

Jan 7

Weekly

Pantomime

MOVIE TOPICS

10¢



Marjorie Daw

Photo by
Alfred Cheney Johnston



\$22,000

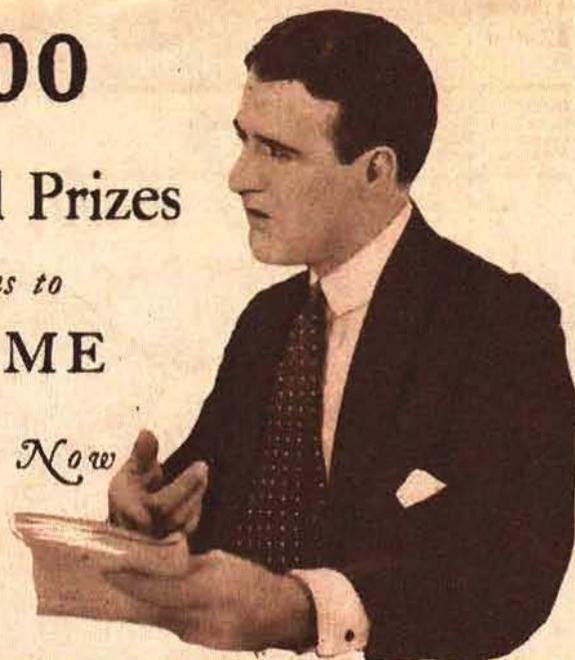
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1. Question—How can I enter this race? Answer—Just send PANTOMIME your name and address and ask to be enrolled.
2. Question—Who is eligible to enter this race? Answer—It is open to every-one of good character who is not connected with this publication or related to anyone connected with it.
3. Question—How can I win one of the prizes? Answer—The prizes will be given away for securing votes.
4. Question—How can I secure votes? Answer—A. Send in Reader's Coupons. Each is good for thirty votes. B. Send in paid-in-advance subscriptions.
5. Question—Where can I get votes? Answer—Wherever you have friends.
6. Question—Can votes be purchased or transferred? Answer—No.
7. Question—Is it hard to get votes? Answer—No! It is easy to get votes if you'll just tell those you meet about PANTOMIME. Better still, show it to them.
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9. Question—How can I learn the number of votes the others have? Answer—PANTOMIME will print lists of those enrolled and the votes they have, from time to time.
10. Question—How will the votes be counted? Answer—At the end of the race the votes will be carefully counted by disinterested persons.
11. Question—Do I need any material to work with? Answer—No. However, receipt books and instructions as to how to get votes will be sent free on request.
12. Question—When does this contest end? Answer—It ends July 8, 1922. All subscriptions must be in the mails at midnight of that date.
13. Question—How can I get more information about this race? Answer—Write about any point not clear to you.

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Period 1—January 7 to March 4, 1922, inclusive. Period 2—March 5 to April 15, 1922, inclusive.
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PANTOMIME

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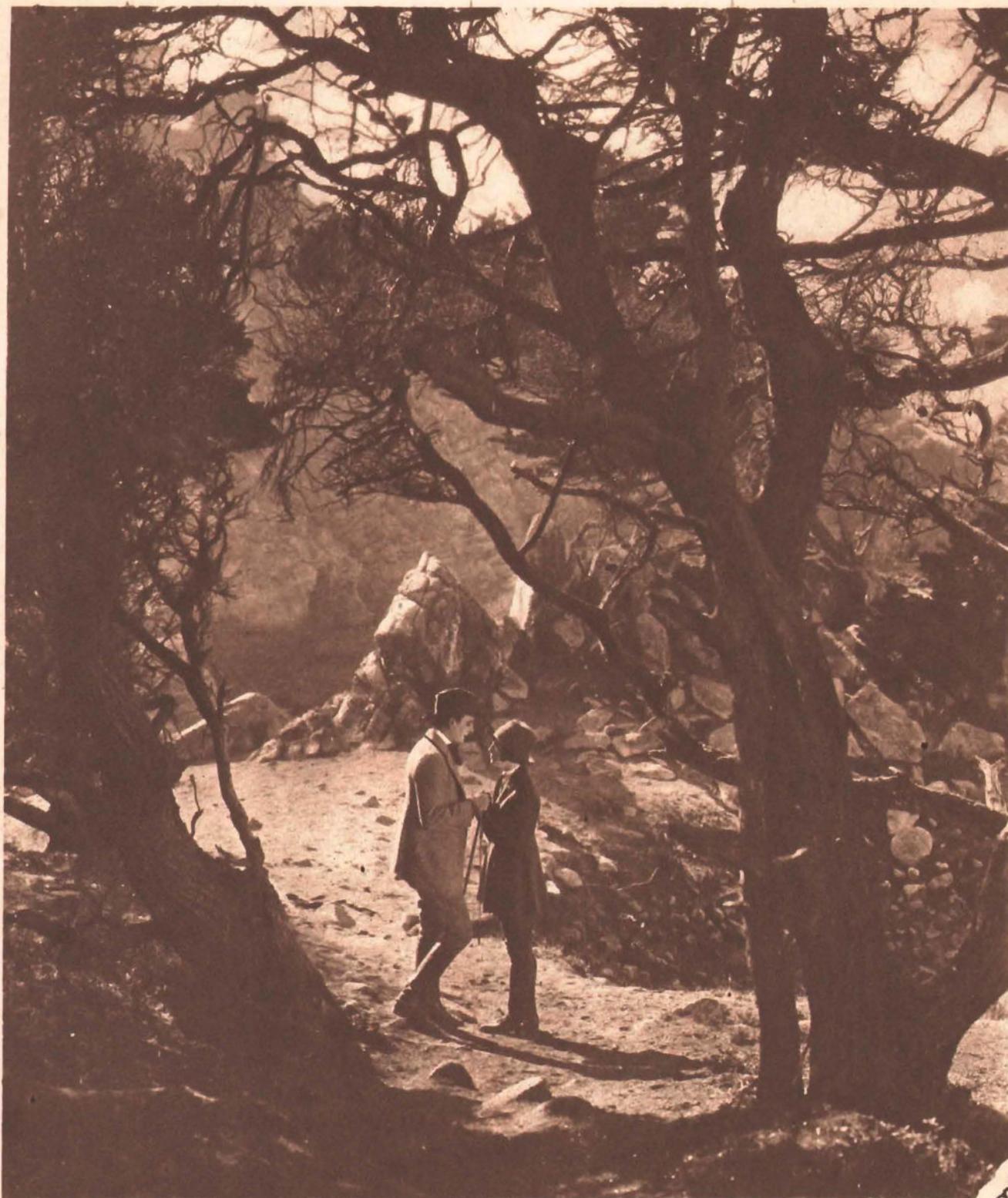
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By subscription, \$5.00 the year. Canada
\$6.00 the year, single copies, 15c.



Marion Davies and Carlton Miller

*In An Exterior Scene from the Cosmopolitan
Star's Newest Picture, "The
Bride's Play"*

Editorial Offices: Suite 914, World Building, New York

Victor C. Olmsted, *Editor-in-Chief*

So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Walt

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page, the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

THIS monstrous fellow, Mars, symbol of devastating war, can be laid most effectively low, and kept there, by the intelligent production of intelligent motion pictures.

This thought is not entirely mine, but is based on an assertion made by Cecil B. De Mille when he was in New York a short time ago, just prior to his departure on his Italian holiday. Basically, I think Mr. De Mille to be entirely right; motion pictures can destroy the illusion, and, therefore, the necessity, of war. No solemn gathering of the sapient statesmen of the boss nations of the earth can abolish war; they can but make its recurrence a bit more difficult through the adoption of international agreements looking to the economic welfare of these same boss nations.

But consider the motion picture—the intelligent motion picture. One well and artistically produced American picture can tell the peoples of the other nations more human facts concerning the American people than could be accomplished by years of propaganda, or an endless series of disarmament conferences. The same is true of all other nations. A Scandinavian picture based on a story dealing with the daily lives, aims and ideals of the Scandinavian people will tell Americans infinitely more of the people of the Northlands than could be told in any number of pretty speeches. And Japan. And France. Italy. China. All the rest of the world.

For peoples who understand each other will not murder each other. I quote Mr. De Mille:

"There will never be a war between two nations who know and understand each other. The motion picture offers an unlimited means of getting acquainted.

For, after all, it is not the diplomats, the statesmen, the intriguers, the propagandists, who have the last word in wars, but the masses who dig the trenches and make the ammunition and manipulate the guns—the very same masses who by the millions go to motion picture theatres every day. They do not want to fight each other, because they know better than do the munition manufacturers and war-makers how strong is the love of home and fireside and family to the men and women whose lives they see depicted on the screen. When we see a man seated at his fireside with his wife and baby, we do not want to kill that man, however much we may be poisoned by prejudice against the country from which he comes."

Personally, I cannot fully agree with Mr. De Mille that the present output of motion pictures is doing much toward accomplishing the education of which he speaks. The general run of motion pictures does not correctly interpret American ideals. As I write I have in mind the naive assertion of Miss Alma Taylor, the English screen star, that American pictures disseminate "Hollywood ideals" as opposed to American ideals. Possibly Mr. De Mille, in his subconscious mind, agrees with this sentiment, for he goes on to say:

"One of these days a motion picture is going to be produced which will

prove an incentive to international comity to an even greater degree than the novel "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was responsible for the abolishment of slavery. It will not be a propaganda film, for a picture that is to be seen by millions must be predominantly entertaining. But the message it will carry will be unescapably an argument for peace."

A high-minded Frenchman has already produced a picture which levels a terrific blow against war. I refer to "I Accuse," Abel Gance's searching arraignment of war's futile monstrosities, which, in spite of the mechanical limitations to a full exposition of the superb vision of the man, is a consequential step toward the goal spoken of by Mr. De Mille.

When one ponders the soul-searching power that is potentially the motion picture's a sense of petty irony floods one with the thought of some of the screen futilities that emanate from Hollywood.

* * *

COLUMBUS, Ohio, is practically three to one against official censorship as practiced in that state. A short time ago the management of the Majestic Theater in Columbus screened a film from which the Ohio state censors had deleted a scene. The house management, desirous of getting the temper of its patrons on the question, distributed slips of paper and pencils through the audiences, asking votes for or against censorship. Though but a small vote was recorded, it stood 2,965 against censorship and 1,007 for. That's a healthy sign.

* * *

IN next week's issue, dated January 14th, PANTOMIME will institute a new service to its readers to be known as the PANTOMIME Scenario Club. It is to be your department, readers of PANTOMIME, conducted for you by a staff of scenario experts working under the supervision of Miss Florence E. McIntyre, especially trained at Columbia University in photoplay writing, and a recent member of the big Thomas H. Ince scenario staff at the Culver City, California, studios. The aim of this service

is to help PANTOMIME readers who desire to write for the screen. In recent issues of this magazine scenario stories were asked for, and the response was overwhelming. Thousands were mailed in and many hundreds of writers asked that the editors give them criticisms of their work. This was impossible, but it led to the institution of this new department.

No other magazine in the motion picture field is supplying such a service to its readers. Honest, constructive criticism of all submitted manuscripts will emanate from the department.

Do not misunderstand. This will not be a school of photoplay writing. It is to be a department of efficient and honest criticism of the work submitted by readers of PANTOMIME. None but readers are to be eligible to membership in the PANTOMIME Scenario Club.

Next week Miss McIntyre will outline her plans in detail.

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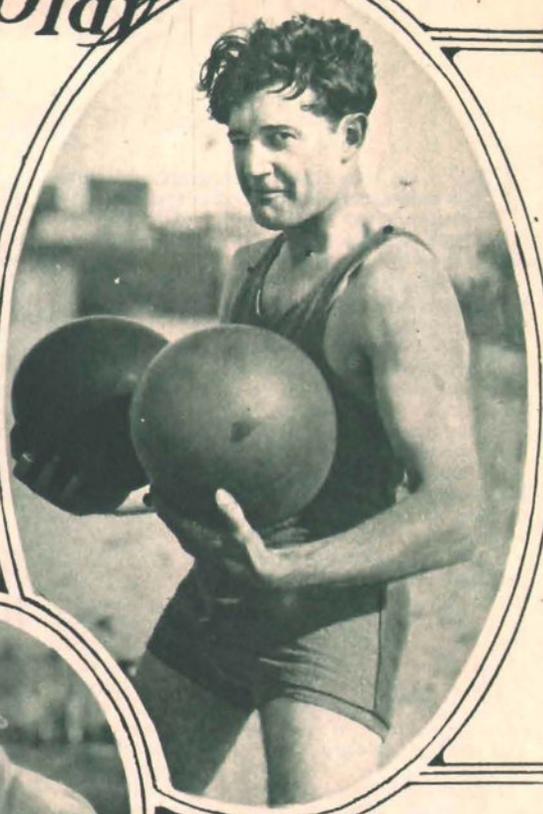
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Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—determines it be-

cause Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.

How They Play

Below we have William Desmond, smiling sweetly at his own wife. Ordinarily when a man who's been married as long as Bill looks that way at his better three-fourths he's either put something over on her—or he's getting ready to. But it so happens that the Desmond family is really happy together. They admit it. In this picture they're glotting because their trick tree has just become the mother of a real orange.



Speaking of riding habits again, take a look at Marie Mosquini. Ain't she the shameless thing to stand right out in front of the camera, dressed up in pants! Ain't she, though! You'll notice that Marie is smiling. That's because the horse didn't throw her. He couldn't. She never got on him.



Here's Richard Dix as a strong man (if you say it quick). 'Cause, to say truth, the two weights he is holding so coyly are made out of rubber, and are as full of hot air as a new press agent. However, it's a fact that Richard's arms are plenty strong enough to hold a lot of mighty good-looking female stars—which is plenty strong enough.



Some people say E. Mason Hopper is a good director. Others say he's a bad actor. He's also by way of being a chef—he's reputed to be a bear-cat at juggling a skillet! And now, it develops he can also tickle the organ. He proved it during a rest the other day, while a flock of extras looked on and one of 'em got busy with a fiddle. Competent critics admit that as a pianist Hopper's a good director.

Anybody can wear a riding habit. Of course, some look better than others. Some of 'em even look comfortable. Not many—but some. For instance, Anita Stewart. Here she is on her old gray Dobbin. She rides him out in the hills every morning, by way of an appetizer. Shake 'em up, Kid!

All in a Day's Work

An Interview with Charles Hutchison

By Felicia Fenton

"BUT I am told that I photograph well, and I have a personality, and everybody says I should go in the movies. Besides, I've taken part in a lot of amateur plays, and surely that counts for something!"

The above is a very familiar bit of conversation heard daily around a motion picture studio, or the casting department of a motion picture concern. For it seems in this age everyone wants to go in the movies. It's a disease which is contagious and there seems to be no cure to prevent its spread.

"Just give me a chance: I know that I can make good!"

Of course; probably you can. But there are hundreds and thousands of others who are just as sure of their own ability, as you are—and what's to be done about them?

There are many requirements for a movie star besides being able to present a pleasing countenance before the camera. Brains play a big part, but that is not all. To enter motion pictures, one should have plenty of courage; plenty of determination; plenty of sticktoitiveness! There is no place for one who is easily discouraged. But listen to the story of Charles Hutchison, as his road to stardom was no easy road. His methods toward his goal may be of value to you.

Hutchison left the speaking stage for the movies, believing, as a great many did, in the future of the silent stage. His courage and athletic prowess made him invaluable around the studios, as when a difficult feat of daring, too risky for the featured player to attempt, turned up, Charles Hutchison was on the "lot" to "double" for the star. Very soon the idea dawned upon him that there was no reason why he could not be the star, instead of doing most of the star's hard work. He kept this in mind and determined to work harder to attain his end.

A picture had been completed and rejected by a film corporation. "Not enough life to it—give us some thrills!" was the verdict of the men higher up. Charles Hutchison was called in and put to work. The result was—Hutchison became the star of the picture, through his daring and daredevil "stunts." He had arrived. Success followed.

"Hurricane Hutch," his new Pathé serial, which is rounding into completion, will give you a pretty good idea of the little things in the daily life of a movie star. If you have your mind set on becoming a film luminary there is no harm in trying some of Charles Hutchison's "stunts" out in your own back yard. Here are a few of his latest "thrills":

Seeing the villain carry off Lucy Fox in an

automobile, he jumps into another car and pursues them. Going at fifty miles an hour, he leaps from his car into the villain's and rescues Lucy.

He swims the rapids in Ausable Chasm and rescues Lucy.

Riding on a motorcycle, he leaps on it thirty feet across a broken bridge as a railroad train passes underneath.

He rides his motorcycle the full length of an open trestle with a train only twenty feet behind him. If he had an accident, the train would be too close to stop before it hit him.

He rolls under a moving freight train to escape pursuers.

He balances on a log and "rides" a lumber jack sluice. His director tried to hire a lumber jack to double for him, but the lumber jacks all had



Here's Hutch—and what he's thinking about.



He isn't always a daredevil.

too much sense. Hutch was pretty badly hurt, but he's all right now.

He crosses from one tenement to another high above the street by hanging to a pulley running on a clothes line.

Riding his motorcycle he jumps it from shore to a dredge, dashes across the dredge and jumps the cycle from the dredge to the opposite shore.

He hangs by a rope from an aeroplane, reaches down and rescues Lucy from a speeding motor boat.

He jumps from the high window of a lighthouse into a sand bank—a mere matter of about sixty feet.

He crawls down a rope from the railroad bridge at Poughkeepsie, one hundred and fifty feet high, swings until he can get near the mast of a schooner passing beneath, leaps to the mast, crawls down the mast and rescues Lucy again. Besides accomplishing countless other thrilling feats, Hutchison performed a "stunt" not in the scenario when he rescued Ann Hastings from death when she lost control of the horse she was riding in the Ausable Rapids.

Now—should any aspirant for fame on the silversheet believe himself—or herself—capable of performing a few of the above feats, they should have no difficulty in realizing their ambition. The line will form on the right for all those who believe they can qualify for the sort of movies which Charles Hutchison has made famous.

And It's Winter, Too! But in California!



Truly, we weep for Eddie Polo! His is a hard life. During a week's holiday spent on the Los Angeles beaches, he just had to fight off the admiring throngs of bathing beauties. On the left is one instance where the husky Eddie failed to escape. He doesn't seem particularly worried about it.

Doesn't this make you Easterners and Middle Westerners wish you were out there in Sunny California? This is one of the things they do in January—bathing in the surf or open-air pools! Below we have Harrison Ford worshipping at the feet of the vivacious Bebe Daniels.



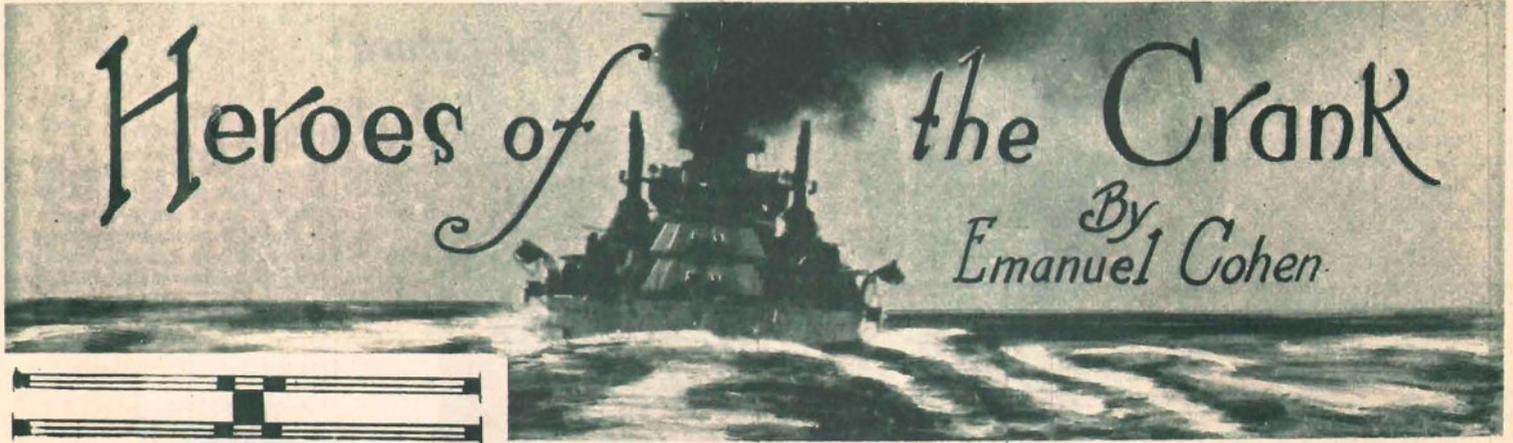
Above is an ex-Mack Sennett beauty of the beaches—lovely little Mildred June. If you will take careful note, you will see that her bathing suit is quite wet, thus refuting the argument that all Mack Sennett girls did their bathing in tubs.



Anna Q. Nilsson (to the left), being a descendant of the ancient Vikings, just simply can't keep away from the water. Although statuesque and exceedingly dignified, she lays aside her dignity with her formal dress when she dons a bathing suit.

Ruth Roland, on the right, is another of the girls who is glad they built the ocean so close to the shore. She often uses that w. k. ocean for purposes other than admiring marine views. Yes, she swims. As a matter of fact, she holds several amateur championships.





CAMERAMAN Joe Johnson was assigned to the Pershing Expedition into Mexico. One day a rumor spread in El Paso that Villa was near Chihuahua. Joe thought he could secure a "scoop." Travel in Mexico was never any too good, especially at that time, and Chihuahua is 175 miles from El Paso. He departed on a freight, and for a hatful of pesos was, fortunate enough to obtain a berth on the roof of a cattle-car. As he approached his destination, he sneaked off. Presently he heard a clatter of hoofs, and ran plumb into a company of bandits. At this moment the weird stories he had heard of being spirited away into the Mexican hills for ransom came vividly to mind, emphasized by a six-shooter poked right into the pit of his stomach. The bandits, however, mistook his camera for some sorcerer's box, and after keeping him in jail a night, they gladly let the "gringo" free.

How many of my readers have ventured up in an airplane? Although the science of aviation has at the present time advanced to a remarkable degree, the number of persons who have braved the hazards of the air is comparatively small and confined to a particular class that has made aviation its business. Still, most people are fully acquainted with airplanes; know in a general way how they operate; have seen them perform their thrilling stunts; and have even felt all the sensations of flying—simply from having watched the earth se-saw and topple over on the screen. To the millions of persons who have neither opportunity nor inclination to make a flight in an airplane, the camera brings the knowledge and sensations of this rapidly growing means of transportation as nothing else could.

Flying is just part of the day's work of the cameraman, and he is, of course, subject to its mishaps and dangers. Cameraman Lew Hutt of San Francisco, for example, arranged for a flight over the Yosemite Valley to get a bird's eye view of the whole gorge. Such a flight had not been accomplished, but one plucky army aviator, Lieutenant Beck of Mather Field, gladly undertook to make the experiment. The Yosemite Valley lies in the loftiest and most rugged peaks of the Sierra Nevada range, being just a gorge with steeply wooded and craggy sides. The tallest of the sides is 11,000 feet high.

The camera was fastened securely in the airplane; the tank filled with 90 gallons of gas, and all made ready for the flight. Lieutenant Beck had to rise to a height of 15,000 feet in order to clear the hills. At that altitude he encountered strong trade winds which rocked the little De Havilland like a falling leaf. At times the airplane scarcely made any headway against the wind and seemed as if suspended in mid-air by some invisible wires. Any mishap to the motor meant certain death to aviator and cameraman, for there was no possible landing spot anywhere in sight.

On the return trip, they were favored with better weather and were able to descend into the gorge, flying close by Glacier Point and the famous Half Dome. Near the Falls, the spray beat into their faces like sharp pebbles. The aviator had all he could do to pilot the machine and the cameraman had enough to keep his hand on the camera crank and "grind" away. The result was a remarkable picture of the Yosemite Valley, showing the wonder spot of California better than it had ever been picture before.

CHAPTER IV

Of the trials and tribulations of a newsfilm editor, little need be said. What with following the world's political and industrial movements and trying to "foresee" events resulting from them so as to be prepared to cover them; dispatching cameramen to all parts of the world to photograph particular occurrences; and directing the filming of events of special importance to make certain that the picture will always tell its own story and present to the public a comprehensive and unbiased view, enabling it to form its own opinion—his existence is full and varied. Not infrequently, as if to make the editor's life even more colorful, wonderful opportunities for big "scoops" are offered him by enterprising individuals—e. g., "my neighbor's cat has nine brand-new kittens," "a cow with seven legs," "a gorgeous pageant which would interest nations to be given by my daughter's club," etc.—these stories pour in in an endless stream.

The average man, after a hard day's work, seeks some diversion in the evening, often in the form of "taking in" a movie. But what diversion is this for one who has a picture-show all day long? Over 25,000 feet of film are received every week from all cameramen and have to be developed and screened for approval. Only 2,000 feet are selected from all this material, for use in two reels, issued semi-weekly. In addition to the news interest the selection of material must take into consideration the pictorial value of the film, for pictures have to be taken in all kinds of weather and light conditions, and may not be satisfactory technically even if suitable from a news point of view. When the negative for each reel is edited and the different stories captioned, several hundred prints or "positives" are made from the negative and shipped to the various exchanges for distribution to theatres everywhere.

Frequently remarks are heard in theaters during the exhibition of a newsfilm, expressing wonderment as to how pictures of recent events can be shown so soon after their occurrence. One hears, "this only happened today," or "I just read about that yesterday." This brings us to one

of the latest developments of the newsfilm—the release of special editions which are similar to the "extras" of a newspaper. Such "specials" are for unusually important news stories, as for instance, that of the signing of the armistice; the return of General Pershing; world's series championship games, etc. The pictures of the parade of the gallant First Division in New York, led by General Pershing, were on exhibition in New York even as the actual parade was taking place. Viewing such a picture, the spectator is not confined to one uncomfortable spot on the curb at which he probably had to wait hours, jostled on all sides by the surging crowds trying to rob him of his vantage. He sees the parade on the screen from a dozen different locations, all along the line of march—close-up views from the street at the start; then from the twentieth floor of some building where the whole panorama, a solid phalanx stretching for miles in the canyon of skyscrapers, unfolds before him. Not content with his earthly vision, the spectator soars above in an airplane and from his aerial box



Hutt used a gas mask when he filmed volcanic Mt. Lassen.

seat sees beneath him, like a glorious vision, a spectacle of the Might that crushed the Hindenburg line.

At 10 a. m., the First Division started its triumphant procession and for six hours the 30,000 men marched midst the tumultuous acclaim of 2,000,000 fathers, mothers, sweet-hearts and enthusiastic citizens. At 2 p. m. the pictures of the first half of the parade were being shown in thirty prominent theaters in New York.

In filming such a scheduled event, it is necessary to plan the work well in advance. The editor selects five or six men to cover the scenes from all angles; seeks out all the choice locations so that the pictures taken will give a comprehensive, composite idea of the entire story and its magnitude. In several places special stands are erected to give the cameraman an uninterrupted view and to keep him free from interference by the crowd. It gives the theatre audience, therefore, a series of box-seats without the inconvenience of having to fight their way from one spot to another.

As soon as the parade reaches a cameraman, he "shoots" all important views; gives the film to a waiting assistant who rushes it by auto to the developing plant. As each messenger arrives there, his film is immediately taken and put through specially prepared developing solutions. The negative is then screened, edited, and scenes titled. Special machines now make possible the printing of four copies simultaneously, with a capacity of 10,000 feet an hour, so that in less than three hours from the time the negative is received, prints are on their way to the theaters for exhibition.

CHAPTER V

Occasionally the newsfilm brings a personal message to some member of the audience. Here is an example. It was during the war. In a small western theater, a newsfilm was being exhibited which contained several scenes showing the A. E. F. troops in training abroad. Suddenly a female voice was heard to shriek, "There's my Jim!" All eyes turned to the seat from which the hysterical voice came. There was tense silence for a moment; then again as if reassured and gladdened by the thought, the same voice repeated, "There's my Jim." She was smiling now, bent forward in her seat with her eyes glued to the screen.

There he was, her Jim, straighter and finer than she had ever seen him before, marching proudly with quick and eager step behind the Stars and Stripes. She watched him stop, break ranks; she followed the dexterous movements of his arms as with his comrades he transformed shell-plowed fields into rows and rows of trenches. It was not a dream—3,000 miles away, yet here he was before her very eyes, in almost living reality.

The newsfilm has also given personal service in a slightly different manner. On one occasion a picture was made of happy crowds at an ocean resort in California. One of the scenes taken at random revealed a couple of spooners huddled together under a sunshade. Unsuspecting man! How could he dream that his wife, way back in New York, would ever learn of this little escapade of his! But she did, through this chance newsfilm scene. The episode of his homecoming would undoubtedly have made an exciting picture.

In a measure, the news reel has entered into competition with the newspapers of the nation. On several big stories in the past two years, the Pathé News has been called upon to furnish the press with pictures of events upon which it has received a complete beat.

This year, for instance, there were the first pictures to be made of famine-stricken Russia. The Pathé News cameraman—Georges Ercole—braved the dangers of starvation and disease, to tour this stricken land. Into the Samara district he went, facing dire privations in a three weeks' tour. He got his pictures, and was the first motion picture cameraman to come out of Russia with such films. Stricken with fever he laid for days in a Riga hospital at the point of death. He is fully recovered now, and his greatest compensation is the knowledge that he "beat the world" on his pictures. The New York World, one of the country's biggest Metropolitan dailies, ran full pages of pictures on two succeeding days, giving the fullest credit to Ercole.

This is the all-important element with a news reel. Take the recent burial of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington, Va. This was a story that provided an equal chance for all news reels to get a beat on. It was an open race. We realized the tremendous news importance of the story, and consequently were well prepared to make the fight to be first through the country. Two aeroplanes were used in shipping the negatives from Arlington. One left at ten in the morning and the second at 1:45 in the afternoon, fifteen minutes after taps had sounded over the Unknown's final resting place. About five hours after, seven o'clock to be exact, every important motion picture theater in New York was showing these pictures—two hours and fifteen minutes before any other news organization had its pictures on Broadway.

Three days after the ceremony they were showing in San Francisco, the fastest time ever made in the distribution of motion picture news. Virtually the same speed was made in the filming of the inauguration of President Harding.



This is what Blauvelt encountered on his Canadian trip.

CHAPTER VI

There is no end to which a news cameraman will not go to get the story he is after. L. C. Hutt, a western staff man of Pathé News, was assigned to film an aerial story. The fact that he lost part of his right hand while signalling in the air to another machine—the propeller of his own airplane severing his fingers in the act—did not prevent him from getting his story.

Harry Harde was sent to cover a fire in the Standard Oil Works on Long Island. He was caught in a veritable sea of burning oil, but by his pluck he saved himself, and his camera, returning with one of the most remarkable fire stories ever seen on the screen.

The country was shocked by the explosion in Wall Street which cost many lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars in property. Everyone was anxious to see the pictures. Within three hours of the dastardly work, all New York theaters had Pathé News pictures showing the result of the explosion, and prints were being rushed by special messenger throughout the country.

But it's all in the day's work.

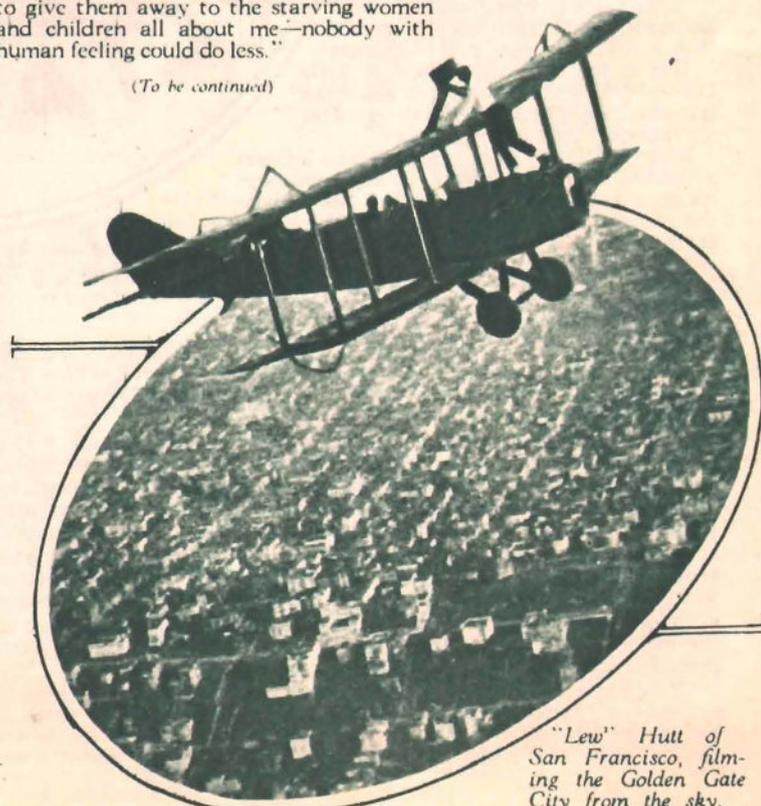
The promoters of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight sold the exclusive rights for filming the bout without stopping to consider the public's interest in the affair as a news event. Pathé News was barred from inside the arena. It was barred, but not beaten. Arrangements were made to film the event from a building directly opposite the arena. The day of the fight, fifteen policemen entered the building, and although we had the permission of the owner to work from the roof, we were ordered out of the building completely. We left, but hidden on the top floor of the building, on a level with the top row of the stadium and with a clear vision of the ring, was a Pathé News photographer, his camera equipped with a seventeen-inch lens. He filmed every second of the fight. We couldn't use the scenes of the actual bout, but we had an absolute beat on the events transpiring inside the arena up to the time the fight actually started.

It is well-known that motion picture news cameramen are the most venturesome of all the intrepid and resourceful fraternity of news gatherers. Seeing a chance of "shooting the big news story," they seldom are deterred by physical danger, and frequently endure severe privations. An interesting instance of this spirit, which pervades all ranks of camera news gatherers, is described by Dick Bird, who photographed the famine scenes in China for Pathé News which were released a short time ago.

"I had plenty of opportunity to realize what those poor creatures are suffering," said Mr. Bird, "because I was forced by circumstances to suffer with them. For eight days I was without food or water except for soup made from dried leaves, the bark of trees, grass roots and peanut hulls.

"When I went into the famine-stricken area with my outfit, I was well equipped with canned goods and other supplies; but after two days I had to give them away to the starving women and children all about me—nobody with human feeling could do less."

(To be continued)



"Lew" Hutt of San Francisco, filming the Golden Gate City from the sky.

Chemical Love—Otherwise, "Bunk"

As described to Dorothy Craigie

By Louise Huff

for our better half until we've lived with him a while. Marriage, anyhow, is a delving into the unknown, and while a certain amount of 'luck,' even though you call it by another name, is involved, it pays to go slowly and choose wisely and well at the start."

While her manner was gay as she spoke, it was very evident that the dainty ingenue was cloaking earnest and serious thoughts in this manner.

"Seriously, marriage is a proposition which should not be entered into lightly," she explained. "There are three kinds of love which are necessary in order to make the union of two people a success. Without any one of them, one of the two members of the union is bound to secede within a short time."

"I like to think of marriage as the trinity of love—mental, physical and spiritual—and while I put them in this order, the last is the greatest and the only permanent one of the three."

"The attraction of beauty soon loses its magnetic force, if it is the only tie which holds a woman's husband to her. An exceptional mentality, with clarity of vision and expression, is bound to evoke admiration, but it is not enough to bring two people together in permanent satisfaction with the humdrum matters of every-day life. You take the two together, even, and their influence is not lasting."

"But a spiritual tie—that mystic something which cannot be defined, but which has been the enduring factor in all great loves throughout the ages, unites the other two, and the trinity spells for lasting happiness."

Last but not least, Louise Huff has an interesting viewpoint from which she looks with disdain on the efforts of married professional women attempting to discard their husbands' names and be known by their own alone.

"When I married my husband, I was proud to bear his name," she declares. "He is as proud of me as I am of him. To my public I will always be Louise Huff, for under that name they came to know me on the stage and screen, and that name is a symbol of whatever I stand for to them."

"But to my family, my children and my friends—I am the wife of my husband. I do not feel that it is necessary for me to try to perpetuate my maiden name on the



Louise and her youngest. She also has a little girl.

ATENTION, all you nitrogenous ribs of oxygenous Adams! If you're picking your soulmate out by chemistry, you're due for a fall!

"Love can't be manufactured in a laboratory, and marriage is more than a combination of primal elements."

This is the emphatic answer of little Louise Huff to the oft-repeated assertions published daily that chemical opposites are necessary for happy marriages.

Miss Huff is the dainty ingenue who appears as leading woman with Richard Barthelmess in his second starring vehicle, "All at Sea," under the management of Inspiration Pictures. Furthermore, she is Mrs. E. A. Stillman, a very happy and muchly married young person, who left out all thought of chemical properties in her marital arrangements, and is positive that's why her wedded life is such a happy one.

"People who talk of marriage as a by-product of chemistry make me tired," Miss Huff declared, as she sat in her charming home in New York City with little Mary Louise at her side, and lusty William Roger occupying his rightful throne on her maternal lap.

"If they know anything about chemistry, they'd better beware of spontaneous combustion! My prediction about these kinds of marriages is that they will just naturally 'blow up.' With just as much wreckage, too, as you will find in the experimental laboratories, when some student starts playing with something he doesn't know anything about."

"Chemicalizing love is, of course, a fad. There are many people who love to roll high-sounding mysterious phrases off the end of their tongues and watch the mystification of the rest of the world if it follows their advice."

"You can't any more choose a husband by chemical formula, than you can make a dress with a buzz saw. The cloth may submit to the treatment, but the buzz saw makes short work of its utter destruction."

"You may choose a home by geography; build a house by arithmetical process (your bankbook willing); but the only known science by which one can choose a husband or wife so far as I can see, is algebra, for then we can let 'x' equal the unknown quantity. And that's just another word



Louise Huff and Richard Barthelmess, for whom she is leading woman, being "preserved" for future generations.



She knows all about darning.

screen. It will do that of itself, or it won't be done at all. At any rate, it will take no legislation, nor propaganda to do it.

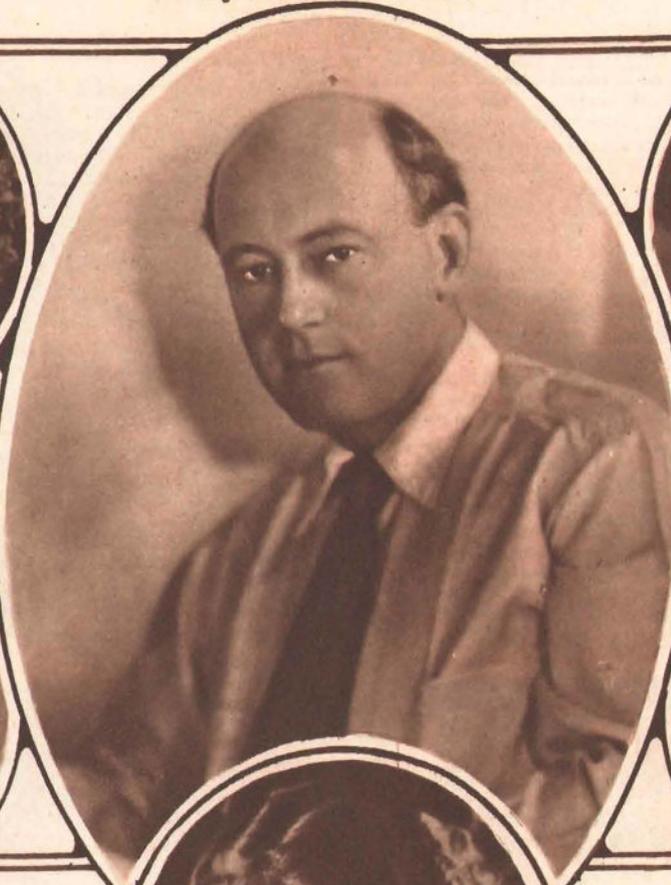
"As for discarding my husband's name to retain my individuality, would not so belittle him, nor overestimate myself."

What Makes a Movie Star?

By Russell Holman



Agnes Ayres



Edith Roberts

Bebe Daniels



Gloria Swanson



Cecil B. De Mille and Leatrice Joy.

WE suppose there really should have been incense burning and exquisitely gowned ladies lounging about and perhaps a sleek leopard purring at his feet. At least, that was the attractive vision the name of Cecil B. De Mille had always conjured up in our mind. The reality was quite different.

We chatted with the master mind of the colorful De Mille productions in a severely plain private office in the New York Paramount headquarters. Our gaze loitered out of the window. Nine stories below us the curb-to-curb Fifth Avenue traffic flowed smoothly and steadily. The shadows of a late-autumn afternoon and our lengthy perspective made the stone lions in front of the Public Library, just across the street, rather less hideous than usual.

Mr. De Mille sat behind a massive glass-topped desk and, rocking back and forth on a swivel chair, toyed with an ivory paper cutter. The chair, not built for rocking, emitted protesting little squeaks that punctuated his words at intervals and were a bit disconcerting at first.

"Yes, I am leaving for Naples at noon to-morrow," said Mr. De Mille, answering a question of ours. "Paul Iribe, my art director, is going with me, and we shall visit Rome and Pompeii first and slip across the Mediterranean to Tunis. Then to Biskra, in Algiers, on the edge of the Sahara, where I plan to do some falcon-hunting."

Our expression must have been a little incredulous.

"I've always wondered what our forefathers saw in falcon-hunting—what possible thrill there could be in it," he explained. "You don't hunt the falcons, you know. You hunt *with* them. The birds sit upon your arm and at the psychological moment stalk the game like a setter dog. I understand that Biskra is the only spot in the world where falcon-hunting is still practiced."

"After getting our fill of that, which I imagine won't take long, we shall cross back to Europe and travel through Germany and England and so home. I plan to start my next picture, 'Manslaughter,' by February 15."

We decided that we had gained the wrong impression from what Gloria Swanson, who admires Mr. De Mille profoundly, had told us about him some six months previous. "He can't stand stupidity, and he is so sarcastic!" she had said. Jerky people with sharp voices are like that. But the De Mille of the flesh was a low-voiced, placid gentleman, somewhat blasé, to be sure, but with a refreshing hint of humor lurking in his eye.

He seemed not greatly interested in his impending voyage, beyond assuring us that rumors linking him with picture-making abroad were false. When he showed symptoms of discussing censorship—it seems to be preying upon all the producers' minds these days—we strove manfully to way-

lay him, because the editor had assured us that censorship as an interview subject is waste-basket material only. However, we think you and he will be interested in this:

"Put your screen characters in the costumes of another age," said Mr. De Mille with a grim, weary smile, "and you get away with anything—overheated love-making, murder and arson. The censors seem to think that if the stories aren't laid in this age and this country, they can't do any harm. Perhaps the costume picture will come back after all!"

We wanted to see this story in print, so mindful of the editor's feelings, we threw a monkey-wrench into the censorship discussion.

"You have acquired a reputation as a star-maker, Mr. De Mille," we assured our vis-à-vis. "What is the quality in an actress that leads you to think she is star-material?"

"Personality," he answered promptly.

"What about beauty?"

"Beauty isn't so essential. Nine times out of ten what a motion picture fan calls 'beauty' or 'good looks' in her screen favorite is really the outward reflection of personality. The beauty is not a physical thing at all. Few stars are really beautiful off the screen. Beauty minus personality is worthless and won't make a star in a hundred years."

When we called for specific instances, the producer told us how he happened one day to visit a picture theatre and see Gloria Swanson. Her work was crude and faltering, but Mr. DeMille's sixth sense told him that she possessed the spark of future greatness, personality. Today Gloria is—

One evening Mr. De Mille glimpsed, at the next table to his in a fashionable Los Angeles restaurant, a girl who fairly flashed personality. He inquired about her. And now Bebe Daniels is—

When, several years ago, Mr. De Mille wanted a lively young blonde flapper, somebody recommended Wanda Hawley. One look at her and she was awarded the "bit." Since then Wanda Hawley has—

The eyes of Agnes Ayres telegraphed "personality" to the star-maker from a two-reel O. Henry picture, and he induced her to pack her trunk to come to California and assume the "lead" in "Forbidden Fruit." Recently Miss Ayres—

For the picture "Saturday Night," Mr. De Mille recruited two new faces—Leatrice Joy and Edith Roberts—and cast them in leading roles of exactly equal importance. Rumor has it that the one who does the better work will be awarded stardom.

They Won't Believe Their Own Eyes!

By Charles L. Gartner

THE age of gullibility on the part of movie fans is gone! Time was that when a motion picture enthusiast went to a movie theater he was prepared to believe everything he saw on the screen. That is, if the film showed the hero and heroine dropping in a parachute from a balloon thousands of feet in the air, the movie fan's heart stood still until the lovable couple had reached *terra firma* again. And such was the worship accorded the stars in the old days that the mere suggestion of "fake" or "Aw, somebody else substituted for them," was sure to bring a storm of abuse down on the head of the unbeliever.

But the present-day follower of the silent drama has become so educated in the use of trick photography, doubling for stars, fake scenes, etc., that, much to the discomfort of the stars of today, a thrill upon the screen has to be the real thing or else so cleverly disguised that none but the director, photographer and principals know how it is done. Even then there is a certain amount of skepticism on the part of the hero worshipers. In fact, there is a tendency on the part of almost all of the modern movie fans to brand every thrill they see on the screen as a fake. For that reason the producers of motion pictures find it difficult to make a film that will actually keep an audience on the edge of their seats, gasping for breath. Some producers have made just such a picture; many others have failed.

It is in the interest of the many who have tried and failed that this story is written. But it is not written in order to create a sympathetic understanding between the producer and the fan. The story will be treated rather from an educational standpoint, for contrary to general opinion, the big majority of the hair-raising scenes you see now-a-days on the screen are real! And I am going to tell you how and why they are real.

In the first place, it must be remembered that you made the motion picture possible. That is, without your support the movies would not be the universal entertainment that they are today.

If you want costume plays, you get them. If you like mother-love pictures, you shall have them. If you taboo serial pictures, they are stopped being produced. In short, it is your support of certain kinds of pictures that guide the producers in the type of photoplays which they should make.

The men who make motion pictures keep a closer watch upon the pulse of the movie-going public than is generally thought.

A train crashing into an auto from which the occupants escaped only a few seconds before.



Jack Mower swinging by one hand from a high trestle and holding Leatrice Joy with his other arm, while a train thunders overhead.

of how Jimmy King, doubling for Rollo Ronalds, was killed during the filming of "The Tiger's Lair," there was a country-wide hue and cry asking why Rollo, who was getting ten times the salary of Jimmy, was not willing to risk his classic features in these stunts. Either that or keep him in pictures where the most daring thing he would have to do would be to slap the villain with his glove.

Gloria Swanson being pawed by a full-grown lion.

Cecil B. De Mille, director of Paramount specials,

has been one of the few directors in the business who has always insisted upon his players giving absolute realism in their performances. In his production, "Fool's Paradise," for instance, there is a scene showing Conrad Nagel in a pit full of crocodiles. Most any other director would have faked the scene somehow, but before the story had even been started to be filmed, Mr. De Mille explained the situation to Mr. Nagel and Conrad said he'd take a chance. Incidentally, there is a Lasky studio carpenter who is still in a Los Angeles hospital with a broken leg, the result of the wrath of one of these crocodiles.

The thrill in "Saturday Night," which is perhaps the most dangerous stunt Mr. De Mille has ever asked any of his performers to accomplish, consists of having one of the leading men hang with one hand, and hold a fainting girl in the other, from a railroad tie on a trestle until a train passes by. The trestle is built across a deep cut and is many feet above the ground. There were no substitutions here. The man was Jack Mower, known to thousands of movie fans. The girl was Leatrice Joy, equally well known.

The events in the story leading up to this incident consist of the attempted crossing of the trestle by Mr. Mower and Miss Joy in a motor car. When half way across a train is seen coming in the opposite direction. The car is quickly abandoned and the only means of escape, that of hanging by the ties until the train passes, is used. An incidental thrill is the meeting of the train and the abandoned car in the middle of the trestle and the consequent demolishing of the latter.

Without a doubt the cry of "Fake!" will arise when the episode is shown upon the screen. But if the followers of the Cecil B. De Mille dramas will harken back to the time when he made one of his first big spectacles, "Joan the Woman," and think of how the great Geraldine Farrar was man-handled by the mobs in some of the scenes, it will have to be admitted that Mr. De Mille demands much of his stars. Or let them think of how Monte Blue risked his life in the subway tunnel cave-in of "Something to Think About." And if there is still some doubt in the minds of a few skeptics let them ponder over that scene in "Male and Female" in which the Glorious Gloria Swanson had to allow a full-grown lion to paw over her motionless body in a supposed lion's den. In fact, in almost every Paramount picture Mr. De Mille has made there is a realistic thrill.



And when that pulse took a wild leap of indignation over the dozens of fake thrills, and substitutions of minor players for the stars in the dangerous scenes, the producers promptly ordered every "stunt actor" at their studios fired. These stunt actors used to risk their necks daily substituting for the stars in perilous deeds. Of course, most of the thrills were photographed from a distance so that it was impossible to tell whether the person doing the stunt was the star or a double. And for a long time the stars had been getting away with it.

But when the wide-awake fans began reading notices in the newspapers

Just Kids



Every now and then, down comes a press agent who bursts into the office with a glad smile and the information that he is carrying a picture of the "youngest star in captivity." That's exactly what the bird who brought in this picture said. It is the sleeping beauty—otherwise Mary Colton, aged 12.



This person positively is not in the movies. And his dad says he ain't gonna be, either. The boy himself refuses to be quoted. He 'lows as how he's busy enough, anyhow, bossin' a great big ranch—which is job enough for a guy who's only five months old. Said ranch manager's name is Harry Carey, Jr. If you don't think he's boss, just ask the old man.



One of these days little Lucille Rickson will march to the strains of Mister Lohengrin. And probably the bird who hears her promise to love, honor and obey, will upset all precedent by going perfectly crazy about Lucille's mother. Also brother Marshall.

Do these two look alike? They ought to. One of 'em is H. B. Warner, w. k. director. The other is the young person who, some seventeen or eighteen years hence is gonna let H. B. retire and live with his son-in-law. Named Joan: aged six months. You'll note that H. B. is smoking. Joan doesn't smoke—yet.



Now we ask you, ain't she cute? And all of twelve years old, or something. Only she ain't. Because, you see, this childish-looking person happens to be Dorothy Devore. Mostly she plays kid parts, with the Christie people.

Pantomime Paragraphs

By Myrtle Gebhart

Our special Hollywood Correspondent

THE long rows of dressing-rooms—so reminiscent of the theater—are passed now in the studios. The thing is to have a tiny bungalow of your very own. These "demi-tasso houses"—models of art decoration yet serving a practical purpose—give a very "homey" appearance to the studio "lots," raising inquisitive roofs above the high fences like little girls all dressed up in their stiff white and blue dresses!

Anita Stewart's little "day-time house" consists of drawing-room done in Chinese black and gold, dressing-room of French grey paneled walls with old rose decorations and grey furniture, and kitchenette. She has a big comfy sofa—the kind you like to cuddle up on and dream foolish dreams.

At the Lasky studio a wealth of speculation is hidden behind the fact that the bungalows are arranged alphabetically. How could they be? By the standard of importance? My, my, how some little girls would scrap! By virtue of superior beauty? But Mr. Lasky claims he is no Paris to present the golden apple! By the number of divorces or previous servitudes of each? That wouldn't do. Many of the Lasky stars never had appendages of the nuisance gender and others still are boasting the original ones. Hence the resort to the alphabet.

Out at Universal somebody had a bright, clean idea and ordered the bungalow dressing-rooms of the stars all redecorated. Priscilla Dean chose turquoise blue, Marie Prevost heliotrope background with geranium red silk cushions. Gladys Walton's suite is being done in a soft pink and Eileen Sedgwick's in delicate orchid. And—shades of prehistoric he-men!—Hoot Gibson prepares to emote surrounded by a gentle mauve! But von Stroheim restored my pulse to normal with a violent black and red velvet combination.



Anita has one of those "cuddly" sofas.

YOU hear a lot about studios having to "retrench" and "cut down overhead expenses" by reducing stars' salaries. Many a little lady who formerly carried home a thousand berries in her small palm every Saturday night now must be content with a couple of hundred. But why pick on the stars?

It seems to me the executives of some of the film companies should have their expense accounts given the once-over occasionally. For instance, one vice-president seemingly is thrifty to the point of not even owning an automobile. Why should he? He rents a car and chauffeur for the paltry sum of \$125 a week—and charges it all to his expense account. That way he doesn't even have to buy gas. The car is his for his personal use, even to taking his lady friends out for an airing, or whatever it is film executives give their lady friends at the seaside cafes.

Another studio poo-bah I know rents a stand and shaving apparatus for \$10 a week—the whole contraption could be bought, I imagine, for that sum. But he "helps" the chap who owns the thing with this little weekly honorarium on the side—and puts it on his expense account. So—Why pick on the stars?????

HARRY BEAUMONT, when not directing Viola Dana, goes a-hunting. On a two-day vacation (who says directors work all the time?) to the Salton Sea he bagged the limit of ducks and upon his return his wife gave a dinner in Vi's honor with the ducks in a featured role.

THE Long Hairs are still in evidence on Mary Miles Minter's set. She is emoting among the bearded Mennonites, a strange religious sect of rural Pennsylvania. She makes a lovely Tiddie.

ONE of Vera Stedman Taylor's twin babies went back to the land of Babyland Spirits last week. The other six weeks' old twinlet is doing nicely.

SAW Edwin Stevens looking glum as could be—he's playing a sanctimonious, hymn-singing New England bootlegger in Bebe Daniels' picture. They used an honest-to-goodness U. S. Navy submarine to rescue Bebe from the water after the fight between the sub and a booze-smuggling schooner. Bebe just must have excitement some way.

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN is reputed to be receiving \$50,000 for his picture of his life, particularly his experiences abroad. And now comes the calm statement from a frenzied press agent that Jackie Coogan is going to write his autobiography—dating from his first stage appearance at the age of eighteen months. Who says our youngsters—and our press agents—are not precocious?

LON CHANEY, peer of Bowery and Chinese make-up Artists, has gone to New York to see how the real toughs and Chinks do it, this being his first trip to Gotham. He has just completed two characterizations—one as a doctor and another as an ape-man in "A Blind Bargain," rechristened from "The Octave of Claudius."

I MET an actor yesterday who refused \$5,000 offered him for a stage "career." He is a high-stepper, even for Hollywood. Who? "Admiral," the prize-winning Kentucky thoroughbred who is "acting" in "Wildfire." Zane Grey's novel being filmed by Benjamin Hampton. "Admiral" was ridden by Tod Sloan, noted jockey, in the rodeo and race scenes taken at the Speedway Armistice Day before 5,000 spectators. There was excitement aplenty. One of the cowboys taking part in the "backing" contest was riding a horse as tempestuous as some of the plots they're writing nowadays. The horses, of course were blindfolded and at the completion of the contest, before he could remove the blind, his mount crashed wildly into a fence—and the cowboy ceased to be mounted. But the chap was game, and the "under guy" succeeded in holding the horse down on top of him until help reached them, thus avoiding a stampede of the spectators.

Sloan completed his work in the picture just in time to rush down to Tia Juana, where he acted as one of the starting judges at the 125-day races that began Thanksgiving. All filmdom is flocking across to the little town where the open bottles flow and you can lose as much in an hour as you can spend in staid Hollywood in a month. Everybody who can beg—or swipe—a vacation is hitting the dust for the border. Harry "Smub" Pollard travelled down by aeroplane. Mr. Pollard's father in Melbourne, Australia, owns race horses that have won many cups.

ALICE LAKE has bobbed her hair—really—for her role in "Hate," a story by Wadsworth Camp. She is supported—in the picture, not the hirsute murder—by Conrad Nagel, loaned by Famous Players-Lasky. They "rent out" actors nowadays. Course, they aren't sold outright, like ball players, just passed around to another team when not needed on the home diamond.

ROBERT W. SERVICE, distinguished poet, was a visitor at the Louis B. Mayer studio, where he saw Anita Stewart making scenes for "The Woman He Married." Anita plays an artist's model who coldly refuses a standing offer of marriage from a young millionaire until he proves he can do something besides smoke gold-tipped cigarettes. Guess producers haven't learned yet that virtuous poor girls never, never refuse gilt-edged marriage certificates—and a man who can do nothing but smoke cigarettes would be nice to have around—never any of that uncouth cave-man bother of some film-husbands!

BERT LYTELL nearly made meat for the undertaker when making riding scenes for "The Phantom Bride." His mount, becoming alarmed at a white laundry bag which a boy was supposed to hand up to the star, unexpectedly back-fired and plunged in a manner not included in the script and attempted to drive his hoofs down on a crowd of extras swarming about him. But Lytell, turning what almost proved a tragedy into a thrilling comedy, did a "tom-mix" and rode the bucking horse into an adjacent lot, where he stuck the matter out. After a thrilling contest, the best man won—and Lytell rode the subdued animal back.



Bert Lytell was a hero.

THE wild women who keep the male fires burning at wicked Deauville, France, have nothing on Viola Dana. She's wearing her skirts exactly three inches above her knees! But it's for the part of the kiddie in "The Five-Dollar Baby." Arthur Rankin, nephew of John Barrymore, plays with her, and two hundred Los Angeles school children had the big treat of "working" as extras in some scenes. The studio served them a dinner afterwards, with Vi as hostess, and they had lots of ice-cream and pickles and things.

"THE STORM" is brewing at Universal. Which has a double meaning. One is that half the place threatens to walk out because of the "demotion" of one of the most popular executives. The other is that Reginald Barker has signed to direct a picture called "The Storm," and will have with him Leatrice Joy, who achieved prominence in his "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Leatrice has been sharing a bathing-pool and a drawing-room with Edith Roberts in Cecil De Mille's "Saturday Night." I do hope the poor child will be better clad before she tackles "The Storm!"

RUDOLPH VALENTINO is dividing his busy day between working in "Moran of the Lady Letty" with Dorothy Dalton and talking in the court with—or rather, against—his wife, Jean Acker, who is suing for divorce on cruelty charges.

IT was so cold out on "location" when Wanda Hawley and her company were making the "goofy" vision scenes for her new futuristic picture, in which they wear bare legs and smocks, that they all caught colds. "Better fix your make-up," suggested the director. "Tain't my make-up," Wanda stammered. "It's my goose-flesh!"



Wanda has an attack of goose-flesh

THE steamer "Avallon," which adorns the water between here and Catalina Island—and every billboard near Los Angeles—is being used in scenes for Gareth Hughes' "Stay Home." Gareth and his company, filming scenes across the Mexican border, had a thrilling experience—when they were told quite forcefully by some bandits to "practice what the picture said." The desperadoes attacked a little settlement where the troupe of thespians were working and the generalissimo—or whatever you call these busy little brown-skinned officials with their gilt braid—ordered them across the border pronto. Early next morning the actors who play bandits in the picture rode across to the town to complete their interrupted scenes and the villagers, thinking the real bandits had returned, called out the U. S. soldiers and a lively scramble ensued. Gareth had another thrilling experience—and has about decided to "stay home." They were making a marine scene (must be some picture, what?) near San Diego in a grotto which boasted but one exit, near the water's edge. The players were so engrossed with the action of the scene that none noted the rise of the waters until they discovered they were entirely surrounded. Cameras were abandoned while the men carried the women players—Grace Darmond and Tina Modetti—to safety on an overhanging ledge. Too bad they didn't get that in the picture. But one thing this film has done for the boy star—he's learning Spanish. Now maybe he can pronounce the names of some of Los Angeles' streets.

REPORTS say Jack Pickford and Marilynn Miller, Broadway dancer, are to wed. My, if it weren't for reports of Jack's vacillating heart-affairs Hollywood would have nothing a-tall to keep it awake. Last week he was supposed to be opposing Gareth Hughes for the affections of Mildred Harris—and now they say that George Stewart, Anita's brother, believed to have been much affected by Marilynn's charm, is seen much with Mildred. Now that's a fine chance to make a pun—but I'm not a punning lady—and besides love is such a serious thing, especially out here where it often lasts a whole week, that I'd never laugh at it. But I do hope Pickford stays entangled this time—it's so much trouble remembering "who's his lady" this week. Marilynn was a great friend of his late wife, Olive Thomas. There is a clause in Marilynn's contract which forbids her marriage—but what actress ever paid any attention to a mere contract when love called?

LOUIS J. GASNIER, R-C director, has one eye on the cutting of his "Mam'selle Jo," featuring Rose Dione, and the other on the direction of the big flood scene for the climax of "The Call of Home," the screen version of George Agnew Chamberlain's novel. Mr. Gasnier wishes he were Ben Turpin! Incidentally, he had to secure Government permission to release waters impounded in the Colorado River in order to get his water inundation scenes.

EDWARD LAEMMLE, Universal director, is reading all over again about Buffalo Bill, so he can put that gentleman's activities on the screen in a new serial with Art Acord. Universal should be presented the gold-lined palm for their new series of educational serials—for the first time in its hectic career the serial is being put to work for a good cause.

MAX LINDER is making a burlesque of "The Three Musketeers," with Bull Montana, the Apollo of the screen, as the Cardinal and "Spike" Rankin, slimmest girl in pictures, as the Queen. Bull was scheduled to act as chief of the reception committee to welcome General Diaz on his arrival in Los Angeles, but he must have gotten stage-fright at the thought of all the boulevardiers of the gentle sex who would be lining the sidewalk along the parade-march. Anyway, the "Boo!" classic (?) profile was missing from the general's entourage.

Talk About Gilding the Lily—

Here's a Woman Who Trims Up the Stars

By P. B. Cole

YOU know how fascinating those wonderful costumes worn in motion pictures are. How would you like to design 'em, lie awake nights thinking up novel effects, supervise their making by expert tailors, seamstresses, milliners and furriers, with no depressing thoughts of economy to cramp your style, and then watch the stars don 'em? To most women, such a job would be a delirious delight, comparable to the joy of clerking in a candy store which seemed to them when they were little girls the height of human bliss.

But it is no slight responsibility to be the head of the wardrobe department of a great motion picture company. Indeed, it's a man-sized job—one that requires executive ability as well as that indefinable thing: "clothes sense."

Mrs. Ethel Chaffin, who has charge of the Realart Costume Department, is not at all your probable idea of what such an executive would be. We, for instance, had imagined a heavy woman in her late thirties or early forties, who would look like a successful business woman, talk like a head buyer in a Fifth Avenue shop, and glance witheringly at our own last year's suit. Instead, we met a slender, almost fragile looking young woman, with a soft voice, dreamy eyes, the friendliest and most un-buyerish manner (have you ever met a buyer? Gosh, but they're grand!) and smart clothes, which didn't in the least give her a smarty air. There's a lot in that, you know.

Mrs. Chaffin, be it known to all fans, is responsible for every last garment you see Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, May McAvoy and Constance

Binney wear upon the screen. She also costumes the minor women members of their casts. Last year she planned and supervised the making of over three thousand costumes! Not so jolly eh?

"But don't the extras furnish their own costumes?" we gasped in surprise.

"They may in some companies, but seldom in a Realart picture," replied the artist. "An extra may own very good-looking clothes, but unless they happen to tone in with the effect the director desires, they won't do at all. You know certain colors have to be handled very carefully, since they photograph black. Yellow and red can never be used unless the director wishes a very dark, practically black effect. For a

big scene—that is, a ball room, restaurant or other mob scene, the star must not be out-shone and lost in the crowd. Therefore all the color scheme must be planned so that the star will be conspicuous by contrast. The costumes of all the extra persons in the picture are treated as part of the scenery. That is why we must choose the costumes of the extras, and why we furnish them. No extra could afford to buy all the things which are necessary.

"Do you make new things for every single production, or can you use the same things in many different pictures?" Mrs. Chaffin was asked



May McAvoy in a Chaffin winter street costume of black velvet with black Coney fur collar and cuffs.



Mrs. Ethel Chaffin

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A wedding gown designed by Mrs. Chaffin for Mary Miles Minter—only, of course, Mary isn't married—yet!

"Well, of course, some of the evening gowns and street wraps can be remodelled and used again. But the costumes of the stars are always new. As soon as the picture is finished, the costumes are ripped up, the materials cleaned and pressed, and then usually made over into clothes for the extras. Even the tailored suits and coats we remodel until they look like new.

"It is a real joy to plan costumes for a star who wears clothes so dashingly as Bebe," Mrs. Chaffin went on. "For one thing, she is vitally interested in them herself. Wanda Hawley really isn't. Though she is so pretty, Miss Hawley apparently hasn't a spark of vanity or the feminine frivolity which loves to buy clothes, plan clothes, discuss clothes. She is magnificently indifferent to the whole sartorial business.

"But with Bebe Daniels, it is quite different. She's such a Tomboy. "May McAvoy is interested, in her serious little way, in her clothes and wears them beautifully. She is an odd little enigma—she looks exactly as old as the clothes she wears.

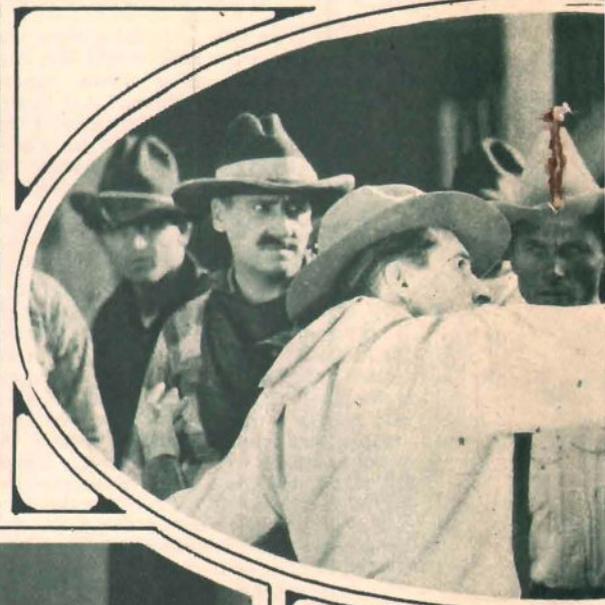
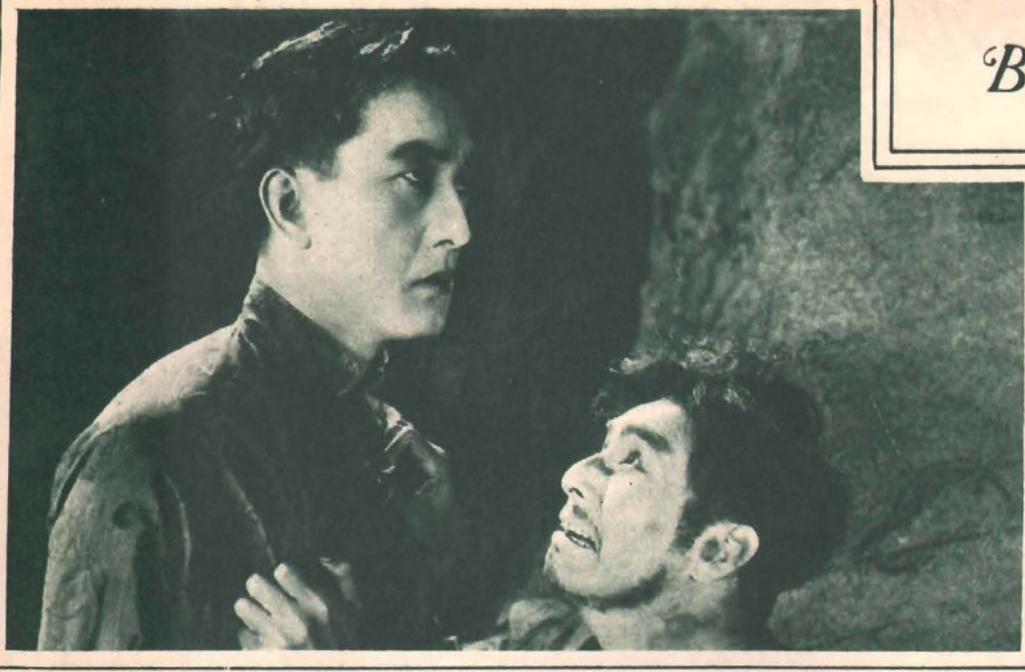
"Constance Binney wears clothes charmingly, and, like Miss McAvoy, quietly rather than dashingly. She is very slender, and expresses to my mind, youth and youth's hope, rather than mischief or farce."

"Don't you costume Mary Miles Minter, too?"

"Only for special costumes. She prefers to furnish her own street and evening clothes."

It's a great life—this costuming stars—a great life if your stock of originality never runs low. Apparently Mrs. Chaffin's never will.

Big Moments in Picture



Gold! Pirates! Slave Girls! The mystic, subtle, perfumed East! They're all in "Street of the Flying Dragon," Sessue Hayakawa's next picture for R-C. The slightly-whiskered gentleman in this scene opposite the redoubtable Sessue is Toyo Fujita, who has the role of the pirate chief in "Street of the Flying Dragon."



Raymond Hatton shows respect for the villain's jaw "Against the Wall," a new G drama, a dramatic comedy with plenty of action. The tale of a poor New Yorker who, discharged, seeks his fortune via a freight train, from which he falls off into a wild and woolly world. Valli is leading woman.

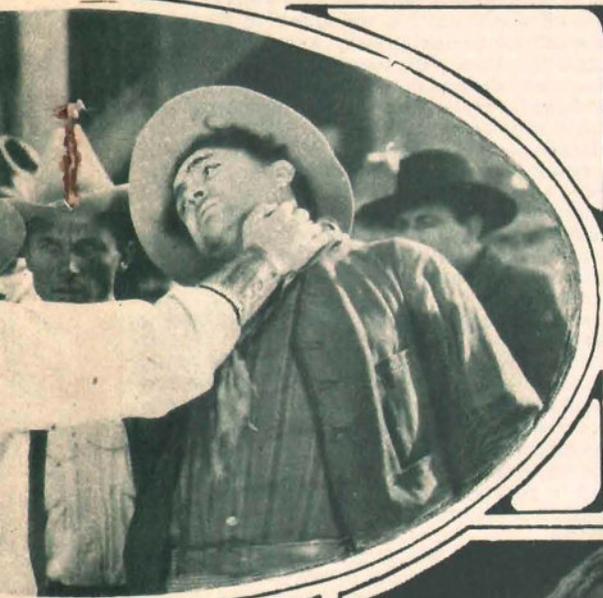
"Conceit" is the title of a forthcoming Selznick picture, with a carefully selected cast headed by Mrs. De Wolf Hopper and William Davidson. The picture's title might well apply to Davidson as he appears in this scene with Mrs. Hopper, eh? It's a dramatic tale, well seasoned with comedy situations. Selznick announces it as a special.



A thrilling moment in "South of Suva," Mary Miles Minter's latest Realart picture, when South Sea Islanders uprising and seek the life of the sulky-looking person with the gun. To save himself he turns M. M. over to them as a human sacrifice to their pet gods. "South of Suva" is unique, for there isn't a beachcomber or a whiskbroom costume in the whole picture!

"Shakespeare didn't do 'Hamlet': he merely rated (creating some of the situations) on an old saga in which "Hamlet" is a woman. So a Norse concern has made "Hamlet" with the saga as a screen. Asta Nielsen is starring in the title role. The picture is expected to attract wide audience.

Features You Haven't Seen



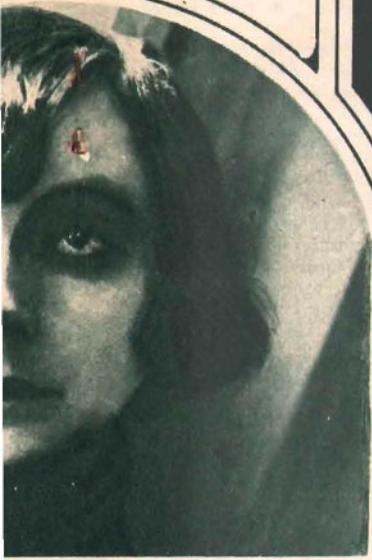
Matton shows a total lack of villain's jaw in "His Back All," a new Goldwyn picture, comedy with plenty of both. It's for New York tailor's apprentice, seeks Western fortune in rain, from which he is kicked and woolly town. Virginia woman



The disagreeable Mr. Volstead is being flouted in this scene from "One Glorious Day," in which Will Rogers appears as a Paramount star for the first time. From Will's actions in this scene, one might surmise he has been breaking the Eighteenth Amendment. Vivacious Lila Lee appears opposite the homely comedian.



"Sisters," from a story by the prolific Kathleen Norris, will soon be on the screen. It is a special Cosmopolitan production to be released by Paramount, in which Matt Moore and Seena Owen head the special cast. Mr. Moore and Miss Owen are pictured in this scene. Gladys Leslie has been cast as one of the "Sisters" of the title.



He didn't create he merely elaborating some of his own on an old Norse which "Hamlet" is a So a Norse picture has made "Hamlet" saga as a script, and Larsen is starred in the The picture promtract wide attention.

There's a big slice of villainy and no small amount of dramatic heroics in "Lucky Carson," Earle Williams' new picture for Vitagraph. It is a story of fast adventure and wily intrigue—a tale of two continents. Williams has the role of a man who impersonates a capitalist whom he thought he had killed. But he was very much alive, as events prove. Betty Ross Clarke plays opposite the star.



Two Kinds of Women

Fictionized from the R-C Picture, taken from the novel by Jackson Gregory, "Judith of Blue Lake Ranch, starring Pauline Frederick

OUT of ten thousand acres of waste land Luke Sanford had created Blue Lake Ranch, one of the biggest enterprises of its kind.

Also, he lived to realize another dream: he saw his daughter emerge from hoydenish girlhood to cultured, beautiful womanhood—and then had come Luke's untimely death.

For a year afterward the girl, Judith, remained in the East and during that time the big ranch became the bone of contention between the Western Lumber Company, which coveted its ranch timber and water power, and Bayne Trevors, ranch manager, who had gradually assumed almost complete control of the ranch—incidentally the money which it brought in.

Only Bud Lee, horse foreman, was a deterring factor in the ambitious schemes of Trevors to secure the ranch for his own. Bud showed a stubbornness vastly annoying to Trevors. He would have fired him off the place if he dared, but he had not yet obtained the necessary legal authority to make such a step possible.

A dead man—and a slip of a girl several thousand miles away; mere wisps of mist which could be easily dispelled, thought Trevors with a satisfied smile as he contemplated the vast rolling acres with their fine timber and pasture land.

In the midst of an argument between Trevors and Lee one morning over the sale of some horses a slender young girl in riding clothes with flashing dark eyes and a cloud of dark hair framing the winsome



Judith had faith in Bud Lee.

face under the neat little hat, suddenly entered the door.

"Which of you is Mr. Trevors?" she asked crisply.

Trevors' impudent stare and slow drawl bordered on insult. The girl eyed him coldly. A hot flush mounted to her cheeks. When she spoke it was in measured accents, and Bud Lee, watching her closely, marveled that so small a bit of femininity could display so much defiance and spirit.

"I am Judith Sanford, and I have come to take charge here," she said. "I have brought with me quite enough evidence of your crooked deals in trying to get control of my ranch, Mr. Trevors. I won't trouble you to remain here any longer."

"Well, I'm damned!" said Trevors, starting toward the girl with his fists clenched. "Do you think I'm going to walk out of here—the place I've made—on the orders of a little snip like you?" He followed it up with an oath, whereat Bud Lee sternly reminded him that he was talking to a lady.

The ranch manager sneered in ugly fashion. He was evidently prepared to stand his ground. Quick as a flash the girl's hand shot out and struck him a stinging slap on the cheek. Infuriated, amazed beyond bounds, the big fellow lunged toward her.

"Stay back," the girl warned quietly, though her face was white. Trevors paid no attention but kept coming toward her. The girl reached into the pocket of her coat. Bud Lee stared in amazement as two shots rang out and Trevors' arm dropped helpless at his side.

"Have a team hitched up at once to take this man from the ranch," the girl ordered Lee. "From now on every man on this ranch will take orders only from me!"

A bit bewildered, Bud left to do her bidding, while Trevors, his eyes filled with hate, followed him.

In spite of her bravado, Judith was only a woman and she felt all of a woman's wistful longing for friendship and protection, for some strong arm to lean on when she turned and entered the ranch house. Every place in the big, comfortable old structure was evidence of her father's loving thought for his daughter, who he fondly hoped would occupy the place some day.

Over the mantel of the big fireplace hung Luke Sanford's old Stetson and his spurs. The girl's eyes filled with tears as she looked at this mute evidence of a loved presence which she so sorely needed now. She became aware that someone had entered the room. She turned to see the adoring eyes of old Jose, a half-breed servant who had been with her father, regarding her. She called to him and the faithful old retainer ran forward as fast as his wobbly legs would let him, and knelt at her feet.

The girl was touched. Here at least was loyalty. A little comforted and hiding all traces of her emotion, she walked into the mess house. The ranch hands were just finishing their evening meal. They made haste to finish when they saw Judith and began hurrying out. As Bud Lee, too, started for the door the girl called to him. Calmly she had taken her seat at the table and ordered the cook to bring her a cup of coffee.

"Are you afraid to stay here and take orders from a woman?" she asked the big cowboy with direct seriousness.

Bud fumbled with his hat and looked down at his boots. Never had he been in such a strange situation.

"I won't leave for a week. I'll give you time to get somebody in my place," he muttered.

Something—perhaps it was the honest look in his blue eyes—perhaps it was the rebuke he had given Trevors, made Judith have faith in this man. She wanted him to stay. She needed him to help her. So she said:

"What's your reason for leaving at all?"

Bud's face was crimson, but he believed in telling the truth.

"Well—I—I just can't see that a lady has a right to tie into a man's job," he blurted.

Hurt and disappointment showing in her face, Judith sprang to her feet. Bud stepped back, thinking perhaps she was going to box his ears as she had the ranch manager's. But the girl walked out of the door just in time to hear Trevors, who was about to depart in the buckboard, urging the men to work against her and promising them good jobs with the Western Lumber Company.

His triumphant eye met the girl's for a moment. Then he clambered into the buckboard and drove away. The circle of men started to disperse. With determination the girl walked into their midst and cried out with fierce intensity:

"My Dad was Luke Sanford. He made this ranch and I've come to save it from crooks like Bayne Trevors."

The bravery of the girl's challenge had its effect on this group of hardened, fighting, fair-minded lot of West-erners. Carson, the cattle foreman, was on the girl's side and said so, but Quinnion, a surly sort of fellow, jeered at the girl:

"Why should we mind you? You can't even ride a horse without fallin' off."

Judith wheeled upon him.

"If there's a horse on this ranch I can't ride, I'll quit and give you my job," she said.

"Wall," drawled Quinnion, winking craftily at the others, "if you'll ride Black Prince and stay on his back two minutes, I'll stay and work for you."

Now, Black Prince was a devil on four legs. Quinnion himself was almost afraid to lead him, let alone ride him. Yet he was soon gingerly leading the big brute out of the barn while Bud Lee and Carson protested to no avail. Judith waved them angrily aside. Tersely ordering the horse blindfolded and the stirrups shortened, in a moment the girl was on his back. Then ensued such rearing and plunging and bucking that the men stood in awed silence, fear and anxiety written on some faces, a grudging admiration on others.

Five minutes of it—then the girl had Prince back at the barn, panting and beaten.

"Now ride him yourself or get off this ranch," she ordered the grinning Quinnion. He chose the latter alternative; but his evil eyes promised a reckoning in the future.

Judith was now close to tears and her voice trembled a bit, though she cried bravely to keep it steady as she told the men:

"You can go or stay as you please, but if you leave me short-handed, I'll know you are a low-down bunch!"

She whirled and left them and Carson muttered:

"I heard about Luke Sanford's girl—that's her all right."

Bud Lee was frankly puzzled. He admired Judith, but she was not Bud's idea of what a "lady" should be. While he stood thinking, Jose appeared and told him Judith wished to see him.

The cowboy went into the ranch house and once in the girl's presence he looked so stern and forbidding that she laughed outright and said, "Bow Wow," at once disarming him of his gruffness.



"Who hired you?" she asked with twinkling eyes.

"Who hired you?" she asked, her eyes twinkling.
"Your father."

Quickly Judith put out her hand.

"My father would never have put his horses into the care of a man who was not white clear through," she said with feeling.

And this was the beginning of a strong friendship between the impetuous, strong-willed girl and the big man of the plains. Events followed each other in rapid and startling succession.

Trevors had not been idle. In a few days Hampton, the third owner in the ranch, arrived, stating that he thought his presence was needed, as the problems were too big for Judith to tackle alone. Hampton was smooth and suave and though Judith distrusted him, she could not very well order him from the place as she had the rougher Quinnion and Trevors. He must first make some move which could make it easy for her to become actually hostile to him. In Hampton's party was pretty Marcia Langworthy, Hampton's fiancee, her father, Major Langworthy, and her aunt, Mrs. Grimley.

But Judith, too, had been working quickly and she had surrounded herself with a few loyal old friends of her father's—little old Doc Tripp, Miller, Bud Lee and Carson. Marcia Langworthy fluttered her eyelashes beneath her lingerie hat when she saw her strange hostess attired in leather chaps and a Stetson hat.

Judith had too much on her mind, however, to pay much attention to Miss Fluffy De Ruffles. She had just been informed that Miller, who was on the way to the ranch from the bank with the money to pay off the hands, had been held up and robbed. It was Trevors and his gang at work, of course. With the mood the men were in, not yet quite trusting her, it boded ill for Judith's plans if she did not have money to pay them off on the very first pay day. Thinking rapidly, she planned to send fresh horses to meet Bud Lee, who had galloped away to Rocky Bend, hoping to reach the bank in time to get more money to meet the demand and to get back to the ranch before five o'clock—the usual hour for paying off the hands.

If this plan could be carried out, everything would move along smoothly, she hoped, and the hands would stay with her and swing the ranch out of the reach of these wily schemers.

The hours of waiting were anxious ones. Ten minutes to five—five minutes—Judith clasping her hands, her eyes on the road suddenly heard the thunder of hoofs.

The radiant smile she gave Bud as he swung off his horse, the money in his belt, was almost enough to make him forget her mannish attire and ways.

The men were paid off, none of them sensing the tense moments Judith and Bud had undergone to get the money there for them in time. The dinner hour came and in the big ranch house the guests were smartly attired in dinner gowns and coats. They looked around for their hostess, but she was nowhere to be found.

The truth was, Judith was "bandit-hunting."

It was a very disapproving Bud Lee who glowered down at the determined girl stalking at his side through the woods, armed with a revolver.

"Well, didn't they rob one of my men—and try to kill another, shooting at you the way they did when you were riding back with the money? A nice sort of manager I'd be if I didn't go out and round them up," flashed Judith.

"But it's not woman's work," declared Bud. "You ought to be back there in the ranch house—"

"Wearing a low-neck dress and pouring tea under the pink candles while my property is being ruined and stolen from me," said Judith in disgust. "You make me tired."

But she got no further. There was a movement among the trees ahead, the ping of a bullet; they stumbled upon the inert form of one of Trevors' men with the Blue Lake pay roll tied to his belt.

"Keep him as evidence," cried Judith. It is doubtful if she could have carried out her plan had it not been for the timely arrival of help from the ranch. The man had not been alone and bullets were zipping all around Bud and Judith when the ranch hands arrived.

Bud Lee found himself a prey to strange emotions these days. How could he help admiring the splendid pluck, the staunch comradeship of Judith? Yet, contrasted with her was Marcia Langworthy, who had a frank case of hero-worship for the stalwart cowboy, and who was Bud's idea of a "lady."

The date for the annual Blue Lake dance approached and Carson, after much profound thought, ordered twenty-five dress suits for the cowboys through a mail order catalogue.

Bud had about decided not to attend the dance, but when the big night came he found himself wondering—not how Judith would look—but how Marcia would. Judith would no doubt be in chaps. Finally curiosity won and he fished from an old trunk a finely made but wrinkled dress suit.

• • •

On the night of the ball the great living room of the ranch was converted into a ball room. Beautiful women in stunning gowns (some of Marcia's and Hampton's friends having run down from San Francisco), mingled

with the cowboys, very ill at ease in their mail-order-catalogue dress suits.

Pretty and demure, Marcia was the center of an admiring group when Bud entered. Unlike many men of the open, Bud wore a dress suit very well, his native dignity and well-set-up figure carrying it off to good advantage. Marcia looked at him coquettishly and he was about to go to her when suddenly every voice in the room was hushed.

Down the stairs came Judith—and such a Judith! She wore a crinoline gown, quaint and long and softly ruffled and her beautiful brown hair was caught high in a Spanish comb. She looked like some exquisite painting come to life. Apparently unconscious of the stir she was creating, she smiled to friends on all sides.

His face pale and stern, Bud Lee watched her.

So this was the woman he thought was just sort of a brave tomboy; a mannish person of too much aggressiveness. This vision of gleaming white and rose with the softly curved alluring lips and the tender, smiling eyes! He felt himself cheated. This, then, was the real Judith—and he, numskull that he was, had never guessed! Judith was overwhelmed with pleas for the first dance. In laughing confusion she turned and for the first time saw Bud's ardent gaze upon her. Her smile died—she caught her breath sharply. Then, smiling once more, she held out her hand. He took it. Just then the music started. Somehow she found herself in his arms and gliding over the floor with him.

When the waltz had ended he silently led her out of the crowded room and onto the porch. The cool night wind stirred among the pines, bringing a refreshing scent. Above, the millions of stars looked down as the two, with one accord, moved out into the stillness of the night.

Judith began talking light nothings, trying to drown the tumult in her heart. Bud only looked at her strangely and suddenly he snatched her to him and crushed his lips to hers. The girl's hands clenched. One raised as if to strike him. Then she laughed and said ironically:

"So this is the sort of gentleman a dress suit has made of Bud Lee! For so great an honor surely any woman would thank him!"

Then, making a slow, graceful curtsey, she turned and entered the house. She left a crestfallen cowboy covered with chagrin and bitter self-disgust.

That night after her guests had gone, Judith stood alone in the great room which had so lately echoed to talk and laughter and the music of the violins. Again she lived that moment in Bud's arms. What her feelings were she dared not analyze.

Slowly she ascended to her room. Under the door was a white slip of paper. Hastily she picked it up. Perhaps it was from Bud. What she read brought a troubled frown to her brow:

"Trevors' men are busy again. I have a bullet hole in my hand and can hardly write. Come to me at once and tell no one. Doc Tripp."

Without stopping to change her dress, Judith hastened to get her horse, throwing a coat around her as she ran. She knew every inch of the stables thoroughly and heeding Doc's admonition to tell no one, she softly made her way without arousing the now sleeping

ranch hands and was soon galloping down the road in the direction of Doc Tripp's cabin.

Suddenly several dark forms sprang from the bushes by the roadside. Her horse was seized by the bridle. Judith was dragged from the saddle, blindfolded and led on and on for what seemed an eternity into the mountain wilderness. She lost all sense of direction, all sense of time. Finally she was thrust into a room and found herself in a dark, windowless cabin. The bandana had been roughly ripped from her eyes, her hands released. In the meagre light of a lantern she saw two masked men. Undaunted, Judith jumped forward and pulled the mask from the taller of the two. It was Trevors.

"So," she jeered, "you were fool enough to mix first-hand in a dangerous undertaking."

"Yes, when I want no bungling," he retorted.

• • •

Three days later Hampton rode briskly up to Carson and said authoritatively:

"Got an order for five hundred beef cows. Crowd them down to the lower end right away."

Now Carson knew that it was the wrong time of the year to sell. He stared at Hampton foolishly.

Hampton tersely repeated his order and galloped away.

"Some day I'll take him between my thumb and finger and annihilate him," muttered Carson.

Immediately he sought Bud Lee. Bud was frankly at sea. What could such a foolhardy course mean? And Hampton declared the order had come from Judith herself. With determination, Bud started toward the ranch house.

Attired in a beguiling, frilly frock, Marcia sat upon the porch. She looked up with a pleased smile as Bud approached, thinking he had come to call on her. But Bud was awake at last. Somewhat brusquely he inquired for Miss Sanford.

(To be Continued)



Mrs. Grimley critically inspected Judith's mannish attire.



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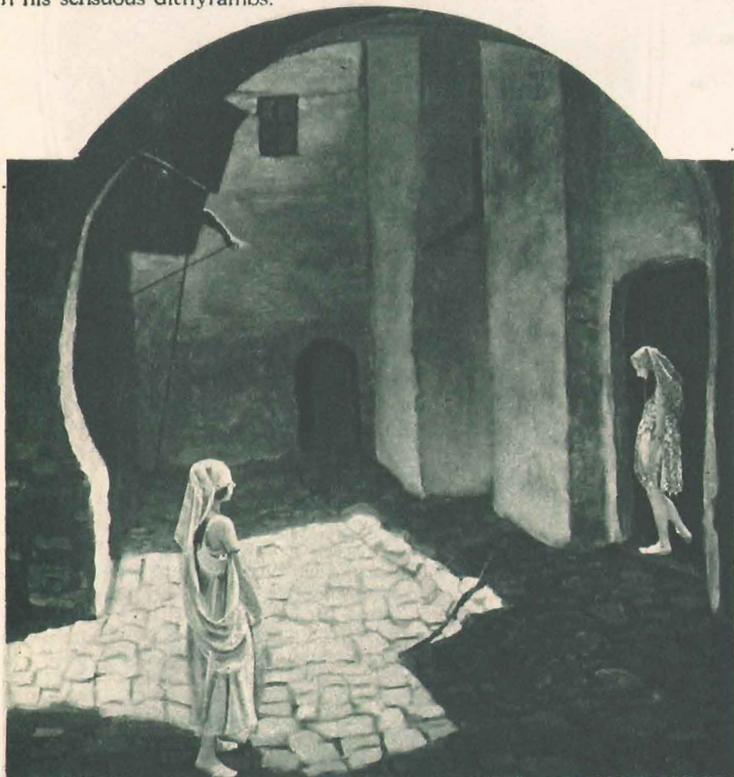
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From Naishapur, Persia, of 1121 A.D., to Hollywood, California, of 3 A. P. (After Prohibition), is a long way for the *Odyssey of the Grape* to travel.

By Willard Huntington Wright

WHEN old Omar Khayyam, the celebrated anti-prohibitionist and bibulous philosopher of Naishapur, penned his immortal apotheosis to the once flowing bowl, little did he wot that we, the moral and prophylactic children of the twentieth century, would find vicarious joy in his sensuous dithyrambs.



Real people can act in his pictures just as in actual sets.

Omar wrote for his own consolation, voicing a philosophy of evanescence and transiency; and the irony of it is that posterity has kept green that symbolic grave where he turned down the empty cup and passed, like wind along the waste, into the bleak, unfathomed reaches of eternity.

What, indeed, would this old Persian astronomer have thought, had he known that the prohibiviki of today—a thousand years after his death—were to put the curse of alcoholic repression upon the world?

No doubt he would have written another Rubaiyat filled with tears and sorrow, together with the paean of praise to his boozy gods that he was born in a time and place where the vine yielded other fluids than unfermented grape-juice. Omar, a contemporary of William Jennings Bryan—what grimmer jest could the gods have perpetrated?

And yet—and yet—there is a piquant humor in the destiny of Omar's posthumous existence; for his epic to the vine is about to be screened, and Omar himself, in a modern incarnation, is to become one with Wally Reid, Douglas Fairbanks and J. Warren Kerrigan!

What would the old boy have thought, as he sipped his roseate febrifuge and gazed rapturously into the empyrean, had he been favored with a prophetic vision of himself moving upon an animated screen before millions of thirsty "movie fans" and reciting his passionate lyrics to modernized ladies and gentlemen of this epoch? Would he not have abandoned that middle course of moderation and sent gallon after gallon of golden liquid into the interminable recesses of his carcass, trying to blot out by what the moralists refer to as "beastly crapulence" the vulgar vision of cinema popularity?

Or would he have been spurred to greater heights of poesy, to new and dizzier peaks of eloquence?

I am inclined to think that, despite his nihilistic philosophy, he would have strained for imperishable bursts of suave and stately utterance; for, after all, he was animated by an overwhelmingly charitable instinct—his desire was to bring consolation and peace to a distraught world, to point the wet, lush way to joy and forgetfulness. And if he could have foreseen the blistering Sahara of our land today and realized that his would be the supreme oasis of bitter-sweet comfort, would not an added mellowness have troubled his altruistic heart?

I think so.

But why speculate? With realities at hand, with the ineluctable facts of fate staring us in the face, it matters not what emotions may perhaps have tortured or inspired the salts and alkalis of the day that once was Omar.

In Hollywood, California—across the world from Naishapur, Persia—The Rubaiyat is being screened; and Omar himself, bodied forth by one of sympathetic mind and (breathe it gently) thirst, is to live again throughout this medieval *Odyssey of the Grape*.

But Omar's entry into the silent drama is to be no ordinary début. Far from it. The celebrated poet and philosopher is to make his appearance in a highly auspicious manner, with style and elegance, not to say éclat. His Rubaiyat, without several new editions of which no holiday season is complete, is to be presented on the films by a new art process as intricate and incredible as it is fascinating and beautiful. As the press-agent would put it, with his ineradicable modesty and reticence, it will be a super-masterpiece, a supreme and escantological *chef d'oeuvre*, a sublime and interstellar Neverbefore, an incomparable and supernal Nonesuch—a trans-picture, a beyond-production, an Himalaya of the screen, a cinematographic Ossa-on-Pelion.

The fact is that Ferdinand Earle has perfected a method of motion picture production as revolutionary as the soviet tenets of modern Russia. "Do we need a setting of Naishapur, with white domes and slender minarets?" Mr. Earle asks casually of his script editor. "Very well, hand my paints and brushes and a small piece of academy board."

Whereupon, this one-time pupil of Bouguereau and Whistler seats himself before an easel and proceeds to paint the exact scene wanted.

That's all there is to it. Just like that! No architects, no carpenters, no plasterers, no cabinet makers, no interior decorators, no furnishers, no glaziers, no paper-hangers, no technical directors, no stage hands. Just a piece of academy board and some oil paints. And when the picture is complete (name your own picture, select your own decorations, state your own time of day or night or your own meteorological conditions), it is projected on the screen; and the naked eye—or, to be more elegant, *l'oeil au naturel*—cannot detect the illusion. Properly painted, the picture looks like a real, honest-to-goodness setting, only it is more beautiful, more perfectly arranged, and more in exact keeping with the drama, than any fabricated setting could possibly be.

Well, well, well! But what about the action of the photoplay? What about the actors? Not that we insist upon actors, but then a play without actors might become monotonous: the story might be a trifle difficult to follow.

Listen—and try not to be incredulous. This man Earle has perfected a process by which real people can act in his picture just as they now act in actual sets.

Does it sound unbelievable and preposterous? It does.

And yet it has been done. These eyes have seen it.



A painting will serve for a setting, even if the painting is no larger than a page of this magazine.

Another Irish Rebel

By Walter Bodin

IT was fortuitous that Laurence Trimble had Irish ancestors.

Not only did they hand him down a shock of red and curly hair, a pair of twinkling, deep-blue eyes and the traditional Irish humor but they gave him a generous share of dreams, a wealth of idealistic vision with a zealot's passion for achievement, the whole topped with a warm understanding and genial humanness.

Which, while you may never even have heard of Mr. Trimble, augurs well for motion pictures in America.

He is a director—a veteran—who rebels quite violently against the existing stupidities of his fellow directors. (By that I mean the majority of American directors; the men who are responsible for the bulk of so-called "program" pictures. There are exceptions, of course.) It is this spirit of rebellion, backed by the flaming determination to hack away at his job until he makes an appreciable dent, that makes of the up-standing Mr. Trimble a happy symbol for American motion picture production.

A warm, pulsing liking for the man springs up immediately on meeting him. I was introduced by the ubiquitous press agent who had arranged the meeting at my request.

"How do you do?" had been my commonplace, rather reserved greeting.

"Oh, I'm better, much better."

It was a hearty, booming greeting, behind which a laugh strained for release, and the accompanying handclasp was suggestive of the gymnasium. Then followed a delightful few hours; it was not an interview—merely a carefree exchange of ideas and the recital of agreeable stories. Gladly did we connive to have Larry (I had begun to address him thus familiarly not two minutes after our meeting—knowing him, one can't call him "Mister") do the bulk of the talking. And he talked to good advantage, for he had plenty to say.

Larry had just completed his latest picture, "The Silent Call," in the production of which he spent an entire year and traveled some ten thousand miles in search of appropriate scenery. He was in New York on a combination business trip and holiday, and it's a question as to which he worked at the hardest. I can't recall just how certain discussions arose—like Topsy, they just grew. So I shall jot down impressions of conversation, rather than the conversation itself.

"American picture production can't survive many years of the present modes of direction," I remember the dynamic Larry shooting out over his salad. "And not only is the direction wrong; the methods of production are dead

wrong. The trouble runs all the way through a picture. An idea, an ideal or a new thought hasn't got a chance in a motion picture studio.

"That's because everybody concerned with the making of pictures is firmly and unalterably convinced that they know everything that is to be known about it. They have learned to do things in a certain way, and are convinced that it is the only way those things can possibly be successfully accomplished.

I steered him into personal channels.

Whereupon he detailed his real ambition.

It is to own a wolf farm!

Trimble has the fighter's face.



This wolf bit every one on the 'lot'—but Larry.

"A wolf is the greatest pet in the world," he assured me, earnestly. "Better than any dog! Of course, I know a wolf has a sort of bad reputation. Mothers somehow don't seem to care to have them around the baby.

"But it isn't fair! A wolf knows his friends. Why, one of the sweetest compliments I ever got in my life was paid me by a wolf. I was out in Denver. A little over a year ago I was out that way, and I heard about a man who had a fine she-wolf. I went out to see her. Spent about fifteen minutes with her, and we were friends. Then I went away. A few weeks ago, I had to pass Denver, and I decided to stop over and see the wolf again. Mind you, she had never seen me but once—and that time nearly a year before. But she remembered me!

"The answer? I bought that wolf.

"In time, I expect to have a lot of breeding wolves. I already have the farm. And then I'm going to raise two packs. One pack I will tame. Make 'em nice and gentle. The other pack I'll leave wild. And then I'll be able to make some real animal pictures. You see, I'll use the gentle wolves when I need them—and then I'll be able to switch to the wild ones. And on the screen they will look like the same pack—only transformed. And I'll be able to get wonderful effects.

"It's easy enough to train wolves, too. All you have to do is to be gentle—but firm. Make them know you are their friend—and don't ever let them get the slightest idea you're at all afraid of them—and you'll find Mr. or Mrs. Wolf will meet you more than half way.

"A she-wolf, incidentally, is a flirtatious little devil. I used one of 'em in 'The Silent Call,' playing opposite Strongheart, my police-dog. In the script, Strongheart was supposed to vamp the wolf. Instead that she-wolf just vamped Strongheart all over the lot. She was like a debutante with a millionaire."

We interrupted the wolf-lover. "Wasn't it dangerous to have that wolf running around loose?" we asked. "Wasn't she wild?"

Larry grinned. "Wild?" he repeated. "I should say not. Gentle as a lamb. Of course, it's quite true she bit every darned soul on the lot but me—but I still insist she's gentle."

But, Larry to the contrary notwithstanding, if it's all the same to him, we'll take our portion of wolves out at the zoo.



Here's Larry's friend displaying a ragged disposition.

Outside the Studio



Does its mudder luv it to pieces? She fets she does, b'ess its itsy bitsy heart! And more—oh, much more—to the same general effect, all spoken by Norma Talmadge to her pet "Pom," the while she shows him the view from the breakfast room window. Would you play doggie for Norma?



Rough house stuff, men: rough house! Irvin Willat, director, and Richard Dix have tried Rosemary Theby on the charge of being too darned fussy about her personal appearance. They found her guilty, by unanimous vote, and the verdict was that she be ducked in the bay. Not only that, but they did it. Rosemary is laughing in this picture—but they really did duck her. And did she laugh then? Not so you could notice it.



For the benefit of those who might think different, this here animal ain't no moo-cow. It can't be milked. Bully belongs to Harry Carey, who says it's worth \$4,000 in real money. No, Mayhelle, we wouldn't advise you to get too close.



"Now Jack, don't you dare swing me too high—Mother wouldn't like it." So said Constance Binney to Jack Mulhall, 'neath the shade of the old orange trees. Of course, you can't see the oranges, but take it from us, who wouldn't lie to you for the world, they're there.

Somebody told little Mary Philbin the story of how Samson pushed apart the pillars of a palace, or something, and then lost all his strength because old Lady Delilah caught him asleep and bobbed his hair. Having plenty of hair, Mary decided to try some of that strong stuff on a boulder. She didn't get very far with it.

Back on the Job

(A "Jazz" interview with William Farnum which refused to "Jazz")

By Dorothy V. Cleveland

GO up to the Fox Studios at 12:30 and get a jazz interview with William Farnum.

Thus the editor, brief—to the point. In spite of inherent convictions that William Farnum, whom I had seen in dignified, even tragic roles—remember "Les Miserables," "If I Were King," and "Perjury"—was not a jazz type, I, being only a humble interviewer and the editor the "Great Joss," obediently took myself to the Fox Studios.

The first thing I learned was that Mr. Farnum had gone to a funeral. Funeral—jazz interview—some job!

After waiting for some time in the publicity offices where I heard Mr. Farnum spoken of as "a d— good fellow," and "a perfect dear," (according to whether the speaker was masculine or feminine), I was introduced to his secretary who conducted me to a small office on the studio

Nary a picture person, but one, did Billy see on his whole trip. "I went abroad for a rest and saw no picture people," he told me—"consequently I got the rest I sought."

The one exception to this rigid rule was J. Gordon Edwards, now making a big production in Rome for the Fox organization. He had planned to spend only one week in the Italian capital, but he fell under the spell of the old city, and stayed three weeks, taking side trips with Mr. Edwards and visiting the ruins of Rome of old.

"It was in Rome," he said, "that I got my biggest thrill. From the time I was fourteen, I have interpreted all those chaps associated with the Forum and the Coliseum. I visited both these places at every hour of the day and night, and, I give you my word, as I stood in the Coliseum in the moonlight, I could see all my old friends creeping out of the dust of the ages, saluting in a ghostly parade. A thing like that sort of gets a fellow, you know—gives you a real thrill."

A part that Billy played hundreds of times on the legitimate stage is *Edmund Dantes* in the immortal "Monte Cristo," so of course he went to Marseilles and the Hotel Reserve, overlooking the Chateau D'If, where Dantes broke through the ramparts of the old prison with his famous declaration, "The world is mine."

"This," he said, "gave me my second big thrill. I would not have missed it for anything."

While he was telling me of his other delightful trips out from Paris, the door opened and a slight man of medium height unceremoniously ushered himself in. It was Herbert Brennon, who is directing Billy in his first picture since his return. It is a story from the life of Edmund Kean, the great English tragedian. We talked until "shooting time" of the scene Billy had been dreading.

The scene represented was the kitchen of an old-fashioned English Inn and Mr. Farnum took me around and pointed out all the details of furnishing: an old Welsh dresser, covered with odd-patterned china; pewter candlesticks, a long table covered with real food; period chairs, and finally an old clock that must have called for searching in many an hundred curio-shops.

We sat in a corner of this interesting set and Billy talked of his part in the picture. Evidently Kean is a character of whom he is very fond, and I'll tell you one thing—you just go and talk to someone as widely read and learned as William Farnum, and you'll feel as ignorant as a professional movie critic. At least I did.

When Billy talks, he sort of muses—if you get what I mean. He looks far off and he speaks in a soft, slow, ruminative way. He doesn't seem to think of himself at all. And gosh, that's going some, for an actor!

"This fellow Kean"—thus Billy—"he was a wonderful chap, kind-hearted, always helping others. He liked to mix with all sorts of people, and he'd dress like this (Billy was wearing a blue flannel sailor suit) and go down on the wharves in London and talk to the poor fellows who hung around there, and get to know them, and then he'd find some way to make their burden of life a little easier—great chap."

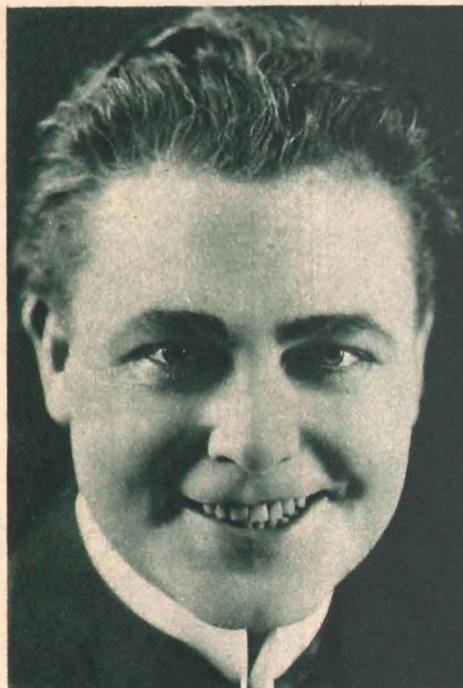
Suddenly there was a command of "lights." Brennon was on the set, clapping his hands for attention. Came a flood of almost blinding light from the Klieg lamps, and the players, most of them children, appeared.

As I looked back over my shoulder at the gay holiday scene, at the children dancing to the strains of the studio orchestra, and at Billy



As Francois Villon in "If I Were King."

Farnum surrounded by the bright eager faces, I thought, "Well, that has enough happiness in it. You might call it jazz . . . to suit even the editor!"



William Farnum as he is off stage.

level. To us there came Mr. Farnum's valet. Secretary and valet then led me to a door on which was painted in black letters, "Mr. Farnum."

Here, at last, I met "Billy," as he is called by the privileged ones. And though he may sue me for impertinence when he sees this interview, I shall call him that, too.

Well, I'm here to tell you that I fell for Billy on the spot. All the nice things the publicity staff had called him weren't half enough. He's kind, and considerate, and courteous, and modest and sweet-tempered, and charming and—the proverbial little brook would have nothing on me for going "on and on" about Billy.

The funeral he had been to was Ivan Caryll's, the famous composer who wrote the "Pink Lady" music and a number of other successes. He was one of Farnum's dearest friends. So now, instead of jazz, he sat with a far-away look in his eyes, and talked of Caryll—of what a splendid friend he had been; of what a fine fellow he was; of his deserved success.

"I dread this afternoon—acting in a gay Christmas scene. That's the hard part with us, we actors," he smiled quizzically, "we have to go on, you know, whether we feel like it or not."

Mr. Farnum and his wife have just returned from a no less than seven months' rest in Europe. Seven months, motoring among the beauties of Italy, France and Switzerland. Sounds pretty soft, doesn't it? But this was Billy's first vacation in ten years. He had to take that. The doctors made him.

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The "Old-Time" Actor

By Colvin Brown

A DEEP and outstanding character part, indelibly inscribed on the motion picture screen, and destined to become as permanently engraved on the heart and consciousness of the theater-going public, is that which Theodore Roberts takes in "Hail the Woman." Thomas H. Ince's epic of life.

The part is that of "Oliver Beresford," grim and intolerant New England bigot, whose Old Testament outlook on life, which would make of woman a chattel and drudge, as in the case of Hagar and other Biblical "bondswomen," is so sharply delineated by C. Gardner Sullivan, famous screen dramatist, who has written both the story and the continuity.

And, in a way, there is a striking parallel between Theodore Roberts' interpretation of this powerful role, and his appearance, many years ago,

in the part of "Simon Legree" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," on the speaking stage. The parallel does not extend to the nature of the roles themselves—although "Beresford" might be described as a "spiritual Simon Legree"—but rather to their tremendous and far-reaching effectiveness in the portrayal of types! Critics declare that modern womanhood, forced to endure the out-of-date outlook on life of such men as "Oliver Beresford," is the real great problem of the decade.

Theodore Roberts, who celebrated his sixtieth birthday on October 8th, is a native of California, and the son of one of the first pioneers who came to the Golden State in the "days of old—the days of gold—the days of '49." He was born in the heart of San Francisco, which was just evolving from a sleepy Spanish hamlet clustering around the Mission Dolores, into the storied Port of Adventure. Roberts' ancestral home stood at the corner of what is now Washington and Stockton Streets—then the outskirts of the town, and now the very heart of San Francisco's famed Chinatown. At the time of the great fire this residence was the oldest home in San Francisco, still occupied by its original owners. But it perished with the rest of the old, adventurous city.

Among famous men who were Theodore Roberts' close friends in the early days, were Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain and Bret Harte. Years later, when Roberts was playing the leading role in "Arizona," in a great London theater, he again met Bret Harte, who was then dying of a lingering disease. And the last letter Bret Harte ever wrote, was to his friend Roberts.

It is small wonder that Theodore Roberts became the screen's greatest master in portraying "character" parts, if one considers that he has rubbed shoulders with the world's most expressive characters since his childhood days. In those years California was the happy hunting ground of men, and women also, who came West trying to escape from humdrum lives, to make fortunes, to rebuild their lives—and to forget! Of necessity such characters were more sharply delineated and possessed of more eccentricities than could be found among men and women living regular "be-at-the-office-at-nine-o'clock" sort of lives! And young Roberts, blessed with the genius of a great actor, saw, observed and unconsciously absorbed the mannerisms and characteristics that later made him one of the most popular actors and screen players.

When he was a lad of five years, Theodore Roberts lived for awhile with his parents at famous old Angels Camp in the Bret Harte and Mark Twain gold-mining country of California—within a stone-throw from the scene of the famous "Jumping Frogs of Calaveras." It is of interest to relate that Roberts, who never returned to those romantic mountains in after life, left Los Angeles on his sixtieth birthday to take part in a motion picture which is being "shot" at Jimtown, in the heart of the old mining country, and close to Angel's Camp.

Before going on the stage, Theodore Roberts was a teacher of elocution for three years in San Francisco. There he made his first stage appearance

in 1880, in the old Baldwin Theater. From 1888 to 1895 he played leading parts with Fanny Davenport in the Victorien Sardou plays, including Cleopatra, "Theodora," and numerous others. Roberts particularly achieved fame as the Western Svengali in "Trilby," when he took William A. Brady's company throughout the entire West, playing before packed audiences in Minneapolis, St. Paul and other cities. Nineteen years ago, as "Simon Legree," in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with an all-star cast, Theodore Roberts drew crowded houses throughout the United States. In the Chicago Auditorium, "Uncle Tom" was played before 6,000 people, though the immense hall only afforded seats for 4,600.

One of the interesting character parts taken by him in his long and varied career was in the "Squaw Man," when his Indian make-up required two hours of hard work daily. In order to give this role its most effective and natural interpretation, it was necessary that he should learn the language of the Ute Indians, which consists of a thousand words.

Theodore Roberts entered the motion pictures in 1914, the "Call of the North" being the first production in which he took part. "Something to Think About," and "The Girl of the Golden West," are but a few of the many other productions in which he played subsequently. Some four years ago he married Miss Florence Smythe, at that time his leading lady in "The County Chairman." They live in Hollywood.

Roberts predicts a tremendous triumph for "Hail the Woman." He said:

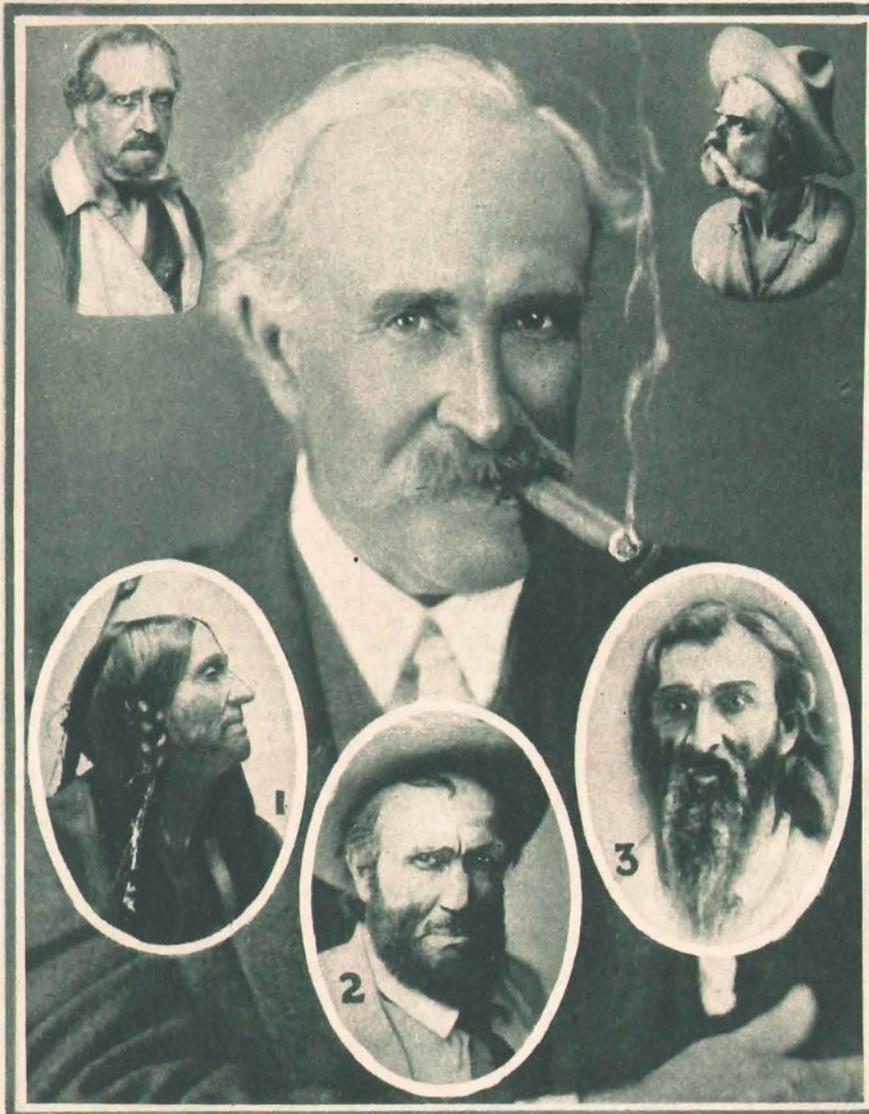
"It's a strong, overpowering picture in every sense of the word. I am proud of this great cast, and of my role of 'Oliver Beresford,' which has such powerful depth of character! I regard 'Hail the Woman' as a unique illustration of the progress and betterment of motion pictures.

"The screen drama is getting better because of a variety of reasons," he said. "In the first place the public is becoming educated to the extent that it will not countenance inferior productions. Even youngsters of fourteen and fifteen years are shrewd and exacting critics nowadays.

"The motion picture industry now calls for better writers, and better brains and better players—and all these requirements are being met on a scale which draws nearer, and ever nearer to perfection.

Having spoken thusly, the veteran actor grew confidential and told of his one great personal dream of the future.

It is to be filmed in a picture in which he doesn't have to smoke a single cigar.



Theodore Roberts and some of the roles he has created: upper left-hand corner, John Gale in "The Barrier"; upper right, title role in "The Sheriff of Shasta." Below, No. 1, as an Indian in "The Squaw Man." No. 2, as Simon Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." No. 3, as Svengali in "Trilby."



In two old-time roles. Guess 'em!



Distance Lens Enchantment

By V. C. Olmsted

THERE are many times in the life of a motion picture cameraman when distance has to lend enchantment to the view. Otherwise, so far as the picture house patrons are concerned, there would be no view—and, what is more important to the cameraman, there would be no cameraman.

Consider the numberless photodramas and news picture events in which forest fires, great explosions, battles between ferocious wild animals and the numerous other scenes that threaten all nearby persons with injury and destruction. Then consider the manner of their recording on the celluloid strip that later is flashed on the screen for your edification and amusement.

It would be physically impossible for any cameraman to have his "box" within the usual filming distance of any such scene. Serious injury or death would be his portion, and the picture patrons of the world would be cheated out of a long succession of creepy thrills.

But the ingenuity of the men of Pantomime-land has been equal to many emergencies, and many seeming "miracles" have evolved from demands in scripts in the hands of directors.

Just look at the mechanism in the picture accompanying this article.

That's the answer!

No, it's not a machine gun or a new engine of destruction, but a new "trick" lens device which David M. Hartford invented especially for the photographing of just such scenes as enumerated above. It is used, too, in taking long-distance scenery views, such as you see, quite often, in Burton Holmes travelogues, or those artistic outdoor pictures made by Robert C. Bruce.

Mr. Hartford was responsible for the photographing of James Oliver Curwood's "Nomads of the North," and "The Golden Snare," among other feature pictures, the script of which called for scenes of fighting wild animals or great forest fires. Both "The Golden Snare" and "Nomads of the North," you will remember, had many wild animal scenes, as well as many beautiful "shots" of rugged wild mountain domains. Mr. Hartford's new lens is responsible for the manner in which these scenes were presented on the silver sheet.

Like many other excellent inventions, Mr. Hartford's device is a simple one. It consists of a large lens at the end of a telescope, used in place of the usual front combination of the telephoto equipment attached to the average box.

Close-ups, ordinarily made with the eye of the camera within a few feet of the face or person of the object being photographed, can be made at a distance of one hundred and eighty feet with this Hartford lens. That is the reason you may now go to a motion picture theater and look into the very eyes of a ferocious animal, whose head fills the screen before you.

But that is not its chief use. This lens, used in the photographing of woods or mountain scenes, or great sweeps of plain or prairie, is effective at a distance of twenty miles!



David M. Hartford filming a mountain range twenty miles distant.

This is by no means the last word in distance photography in motion pictures. Other inventors are at work, perfecting lenses which will make it possible to get close-ups of objects at a distance of three hundred or more feet. Picture producers are speaking of things of this nature when they blandly repeat their formula that "the surface of the screen art hasn't been scratched yet."

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AND HE WAS WONDROUS WISE
HE WATCHED 'EM MAKE A COMIC FILM
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JACK AND JILL WENT UP
A HILL
TO GET A PAIL OF WATER -



WHILE COMING BACK - MISS JILL
WAS PINCHED
(AND JUST TO THINK) - HER COSTUME
ALONE, COST OVER FIVE HUNDRED
AND A QUARTER!

The British in Filmland

By Walter J. Beliveau

AMERICAN motion pictures are educating the world. We have this on the authority of a man who knows what he is talking about. My informant is the combination Adolph Zukor-D. W. Griffith of England—Cecil M. Hepworth—Zukor, in that he is Great Britain's biggest and best-known producer; Griffith, in that he is its most artistic and idealistic director-producer.

Mr. Hepworth has just been in these United States to learn what he could of American production. With him he brought England's chief screen star (his product, by the way), the lovely and unassuming Alma Taylor. Since her producer-director-boss was likened to our best in the production line, Miss Taylor may be considered the Mary-Pickford-Constance Talmadge of the tight little isle. Having spent several weeks in the inspection of the Hollywood colony, the pair were at the Hotel Algonquin in New York, awaiting a boat for home, and, incidentally, getting "fed up" on the "big town."

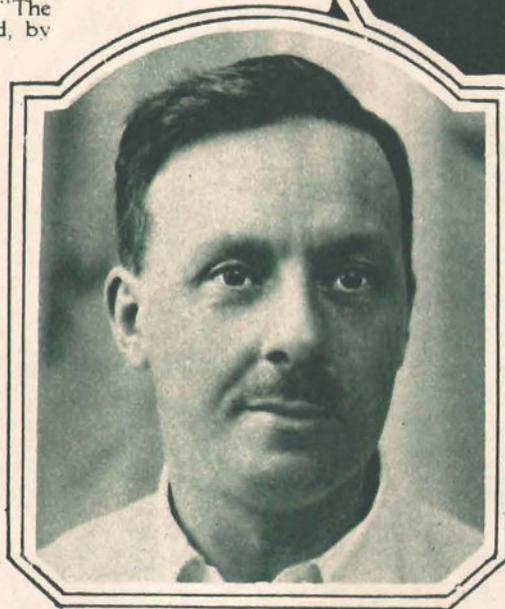
I looked them up, and the result was a two-barrelled interview, with the piquant Miss Taylor at my left and Mr. Hepworth at my right. They took turns at keeping my tea cup filled and a fresh bit of marmalade-covered toast before me. The conversation had, of course, progressed considerably before Mr. Hepworth told me of the wide field covered by American pictures. I had asked him the ratio of English pictures to American productions exhibited in England.

"I should judge that fully eighty-five per cent of all pictures seen in England are of American make," he replied. "The remaining fifteen per cent are made in England, by English producers."

"Why, do you know," he went on animatedly, "America has the most wonderful opportunity in history to spread its ideas and ideals over the entire world? And through the medium of pictures? It is really astounding, the results being obtained by the American producers. I went into a little town in an out-of-the-way corner of Wales, recently, and saw a little girl of possibly



Alma Taylor
—as she can
be.



Cecil M. Hepworth. England's Zukor-Griffith.

twelve years with her hair done in the American fashion! Fancy! She had seen so many American pictures that she aped American fashions.

"This is a matter of far-reaching consequence, this matter of American pictures going over the world. It means, for one thing, that some fine day the British will waken to the fact that they have lost their colonies. That is, in a commercial sense. For the colonies are being educated by American films, showing American products, American clothes, American ideas and (in rare instances) American ideals. Do you realize what that means? It means that the man in Australia or in Canada or India, wanting a bridge, or a harvester, or a plow, will get it from the United States, for the bridges, plows and harvesters of the United States are the only ones of which they have intimate knowledge!



Alma Taylor
—as she is.

"Consider the countless millions of India. Right today they know far more of America than they know of England, the 'mother country.' The reason? Motion pictures made in America."

The quiet little voice of Miss Taylor filled the ensuing silence.

"What a pity," she observed, "that these ideals American pictures are spreading are not American ideals, but Hollywood ideals."

This was a new thought. I turned to her interestedly, questioningly.

"Mr. Hepworth and I went right to Hollywood, after getting here," she explained. "Frankly, we were amazed, and not a little bit shocked, with what we found there. I am afraid I had a rather poor opinion of American everyday life, as exemplified by Hollywood. But since returning to New York, I have come to realize that Hollywood ideas and ideals are not American."

"If the fine, clean Americanism I have come to know here could be reflected in the pictures that American producers send out over the

world, it would be the most tremendous force in the education of Americanism."

Mr. Hepworth supplemented this with a few "Yes, yes, to be sure, to be sure," and similar phrases, nodding in sympathy and confirmation.

It is an American who is responsible for Mr. Hepworth's position in the world of the silent drama. It is none other than Laurence Trimble, who had given me a delightful conversational picture of himself but two days before.

"I have been in this business for twenty-four years," Mr. Hepworth told me. "In those early days we did not make pictures in the sense of that term to-day. No, indeed. A fifty-foot bit of illustration was considered quite a triumph of the cinema art. Well, I was one of those fifty-foot producers, at first, later fitting out a small plant in London in which I printed the films made by my friends."

"Well, the business grew and my plant grew. I was producing in a small way, the bulk of my plant being turned over to the printing business. I knew all about production. I was a cameraman, a property man; I had ideas on the training of people for pictures. But I had never directed until twelve years ago when I met Mr. Trimble on his first trip to Europe. It was he who induced me to direct my own pictures, and it is he who is responsible for my present position."

I turned to find Miss Taylor looking admiringly at her boss.

"He's a big man in England," she told me.

And then I learned that Miss Taylor, this woman who is England's best-known and best-liked screen actress, had never been on the stage. She is entirely the artistic product of Mr. Hepworth, who conducts a school for screen characters at his plant eighteen miles outside of London.

"Mr. Hepworth took me at the age of thirteen," she said, "and put me in school. He trained me for months before I ever went into a picture. Then I had small parts, and, as time went on, my roles were increased in importance. About seven years ago I had my first big part—in Mr. Hepworth's production of 'Oliver Twist.'"

Colleen's Clothes

A simple sports dress of white broadcloth with deep gauntlet cuffs and collar of crimson felt is worn by the fair Colleen on the left. A smart crimson felt toque and a crystal and garnet beaded chain give the smart touch. That dear M. Lanvin, of that most dear Patee, sent the costume to Loz Ahn-gha-laze for Miss Moore.



Below Colleen demonstrates the charming possibilities of bands of cleverly-done embroidery on the skirt of a one-piece model of sand-colored Canton crepe

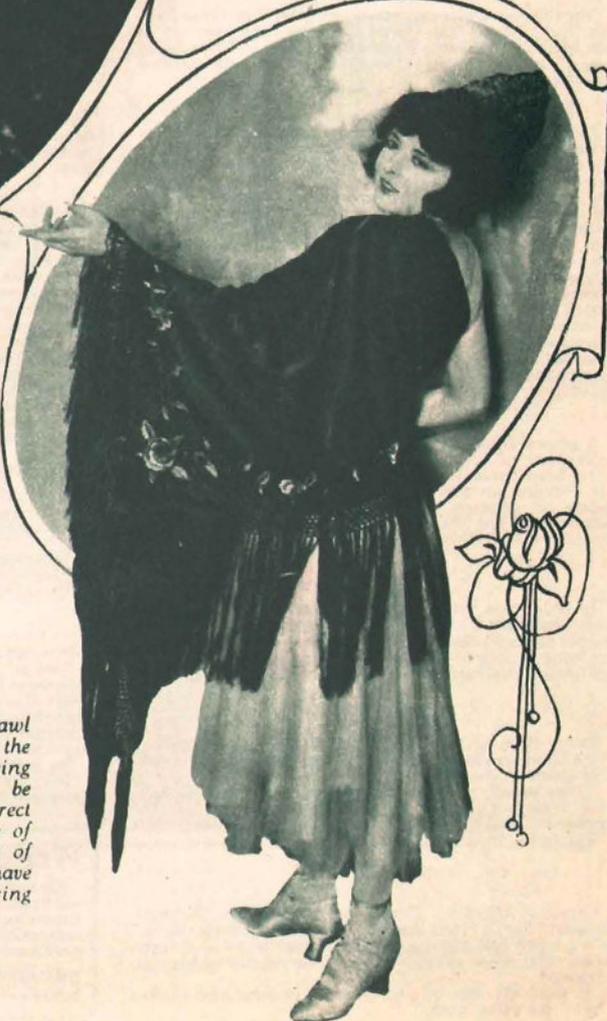
Tangerine broadcloth combined with the same material in fawn color, heavily embroidered, gives a chic effect. Yes, it's from France. The hat is a fawn-colored felt with the brim of Spanish silver bangles.



Moleskin, the youthful fur, has been chosen by Miss Moore for this winter's wrap and hat. The coat is designed with broad collar, and muff sleeves. The hat is of semi-tam design, with French flowers. And all this, despite the sky-full of climate that Los Angeles is so monotonously boasting about!



Colleen Moore donned this shawl (so she says) just to show how the Irish look when they play at being Spanish. The Spanish should be flattered! The shawl is a direct importation from France and is of black knitted silk with a border of pink roses. Shawl and comb have been made a part of the alluring Colleen's evening apparel.



FANDOM NOTES

Will Rogers introduced the sport of roping goats. Now comes Jack Mower with a brand-new twist to this novelty: he wrestles with 'em.

Edith Roberts, Jack Mower and a goat play an important series of scenes early in the picture, "Saturday Night." All went well until the action demanded that Mower treat the goat a bit rough. Right then and there the picture developed into a wrestling bout with Mower and the goat as the principals.

A "rooting section," comprising the rest of the cast, which includes Leatrice Joy, Conrad Nagel, Julia Faye, Edythe Chapman, James Neill, Sylvia Ashton, John Davidson and others, lent their vocal assistance throughout the bout.

The majority of the male actors in "The Little Minister," Betty Compton's newest picture, produced by Penrhyn Stanlaws, are praying ardently that choker collars and high stocks will never come into fashion during their lives. In the picture they have gone about wearing neck attire that keeps them gazing at a point somewhere about a foot above the level of their eyes.

Miss Compton, on the other hand, was fortunate in being able to wear for the most part a delightful gypsy costume, which gave her freedom of movement, besides being exceedingly becoming.

In addition to practicing dancing for a month, Betty Compton has been taking lessons in juggling for three weeks in order to juggle three knives in the Apache scene for her next picture, "The Noose."

Winners of beauty contests seem to have no difficulty breaking into the movies. One of the latest successful aspirants for screen fame is Hazel Keener, winner of a \$1,000 beauty prize in Iowa, who is now a member of Cecil B. De Mille's Paramount corps in Hollywood.

Viola Dana keeps chickens at her home in Hollywood and depends upon them to supply her with eggs. The egg supply was cut off just after Miss Dana bought a chow dog. An eggless week passed before Miss Dana discovered the chow chasing the chickens so persistently that they had no time to lay eggs. Now the chow is kenneled and the chickens are laying again.

Like the proverbial cat, movie actresses sometimes have nine lives. Mabel Van Buren died nine times recently in Jack Holt's forthcoming Paramount picture, "White Satan Sleeps," before Director Joseph Henabery was satisfied with the result.

The celebrated Chinese quarter, in the London Limehouse District which most tourists seem to imagine vaguely as a vast, uncharted district of darkest London, in reality only comprises the two thoroughfares of Limehouse Causeway and Pennyfields. The American who would seek an atmosphere of mystic beauty or sinister romance in Limehouse Causeway or Pennyfields will be disillusioned. At least, a party from the London studio that took this route saw no dreamy-looking Chinamen or flower-like girls, but only a number of yellow men in European clothes obviously intent on perfectly legitimate business. A little Chinese girl attired in a perfectly clean suit of "rompers" was playing in an open doorway, which exuded a suggestion of cooking operations somewhere near. The fragrance in the air, however, had nothing of illicit properties, for the most imaginative nose in the world could hardly mistake onions for opium.

A general strike on the Italian railroads has delayed the production of George Fitzmaurice's Paramount picture "The Man from Home," from Booth Tarkington's play. Mr. Fitzmaurice and his company are now in Rome, but expect to proceed at once to Naples, where the first exteriors of "The Man from Home" are to be filmed. Jose Ruben, the well-known Broadway actor, has joined the cast.

In order that fifteen dogs of various kinds, breeds and sizes, shall follow him faithfully in certain scenes, T. Roy Barnes has been devoting several hours each day to feeding the hungry pack of animals. A pound of meat per dog is his ration. Nobody but Barnes is permitted to feed them.

Emilly Rait, who plays the role of Lila Lee's mother in "One Glorious Day," with Will Rogers, has had a remarkable career in the theatrical world.

"They usually cast me in mother parts," said Miss Rait, "but I am not 'wedded' to them, although I played the mother in 'Wall Flowers,' and in a Dorothy Gish picture I was quite an ancient person."

Director Alfred E. Green, who, with Jack Pickford, directed Mary's latest success, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," tells a funny one about a crippled beggar on a Los Angeles street, who, when asked how he happened to lose his legs, answered:

"I wore my legs off, sir, trampin' around the studios lookin' for extra work."

STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

Garth Hughes in Mexico screening scenes for the George D. Baker production, "Stay Home," has taken advantage of the trip to start studying Spanish. Armed with "Spanish in Twenty Lessons," and a vigorous rolling of his r's, he was wandering around Mexico City, and became lost. He wanted a taxicab, so he accosted a swarthy sombreroed Mexican.

"Donde esta—taxi—seguro—?" He waved his arms in the general direction, but the Mexican looked at him blankly as he struggled to make himself understood. Finally he was interrupted. The Mexican, speaking with an English accent, said:

"Yes, that's very well, old top. But where do you want to go?"

Costumes costing \$160,000 have been supplied for the production of Anthony Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda." The designs were taken from models of British court costumes.

Harold Lloyd is devoting his energies to a mystery fiction in his comedy, the working title of which is "He Who Hesitates." The mystery theme is highly novel, while the humor runs high. Following this he will stage a big battle scene in which 600 extras will be used. The shots will be taken at half a dozen locations. The comedian has now finished the night sequences which have occupied him for two weeks.

Harry "Snub" Pollard is now doing a comedy, the gags of which are concerned with certain labor situations and the comedian's attempts to get "fired" from his job. Marie Mosquini, playing opposite, is the carpenter's daughter, and Tom Kennedy "heavy." R. J. Ceder is directing.

"Paul" Parrott has begun production of a Greenwich Village comedy, Mr. Parrott enacting the role of itinerant painter. He will be supported by Ethel Broadhurst, Mark Jones, George Rowe, "Sunshine Sammy" and Eddie Baker, the last-mentioned being a recent addition to the company who will play opposite as "heavy." The script was written by Ray Grey, who will direct the picture with Charles Parrott in supervising capacity.

"A woman shouldn't consider either price or material when she is buying clothes," said Miss Gladys McClure, who is a member of Richard Barthelme's company in "All at Sea."

"Take this bathing suit, for instance. Isn't it beautiful? It cost just \$250, but I feel well dressed in it and that's the test."

Just then Director Henry King sent out the call, and \$250 bathing suit and all, Miss McClure dashed into the icy waters to let the sad sea waves see what real style was like.

Four characters comprise the cast in Alice Lake's new Metro picture, "Hate." Miss Lake is the only woman. The men are Conrad Nagel, Harry Northrup and Charles Clay.

Lucille Carlisle is back in Hollywood to play the beautiful heroine to Larry Semon's comic Vitagraph characters.

Several months ago Miss Carlisle suffered a nervous breakdown brought on by thirty months of continuous picture work without vacation. She went East and entered a sanitarium.

After long search for a suitable successor to Miss Carlisle, Larry Semon had engaged another beauty a few weeks ago. Alas! She proved "temperamentally unsuited" and left for New York on twenty-four hours' notice.

Seeing this, Fate stretched forth the long arm of coincidence and over two thousand miles of wire flashed a jubilant message from Lucille to Larry. She was in bounding good health again.

The comedian wired a three-word reply: "Take next train."

So she did.

At the expense of a fellow director, William D. Taylor exhibits the following clipping from a British film publication:

"In private life Miss X is the wife of Mr. Z who has directed her in many of her screen successes."

"By the way, Mr. Z is a great collector of curios."

Two hundred Los Angeles school children collected pay as "extras" in scenes shot recently at Metro studios in Hollywood for the production of Irvin S. Cobb's "The Five-Dollar Baby" in which Viola Dana is star. They were given their pay checks by Director Harry Beaumont at the conclusion of a studio dinner served by Miss Dana. When they lined up for pay, Mr. Beaumont said:

"So you're the five-dollar babies!"

"No," said the first boy, receiving his money, "we're the seven-fifties."

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Peppy—Cullen Landis has blue eyes and dark, wavy hair. He is married to a non-professional. He played the part of Pete in "Snowblind."

Jennie C.—Ramsay Wallace played opposite Grace Darling in "Even as Eve," a Constance Talmadge picture. He has never appeared opposite Norma. Harrison Ford and Lew Cody have been her leading men in her recent pictures.

Lucille R.—I can't answer your first question. Kathryn Perry was a Ziegfeld Follies Girl before entering the Selznick fold. As far as I know she is the latest recruit from Mr. Ziegfeld's bunch of beauties. There were two actresses who played parts from Barrie's plays last year, May McAvoy in "Sentimental Tommy" and Lois Weber in "What Every Woman Knows."

Russ—You are mistaken about Katherine MacDonald's picture. It is to be called "The Infidel," and not "The Atheist."

Murray D.—"The Concert" was adapted from the stage play by the name. Lewis Stone played the role of the musician Augustus and Myrtle Stedman took the part of his wife.

Beth—Elinor Glynn played a small part in "The Great Moment," the play written by her for Gloria Swanson, also in "The Affairs of Anatol." She is not in America now, although she says she intends to return before long.

Maurine—Josef Swickard played Desnoyers in "The Four Horsemen." All four of the Moore boys were born in Ireland. Owen and Tom Moore were the two who played on the legitimate stage before their appearance on the screen.

Newton—Otis Skinner was starred on the screen in his stage success, "Kismet," which is his only picture.

F. S. C.—Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix play the leading roles in "Dangerous Curve Ahead."

Cutie—Gladys Hulette is married to William Parke, Jr. Her latest picture is with Richard Barthelme in "Tol'able David."

Nanette—The three male characters in "Earthbound" were Mahlon Hamilton, Wyndham Standing and Lawson Butt. All have been actors on the legitimate stage. Basil King is the author of the story.

Gene White—Yes, indeed, Ruth Roland is still making serials. I believe she is to make two a year, of fifteen episodes each. She has reddish brown hair and big blue eyes. She is not married.

Jessica—Norman Trevor and Mabel Ballin have the leading roles in "Jane Eyre." The scenario was adapted from the Charlotte Bronte novel by Hugo Ballin, and directed by him also.

Jazzy—Mary Hay and Richard Barthelme met for the first time while rehearsing for "Way Down East." They have been married for a year and a half. Mrs. Barthelme is no longer on the stage or on the screen.

Phil T. S.—My advice would be to save your money. Of course, I am not saying that there are not schools that will make you a writer, but unless you are positive that you have talent in that line, usually your money is foolishly spent on speedy devices to become a great writer over night. It isn't done that way.

Beth—"The Street Called Straight" is a novel by Basil King. I do not know that it has been filmed. Marie Doro is the wife of Elliott Dexter.

Adon—Ruth Roland's latest serial is called "The White Eagle." Jackie Coogan is still making pictures. You are very impatient. You say you saw him in "The Kid" and in "Peck's Bad Boy," and want another one right away. I can't tell you when it will be finished but the new picture will be called "My Boy."

David—Mary Anderson has blue eyes and golden hair. She played with Charles Ray in "The Early Bird," and will be seen with him in "R. S. V. P.," a forthcoming release. She is to be starred in six independent releases by the Spencer Production Company.

The \$1000 Contest



41 This actress was a singer before she went on the stage, but her stage career was spent mostly in the New York Winter Garden. On the screen she has had some pretty big roles. A native of the Middle West, she attended Pennsylvania College, leaving school for the concert platform. She is five feet seven inches in height, has brown hair and eyes, and weighs 135 pounds.

42 This man is an "old timer" of both stage and screen. Before entering pictures he was seen as the hero of many rugged stage favorites, making a great reputation in "The Squaw Man." Many producing companies have made out pay checks for him, including Paramount, R-C and Fox. He was born in New Hampshire over forty years ago.

43 This girl was "discovered" as a screen leading woman when she was seen in a Red Cross film just a few years ago. She has had leading woman's roles in practically every picture she has appeared in. Born in Canada and educated in Canada and England, she has been called the "most beautiful brunette of the screen."

44 This very pleasing actor is noted, among other things, for the wicked eye he rolls over his heroines. He is a Maine man who was educated in a Montreal university, going on the stage shortly after graduation. He did stock leads for a few seasons, and was at the New York Winter Garden for two seasons. He has been starred in Metro, Fox, Paramount, R-C, First National and his own productions.

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45 This clever and good-looking blonde came to this country as a child and was educated in the New Haven, Conn., schools. She was one of the famous "Follies" girls for two seasons, appeared in "The Frolic" on Broadway, and then went into pictures a couple of years ago. Her rise was rapid. She weighs 115 and is five feet three inches tall.

46 Although scarcely more than a boy, this actor is a veteran of the silver sheet. He was born a subject of England twenty-four years ago, and was educated in Paris. He appeared on the stage as a boy, and was featured in "Salome." Once in pictures, his progress was rapid, having the lead last year in a big Paramount picture.

47 This girl has been a star, but is now a leading woman appearing in pictures of various companies. Twenty-five years old, and educated abroad, she spent several years in musical comedy and vaudeville in Europe. Her screen career started with Universal. Then she was with Vitagraph, after which she played opposite William Farnum. It was after this she was starred.

48 Another Englishman, this, and a popular screen star. Educated in England and France, he was little more than a boy when he went on the stage in repertoire and stock. He is a veteran of the screen, having appeared in big productions of practically all the companies. He is thirty-five years old and six feet tall.

Pantomime



William Farnum