiffons to the taffeta plaids. Here the selection is wide and if one will bear in mind her individuality, a costume may be easily created which will have a most pleasing and harmonious effect.

The fur scarf is in many cases a necessary adjunct to the afternoon ensemble. Foxes come in a wide range of colors to suit the personality of the wearer. Indeed they are an indispensable part of every woman's wardrobe and their vogue is undiminished. For those who are short of stature and inclined to stoutness, the sable or marten is more to be preferred.

Delores Del Rio becomingly wears white ermine trimmed with white fox for evening.

For motoring and general utility wear, for comfort and smartness, Pauline Frederick wears this silver American Broadtail coat with platinum fox trimming.

The combination of dinner gown and wrap are most essential for the popular clubs or house parties. The gown is only complete when accompanied by a soft lace wrap or cape for the cool of the evening. Chiffon gowns and capes are always practical and one can appear in a new shade each evening. While those who are susceptible to the chill of the California nights, capes and wraps of fur have a strong appeal. And rightly so. For not only are they becoming but they give a feeling of warmth and satisfying comfort not otherwise obtainable. Royal ermine of snowy whiteness, usually severely plain, sometimes with the black tails lavishly used in the linings are always in good taste. Caracul and broadtail too in various suitable shades usually trimmed with fox or other contrasting fur also have their place in the mode. Organdy, taffeta or net, becomingly designed, are some of the enticing thoughts for spring.

This, indeed, is to be a spring of individuality and while the thought and selection necessary to a perfect wardrobe may appear a bit terrifying at first still the result will fully justify the care expended. Study your individual figure, bear in mind your personality and make your selections accordingly.

Angeleno Decorated

HAROLD DEAN CARSEY, Hollywood photographer of motion picture folks, for the fourth year in succession has been granted the highest award at the Royal Pictorial Salon of Sweden, according to word received from his European representative.

The grand award given after the fourth year, carries with it an invitation to visit Stockholm and there photograph the Swedish royal family. Mr. Carsey expects to leave within a fortnight, closing his Laurel Canyon studio for two months.

One hundred and fifty photographs of motion picture celebrities will accompany Mr. Carsey to Stockholm and there be hung in a special salon to which the award entitles him.

Carsey hung fourteen portraits—two each of Bill Hart and Joseph Schildkraut and one each of John Barrymore, Clara Bow, Anna Q. Nilsson, Jetta Goudal, Anita Stewart, Evelyn Long, Nazimova and Donald Keith—at the Royal Salon. It was a portrait of Joseph Schildkraut which won him the award.

He opened his Hollywood studio about a year ago, coming here from New York. While operating a studio in Greenwich Village he made annual trips to India, China and Japan photographing celebrities in those countries. Previous to his camera career Carsey was a decorative and costume designer of renown.

Styles may come and go, but the charm and usefulness of the cape will always keep it with us. This one is of blond caracul trimmed with golden fox and just fits the personality of Claire Windsor.

Laura La Plante

In a hand-painted afternoon gown in Greek motif designed by Alice O'Neill; an unusually attractive creation of shell pink chiffon and velvet, hand painted in bronze and silver and trimmed with moleskin

A HOME THAT WAS DECORATED

The informal good taste which makes this home so inviting and livable is seen in every corner of every room. The fireplace group in the living room is one expression of it. A portrait of an old galleon rocking on a sea of rich cerulean blue was the keynote for the color scheme. Two little love seats in softest blue velvet make a welcoming gesture to the fireside.

THIS HOME WAS A RECENT COMMISSION OF BARKER BROS.' STUDIOS OF INTERIOR DECORATION.

The other end of the living room—garden view window framed by hangings of blue, hand-blocked linen with designs in piquant colors; two handsome floor candlesticks and two congenial chairs—one in deep apricot hand-woven linen, the other in black and henna striped moire.

AND FURNISHED TO BE ENJOYED

Glazed chintz hangings of glorious "Amaryllis" rose are the high note in this guest room, which is a sunny, delightful place. The carpet is rose taupe and the furniture walnut of a satiny, dull finish.

The graciousness and dignity of Queen Anne furniture are especially appropriate for the guest room. The fine lines, soft lustre and delicate antique gold decorations lend an air of real distinction. The little Louis XVI chair with its needlepoint covering is an arsitocratic note.

The dining room is in distinct but pleasing contrast with the rest of the house, as a dining room has a right to be. The red tile floor is guiltless of rug or carpet. Italian chairs and table, specially designed, fraternize with Spanish sideboard and console which are fine, handmade reproductions of old pieces.

What Is a Wampas, and Why?

by GEORGE LANDY

ONLY five years old, the Wampas—more formally designated as the Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers—has already grown to be an important factor, not only within the motion picture industry but among the national institutions of every description.

It is based on a community of ideas, purposes, policies and ambitions of the men who publicize the various factors which combine to make up the film industry: producing studios, stars, directors and authors, distribution organizations and the motion picture theatres.

From the results accomplished by the Wampas members, individually and collectively, this group of men can certainly take its place among the leading factions which have definitely accomplished great things in the entire history of the world. Certainly no industry has ever grown to such tremendous proportions and, just as surely, no art has ever reached such a high stage of development as motion pictures have achieved in the twenty years of their existence — and it has been the publicity man who has played a big part in this dual progress.

Ray Leek, first president of the Wampas and for the past two years general manager for the Annual Frolic and Ball which has now become a national institution.

Through publicity, the screen has not only opened a new vista of entertainment for the mass population of the entire world—it has a far greater accomplishment to its credit. Through the films, and especially through the publicity connected with pictures, the United States has been "sold" to the entire civilized world as a nation, and the benefits therefrom have been incalculably tremendous, not only from the entertainment angle, but also in the industrial, social and political aspects.

It was about five years ago that seven directors of publicity for various studios in Southern California gathered around a dinner table at one of the local hotels to discuss the dignity and the new purposes of their profession. It was at this gathering that the Wampas was born.

It is a far cry from the hokum press agentry of several years ago to the efficient and dignified service which is rendered to the people of the world through existing newspaper and other periodicals by the Wampas and other publicity men. No longer does the press agent try to foist an unwelcome idea over on an unsuspecting editor or represent things beyond their actual proportions. Practically every Wampas member has real newspaper experience to his credit and, in fact, most of the members of this organization have held high posts on the local dailies. A Wampa knows what the neswpaper wants and he gives the paper news—not just statistical information, but live stories with human interest, legitimately demanding space in the periodicals of the world.

From the seven men who sat together at that semi-social function five years ago, the Wampas has grown until, at present, its roster includes eighty-eight active members, thirteen associate members and eight honorary members. Of the active members, eight are working in cities outside of Southern California and three are in Europe, but all of them religiously retain their Wampas membership. The honorary members include several of the most important men in the entire film world and every one of them treasures his membership card as a reward for meritorious service. Several other members have left the publicity departments to enter the producing field in pictures, and a number of them have risen to the highest ranks; these men also religiously keep up their Wampas memberships and attend as often as their large interests permit.

The presiding office has been occupied in turn by Ray H. Leek, Arch Reeve, Joe Jackson, Harry Wilson and Harry Brand, the present incumbent. To these men should go much of the credit for their untiring efforts and leadership in serving as standard bearers for the Wampas' perennial campaign to elevate the profession of motion picture publicity.

Shortly after the formation of the organization, there was expressed a spontaneous desire on the part of the stars, producers, directors and other executives to make public admission of the service of the publicity men, and it was from this spirit that the idea of the Wampas Frolic and Ball was evolved. The first of this series of annual entertainments, which have become universally conceded to be the leading cinematic social events in California's calendar, was held in the main dining room of the Ambassador Hotel. This room has a capacity of 3000 and it was jammed to the doors! Ever since this first affair, the Wampas has been faced by the necessity of securing a larger edifice to accommodate its co-workers in the film field and the members of the public who wish to attend the Frolics.

The second Frolic served to open the then new Warner Brothers studio on Sunset Boulevard, where the attendance exceeded 6000 persons. The third year found the Wampas faced with a problem regarding late dancing, at that time the civic dilemma in Los Angeles, and after receiving invitations from numerous municipali-

Los Angeles New Shrine Civic Auditorium, where the Wampas will hold their fifth Annual Frolic, February 4.

ties throughout the United States, the publicity men finally accepted the offer personally tendered at a Wampas meeting by the municipal authorities of San Francisco. Accordingly, the Frolic was held in the Bay City, at its Civic Auditorium, where the attendance reached about 8000—almost half as many being turned away when the fire department closed the doors to prevent excessive crowding.

This third Frolic did far more than merely change the dance law in Los Angeles—it served to cement the friendly relations between San Francisco and its sister city in Southern California as no other event had done. It was the occasion for the greatest hegira which has ever occurred in the motion picture world: Seventy stars of the first magnitude, accompanied by Wampas members and their guests, as well as hundreds of other Angelenos, filled the three special trains which took the party north. Every California city within 200 miles of San Francisco sent official delegations to this Frolic, giving it a genuinely state-wide flavor.

Last year the Wampas again had to face the necessity of a larger auditorium to accommodate its potential guests at the Frolic. Fortunately the Ambassador had erected such an edifice in its grounds, and so that was the scene of the fourth Frolic. This year the same problem also arose, and we are very fortunate in having the magnificent Shrine Civic Auditorium to house our guests of that evening.

For the first time in the history of the Wampas, we have been able to offer not only a mardi gras show, consisting of general dancing interspersed by numerous elaborate presentations; this year we have taken advantage of the unparalleled opportunities of the Shrine stage and the tremendous ballroom to offer a twin entertainment, of which the details are narrated elsewhere.

The publicity men who have been responsible for the elevation to stardom of practically every screen celebrity, instituted an official Wampas custom just before the first Frolic, which has continued every year and which we expect to practice annually indefinitely. Each year the Wampas selects the thirteen most promising young leading women of the screen, based on a careful study of their talents, achievements to date and future probabilities. Hitherto, we have called these girls Baby Stars. Starting this year, we are calling them "Stars of 1926," because the Wampas is convinced that these girls will achieve the heights of stardom during the calendar year in which they are selected.

The Wampas selections for each year have been as follows:

1922: Helen Ferguson, Bessie Love, Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Pauline Starke, Lila Lee, Jacqueline Logan, Maryon Aye, Louise Lorraine, Kathryn McGuire, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor and Patsy Ruth Miller.

1923: Eleanor Boardman, Pauline Garon, Laura LaPlante, Virginia Browne Faire, Derelys Purdue, Ethel Shannon, Margaret Leahy, Dorothy Devore, Betty Francisco, Kathleen Key, Helen Lynch, Jobyna Ralston and Evelyn Brent.

1924: Clara Bow, Blanche Mehaffey, Margaret Morris, Hazel Keener, Lucille Rickson, Gloria Grey, Elinor Fair, Dorothy Mackaill, Carmelita Geraghty, Julanne Johnston, Lillian Rich, Alberta Vaughn and Ruth Hiatt.

1925: Betty Arlen, Violet Avon, Olive Borden, Anne Cornwall, Ena Gregory, Madeline Hurlock, Natalie Joyce, Joan Meredith, June Marlow, Evelyn Pierce, Dorothy Revier, Duane Thompson and Lola Todd.

Last year the Wampas went one step further: it instituted a Screen Achievement Trophy, which was presented at the last Frolic and will be presented at the next, and annually henceworth. The award is given to the girl of the last four groups of Wampas selections who has made the greatest professional strides since her nomination. The girl is selected by a group of judges consisting of the editors of the national fan magazines, the trade papers within the motion picture industry and the film editors of the local newspapers.

Last year the cup was donated by Arthur J. Klein and was presented to Colleen Moore. This year the great silver cup has been donated by the Paul G. Hoffman Company, Inc.

Even in an industry which has itself been termed an infant, but whose growth has been the most phenomenal in the history of the world, the development of the Wampas has been an outstanding phenomenon. To list its achievements, its charities and its other activities within the motion picture industry would sound like braggadocio. But they have elevated it to an institution of deserved national prominence, known wherever motion pictures are shown, and honored and respected universally.

In elevating the dignity of the profession whose mouthpiece it is, the Wampas has served the entire film field and, through this service, it has made a distinct contribution to the world's progress.

Memories of Yesteryear

by BERNARD A. HOLWAY

DEEP in the hearts of us all there linger memories that are treasured for their association with days that are gone. No matter how blasé we may become in later years it is with a delicious sense of reminiscence that we turn back the pages of memory's book and live again amid scenes and friends of yesteryear.

No more vivid illustration of this truism can I conceive than that which was presented at The Writers on the evening of January 21st when Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, incidental to the previewing of his latest production "Bride of the Storm" brought back to the film colony of Hollywood memories of the Vitagraph days of a decade and a half ago. Mere words on a sheet of paper can not begin to do justice to the heart thrills of that evening as on the silver sheet of the club were flashed scenes and faces dear to everyone who followed the motion picture during its early days.

Commodore Blackton can always be counted upon to do the beautiful thing, to inject the delicate note of sentiment, but I doubt if he has ever done anything that has given greater pleasure to the film folks than his presentation of "Reminiscences of 1915." It was in truth a work of love, for long hours, extending over weeks and even months, had been expended by the "Guv'nor" and his son in digging out of the film archives of the old Vitagraph studio (now a part of the Warner Bros. West Coast Studios) scenes from Vitagraph productions showing the old favorites of the screen as they were in those days of 1910 and 1915.

And then, when this film had been completely assembled, the Commodore did the most beautiful thing of all. Searching throughout the film colony of Hollywood he secured the addresses of every member of what he affectionately terms the Vitagraph Alumni and to each he sent a personal invitation to be his guest on that evening. The response to that invitation is indicative of the love which the old guard of the films bear to him who in those days, was their chief.

Tears were very near the surface as old friends and partners of the films met, some of them after intervals of years, in the assembly rooms of the club prior opening of the doors leading to the large dining room in which screen and stage presentations are made. I am perfectly willing to admit that there was a queer tugging around my own heart and that my glasses fogged up unexpectedly as I watched these favorites of yesterday reliving old memories. And at no time was this feeling stronger in me than as I watched Kate Price meeting, amid such circumstances when memories were so keenly alive, those with whom she was so closely associated in the older days. With the emotionalism of her Irish ancestry, Miss Price made no attempt to hide her feelings as laughing and crying she greeted first one and then another, and was greeted with an affection indicative of her place in the hearts of all.

Commodore Blackton had arranged his program with the true instincts of showmanship, opening with an amusing comedy of the vintage of 1910, bearing the intriguing title "The Boy, The Bust and the Bath," and featuring a cast composed of Florence Lawrence, Bill Shea, Hector Dion and Buster Blackton, then a mischievous boy of nine.

The quaint costumes and sets of that little comedy, not much longer than its title, created just the right atmosphere into which blended the presentation of "Reminiscenes of 1915." The picture opened with a view of the Vitagraph offices in Brooklyn showing Commodore Blackton and A. E. Smith directing the early destinies of what may in all verity be considered the "cradle of the American screen." And then came bits from nearly a hundred productions showing the players of the Vitagraph Stock Company as it was then composed.

While we laughed again as we had in former days at his inimitible drollery there was a suspicious break in our voices, a dimming of the eyes, as John Bunny stepped forth from behind the curtain of the past and greeted us from the screen. It was all so real that the gates of time rolled back, and we forgot the superfeatures of today. The little bit of comedy that followed, in which Bunny and Flora Finch appeared in their familiar roles, brought another flood of memories. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew struck an equally responsive chord as we saw them once more enacting the subtle comedy sequences that endeared them to the hearts of the film world of a decade ago.

It was with a distinct thrill that I saw again Mary Maurice, whose mother roles has so firmly enshrined her in our memories. And how reminiscent it was of those early days that we saw Maurice Costello, dimpled Lillian Walker, Arline Pretty, Edith Storey, Mary Anderson, Wally Reid, and the host of others who were such favorites then and later. Clara Kimball Young in a typical scene, Anita Stewart and Earle Williams; Marc McDermott, Harry Morey, Ned Finley, James Morrison and Hughie Mack. The appearance of each was greeted with enthusiasm and a momentary buzz of voices, as irrepressible reminiscences demanded utterance. Many who were present saw themselves at the outset of their careers. Dolores and Helen Costello, now climbing to stardom as belles of the screen, were seen with Bobby and Helen Connelly in juvenile roles.

Then there were, present on the screen, if not in person, Rose Tapley, William Shea, Florence Turner, Patsy De Forrest, George Holt, Van Dyke Brooke, L. Roger Lytton, Lucille Lee Stewart, Templar Saxe, Leah Baird, Evart Overton, Ralph Ince, Charles Richman, Corinne Griffith, Charles Kent, Hector Dion, Dorothy Kelly, Edward Phillips, Louise Beaudet, Robert Gaillord, Don Cameron, Harry Northrup, Eulalie Jensen, E. K. Lincoln, Alice Joyce, Billie Billings, Naomi Childers, Wilfrid North, E. H. Sothern, Walter Grail, Florence Lawrence, Norma Talmadge, Julia Swayne Gordon, Anne Schaefer, William Duncan, Josephine Earle, Anders Randolph, Denton Vane, Edna May, Antonio Moreno, Peggy Hyland, Jewell Hunt and Katherine Lewis.

As a most entertaining revelation of the strides that have in truth been made in film production since those days the Commodore then gave us a typical drama featuring Helene Costello as "the little child who led them," Louise Beaudet and Donald Hall. In its day this production, the title of which I didn't note carefully enough to remember, was an intense, dramatic thriller. One of those pictures that tore at your heart strings and made the sob sisters sob. As the story unfolded it struck a responsive chord in my memory and I recalled the time when I first saw it and how I was thrilled by its pathos, by the sentiment of its titles and the intensity of its dramatic structure. Yet, when I saw it that night at The Writers, I laughed as I haven't laughed in a long while. It was excruciatingly funny. The titles were a veritable scream. The exaggerated action, so typical of those days, even to the inevitable chase sequence, seemed so ridiculous that I literally howled with the rest of the audience. Verily times have changed and the films *have* advanced in technique, in realism and in artistry.

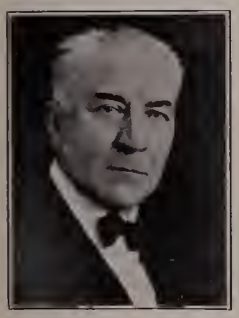
Commodore Blackton had planned his program well. Nothing could have fitted us for the preview of his latest picture more admirably than that old-time "drammer," and when, following his little

(Continued on Page 67)

Angle Shots

Around Hollywood Studios

EMILE CHAUTARD, who a few years ago was one of the industry's foremost directors, has been engaged to portray the leading character role in "Paris at Midnight", Frances Marion's new Metropolitan picture, based upon the Balzac classic, "Pere Goriot".



Chautard's fame in this country has been confined to directing, for although he was formerly one of the most popular actors in France, he has never appeared on either the stage or screen in America. Here he is best known for his direction of many of the screen successes in which Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady were starred.

In France, Chautard was leading man for the great tragedienne, Mme. Rejane, for nearly twenty years and achieved particular fame for his portrayal of Napoleon in "Mme. Sans Gene". Later he was director of the Royal Theatre in Brussels and still later he created the title role in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" in Paris.

Thirteen years ago in Paris Chautard directed a screen version of "The Merry Widow" in which Maurice Tourneur portrayed a leading role.

* * *

MARSHALL NEILAN'S acquisition by Paramount forms one of the most interesting news angles of the month in that it promises theatre goers a series of productions combining Neilan's unfailing entertainment skill with the producing company's extensive facilities.

Neilan has signed a long-term contract with Paramount, under the terms of which he will make his productions at his own studio at Edendale, California, backed by the facilities and resources of the producing organization in Lasky Studio.

The first story Mr. Neilan will produce under the new arrangement is now under way in the scenario department, and its production probably will start near the middle of February. It will be released during the fall of 1926. Following this production, he will direct Betty Bronson in a picture of the type that made him famous as the director of many of Mary Pickford's most successful offerings.

* * *

ANTICIPATING a revival of South Sea Island pictures in the not distant future, Harry Oliver, art director for Mary Pickford, is taking advantage of the Pickford-Fairbanks round-the-world tour to get in a little sightseeing himself and at the same time pick up at first hand accurate data concerning some of the out-of-the-way places of the world. Accordingly, accompanied by Mrs. Oliver and his daughter Amy, he sailed January 27 on the steamer Tahiti for Papeete where he will rest and paint, transferring to canvas the exotic beauties of the southern seas. The Olivers plan to be away from Hollywood some six months.

* * *

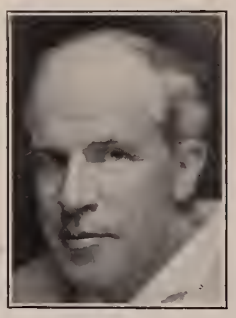
MARYON AYE, dainty actress of the stage and screen, appears as the leading feminine role in "Kosher Kitty Kelly," a stage offering in San Francisco.

She was playing in Colleen Moore's "Irene" at the time the stage role was offered her, and the opening of the play was held off for a week, after a long-distance telephone consultation with the play producers, in order to allow Miss Aye to finish her screen role.

A coach was sent to Los Angeles to whip Miss Aye into the "Kosher Kitty Kelly" part between scenes of Miss Moore's production, and through the efforts of Alfred E. Green, who is directing the film, the actress was released as soon as possible, and caught the earliest train for San Francisco.

Miss Aye scored a hit in San Francisco some time ago when she played "White Collars" there, and perhaps it was this role that led to the new one. She will come to Los Angeles in "Kosher Kitty Kelly" before or shortly after this item comes off the press.

COMMODORE J. Stuart Blackton's next production for Warner Brothers will be "Hell Bent for Heaven," Thatcher Hughes' Pulitzer prize play, which has been one of the season's footlight sensations from both artistic and financial viewpoints. The play is being adapted for the screen by Marian Constance, and production will be started as soon as the shooting script is completed.



"Hell Bent for Heaven" will be known as a Blackton Production and one of the season's big specials from Warner Brothers. The film rights of the play were purchased expressly for Commodore Blackton. The play had a long run in New York and has appeared in Los Angeles, where it played for four weeks.

* * *

ABILITY to swim came in handy to Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez while filming some of the spectacular scenes of "Volcano," a Paramount production in which they play featured roles.

For the sake of realism, they were not permitted to swim in smooth water, but in the sort of rough water that the technical directors thought would be stirred up by volcanic activity and earthquake. Moreover, a rain of ashes and debris fell all around them during the process of filming those particular scenes.

Wallace Beery, Arthur Edmund Carew and Dale Fuller also play featured roles in "Volcano," which is a William K. Howard production scenarized by Bernard McConville.

* * *

THE golf champion of the Christie studio lot—a studio of golfers, by the way—has hung up an enviable record for his competitors to shoot at, and it will probably require considerable shooting to bring this particular record down. Yes, it's Neal Burns, and his feat was to make the sixth hole at the Lakeside Club, a two-hundred - yard, par-three hole, in two—not once, but four consecutive times. There were witnesses other than the caddy, of course!

It is said that the record is unique insofar as local courses go. If, however, it is open to contest, Burns has agreed to settle the matter with any challenging studio golfer on any tee or green.

Burns is one of the golf stars of the Christie-Metropolitan team, which has only been defeated once in meeting other studios. The team is composed of Charles Christie, Neal Burns, A. C. Cadwalader, Jack Noble, Jack Cunningham and George Melford.

* * *

PART of the atmosphere that is going to be one of the appealing features of "The Volga Boatman" is to be supplied by Vasili Kalmykoff, formerly a line officer in "The White Army" of Admiral Kolchak. Kalmykoff has been added to the technical staff of the second personally directed Cecil de Mille offering for Producers' Distributing Corporation.

He speaks no English, working entirely through interpreters. Theodore Kosloff, Russian dancer and actor, and Kalmykoff will work together on technical points connected with the filming of this love story of a rough, colorful Volga boatman and a gently reared aristocrat. The background action of the story is that of the Russian revolution and social overthrow.

One of Kalmykoff's tasks is the training of Victor Varconi, who appears in the production as a prince in the White army. Other featured players who appear in the story are William Boyd, Elinor Fair, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff and Robert Edeson.

* * *

THE affiliation between Universal and the UFA company of Berlin by Carl Laemmle will, it is said, result in a wholesale transference and exchange of stars from Berlin to Universal City and vice versa.

There are many Universal stars who are quite as popular in Europe as they are in America, and these, probably, will be sent to UFA studios for parts in the German pictures, according to advices from Mr. Laemmle. Mary Philbin is being considered as the "Marguerite" for the big production of "Faust" which UFA is planning, with Emil Jennings as Mephisto. Laura La Plante, Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Jean Hersholt and many other stars may be sent abroad for one or several pictures.

In return, Mr. Laemmle plans to import several stars and directors of the UFA company for work at Universal City. He has already arranged to bring Andre Mattoni, a Czecho-Slovakian actor, and E. A. Dupont, a noted German director, to Hollywood, and future exchanges may involve such Continental stars as Emil Jannings, Werner Krauss, Lya de Putti, Zenia Desni, Lil Dagovar, Conrad Zeidt and others.

* * *

ON THE First National lot Harry Harry Langdon is to be found in the midst of his first feature-length comedy for that organization. In addition to embarking on a new venture, Harry is demonstrating what the artist can accomplish with a bit of make-up, particularly in changing the size of the eyes.

The usual thing in making up the eyes is to rim them with black, so that they will appear larger. Langdon rims his eyes with white in order to accomplish just the opposite result. The white, he finds, makes his eyes appear much smaller on the screen than they really are."

"I wear white makeup around the eyes not only to make them look smaller, but to give a peculiar sheepish expression," says Mr. Langdon. "This helps greatly with my pantomimic imitation of the timorous and bashful lover."

In order to enlarge and deepen the expression of the eyes, Mr. Langdon advocates the use of red makeup rather than black. For giving an impression of dullness to the eyes, he uses green color around them. The white makeup is being used throughout his present feature, which is now in the seventh week of production. The story resulted from an original idea of Langdon's, and is being directed by Harry Edwards.

* * *

TWO very fat and very serious-faced comedians of the screen shook hands on Hollywood Boulevard and wandered into a drug store to celebrate the chance meeting with a drink a la Volstead. Walter Hiers sat down at the counter, but Ned A. Sparks refused to do so, even at Walter's pressing invitation.

''Can't!'' he smiled. "I've been learning to ice skate."

"What's that got to do with—" began Hiers. Then, remembering when he had first learned to skate, he stood up and the two comedians drank to the good old days of the high bar and the footrail—standing.

* * *

A MAN who lost his memory during the war and has since been trying to find someone who knows him, has been given a position at Universal Studios by Acting General Manager Harry MacRae.

The name by which he is now known is Jerry Talbot. Talbot has conducted a world-wide search to find people who know him, putting his picture into American and foreign publications. He has an accurate memory of the events of the war and remembers the unit, the Sixth Marines, in which he served. Several buddies he has encountered from that outfit knew him but could not recall his name.

Talbot only remembers the past 18 months of his life since the war, coming to himself in the Veterans' Bureau Hospital at Palo Alto. He retains absolutely no memory of his life before the war. He seems to be of French descent, is about thirty-five and fought in the battle of Bois de Belleau. He also remembers the battle of Chateau Thierry hazily, and believes that the wound which caused his loss of memory was sustained there.

Seventy-five men of his outfit were killed at Chateau Thierry and he believes he is listed as one of these, but an attempt to trace down the names and relatives of these men has proved futile. The American Legion is at present working on the problem of tracing his identity.

Talbot's work at Universal is in the technical department, and he will also do extra work in pictures in the hope that some friend will recognize him when the films are distributed all over the world.

* * *

"MISS DE LA MOTTE," said a Hollywood newsboy to Marguerite, "I gotta kid brother who never seen a movie. You're in a show up the street; will you gimme the price of a couple of ducats?"

Touched by the thought of a child who had never seen a motion picture, the star handed the urchin a dollar. As an afterthought, she asked: "When are you going to take him to the show?"

"I ain't gonna take him," giggled the boy, having removed himself to a safe distance. "I'm gonna take me girl. Me kid brother what ain't seen a movie is just five weeks old."

Miss De La Motte believes that such a good joke on herself is worth the dollar invested.

* * *

A HOLIDAY that cost thirty thousand dollars!

That was the result of a bit of figuring done by Edwin Carewe, producer-director for First National Productions, when he went over his expense list for Christmas week.

It chanced that he was starting "Heirs Apparent," a production featuring Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor. Christmas day would break right into the busiest part of his schedule. But he decided that Christmas must be observed regardless, and although it cost him so much money, he now feels repaid by the added enthusiasm of his cast and production staff, an enthusiasm which may make the work go so rapidly that a good deal more than the thirty thousand dollars will be saved.

The losses had to be figured on set rentals, salaries, the rent of equipment and many miscellaneous items that enter into film bookkeeping. "Heirs Apparent" is to be Carewe's first offering for 1926.

* * *

ACCORDING to Cecil de Mille, 95 per cent of the inexperienced players who appear on the screen or try to break into pictures depend too much on facial expression in their pantomime, or "act all over the place and smother their dramatic points by an abundance of ill-chosen gestures."

De Mille speaks not only with the authority of a great director, but as the discoverer of much talent that now occupies prominent places in the screen limelight. He discovered and trained such stars as Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque and Thomas Meighan.

"The accomplished artist is one whose hands are trained to help and not to hinder. The best facial expression is helpless without thoughtful pantomime with the hands," he maintains.

"Girls beat men at this phase of film work. The feminine habit of 'talking with the hands' is a distinct asset, when used with intelligence and discretion. Unfortunately, through self-consciousness, many girls overdo gesture. Men, conversely, go to opposite extremes and have to be trained from 'woodenness' into graceful use of their extremities.

"William Boyd, featured in my production, 'The Volga Boatman,' once believed that pockets were the only place for hands. But as soon as the stiffness was eliminated from his arm movements, he found the in-between point where gestures are most effective for nicely balanced pantomime. He is but one of the hundreds of actors who have had to learn that their hands are valuable for something other than writing checks or changing tires."

* * *

ACCORDING to an announcement from the Pickford-Fairbanks headquarters, Joseph M. Schenck will take over the studio used by Mary and Doug while that couple are absent on their European tour. It has not yet been decided which of the various Schenck units will work at the Pickford-Fairbanks studios, but indications now point to the transference of the Norma Talmadge and Constance Talmadge companies to the new quarters.

Plans are now being considered for the enlargement of facilities at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios in order that the Schenck units may have more room to work. Already a large piece of property has been added to the rear of the "lot" and there is every possibility that a new stage, larger than any now in existence, will be built.

Moving the Schenck companies to this studio is merely a temporary arrangement, according to the report; if Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford make a picture abroad the Schenck companies no doubt will remain in possession of their studios for a year.

* * *

ESTELLE TAYLOR seems to have a regular menagerie of pets at her house. Separate reports on their doings show that there is a "Patsy," a "Clara," a "Pete," and a "Tom" of the feline tribe, and a "Punch" and a "Duke" representing the canine.

"Tom" is a cat of the garden or alley variety, rescued by Miss Taylor last spring when he came meowing for admittance at her door, dragging after him a maimed leg. He was nursed back to health, and dominated the household, even her English pug "Punch," until the arrival of Jack Dempsey's Great Dane, "Duke." "Tom" gave one look at the newcomer and fled, and he hasn't been heard nor seen since.

Another report concerns "Punch," known as Estelle's "$10,000 dog." It seems that "Punch" is liable to justify his expensive reputation, despite the fact that customs officials finally placed his real value at $58—if he persists in indulging in his appetite for costly bedroom slippers.

"Every year just before Christmas I seem to establish a friendship for some pup who makes his meals on slippers," Miss Taylor remarks. "Two years ago, my sister's fox terrier raised hob with my footwear. All my friends knew about it and they gave me slippers for Christmas. Then last year, Mr. Dempsey gave me a Chow and again I was slipperless."

WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

Clarence Badger	Directing "Miss Brewster's Millions" for Paramount, starring Bebe Daniels.
Sylvano Balboni	Finishing "The Far Cry" for First National release, featuring Blanche Sweet. Scenario by Katherine Kavanaugh.
King Baggott	Directing "The Perch of the Devil" for Universal, featuring Mae Busch and Pat O'Malley. Adapted by Mary O'Hara from Gertrude Atherton's novel.
William Beaudine	Loaned by Warner Bros. to Famous Players-Lasky Corp. to direct Douglas McLean in "That's My Baby."
Monta Bell	Directing the famous Ibanez novel, "The Torrent," featuring Ricardo Cortez and Greta Garbo for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Herbert Blache	Directing "The Mystery Club" from the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Universal all-star.
J. Stuart Blackton	Directing "Hell Bent for Heaven" by Warner Bros. Scenario by Marion Constance from the $25,000 Pulitzer prize play.
Frank Borzage	Directing "The Dixie Merchant" for Fox. All-star cast.
Clarence Brown	Directing Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman in "Kiki" for First National release. Scenario by Hans Kraely.
Dimitri Buchowetzki	Directing an as yet untitled picture for Paramount, starring Pola Negri.
Christy Cabanne	Directing "Monte Carlo", featuring Lew Cody, Gertrude Olmstead and Roy D'Arcy for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Edwin Carewe	Directing "The Heir Apparent" with Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor for First National. Scenario by Lois Leeson.
Benjamin Christenson	Directing Norma Shearer in "The Light Eternal" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Scenario by Mr. Christensen.
Eddie Cline	Directing a series of pictures for Mack Sennett featuring Alice Day.
Allan Crossland	Editing "Don Juan," featuring John Barrymore, for Warner Bros. Scenario by Bess Meredith.
Irving Cummings	Preparing "Rustling for Cupid" for Fox.
Allan Dwan	Preparing "Padlocked" for Paramount. Not yet cast.
Cecil DeMille	Editing and cutting "The Volga Boatman." All-star cast. Scenario by Konrad Bercovici.
Reeves Eason	Directing George Walsh in "The Test of Donald Norton" for Chadwick Pictures Corp.
Harry Edwards	Directing Harry Langdon in his first feature length comedy for First National. The title is "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and is an original story by Langdon himself.
George Fitzmaurice	Editing "The Son of a Sheik," starring Rudolph Valentino. A Joseph M. Schenck production.
Victor Fleming	Directing "The Blind Daughter" for Paramount, featuring Esther Ralston, Earnest Torrance and Jack Holt.
James Flood	Directing "Why Girls Go Back Home," featuring Patsy Ruth Miller, Clive Brook and George O'Hara. Warner Bros. release.
Emmett Flynn	Directing "Yellow Fingers," featuring Olive Borden, for Fox. Scenario by Eve Unsell.
John Ford	Editing and cutting "The World of Promise" for Fox. This is the new title for "Three Bad Men." All-star cast.
Svend Gade	(Between pictures.)
Al Greene	Finishing "Irene," starring Colleen Moore, for First National. Scenario by June Mathis.
Alan Hale	Directing "Forbidden Waters," featuring Priscilla Dean, from an original story by Percy Heath.
Hobart Henley	Directing Charles Ray and Eleanor Boardman in "The Auction Block" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. All - star cast. Scenario by Frederick and Fanny Hatton.
George Hill	Directing the famous Rex Beach story, "The Barrier," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. All-star cast. Scenario by Harvey Gates.
Lambert Hillyer	Finishing "The Second Chance," featuring Anna Q. Nilsson, for First National. Scenario by Eve Unsell.
Renaud Hoffman	Directing "The Unknown Soldier" from an original story by Dorothy Farnum. All-star cast.
E. Mason Hopper	Directing "Paris at Midnight" with all-star cast. Taken from the Balzac novel, "Pere Goriot." Scenario by Francis Marion.

WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

William K. Howard — Finishing "Red Dice," featuring Rod La Rocque, for Cecil DeMille. Scenario by Jeanie McPherson.

Rupert Julian — Preparing "Silence" for DeMille. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix.

Earl Kenton — Directing "The Sap," featuring Kenneth Harlan and Mary McAllister, for Warner Bros.

Henry King — Recently finished "Partners Again," one of the "Potash and Perlmutter" series.

Rowland N. Lee — In Europe.

Robert Z. Leonard — Directing Corinne Griffith in "Mlle. Modiste" for First National release. Adapted from the stage play by Adelaide Heilborn.

Frank Lloyd — Just finished "The Splendid Road" with Anna Q. Nilsson, his own independent production.

Del Lord — Directing Billy Bevan in all-star Mack Sennett series.

Ernst Lubitsch — Preparing to produce "The Door Mat" for Warner Bros. from the stage play by Ethel Clifton and Branda Fowler. As yet uncast.

Leo McCarey — Directing a series of comedies for Hal Roach, featuring Charlie Chase.

Robert McGowan — Still fathering "Our Gang" over at Hal Roach Studios.

George Melford — Directing "Whispering Smith" from the novel by Frank H. Spearman. All-star cast.

Walter Morosco — Directing "Outlawed," Rin-Tin-Tin's next for Warner Bros.

Marshall Neilan — Finishing "Wild Oats Lane," a Marshall Neilan production, featuring Viola Dana and Robert Agnew.

Fred Niblo — Enjoying a well-earned rest after completing "Ben-Hur."

Albert Parker — Directing Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate" for United Artists release.

Harry Pollard — Directing "Beware of Blondes," featuring Laura La Plante and Edward Everett Horton, for Universal. Scenario by Mel Brown.

Paul Powell — Directing "The Prince of Pilsen," featuring Anita Stewart. Belasco production adapted from the stage play by Anthony Coldewey.

Lynn Reynolds — Directing "Chip of the Flying U," starring "Hoot" Gibson. Universal picture, adapted from the famous B. M. Bower book.

Phil Rosen — Directing an as yet untitled feature for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, featuring Renee Adoree and Conrad Nagel.

Roy Del Ruth — Directing "The Grifters," featuring Dolores Costello and Johnny Harron, for Warner Bros. Scenario by Daryl Francis Zanuck.

Edward Sedgewick — Directing "The Continental Limited," all-star cast, for Universal. Scenario by Curtis Benton.

William A. Seiter — Directing "Rolling Home," featuring Reginald Denny, for Universal.

Paul Sloane — Directing "Eve's Leaves," featuring Leatrice Joy, for DeMille. Scenario by Elmer Harris.

Edward Sloman — Directing "The Old Soak" for Universal.

Sam Taylor — Directing Harold Lloyd's next feature length comedy, "For Heaven's Sake."

Maurice Tourneur — Directing the Marion Fairfax production, "The Desert Healer," featuring Barbara Bedford and Lewis Stone.

King Vidor — Directing "Bardelys the Magnificent" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel by Sabatini.

Raoul Walsh — Preparing to start work on "What Price Glory" for Fox. Still uncast.

Roland West — Directing "The Bat" for United Artists. All-star cast. Scenario by Julienne Josepheson.

William Wiley — Directing "Lazy Lightning," featuring Art Acord, for Universal. Another B. M. Bower novel.

John Griffith Wray — Directing "Hell's 400", featuring Margaret Livingston, for Fox. Scenario by Bradley King.

Fraternities of the Screen

MOTION picture work is never finished. The whistle does not blow to release the men and women engaged in the creative side of the picture industry from their toil and their responsibility. The star who is not before the camera is studying a new role and selecting costumes, or negotiating for a new contract. The extra who is not working is seeking another part. The director who is not beside his cameras is superintending the cutting of a film just finished, or working over the script of a production soon to be begun.

It is this condition which tends to limit personal contacts to business hours, to isolate the social and co-operative forces of the industry, and to narrow the interests and points of view of the thousands of men and women who are engaged in the manifold activities of motion picture production.

The formation of clubs and association of all sorts, linking the interest of individuals with groups, of groups with other groups, and of the motion picture industry as a whole with the public it serves, is a comparatively recent movement. But already it has gone a long way toward accomplishing its purpose. Individual insulation and isolation of interest has been broken down. The force of constructive co-operation is being brought to bear with more and more force. A great breadth of contact has been established.

The result is that today, in spite of the exacting and absorbing nature of the work of most persons engaged in the making of screen productions, the motion picture art and industry has community interests, group and general co-operation, and organized social force for fostering the best of relations with its patrons, comparable to and perhaps excelling those of any other industry. Through clubs and forces of organization of a non-commercial variety, the scattered interests and ambitions of individuals within the industry have been gathered and crystallized into a responsible, co-operative, constructive force of great power and limitless possibilities.

Among the most important and interesting clubs and organizations that have been created as direct or indirect by-products of the screen are The Motion Picture Directors' Association, The Writers Club and Screen Writers Guild, the Society of American Cinematographers, The Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers, or Wampas; its feminine counterpart The Wasps; The Two Thirty-three Club; The Masquers; The Troupers Club and The Screen Club.

Each of these organizations has its separate and individual entity, interests, and functions. Each has its own limitations and scope in membership. Several ties unite them all, however; they are affiliated in general community interest, in working for the welfare of the motion picture industry and its people and in fostering among their members a feeling of joint and individual responsibility to society in the creation of an entertainment of such giant scope and influence as that which the cinema offers.

The Motion Picture Directors Association, of which William Beaudine is president, has on its membership roster many of the most prominent screen directors in the industry. The organization has its headquarters in Hollywood at 1925 North Wilcox Avenue, in a homelike, old-fashioned dwelling house.

There, directors who have wone their place in the sun exchange gossip, ideas, reminiscences and criticism with the newer recruits. Social events, professional or general, are given at frequent intervals, among the most characteristic of which is the custom of giving banquets in honor of outstanding achievements. For example, a banquet of this sort was given in honor of King Vidor, in recognition and praise of his work in directing "The Big Parade." Just before that event, John Ford occupied the place of honor at a similar function, in celebration of his success with that classic of pioneer Western spectacles, "The Iron Horse."

An organization much akin to the Directors' Association is the American Society of Cinematographers. Homer A. Scott is president, and the Hollywood headquarters are at 1219 Guaranty Building, where permanent clubrooms are maintained. The cameramen meet here socially and officially, as an organization or as individual members of the club. The organization has an official publication, "The American Cinematographer," which is devoted to club news and technical discussion.

The Writers Club of Hollywood maintains its separate identity as a local organization, although affiliated with the Screen Writers Guild of the Authors League of America, and also with the Authors League of America itself. It happens at this time that the same president, Rupert Hughes, serves both The Writers Club of Hollywood, and the Screen Writers Guild.

Organized four years ago, with Frank E. Woods as first president, The Writers quickly won a name for their social functions, their banquets, plays, and previews of photoplays. Their clubhouse, which is at 6700 Sunset Boulevard, is a big, rambling, ivy-clad structure of homelike atmosphere similar to that of the directors' headquarters. It has a library, lounging room, billiard room, dining hall and theatre. The latter is well equipped for presenting either stage or screen offerings. The building and grounds are owned by members of The Writers.

The stage plays given at The Writers are, for the most part, written by the members, and since the inception of the club seventy-six one-act plays have been presented. The giving of plays is a regular affair, in charge of a play committee, of which Alfred A. Cohn is chairman. Some of the most successful one-act plays of the past several years have been given their initial tryouts at The Writers, where they are subjected to a merciless but thoroughly constructive criticism.

In addition to banquets and other functions within the club membership, events of importance in connection with the motion picture industry and the literary world have been celebrated. One of the first of these was a dinner welcoming the advent of George Ade to Hollywood, while one of the most recent affairs of this sort was held in honor of Michael Arlen's visit to the film colony.

The Wampas is a familiar name for The Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers. As the title indicates, this association is composed of advertising and publicity men connected with all branches of the motion picture industry. Wampas semi-monthly meetings are held at the clubhouse of The Writers.

Each year, the Wampas stage a very large and highly advertised event, the Wampas Frolic. At this function, which is an entertainment open to the public, the most novel attraction is the introduction of thirteen young women whom the organization has selected by vote as the most promising actresses not hitherto presented by the Wampas, or already famous as stars. Further details concerning the Wampas organization are given in another article in this

(Continued on Page 60)

The Motor Car Trend for 1926

(Continued from Page 28)

these days of ever-increasing wheel traffic throughout the country.

Super-chargers to pep up fuel combustion, increasing power and speed and materially decreasing fuel consumption are still being tested by race drivers and technical engineers for future adoption on stock cars. That will usher in a still more startling era. Some makers have incorporated the super-charger idea to a limited extent but sensational results as to high mileage are still to come.

Some fours have been replaced by sixes just as some sixes have been supplanted by eights. There are about fourteen eights of various types now being built by well-known manufacturers.

Twenty years ago it was a triangular battle between ones, twos and fours. Now the contest is between fours, sixes and eights, with the two latter fast outstripping the former.

On the whole, car performance will be found to be better than a year ago, and that, in the broadest sense, is what everybody buys. Comfort, economy, reliability, power and quietness of operation have been enhanced.

Valve assemblies have been silenced, crankshafts have been stiffened, balancers have decreased vibration, springs have been balanced to balloon tires, brakes have reduced collision hazard, and steering control has very definitely increased motoring security.

In presenting a pictorial array of the new cars here, an attempt has been made to include as many prices classes as possible and at the same time provide illustrations of the newest models which are attracting nation-wide attention.

Besides the Stutz and Pontiac, outstanding models which are proving show sensations are the Chrysler Six, Rickenbacker Eight, Willys-Knight Six, Nash Advanced Six, Hupp Eight and Paige Six.

Walter P. Chrysler's new Imperial "80," a larger, finer, faster six, was given its Los Angeles debut the same day that the New York show opened. It has a ninety-two horsepower engine with a speed range up to 80 miles an hour. Six body styles include roadster and phaeton of sport type, coupe, five and seven-passenger sedans and a sedan limousine. Rubber cushion clamps take the place of shackle bolts at the spring ends, increasing riding ease, and eliminating lubrication.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker says his new straight eight super-sport roadster is the fastest stock car in America. He declares he has driven it 97 miles an hour. It is mounted on the regular Rickenbacker eight chassis, has a 100-horsepower motor and is guaranteed to deliver 90 miles an hour, which probably makes it the fastest stock car in the world. The sedan shown here is powered with the same engine, equipped with two carburetors and nine main bearings. Shatter-proof glass is standard equipment. Safety is a prime factor in design and all the models are low and racy looking.

The new Willys-Knight 6-70 is a lighter car with the smallest bore sleeve-valve engine ever built in this country, giving it an excess of power and snappy pick-up. It has safety four-wheel brakes, is long and low, and positively oiled through a specially designed pressure lubricating system.

Nash announces the first closed car to have a motor built especially for a closed car, in his new Advanced Six. This newly designed "Closed Car Motor" is said to deliver the same rate of power per pound to move the heavier closed models, as former motors exerted in propelling lighter open models, affording a smoothness and responsiveness never before achieved in closed car performance.

Buick remains unchanged with closed cars leading in popularity. Chandler has bought out Cleveland and is showing new closed models, featuring the Chandler 20th Century Sedan, and a Cleveland Special Six coupe, both equipped with one-shot lubrication. Oldsmobile has a new Utility Coupe and a Coach of smart appearance and medium prices with some new refinements. Locomobile Junior Eight recently introduced a new aristocratic looking coupe and a brougham, with that famous speedway engine. Wills St. Claire looks like a thoroughbred, prepped for a sprint. Lines are low and rakish.

Overlooking the Willamette Valley, Oregon

The Ninety Degree Cadillac is the latest thing out in this line, and after Don Lee gets them, he adds distinctive custom touches in his own shops to fit the personal taste of his patrons. The Franklin "Series LI" is the only air-cooled car of national prominence, and Rupert Larson has proved repeatedly that this "Camel" can stand gruelling punishment almost indefinite. Studebaker is featuring a new Big Six Sport Roadster, the design of which was personally supervised by Paul G. Hoffman, who still calls Los Angeles "home" despite the fact that he is spending most of his time in South Bend, where he is said to have started a new era of pep among Studebaker workers.

The Diana Eight and the Moon Six have proved popular throughout the past year, and while they do not build yearly models, their new cars are up to the minute in design and appointment, backed by a $75,000,000 group of specialists.

Velie has somewhat jumped over the traces with the advent of their new "windsplitting" sedan designed after the German idea, with long slanting windshield and bowed-out body back, a complete style change from former models.

Jordan, as usual, is out in front with two sizes of line eights. He builds nothing else now, and is making friends every day with his policy of quality building along standard lines with advanced ideas of design and style.

Kissel has a new all-year convertible coupe roadster which can be opened or closed according to the feel of the weather. This number ought to make many friends for them, for it is a tailored looking creation of low, swift design.

Marmon has established a special style department devoted entirely to building good looks into their cars that will make motor car "modistes" sit up and take notice.

Sixes lead the parade in new announcements for the year with eights showing the greatest proportionate gain. There are five V-type eights, and sixteen straight eights for ambitious owners to conjure with. Only ten fours put in an appearance at the New York show. Henry Ford was conspicuous by his absence. His new models are already much in evidence everywhere and he is busy building airplanes and new engines for dirigibles.

America's Sweetheart *(Continued from Page 41)*

upon this factor. They are working steadily upward in story and production quality to a climax that seems always just ahead.

Many followers of the screen have felt that such a climax would arrive if she made a production with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, in a co-star role. Countless rumors to the effect that such a venture was about to be made have gone the rounds, and finally a near-promise has been given by the stars to make the joint production in the immediate future. It is to be launched either during their stay abroad, or just after their return to Hollywood.

While there can be no doubt that a Pickford-Fairbanks co-star production would score a tremendous success from an entertainment point of view, no climax in the screen career of Mary Pickford will be reached thereby. She may go on from there, either in her own productions or with Mr. Fairbanks. Only one limitation will be imposed upon her by the public, and that is—she may not grow up!

Countless news stories and magazine articles have told the screen lovers of the world about Mary Pickford's daily mail. The great number of letters of appreciation, letters asking advice, letters requesting photographs and letters that only pour out the hearts of the writers has increased with the passing years.

A thoroughly representative instance of this adoration that has enshrined Miss Pickford as "America's Sweetheart" is given in the form of a present she received from Mrs. Helen Eckles, of San Diego, California. The gift was a set of seven large scrap books, containing newspaper and magazine clippings that covered the star's film career from the time she became known to the public by name.

This admirer of Mary Pickford has gathered the clippings contained in the scrap books from every newspaper and magazine she could obtain, and her first plan was to preserve the unique collection for herself. Years of admiration for the star finally culminated in a personal meeting in Hollywood, and as a result of this meeting, in the presentation of the scrapbooks—a gift that money could not buy or duplicate.

Her fame has grown, and continues to grow, but the charming matron, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, shall never reach maturity on the screen. She shall remain always the little girl of "Annie Rooney" and of "Sparrows."

Fraternities of the Screen *(Continued from Page 58)*

issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR.

The Wampas being composed exclusively of masculine publicists and advertisers, another organization having functions very similar has been created by the women publicity representatives and advertisers of the studios. This club is called Women's Association, Screen Publicists, or W.A.S.P.S., and its newly elected president is Elizabeth Reardon.

The Masquers is a large and recently developed organization of screen actors and directors headed by one of the founders, Robert Edeson, whose title is not president but Harlequin. Other officers are named as follows: John Sainpolis, Pierrot; George E. Read, Croesus; Fred Esmelton, Ponchinello; Robert Schable, Pantaloon. It has a house committee, an entertainment committee, and a "Jesterate," and its motto is, "We Laugh to Win."

This club is one of the most recently organized, having been founded on May 12, 1925. After various social events within its membership, the first public revel, which is to be an annual event hereafter, was held at the Philharmonic Audtiorium on October 22nd, 1925. Entertainment is supplied entirely by the membership.

At the Masquers clubhouse, 6735 Yucca street, Hollywood, the members foregather at all times of day and in all sorts of costume and makeup, as, in New York, stage and screen players do at The Lambs. Besides the exchange of gossip and opinion, it is here that the entertainments are discussed and plotted. The "prompter" in charge of entertainment has absolute command over the two hundred screen-celebrity members, from whom he may pick his casts and production staffs for the next Masquers' revel.

The Troupers Club is another very recently organized group, and one of the most interesting. Its primary requisite for membership is a formidable one: Thirty years in the theatrical profession on the stage or as manager! It was founded only a few months ago with nine members, and the membership is now nearing one hundrer. The meetings, which are dinners, are called Rehearsals, and the officers are as follows:

Stage Manager, Frank Norcross; Prompter, Charles Thurston; Call Boy, Palmer Morrison; Stage Doorkeeper, Fred Gambold. The members are called The Cast.

The Two Thirty-Three Club is a Masonic organization of actors and motion picture workers, with a large and influential membership. Further information concerning this organization will be supplied under a department devoted to the Two Thirty-Three Club, in the next issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR. The Screen Club is essentially a recreation and vacation club, with headquarters in the High Sierras at Lake Arrowhead.

The Man on the Cover

(Continued from Page 22)

in pictures—is that he is always open to suggestions and new ideas. If you have any that are based on sound logic, are practical, commercially feasible or at least artistically unique, this man Brown will lend you an ear.

His wife is his constant companion. Nobody who has ever met her twice could burden her with the formal dignity of Mrs. Clarence Brown. Ona Brown is a worthy helpmate to her husband—an inspiration rather than an obstruction. She is always keyed to a high pitch of enthusiasm about anything that her capable husband has accomplished or is about to accomplish. Praise showered on Clarence Brown is praise twice showered on his wife. She has a business sense that is keen to the 'steenth degree. She is looking out for the welfare of Clarence Brown. She is a courageous and tireless champion of anything and everything that will tend to enhance and forward the cause of her husband. But she is not selfish. The home of the Browns is a quiet, happy retreat; a haven from the hurry and bustle of life. Here everybody is assured of a homey and democratic welcome. That is the spirit of the Brown chateau.

Then there is Adrienne Ann Brown. Nine years of age. Wistful, childishly serious. Shy but pleasant. Adrienne has told her daddy that when she grows up she's going to be a motion picture actress. Clarence says, "It's up to her." Just now, however, Adrienne is living the intoxicatingly joyous and fleeting years of childhood at Chevy Chase School in Washington, D.C.

The Clarence Brown that tomorrow will carry to the heights of motion picture glory has been an industrious and serious apprentice.

The strides he has made in his profession are not only an indication of public recognition of one who knows his business but the crystallization of a faith and a will-to-do that has seen many dark days before the light came.

It is hard to develop enthusiasm about people in this business of up-today and down-tomorrow. Sometimes their mettle does not meet the test. We believe in Clarence Brown. You will, too.

The Little Journey, a recent fiction success by Rachael Crothers, has been purchased by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for early screen production.

Rachael Crothers is one of America's best known fiction writers, having written various stories in the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines, as well as a number of successful novels.

Architects to Exhibit

THE first exhibition of the Architects League of Hollywood, to be given at the Regent Hotel, starts February 8 and will continue for two weeks. This exhibition will include not only architectural work, but work of the allied arts: mural painting, architectural sculpture, plastic work, iron work, landscape gardening, motion picture sets, and architectural models.

A dinner and entertainment to be given on the evening of February 5th at the Regent Hotel, precedes the formal opening of the exhibition. At this function, members of the League and the architects of Hollywood in general will be entertained.

New Warner Theatre

(Continued from Page 35)

played an active part in the ground breaking. Reading from left to right, they are: Leon Schlessinger, George Coffin, Hollywood Chamber of Commerce; Bennie Zeidman, associate executive, Warner Bros.; William Koenig, studio manager; E. T. Loew, Jr., scenarist; Jack Warner, production manager; Syd Chaplin, Harry C. Knox, Joe Toplitsky, Motley Flint, Mr. and Mrs. B. Warner, mother and father of the Warner brothers; Harry M. Warner, Ernst Lubitsch, Charley Wellman and J. Stuart Blackton. Back of them rises the artist's conception of what the new theatre and home of KFWB will be like when completed.

Chinese Theatre

(Continued from Page 34)

which the first excavation was made.

Sid Grauman's plans for the new theatre are based on rearing what will in truth be a temple to the cinema and allied arts, a Chinese temple in which will be enshrined the beauty, artistry and culture of the orient as the atmospheric background for the presentation of the best in music, drama, and cinematic achievement. From the entrance to the huge elliptical forecourt to the backdrop of the vast stage the Chinese *motif* will be carried out. Upon the completion of the structure one will, upon passing through a pagoda-like entrance, find oneself virtually in the orient. This effect is to be heightened by the forty-foot wall which will surround the forecourt and effectually shut off the rest of the world for the time being.

If you have an idea of interest to the motion picture industry write THE DIRECTOR about it.

Subscription rates to THE DIRECTOR are $2.50 per year.

Motherhood and the Screen

(Continued from Page 16)

"I miss the faces beyond the footlights," confessed a professional friend of mine who was dining at my home. "Somehow there's a wave of feeling that sweeps back over the footlights when you send it out from you, and it gets the people out there. It comes back, and enters you, and you react to it by rising to greater heights. In pictures, it's only the director, and a few cynical cameramen and property men, and—"

One of my girls heard this, and when the guest had departed, of course there were questions. . . .

"Don't you miss it, then, mamma?" she demanded.

"No," I was able to say with the utmost of conviction. The subject was, and is, one near to my heart. "No, dear, I do not miss the theatre audience." Of course, I have not faced many theatre audiences. My experience in that line has been confined practically to amateur performances and personal appearances. But I truly feel inspired when I face the camera, and I'll tell you why.

"Beyond the director and the cameramen, the property men and the sets, I seem to see and to feel a greater audience than any single theatre can hold. There's a sea of intent faces: faces of men and women and children not only of our country, but of every country in the world. There are the folk of England, of Holland, of the Scandinavian countries; there are folk of the Orient, there are folk of all colors and races. Some are very, very poor, but it costs them little to see a picture in their country, and it brings them some happiness and light. Others are very rich and powerful—and perhaps the pictures they see will make them help the poor, and be kinder to everyone.

"That is what I see and feel, and to me, it is more inspiring than any theatre audience and its applause would be. You see, through the magic of the camera, it is now possible to spread happiness throughout the whole world, and it makes me very, very happy, and very, very proud to think that I can contribute my bit to the entertainment of that vast, wonderful audience."

Yes—in that thought I perceive justification for all struggle on the road to a screen career. To give the world, to give all humanity that added happiness and light, that beginning of universal understanding and oneness of thought that may some day fuse the interests of mankind, is the mission of the motion picture. The privilege of making important contributions to this cause is, I feel, the utmost reward, the highest pinnacle, the greatest attainment that a career can offer me. Combined with the things that, through screen work, I have been able to give to the children, the reward is great enough!

If I did not believe I have been a good mother to the children, I would not be satisfied. If I did not believe that any mother who preserved the ideal of motherhood in her struggle for success on the screen could do equally well, in proportion to her success as an actress, I would not give such an optimistic message to other mothers who, perhaps, would like to enter motion pictures—if it were not for their children.

If you like, enter motion pictures *because* of the children!

Norma Plays Kiki

(Continued from Page 13)

overdue rent she gambles her savings on the purchase of a second-hand wardrobe—with which to "break into the chorus."

In the office of theatre manager Renal, Kiki succeeds in securing a tryout, through which she marches with flying colors because the song chances to be one with which she is familiar.

A comedy sequence follows, in which Kiki makes her debut and in trying to fake dancing as she had faked singing, collides with Paulette, the featured dancer, and after a violent kick from that lady, sails through the air and lands sitting in the bass drum of the orchestra!

Baron Rapp, the villain, enters the plot here. In the screen version he is a more active villain than on the stage, and has a very good part. Paulette is presented as Renal's sweetheart, Kiki comes between them, and thereafter lively fighting that arrives at the hair-pulling stage ensues. The intervals between the battles are filled with intrigue, in which Paulette excells.

Kiki's well-remembered cataleptic fit, stimulated as a trump card in her endeavor to keep Paulette and Renal from driving her from the latter's house, is an outstanding feature of the screen version. 'Tis here that George K. Arthur as the servant, Adolphe, is given the opportunity for a choice bit of action in kissing Kiki. If one pretends to be in that rigid condition, and helpless, how can one prevent one's self from being kissed?

Renal, of course, rescues her at the critical moment, and Kiki comes out of her "fit" with a bound, to throw herself into his arms and kiss him, much to his delight.

What a role! Will Miss Talmadge enhance her own and "Kiki's" fame through its portrayal?

I am inclined to think that she will, and if so, I hope that Norma will give us other plays of that order, and not let "Kiki" stand as a solitary example of that remarkable combination—a powerful screen individuality and true versatility.

Bride of the Storm

(Continued from Page 19)

with interest, he tips his cap and says, "I beg your pardon. I'm all wet." There is certainly nothing "wet," to resort to the vernacular, about Harron's performance in this picture. It is easily the best of his, for one so young, long screen career, which is saying quite a bit.

Faith is at once attracted by Dick's neat white uniform and the cheerful honesty of his face and he by her strange position, her poor clothes, her suppressed loveliness, and her starved eagerness for companionship, understanding and love.

From this is evolved a delightful situation masterfully treated, a clandestine courtship under the most trying conditions, and without the benefit of language. Some of these scenes are positively unsurpassed for simple sincerity, pure sweetness, and gentle humor delicately and tastefully delineated.

From this point things move swiftly to a climax. Piet has sent for Mynheer Tom, a renegade parson, justice, etc. and plots with him to marry Faith himself. Faith conveys the news to Dick and after his commander has refused to intervene he gets back to the island that night by a clever ruse just in time to interrupt the ceremony. A terrible fight takes place, Hans hacks the supports from beneath the lighthouse and fires it. Dick and Faith escape in the nick of time. This last part is particularly spectacular and thrilling. The splendid photography under difficult and adverse conditions and the unusual and startlingly effective nightmare sequences are a credit to Nick Musuraca. Victor Vance is responsible for the appropriately atmospheric art titles.

"Bride of the Storm" contains the most masterful and interesting psychological study of the action, reaction, and interaction of the minds of the four sinister figures of Jacob, Piet, Hans, and Mynheer Tom and of Faith and Dick of any picture since De Mille's "Whispering Chorus." So artfully are the effects of the various minds upon one another brought out, emphasized, and presented that the interplay and conflict grips one more powerfully than the most striking and thrilling of action scenes. The multi-colored threads of the various characters are woven into the fabric of the picture in a lucid but complicated and delicate design, logical, coherent, convincing which is a satisfaction not only to the initiated creator of pictures but to the layman in search of entertainment. This is character building of the highest degree.

Commodore Blackton has carved in strange and exquisite style a beautiful cameo, faithful to the immutable laws of life and human nature, fashioned from new and interesting materials.

Lining up for the land rush which opened up the Indian Territory to settlers.

Three Bad Men In The World Of Promise *(Continued from Page 38)*

these picture necessities, and a separate crew of forty men was used in building the tent city wherein the cast of the production and Director John Ford's staff were housed.

With the completion of the sets and living quarters, the business manager of the location notified the home studio office that everything was in readiness for the producing unit. Then came the problem of transporting the company to the location.

Motor vehicles were engaged by the score to move the actors from Victorville, California, the last railway point, to the location, fifty miles into the Mojave desert. Huge motor parlor cars, especially equipped with high-powered engines, were included in the great automobile train. The caravan of cars stretched out for nearly a mile when the last car was loaded and started on its way into the desert.

On the Mojave desert location every imaginable enterprise existed—beauty parlors, barber shops, candy stores, shoe stores, clothing stores, ice cream parlors, doctors' offices, dentists' offices, a horseshoer's establishment, a garage and a separate post office. One dozen deputy sheriffs from San Bernardino county were detailed to supervise the camp, and maintain law and order. This was a necessary step because of the large number of people camped together.

Such are a few of the problems which enter into the bringing of the old, rugged west before the eyes of a modern public.

The Follies Girl On The Screen *(Continued from Page 43)*

ing your movements, of a score of stage tricks, was of aid.

I arrived in Hollywood a little more than a year ago. And as this is written I have just finished playing my first leading part. I appear opposite Buck Jones in "The Fighting Buckaroo," for Fox Films.

That is what my Follies training has done for me.

It brought me a part, a small part but nevertheless an opportunity to appear before the camera, just four days after I arrived. It was my connection with the Follies that got me into Jack Warner's office the day after my arrival and he gave me work at once. I played a cloakroom girl in a picture in which Dorothy Mackaill played the lead, "The Bridge of Sighs." Dot played her first Follies engagement in New York in a company in which I had a big part and I played my first bit in pictures in a company in which she played the lead. Odd, isn't it?

From then on I was kept busy most of the time. I was under contract to Rudolph Valentino for three months, to play opposite him in a picture which was never made. I think that the excitement of a big chance like that has gotten into my blood. Just a few months after my arrival here I was scheduled to play opposite one of the most popular stars of today in a big production. Then I didn't. I sit home now, between pictures, waiting for the telephone to ring and not knowing what to expect when I pick up the receiver. It may be a gossiping friend, or a call to world-wide fame. On the stage one starts the season and after the first night there is no new thrill, nor chance of overwhelming success. In pictures, one never knows. Every few weeks there is a new chance. A tiny bit may develop during the making of a picture to a part that will bring fame. This is the life. I'll never go back to New York.

The Jewel Ballet *from* "The Midnight Sun" *(Continued from Page 33)*

In its final development the action of this scene takes place in a grotto of jewels, about the throne of the King of Gems. Before him pass in review the personification of precious stones and metals, only the highlights of which can be shown in the black and white illustrations.

Miss O'Neill is another of the ever-increasing group of stage artisans to turn her attention exclusively to the screen. Her work as designer of some of the most notable costuming effects of the Ziegfeld Follies attracted her to the attention of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for whom she came to Hollywood to do costumes for "The Merry Widow" and "Ben Hur" as well as costumes for Norma Talmadge's "Graustark." She is now designing costumes for the picturization of "The Prince of Pilsen", for Belasco Productions.

Capitalizing Opportunity

(Continued from Page 23)

director over to a conviction that the son of an important figure in the show world was sincere in his desire to succeed on his own merits was not easy, but Considine convinced him by a very simple method—demonstration.

Now that he had made the first step, he did not lose sight of his ambition to become Joseph Schenck's secretary. He had not, however, mentioned the fact to Mr. Schenck. It was sheer coincidence that brought about the culmination of this plan, and much sooner than he had anticipated. A secretary who had been with the producer for twelve years suddenly left his employ, and Considine's personality having impressed Mr. Schenck, the latter's first thought was to transfer the young man into this position if he were willing; at least until someone else was available.

At last—the opportunity to demonstrate the art he had learned by observing the prince of secretaries! His expectations and ambitions were realized. Within a short time he had made himself indispensable.

"Whatever else I may, or may not, be able to lay claim to," Mr. Considine declares, "I *did* make good as a secretary."

He put all the initiative he possessed into the exacting task. Being secretary to such an active and important person as Mr. Schenck was a test indeed; the many and diversified interests of the producer called into play all the executive qualities latent in young Considine—all the diplomacy, the decision, the grasp of detail he could bring to bear.

An opportunity to prove his executive ability and generalship of detail to Mr. Schenck yet more convincingly, came when the latter was planning a trip to Europe. It had not been his intention to take Considine along, but he chanced to remember that he spoke French and had lived in Europe. On being offered the chance of accompanying his employer, the young private secretary accepted eagerly. Europe meant little to him after several trips and periods of residence there, but the chance of greater intimacy with Schenck, and a greater opportunity to serve him, was more than attractive.

He managed the trip so well that very shortly after their return he became manager of the Norma Talmadge company.

Two and a half years ago he was made general manager of the Schenck Productions, a position he still holds. In addition, he is now an associate producer. He made "Wild Justice," with Peter the Great, the police dog star, in the central role; another of his productions is "The Eagle," starring Rudolph Valentino. Both are United Artists releases.

In 1921 John W. Considine, Jr., a young man not only anxious but determined to "get along," took stock of his assets and made his plans. Four years later we find him in one of the most active and responsible executive positions in the motion picture industry.

He says that as he reviews his progress during those four years, he realizes that "the breaks were all for me!" That, he modestly explains, accounts for the speed of his climb.

In our opinion Considine was not extraordinarily lucky. "Breaks?" Of course. Everyone has them, for and against individual progress. But John Considine was on his toes to take advantage of the good breaks, to halt the bad ones before they could do any harm. He knew what he wanted, why, and how to go about getting it. Then he went after it.

That's how those things are done.

Memories of Yesteryear

(Continued from Page 52)

chatty talk, "The Bride of the Storm" came on the screen, it was with a feeling of genuine appreciation of the dignity and beauty of the eighth art that we saw unfold before us James Francis Dwyer's story, "Maryland, My Maryland," from which the picture was adapted.

Open Door

(Continued from Page 2)

presence, but they entertained us with stories of the fun and sorrows of work in a moving picture company. All of us from the Captain down had the time of our lives and are looking forward to a return visit.

L. J. KEHOE,
Chief Yeoman, U.S.N.

Editor,
THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR:

Carl van Vechten's "The Tattooed Countess" has just arrived in my town as "A Woman of the World" with Pola Negri in the title role. Pola is good, and the picture, as a picture, is such a great improvement over her "Flower of the Night" that the contrast makes it a masterpiece. Let it be understood, then, that I have no quarrel with the photoplay itself; it is good workmanship throughout, and presents the star as only two of her pictures, "Passion" and "Forbidden Paradise," have done.

My quarrel is with the linking of the name of a book by a well-known author with a story that bears practically no relationship to it. I will not say that the story which appeared was not as good, for picture use, as Van Vechten's unpuctuated novel. Perhaps it was better. But why credit the author? Why tire out the spectator who comes to the show for entertainment, with the task of matching a story he has read with the story that unfolds on the screen? He looks in vain for certain fiction characters, and discovers others totally new to him; in the few familiar ones he sees, he meets new personalities who confuse him with traits and story functions utterly foreign to his memory of them a la Van Vechten.

A director I ensnared with my tale of woe tells me that the censors are responsible. If so, a bas le censors! And if they aren't to be a bas-ed, by any possible means, let's have stories that do not have to be censored, or stories built from the ground up and given to the public sight-unseen. Not by Mr. Hergesheimer, who is alleged to have perpetrated "Flower of the Night," but by the capable man, woman or collaborators who authored the film "A Woman of the World,"—and let them be unhampered by the necessity of preserving in part a few characters or situations created by a novelist.

Having no inclination to write scenarios, I do not advocate my favorite star appearing in a masterpiece of mine. Box office investment of time and money alone impells me respectfully to suggest stories by studio staff authors — good studio staff authors. If censors or the limitations of the screen make a fairly true reproduction of a novel or play impossible, let the studio men create our entertainment. Cordially,

M.E.R.

Great Western Productions
Universal City, California

January 16, 1926

Mr. H. P. Boeger
Mitchell Camera Co.
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Boeger,

Beautiful photography is indispensable to the motion picture, but to get results a great deal depends on the reliability and perfection of the camera used.

I have found, that no matter what difficulties we might be shooting under, the Mitchell Camera has proven its worth in every conceivable way. to say nothing of its saving of time and money.

My cameraman, Sol Polito, joins in my enthusiasm in declaring the Mitchell Camera to be the finest on the market today.

Best wishes for 1926.

Yours sincerely,

Scott R Dunlap

SRD/CE