

Fimplay

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CONTENTS

COVER		Page
MARY MILES MINTER — <i>By Flohri</i>		
CARTOON		Page
ELSIE FERGUSON — <i>By Arteche</i>	4	
PORTRAIT SECTION (Colored)		
ANN MAY	25	
GLORIA SWANSON	26	
EDITH ROBERTS	27	
GLENN HUNTER	28	
ETHEL CLAYTON	29	
WILL ROGERS	30	
THEODORE ROBERTS	31	
KATHERINE MACDONALD	32	
EDITORIAL — <i>By Mary E. Brown</i>	5	
WHAT I THINK OF MARY MILES MINTER — <i>By Jeanie Macpherson</i>	6-7	
THE MOTION PICTURE OF TOMORROW — <i>By O. R. Geyer</i>	8-9-10	
BEBE DANIELS — A WINTER SPORT (Illustrations)	11	
MY FAVORITE TYPE OF LEADING MAN — <i>By Russell Holman</i>	12-13	
DELIVERING YOUR PICTURE — <i>By Philip Kerby</i>	14-15	
CONFESSIONS OF AN INTERVIEWER — <i>By Russell Holman</i>	16	
WHAT THEY WANTED TO BE (Illustrations) .	17	
STARS OF TWO ORBITS — <i>By Frank Vreeland</i>	18-19	
BACK STAGE IN THE MOVIES — <i>By Walter F. Eberhardt</i>	20-21	
SHE BELIEVED IN HERSELF — <i>By Charles Reed Jones</i>	22-23	
IMPORTANT — IF TRUE — <i>By J. R. McCarthy</i>	23	
HANDICAPPED BY FAMILY PRESTIGE — <i>By J. Allen Boone</i>	24	
BEAUTY MAKES A SACRIFICE TO ART — <i>By Charles Reed Jones</i>	33	
REMEMBER THE MAIMED — <i>By Frank Lyle</i>	34-35	
A LEADING LADY AT ELEVEN — <i>By Margaret Kelly</i>	36	
LADY BABBIE ON THE SCREEN (Illustrations) .	37	
THE GOOD OLD DAYS — <i>By Earle Williams</i>	38-39	
WALLY TO THE RESCUE — <i>By Donald Malcolm</i>	40	
NAZIMOVA PERPETUATES CAMILLE — (Illustrations)	41	
PASSING IN REVIEW — <i>By Polly Parrott</i>	42-43	
OUT OF THE WEST — <i>By R. Evans Otis</i>	44-45	
EAST COAST ACTIVITIES — <i>By Leo Leary</i>	46	
THE EDITOR'S PAGE.....	47	
ASK DAD — HE KNOWS.....	48	
REELAFFS	49	
ARTISTIC LICENSE IN PICTURE MAKING — <i>By Frank Urson</i>	50	
YOU CHOSE MISS LULU BETT — <i>By Frank Lyle</i>	51	

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HAROLD HARVEY, *Editor*

F. H. ANSPACHER, *Business Manager*

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R-C PICTURES' PLACE IN AMERICA'S GREATEST ART

THE motion picture industry is the most spectacularly successful business the world has ever seen.

In fourteen years it has leaped from a cheap novelty to fourth place in the race for industrial supremacy.

Through the magic of its enchantment the home folks of Portland, Maine, or Albuquerque, N. M., stroll the streets of London or Tokio, climb the Alps, float on the canals of Venice or explore the out-of-the-way places of the earth.

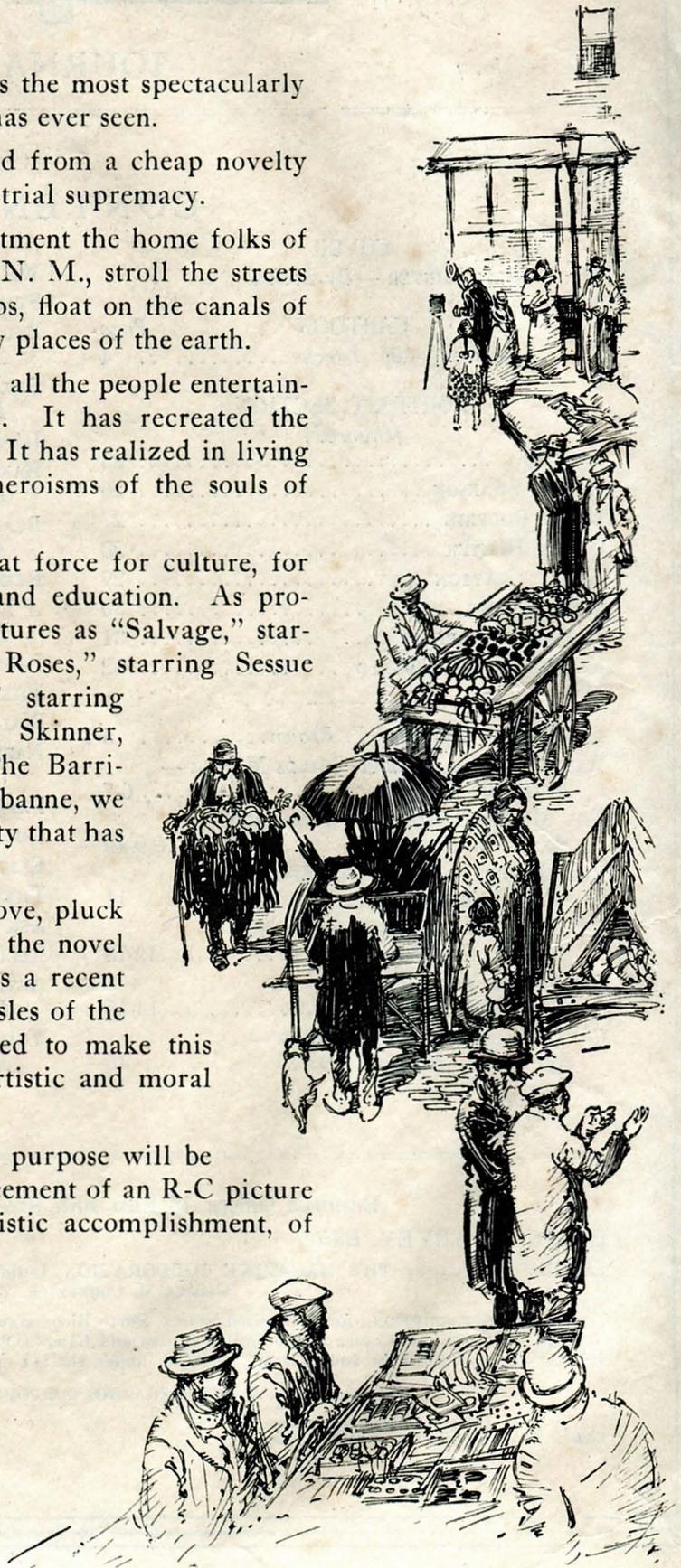
It has brought within the reach of all the people entertainment of the most fascinating type. It has recreated the pageantry and pomp of every age. It has realized in living form the tragedies, conflicts and heroisms of the souls of men and nations.

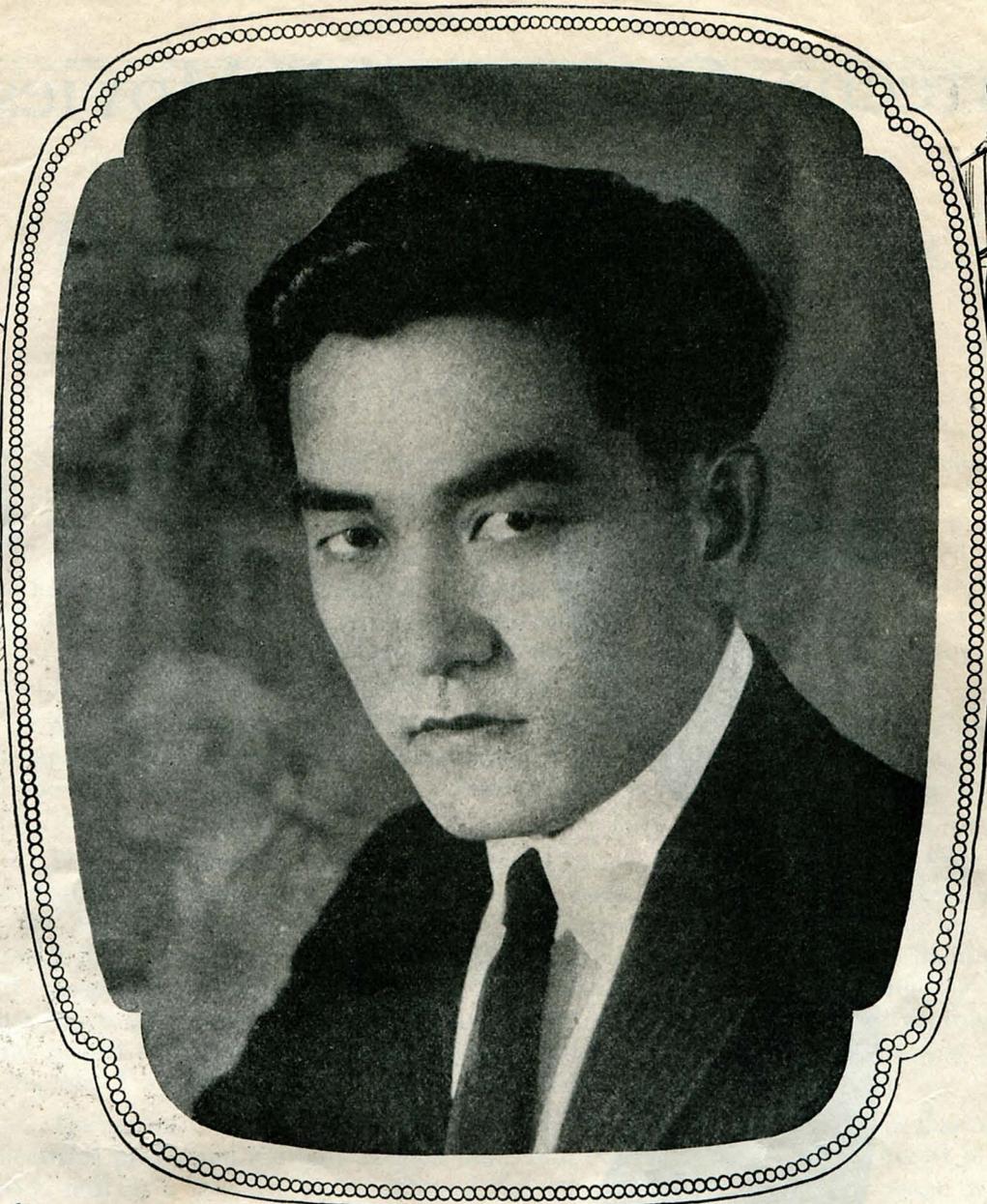
We see in motion pictures a great force for culture, for clean pleasure, for entertainment and education. As producers and distributors of such pictures as "Salvage," starring Pauline Frederick; "Black Roses," starring Sessue Hayakawa; "The Foolish Age," starring Doris May; "Kismet," with Otis Skinner, directed by Louis J. Gasnier; "The Barricade," directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne, we have established a standard of quality that has never been excelled.

"Possession," a thrilling tale of love, pluck and adventure, a screen version of the novel "Phroso," by Sir Anthony Hope, is a recent R-C release. Set in the sun-blest isles of the romantic Aegean, nothing is spared to make this newest picture meet the highest artistic and moral ideals.

The R-C standard of honesty of purpose will be maintained at all cost. An announcement of an R-C picture will always be a guarantee of artistic accomplishment, of scrupulous cleanliness.

R-C PICTURES
New York





“THE SWAMP”

featuring *Sessue Hayakawa*



“The Swamp” is a story that O. Henry himself might have written. It is an ingenious tale of a quiet, unobtrusive Chinese boy who earns his living peddling vegetables in “The Swamp,” the lower east side of New York, and the tragic love affair of a small-town girl.

Into this simple story of the power of love to heal broken hearts, are woven the forces of good and evil, the beautiful and sordid, tears and laughter, sorrow and sunshine.

The finished artistry of Sessue Hayakawa has never shown to greater advantage than in “The Swamp.”

This production, the story of which is from Hayakawa’s own pen, will live as long as we are human.

As a further example of R-C ideals, an R-C picture that will live long in your memory, you are invited to see Sessue Hayakawa in “The Swamp.”

Arteche Goes to the Movies



Elsie Ferguson's impression of a famous Russian star, the central figure of Rita Weiman's "Footlights," as it impressed the young Spanish cartoonist, who is now contributing his cartoons of screen players exclusively to Filmply

EDITORIAL

"Don't Stop at Hollywood"

By MARY E. BROWN

A Reader of FILMPLAY

IN THE recent upheaval that swept the land on the heels of an unhappy tragedy in the ranks of motion picture players it seems only fair that some voice, not of the profession, should speak in its defense. Scarcely an ardent film enthusiast myself, but a lover of all that is good in the art of the screen, I recoiled from the first accounts of a bacchanalian revel and, as I groped helplessly for some loophole through which I might reinstate in my esteem those men and women whose work I had so recently come to admire, there filtered through my mind, like so many stars from heaven, the following unbiased and illuminating facts:

No—this profession is not all lost: its position is merely unique. Nowhere throughout the world do we find the hosts of a single art so colonized as are those of the film industry in Hollywood. Naturally, its devilry is more pronounced; likewise, its virtues more prominent.

Then I dreamed a dream. From the great mass of society, floundering in a sea that has long since overflowed its virginal banks, I drew upon the transgressors in the various walks of life—the nurse, the musician, the broker, and even our pitiable high school friends, so prematurely versed in lascivious venture—and I had them all transported to a single spot. There I harassed them with the old familiar bark that has yelped down the ages at theatrical folk, no matter how lofty their aspirations, and rushed to publicity all in their actions that was wrong. Then, to make my game complete, I added money and youth—and watched the fun I had started.

The antics of these followers of paths less under public scrutiny than that of the theatrical profession not only rivaled the sensations of Hollywood, but, bereft of privacy, pull or a friendly press, eclipsed the vilest orgies in the whole stage world. Then I woke up and I came to the conclusion which all fair minds must reach—that, while the sins of a colonized art may outshine in quantity, there is little that is new in the quality of vice; that immorality is playing no favorites; it stalks regardless of vocation or creed and besmears unmindful of color or class.

If we would bemoan the great clamor of Hollywood's crimes we must marvel likewise at the gigantic charities emanating daily from that western district, without the apology that it is a colony of wealth. If we would emphasize the vastness of her depravity we must recognize her virtues in the same big proportion.

This is no vindication of motion picture licentiousness, but a plain statement of facts as I have had the good fortune to see them. The people of the screen want no vindication for, truly, they smart the keenest through the indiscretions of their own black sheep. With the tables turned, I am forced to ask the serious workers in their ranks, who know the injustice of condemning an institution on the misdeeds of some of its members, to greet their loving, loyal public and classify apart those hasty hearts who said the ugly things and to turn with us to those sober minds with spirits justly roused—those men and women of motives pure and true intent—and delegate a cleanup; but to whisper to these folks the prayer which is on the lips of our nation today: "For God's sake, don't stop at Hollywood!"

What I Think of Mary Miles Minter

AN APPRECIATION OF THE POPULAR
YOUNG STAR BY HER BEST FRIEND

Jeanie Macpherson



Mary and Harvey O'Higgins,
the author and playwright

very clever little girl who has become one of my firmest and most delightful friends. Her enthusiasm and vitality seem inexhaustible—and impossible to resist. On hot summer days I have been toiling in my study, up to my ears in musty old books and continuities, when a voice at the door coming from under a mop of yellow curls would cry, "Let's go!"—and the necessity for work would disappear in the wake of a human

MA R Y M I L E S M I N T E R is the West Wind dressed up as a Dresden shepherdess; she's as refreshing as ozone blowing over sun-kissed waters and as exquisite as a miniature.

Boiled down into a few words that's my impression of a

breeze which would blow me up in the air in a plane or down to the beach for a swim, whichever fancy chose.

It's this factor of the unexpected that has made the success of Mary Miles Minter. For just as you think you have her classified—poof!—and she's done something that's entirely apart from the usual. It's a very colorful personality that can so flash light from a hundred different facets; a personality that is developing as she grows out of her teens into something that will be a true delight in its full maturity. Quicksilver Mary!

And it's a personality backed by a remarkably clever brain. Most people get fooled by Mary's beauty. They seem to consider that it is impossible for a girl so pretty to be intelligent. But let me tell you right now that Mary Miles Minter is one of the best informed young women I have ever met. Her judgment and knowledge are away beyond those of the average girl of her years, due largely to her long years of contact with the public.

What young actress can you name who spends four nights a week in study?

And nothing is ever allowed to interfere with these engagements. I know, for I've tried!

She's a strange combination of the practical and the dreamer—this Mary Miles Minter. Quick and concise in her judgments, boyishly frank and direct in her opinions, she yet has a

Mary in her favorite type of part



Jeanie Macpherson



"What I Think of Mary Miles Minter," is the fifth article in Filmplay's series, "Film Stars, by Those Who Know Them Best." Miss Macpherson, the author of so many of Cecil B. DeMille's successful screen productions, is one of the leading writers for the screen. She and Miss Minter, neighbors in Hollywood, spend much of their hard-earned spare time together and the friendship which has grown up between them is remarkably strong. She writes of Mary as only a sincere friend could write. Read her article and know the real Mary Miles Minter. Next month Dorothy Dalton will be described by her father, and in future issues other film celebrities will be the subjects of articles by those who know them as they really are

mysticism from watching the sea for ships that believes in fairies! And there is in her eyes the look of some blue-eyed, blonde-haired Viking who sat on top of his glacier and developed a brooding mysticism from watching the sea for ships that never returned.

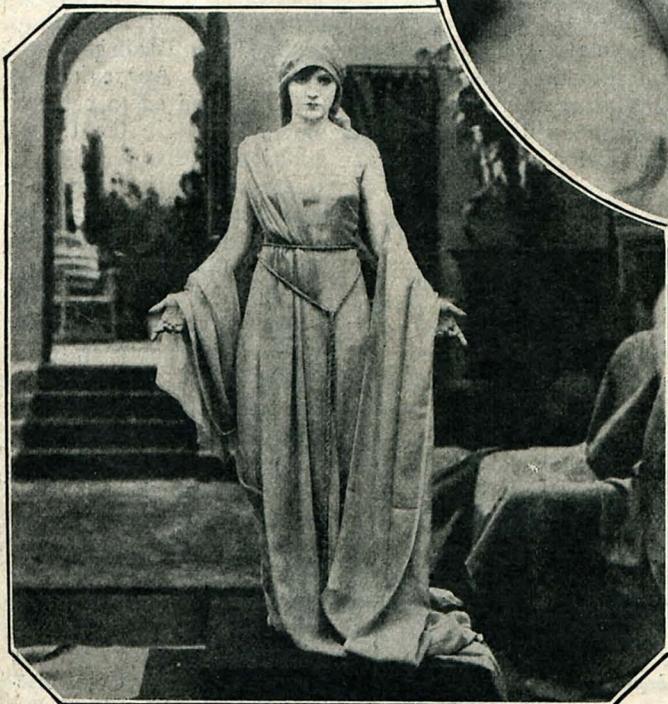
Beowulf undoubtedly had it as he gazed from the prow of his burning ships, and I can imagine it in the glance of Peer Gynt as he talked to the Mountain Trolls. And certainly it was part and parcel of Brunhilda, the Unafraid. A look, in other words, that peeps just over the Borderland into things that others do not see. That's Mary Miles Minter, the Dreamer.

Then on the other hand, there's Mary, the Efficient; Mary who remains calm, cool and collected when horses are running away or the motor cuts out in an airplane; Mary who, in a business conversation, can keep as straight to the point of an argument as the most astute Captain of Industry.

It's a strange combination, the Practical Mary and the Dreamer Mary. It has created three dominant characteristics: unswerving loyalty to friends, charity to a fault and splendid tenderness.

If you're a friend of Mary Miles Minter: you're one in the fullest sense of the word—and no one had better say a word against you or she'll sweep the place like the little West Wind militant she is. It's a loyalty shorn of diplomacy, a loyalty that sometimes loses friends—but an unusual and splendid trait in a world of people too much inclined to follow the line of least resistance. And it's a loyalty that carries a standard for you also. Mary is hotly, boyishly frank toward any friend who falls below the ideals she has set—but if you were to suffer sudden trouble—you'd find brusqueness immediately replaced by an abiding tenderness, and overwhelming desire to "help out." I appreciate this opportunity to give my impres-

Her beauty is of the classic type



sions of Mary Miles Minter because I feel so few people know the real Mary. And what I have said is in no sense flattery, but a heartfelt tribute to a little friend, the most refreshing of all my acquaintances. Her superabundant vitality is all-pervading, and she is as good for one as the breath of an electric fan when the thermometer registers 110 degrees in the shade. This vitality of Mary, her combination of dreaming and practicality, her careful education and her bewildering unexpectedness provide her with a well of professional potentialities such as can be shown by but few present-day actresses. Glorious and splendid as is the Realart star of today, she is only beginning to fulfill the promise of her womanhood.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Macpherson's charming character study



Mary and her grandmother



Mary Miles Minter

of Mary Miles Minter is particularly interesting because it presents the young star just as she is—a very real and very lovable personality. Having known Miss Minter for many years, I can vouch for the truthfulness of Miss Macpherson's appreciation of her.

When one stops to realize that her entire life, with the exception of the first four or five years, has been spent in the theatre and studio, one can appreciate what a remarkable girl she is. With every opportunity to become spoiled as the pet, not only of her co-workers, but also of her audiences, she has remained as simple and unaffected as the average school girl.

A brief review of her career is essential to a complete appreciation of what an unusual product of a theatrical environment she is.

Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, La., April 1, 1902. When she was only five years old she made her professional debut with Nat Goodwin in "Cameo Kirby," and she has been before the public ever since. At no time has she ever found the opportunity to attend school, but has received her entire education through *(Continued on page 52)*

The Motion Picture of Tomorrow

A COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE BY A STUDENT OF PICTURES, THEIR MAKING AND DISTRIBUTION, WHICH FORECASTS THE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCREEN

By O. R. Geyer

ONCE in four years the political clans gather to propound the age-old question which has to do with the future course of the ship of state, all of which is a thinly-veiled attempt to penetrate the mystery of tomorrow. By taking stock of the past and employing the subterfuge of casting a weather eye towards the future, these wise politicians are able to arrive at their quadrennial horoscopes, in answer to the self-propounded question, "Whither are we drifting?"

Having successfully passed through what is commonly known as the golden age of the motion picture, the industry today stands in need of the services of a horoscoper, and it is the purpose of this article to supply this need as fully as possible. So headlong and impetuous has been the rise to fame and fortune of America's fifth greatest industry, that little attention has been paid to sifting the events of the past for possible clues as to the future course of the industry.

What will the next five years hold in the way of reward for the genius and hard work which have given the motion picture its present rank in domestic and world affairs? Will the golden epoch of the last five years, in which the industry made its dizzy ascent from infancy to the heights of a billion-dollar enterprise, be repeated or excelled in the coming five years? Has the motion picture screen reached its highest form of perfection and usefulness? In what direction will future progress be made, provided the industry has not attained its full growth? These questions are awaiting the attention of the one who would predict and forecast the future of the motion picture industry.

The history of the motion picture, as time is measured, is brief indeed. Measured in the form of results obtained, its history is replete in incidents which thrill the imagination. Born fewer than twenty years ago as a tiny and vagrant spark of genius, the motion picture screen shortly thereafter began a career of development and expansion which has scarcely been equalled in the industrial and artistic life of America, or of the world, for that matter. Fewer than five years ago it was just beginning to give promise of those achievements which have since become the marvel of the world, and which have been unfolded in the kaleidoscopic manner of the screen itself.

With approximately 15,000 theatres catering to the amusement hungry masses in America, and with an equal number literally swamped with the millions of patrons in other lands, the motion picture has earned for itself the right to be termed as one of the essential and necessary arts of the world. The number of theatres in operation today is but a drop in the bucket compared to the needs of the world when the motion picture screen has completed its conquest so

effectively begun in the United States. At the present time the United States has approximately one-half of the total number of film theatres in the world, with an estimated daily attendance of from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000. The remaining 15,000 theatres scattered about the world entertain from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 persons daily, according to conservative estimates, making an average daily attendance of from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 persons in all of the motion picture theatres of the world.

After five years of war, a happier world is beginning to turn its attention to the perfection of the motion picture art. While film producers and distributors are scurrying about in search of unexploited markets, the industry's inventive genius is giving serious thought to those problems still awaiting a happy solution. Due to the war and the unsettled state of affairs which has existed during the reconstruction period to date, the motion picture industry in Europe and other parts of the world intimately connected with the world war—with the exception of the United States—is from five to ten years behind the times in the point of both physical and artistic development.

In Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia there has been no theatre building of any consequence for more than seven years. Even those countries not engaged in the war have found it difficult to obtain building material, and the motion picture industry has suffered a world-wide stagnation as regards its physical development. The time has come to remedy this state of affairs, and the next five years undoubtedly will witness a spirited theatre building boom in all civilized parts of the globe.

It is in the physical development of the industry that the world will witness the greatest changes in the coming five years. Even the United States, which was not nearly so hampered by the restrictive influences of the war, is far short of the total number of theatres required to entertain properly the millions of present and potential fans. Approximately 20,000 motion pictures houses will be required to cater to the tens of millions of motion picture fans in the United States in the coming years. In addition thousands of inadequate, makeshift houses will

give way to what is commonly known in the larger cities as the million-dollar theatre, for this is the age of luxury in the presentation of motion picture entertainment.

The world today is confronted with the immediate task of doubling the number of motion picture theatres if it is to continue an active competitor of the United States. More than 15,000 theatres are urgently required today in those countries in which the motion picture has made its greatest progress, notably Great Britain, France, Italy, Australia,

"After five years of war a happier world is beginning to turn its attention to the perfection of the motion picture art. While film producers and the distributors are scurrying about in search of unexploited markets, the industry's inventive genius is giving serious thought to those problems still awaiting a happy solution. What will the next five years hold in the way of reward for the genius and the hard work which have given the motion picture its present rank in domestic and world affairs? Will the golden epoch of the last five years, in which the industry made its dizzy ascent from infancy to the heights of a billion-dollar enterprise, be repeated or excelled in the coming five years? Has the motion picture screen reached its highest form of perfection and usefulness? In what direction will future progress be made, provided the industry has not attained its full growth?"

Thus does Mr. Geyer, a student of motion pictures and their development throughout the world, state his case and lay out his problem of forecasting the future of films. Read what he has to say and you will agree that the possibilities of the motion picture have just begun to be realized.

Central Europe, Spain and South America. When the invasion and conquest of other sections of the globe are completed, there will be need of many thousands of other theatres. As an example, there is the China of 400,000,000 population with but thirty motion picture theatres! And India with but a few hundred theatres to cater to the needs of a population almost as great.

A few years from now approximately 100,000,000 persons will be attending the motion picture theatres of the world daily. The world will turn over its entire population before the movie theatres once in fifteen days. On a basis of an average admission charge of ten cents the approximate daily revenue of the industry would be \$10,000,000, or at the rate of \$3,500,000,000 a year. In view of the fact that the general average admission price will be considerably higher, it undoubtedly will be more nearly correct to place the annual revenue of the industry at about \$5,000,000,000. Of this huge sum, America's share, now in the billion-dollar class, will be approximately one-third.

As a means of obtaining greater efficiency in satisfying the world-wide appetite for screen entertainment, it will be necessary for the leading producers to establish chains of studios throughout the world. Los Angeles, New York, London, Paris, Vienna, Stockholm, Berlin, Rome, Madrid, Moscow, Petrograd, Constantinople, Tokyo, Peking, Sydney, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Mexico City and Havana will some day be producing centers in the far-flung battle line of the American producers for the complete conquest of the world.

ONE of the leading American producers has already completed its London studio and has completed the organization of producing companies for France and Germany. Unless all signs fail American studios will be in operation or under construction in these and several additional countries within the next three years. Other American concerns have made arrangements to build or purchase studios in London and in Paris, and in a few years at least half a dozen American companies and individual producers will be at work in European studios of their own.

The chief reason for this great studio-building boom is one of the few beneficial results of the world war—the creation of a new spirit of internationalism. Instead of producing films for the entertainment of American fans, the producers are now striving to produce international pictures which will appeal to the motion picture lovers in all countries. The day of sectionalism or nationalism in motion pictures has passed, and with it has come the day of internationalism. Film stories having little or no appeal for the fans of other countries are not wanted in the leading American studios today. Sales drives for the entire world are carefully planned on each production, and the story which offers few possibilities for maximum results in world-wide sales has less than the proverbial Chinaman's chance in the larger studios.

The film stories of the future will be produced insofar as possible upon the locations actually described in the story. The manufacture of foreign scenes in American studios is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and when other old world studios are in operation will become a relic of the dark ages in motion picture production. An example of the present-day trend can be found in the case of the first American picture to be produced in the new London studio of an American company. This was a famous English melodrama, with scenes laid in Devonshire, Paris and Switzerland. Every exterior scene was photographed on locations actually described, the company spending many days on a Swiss glacier and in Paris. With the London studio as the hub of its European activities, the American producers expect to produce a great variety of stories with locations in France, Spain, Switzerland, Italy and Scandinavia.

During the war the screen earned for itself the name of the international language of the masses. It has been hailed as the greatest civilizing and educational influence in the world

today. Rightly and intelligently used, it will be the greatest single influence at work for the abolishment of international quarrels and prejudices. National and interracial jealousies and dislikes, the greatest stumbling blocks in the way of a useful, virile league of nations, can be best eliminated through the medium of the screen. Once the different peoples become better acquainted with the literature, customs, manners, ideals and scenic beauties of their near and distant neighbors, there will be far less friction and misunderstanding of policies and aims.

The great use made of screen propaganda during the war is an example of the good uses to which the motion picture of tomorrow will be put by farsighted statesmen desirous of world peace and brotherly love. No babel of tongues can stand before the visual powers of the screen, and until this fact is realized the political developments of the industry in the coming years will be the extension of the intelligent use of the screen as a means of propagating the spirit of international brotherly love. The screen's ability to visualize and give the breath of life to national policies and ideals; its ability to ignore boundary lines, racial classifications and the confusion of tongues in reaching the masses of people make it the greatest single medium for the development of a genuinely helpful and far-reaching league of nations.

The artistic development of the screen during the coming five years promises to be one of the outstanding achievements of the industry at large. But two great problems remain to be solved before mechanical perfection is attained in this department. One of these is the discovery of an economical natural-color process and the other is the attainment of stereoscopic photography. Inventors have found several methods of applying colors to films, but none is regarded as being practical enough to warrant its introduction on a large scale. Leon Gaumont, the famous French producer, is one of the latest to announce the discovery of a color process, but time will be required to demonstrate its practicability for every day use in the laboratories of the various producers. The depth and sharpness of stereoscopic photography have long been desired as a means of bettering the screen, and this is a problem which undoubtedly will be solved within the next two years. For many months leading experts in America and abroad have been giving much attention to the solving of these problems, and another few years should witness their complete triumph.

THE present-day trend of the movies toward fewer and better stories will become even more pronounced in the near future. The vast treasure houses of the world's literature, ancient and modern, will be ransacked by ambitious producers in the spirited competition for the improvement of film stories. More time and more money, of course, will be required to make this departure a success, and the cost of production undoubtedly will mount considerably higher in the future. The adaptation of such world-famous stories as "Toilers of the Sea," "Camille," "Peter Pan," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and others whose names have been announced in recent months are film signboards of the times which promise much for the artistic development of the screen.

The abolishment of many of the evils of the so-called star system is another promise of a brighter future for the photoplay patrons of the world. The practice of subordinating story and direction to the star is gradually disappearing, due in a large measure to the foresight of a few individual producers. In place of the star system is coming a more perfect combination of acting, direction and story material. The days when a world-famous story can be butchered to make a holiday for a star are numbered. Productions with all-star casts, with no individual predominating, are coming into vogue and are rated as the best money makers in the industry today. Five years from now, unless all signs are misleading, stardom will be obtained upon dramatic merit as well as

pulchritude, a state of affairs which promises much for the future artistic rating of the industry. It is no longer a secret that the big revenue producers in pictures are not the productions of the stars.

The uses to which the motion picture will be put in the next few years are practically unlimited, as the result of successful innovations and experiments of the last two or three years. One good example of the versatility of the screen is found in the important part the screen has been made to play in the last presidential campaign. For the first time in the history of political campaigning, motion pictures have been used on a large scale by both parties, and the experiments have been so successful that no campaign of the future will be complete without a motion picture department. Both the Democrats and Republicans inaugurated motion picture bureaux early in the campaign, producing films visualizing campaign policies and the platforms of the presidential candidates.

One of the most important developments of the future will be the increased use of films in the various departments of the government. From the President down to the last member of the cabinet, there has been a constantly increasing tendency to employ the screen in familiarizing the public with the various governmental functions, and it would not be surprising if a highly trained motion picture expert were employed to create an efficient motion picture bureau for the use of all government departments.

FOR several years the department of agriculture has been one of the most important users of the screen as a means of reaching the public. To date more than 450,000 feet of film have been prepared to acquaint the farmers with better methods of farming. These films cover 112 subjects, 460 reels being in constant circulation. Every subject from the building of silos and crop rotation to the work of canning and pig clubs is covered in the constantly increasing circulating screen library of the department. As these pictures are exhibited annually to approximately 1,000,000 persons, it is not difficult to imagine the important part they play in the making of better farmers and more efficient housewives. Inasmuch as the department is committed whole-heartedly to its present screen policy, it is expected that the animated library will reach a total of 1,500,000 feet within the next five years. Through this medium the discoveries and experiments of the world's foremost farm experts are made readily available for the farmers of the country.

The use of films in schools and churches already has reached a tremendous scale and there are several large corporations which specialize in this business of supplying educational motion pictures. Several of the churches have motion picture bureaux for the preparation of religious films, and educators in all states are turning their attention to effecting a happy combination of text books and films. Within the next five years every modern city school will be supplied with equipment for the projection of educational subjects, and thousands of churches will be making use of the screen to spread the teachings.

One important innovation of the future will be the employment of the screen as a medium of preserving in visualized form the history of the country. The state of Iowa already has a historical library of more than 50,000 feet of film, in which the customs, manners, prosperity, civic development and other matters of current history are preserved for the use of future generations. Such a library will be invaluable for the historian of the future, and the practice of preserving current history in film form is apt to be greatly accelerated in the future. Every city and town of the future will have its own civic film library through which it can visualize for future generations the growth and progress of the city.

Still another form of helpfulness which will be exacted of the screen will be the dramatization of the vagaries of the weather. Tornadoes, cyclones, snowstorms, blizzards, weather maps, rain storms, clouds and kindred subjects will be

stalked in their lairs by scientists operating motion picture cameras. Air currents, both bad and good, will be catalogued through the help the camera can give meteorologists in studying their causes, their origin and destination, thus making the air a safer place for the flyer. The weather map of the future probably will be thrown upon the screen in thousands of motion picture houses, enabling farmers, shippers and others whose business hazards are increased by weather conditions to regulate their affairs with the aid and co-operation of weather experts.

The utilization of the screen for scientific and medical research is already in vogue, and there is every indication that this innovation will be a most important factor in increasing mankind's knowledge of science and its mysteries. In a number of cases the motion picture camera has been used to visualize the process of difficult operations in order that surgeons and medical experts could give more time to the study of the case than was possible in the haste of an operation. These camera studies are made available for the use of students and physicians in all countries, and the development of this departure in the coming years will be of great assistance in the cataloging and eradicating of the diseases and ills to which mankind falls victim.

The study of plant and animal life through the medium of the camera has already been undertaken on an important scale, and more and more attention will be devoted to the utilization of the screen for this purpose in the future. One of the most important achievements of the motion picture camera in recent years, and a straw which shows the direction of the scientific mind of the future, was the filming of Shackleton's dash for the South Pole. Through films taken by the daring explorer millions of persons throughout the world have gained their first insight into polar conditions. These pictures form an invaluable record of the work of the explorer. Future expeditions into polar regions and the innermost recesses of unexplored continents will not be complete without a motion picture record, and the result will be the popularization of the discoveries of explorers, instead of limiting their lessons to the confines of museums and scientific tomes.

THE application of the film to industrial purposes has already reached a high plane, and the coming years will witness a vast increase in the tendency to make use of the screen in popularizing industry. Industrial leaders, as well as workers, are being benefited by a more intimate acquaintance with methods and machinery used in model factories about the country. In addition the public is given an insight into the manufacturing processes which convert raw material into the necessities of life, a very beneficial form of propaganda which is being used on a constantly increasing scale. The coming years will witness a great increase in the use of industrial films for educational and advertising purposes. The screen already has attained high rank as an advertising medium and ranks second only to the printed word of magazine and newspaper as a sales instrument.

The world-wide appeal possessed by a visualized idea is sufficient to make the future development of the advertising possibilities of the screen a matter of considerable importance. Screen advertising promises to become as much of an art as the other branches of the professions, and the continued development of this new avenue will be awaited with keen eagerness.

Although an infant in years, the film has already invaded the provinces of the stage. Today practically every resource of the stage is available for the screen, and the mad rush of producers to corner the market for motion picture rights to stage plays is the flood tide of the day of closer co-operation between stage and screen. Because of its necessarily limited appeal, the stage must seek some other outlet if it is to reach the great masses of the people, and the motion picture is the chosen medium. During a long and (Continued on page 53)

Bebe Daniels—A Winter Sport

SOMEONE PRESENTED THE REALART STAR WITH A PAIR OF SKIS AND, ALTHOUGH HER HERITAGE IS SPANISH, SHE BRAVELY ATTEMPTED TO INCLUDE THE SCANDINAVIAN IN HER LIST OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS—WITH EFFECTS WHICH WERE MORE TRAGIC THAN THOSE USUALLY ACHIEVED BY THE COMEDIENNE



Although Hollywood seldom offers opportunities for indulging in winter sports, Bebe discovers that one corner of her studio has been completely snowed under and that a huge drift of the finest table salt invites her to try out her newly acquired skis. Somewhat puzzled as to the best way to put them on, she examines the Norwegian playthings with great care, measuring them with her big brown eyes, and decides that she knows exactly how they should be adjusted, never for a moment thinking it would be far simpler to lay them flat on the property snow and slip her feet into them



Having eventually succeeded in strapping on the skis, she supports herself with the staff and, standing very straight, proudly surveys the painted landscape, enthusiastic over her prowess as a sportswoman



Her pride is a bit premature, however, for the moment that she attempts to step out on the skis things grow exceedingly complicated and for every step forward she makes two steps backward



The old adage about pride and an early fall again proving true, Bebe calls it a day, declaring that she is a better summer sport than she is a winter one, since she prefers a plunge into salt water to a dive into salt snow



"My Favorite Type of Leading Man"

IN WHICH SEVERAL FEMININE STARS OF THE SCREEN REVEAL SOME INTERESTING SECRETS

By Russell Holman



Conrad Nagel

AND I learned about actors from him—"

Thus, in the manner of Kipling, might sing the busy film beauty. Every eight weeks she starts a new picture; and for every new picture there is, in all probability, a new leading man.

For, as long as the public craves love stories upon the screen—and that will probably be always—there will be a woman and a man to play the roles of the chief protagonists. For every feminine star there will be a leading man. You see her on the screen wooed, in one picture, by a tall, dark man; in her next, the hero has been mysteriously converted into a blond lad with a bristly moustache. (All blond moustachioed men are heroes; the brunette kind are villains.) Her five pictures that follow reveal her, in their respective final close-ups, clasped in the arms of five various and assorted types of leading men. Perhaps you are interested so exclusively in the star that you pay little attention to the heroic gentlemen who play opposite her. Perhaps, on the other hand, you are one of the many who believe that a star's performance in a picture may be "made" or spoiled utterly by her leading man. And often, undoubtedly, especially when the action of the picture is not riveting all your attention, you fall to wondering about the actual feelings of the star and her leading man toward each other, and reactions like this dawdle through your mind:



Elliott Dexter

On the Screen: The heroine registers anger by beating the hero's chest with her flyweight-sized fists.

You (musingly from your seat in H-4): "He's a poor actor; I wonder if he really does exasperate her."

On the Screen: He and she embrace with more than the normal amount of enthusiasm.

You: "Why, they do it as if they were actually in love. Perhaps, outside the studio, they're sweethearts."

Comments of Other Spectators: "He's so handsome! I'll bet she's just crazy to get him to play opposite her."

"Ugh! I hate him! I'd break my contract if I were a star and had him for a leading man."

"No wonder they do so poorly in love scenes—off the screen they're married to each other!"

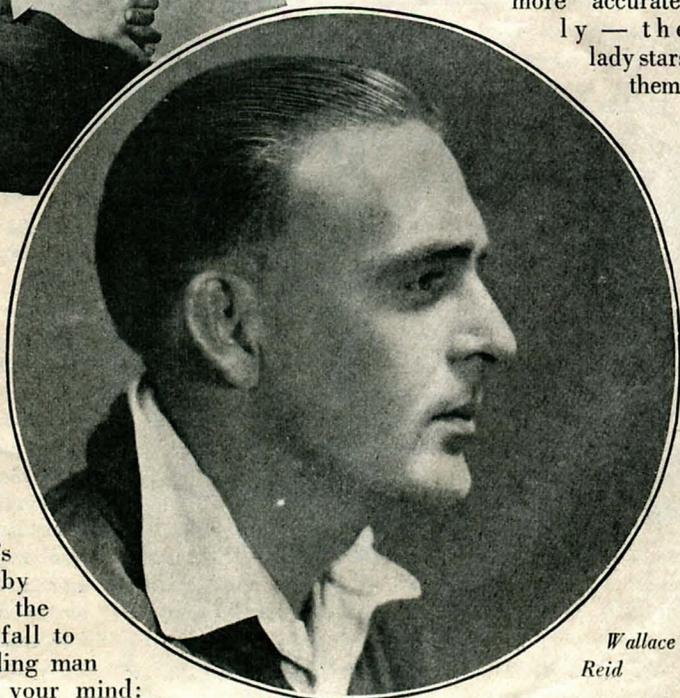
And so it goes.

How do the lady stars actually feel about it? Our blasé friends say that the lovely cinematic señoritas "feel" not at all, that all leading men look alike to them, that Klieg-love, whether dispensed by Wallace Reid or Bull Montana, would arouse the same emotions in them. Our ingenue friends refute this indignantly. "I have known stars to demand the insertion in their contracts," exclaims a confirmed lens lizard, "of clauses specifying that certain actors must play opposite them in all their pictures. Look at Bill Hart and Jane Novak—you don't call it coincidence that they've been seen together on the screen so often, do you? Once in a while a star

refuses to appear with an actor who has been chosen by the powers that be as her 'lead.'

I know!"

Perhaps he does, but we decided to go to people who know even more accurately — the lady stars them-



Wallace Reid

selves. We invaded the Lasky studio in the manner of the "Inquiring Reporter," who asks a question of five people met at random each day and records the answers in a newspaper.

"What is your favorite type of leading man—and why?" was our question.

We were guided by an assisting press agent to the artistic reproduction of the Scottish village of "Thrums" on the Lasky lot. Thatch-roofed cottages, irregularly cobbled streets, a quaint village pump, and a kirk made us imagine we were whiffing heather instead of the aroma from the p.a.'s cheroot. Betty Compson was wearing the gipsy costume of "Babbie," sparkling little heroine of "The Little Minister." We sat upon two un-Scottish canvas chairs.

"I don't know that I have any favorite type of leading man," said Miss Compson. "'Type' is hardly the word for it. I don't care whether a leading man is dark or light, short or tall, athletic or slender. But I want him to have personality. It's an ancient bromide to say that one can't define 'personality,' but screen stars and screen audiences are equally quick to recognize it. If a leading man hasn't 'personality,' he's a blank. If I were required to state quickly, without thinking it over, who my favorite leading man is, I'd say, 'Somebody like Will Rogers.' He has a soul, wit and humor, and he's a regular man. Then there is Tom Meighan, who has graduated from the leading-man class, but who played opposite me in 'The Miracle Man.' That picture was so successful and did so much for me that I suppose I'm prejudiced in favor of anybody who played in it. But I really believe Tom Meighan is an ideal type of leading man. Like Will Rogers, he has a soul and he's a regular man, though he's really a big, lovable boy grown up. All the nice things people say about him are true. I am keen for Elliott Dexter, too. Elliott is a mental type, and his brains make him a delightful companion. He can interest one in any subject, and he has such a thorough and intelligent grasp of his profession that it must be a pleasure to play opposite him. I hope to, some day. I don't think personal appearance makes such a difference in leading men. The public demands that they be reasonably good-looking, of course, and good looks would certainly never prejudice me against them. One thing I ask—good, honest eyes. It's what comes from the eyes that makes me like or dislike a man. Charles Ray and Conrad Nagel have two of the nicest pairs of eyes."

Gloria Swanson had just returned from El Paso, Texas, where she had been on location for "The Husband's Trademark," and we spoke to her on the studio floor. Miss Swanson considered our question several minutes before she replied.

"It seems to me," she said finally, "that technical knowledge of the acting profession and personal refinement are the two chief requisites for a leading man. At least, my favorites have those two qualities. Elliott Dexter and Tom Meighan have them, and, from my viewpoint, they are ideal leading men.

"A leading man has a considerable effect upon a star's work. She is assisted to do her best by his interest and conscientious performance. And she is discouraged and hampered if he is careless or indifferent or doesn't know his business. When I was playing leading-women roles, I felt duty-bound to give the male star the support of the best performance I was able to offer. My favorite leading man does

the same. As for actually feeling the emotions which one seems to be undergoing on the screen, please remember that there is a sharp distinction between real and reel love-making. If a star does an emotional love scene unusually



Milton Sills



Thomas Meighan

well, it does not mean that she is a Cleopatra or in love with her leading man. It generally means that she is a good actress. Fervent kisses on the screen are not a sign that the star likes her *vis-a-vis*; probably the scenario writer said that the kisses should be fervent and there was nothing for the star to do but to comply. Lovemaking upon the screen has nothing to do with personal likes or dislikes; it is just part of the business of being an actress. I should prefer a conscientious, proficient leading man whom I personally disliked to a careless, amateurish one whom

I liked, and should probably give a much better performance with the former playing opposite me."

Tall, dark men! Lend ears to Agnes Ayres, and take heart.

"Yes, I'll admit I'm prejudiced," she told us on the "set" for her first starring picture, "The Lane That Had No Turning." "I like leading men who are above the average height, and I prefer dark ones. Perhaps the fact that that description fits Thomas Meighan and Rudolph Valentino, who were my last leading men, has something to do with it.

"My leading man must also be a gentleman. I want him not only tall physically but broad mentally, so that, in order to imagine myself in love with him and act my role of heroine with fervor and conviction, I may look up to him both literally and figuratively. I cannot imagine myself convincingly loving, even for (Continued on page 54)

Delivering Your Picture

WHAT HAPPENS FROM THE TIME A FILMPLAY LEAVES THE STUDIO UNTIL YOU VIEW IT IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE; THE FIRST OF TWO ILLUMINATIVE ARTICLES ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF PICTURES

By Philip Kerby

DID you ever stop to think that the same picture that you were viewing for the first time at the Ruby Theatre in Kokomo, Ind., is perhaps also being shown at the Iris at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., Great Bear, Montana, Birmingham, England, Le Mans, France, and Christchurch, New Zealand? The world over, audiences are applauding the consummate bravery of the same hero, hissing the wiles of the deep-dyed villain, and weeping over the loveliness of the fair and becurled heroine. Unlike spoken dramas, which, in these days of high cost of traveling, send out not more than four road companies, the movies disseminate their brilliance in perhaps forty or more simultaneous performances in widely separated localities. The inner workings of the great moving picture octopus, whose tentacles reach nearly every portion of the globe, are interesting to follow, since many ingenious methods of distribution are the result.

A motion picture film is considered by "common carriers" as the greatest perishable on the market. Thousands of dollars may be lost or won on a train schedule. If a picture does not arrive at its destination in time for the advertised showing it is practically worthless, and the contract governing its release is automatically broken. The theatre owner is absolved from the necessity of paying for its rental, but at the same time he must perforce keep his theatre dark, thus losing money, or if he is lucky can show again any films he may happen to have in his possession. However, this latter contingency is regarded as highly improbable, since after a film is shown it is immediately whisked away to be shown in another town.

Without delving too deep in the technical side, let us take a peep at the life of a film after it leaves the hands of the producer. It has been produced on the West Coast by one of the large studios which maintains its own "super-perfect" releasing organization throughout the country.

"Hearts Aflame," the stupendous super-feature," arrives at the New York headquarters where it receives a final editing.

In the inner sanctum of the president's private projection room the officials of the company view it dispassionately, coldly admit its merits, and caustically criticise its faults. Some of the greatest successes have been sent out as forlorn hopes and, by expert exploitation, and also, in a measure, through some inherent merit, have won phenomenal success. However, it is not the purpose of this article to either condemn or praise, but to state bald facts.

Usually, five positive prints of a picture are made first, one to be sent to the Library of Congress at Washington for copyright, one to the censorship board for file and, as one producer explained, "not too great deletion," one for the company vaults, and two for immediate use. In passing it might be well to explain that

prints are made in much the same way that ordinary white paper prints are taken, with the exception that the work is done on a large scale, and are transmitted to sensitized celluloid composition instead of paper.

The film, depending on its importance, is then subjected to one of several different avenues of release, and by release is meant its dissemination for projection before the public. Its importance is determined by three paramount factors, the actual cost of making, the popularity of the star or director (curiously enough the name of a popular director may often save a bad picture), and the popularity of the story.

"Hearts Aflame," our mythical example, was transposed from a widely read book by a popular author, the star has an international reputation, and its cost went above the half million mark. This last may sound fantastic, but is easily possible in "real" money. With a tremendous fanfare of trumpets blown by the "Director of Publicity" (press agent) and his able assistants, "Hearts Aflame" is given a "pre-release" showing, oftentimes at a legitimate theatre with seats costing usual theatre prices, i. e., \$2.50 up and down.

Oftentimes this pre-release takes place simultaneously in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. After the film has run perhaps two weeks, it is taken off and released nationally in what are known as "first-run" houses, located in the "key cities" throughout the country.

In order to comprehend a little of the magnitude of the undertaking, it perhaps is necessary to give an outline of the great network of releasing system covering the country. The United States is divided into about forty different sections. Oftentimes these sections correspond as near as possible with the states, but sometimes two or more states may be included in one territory, and inversely one state may have two different key cities, depending on the population and whether or not it is a good "show" territory.

In charge of each territory is a district manager, who is in many respects similar to a district sales manager of any nationally known product. If the territory is large, he may have two or more assistants directly responsible to him, and they in turn have a corps of highly trained traveling salesmen, bearing the rather opprobrious title of "film peddlers." In no other business is competition so keen, since the value of a film is highly ephemeral. Its value may change overnight, due to some effect or mischance wholly beyond the control of the salesman or the manager. In one locality a certain film may do a tremendous business, since the story may have some local adaptation, while a scant hundred miles distant the same film may fall dismally flat, due again chiefly to some local conditions.

Let us suppose, therefore, that "Hearts Aflame" is to be released nationally. Forty prints are made

You probably go to your favorite movie theatre at least once every week and you always find the advertised filmplay waiting for your consideration. Did you ever stop to think how this film reached you? Did you ever realize that the paths which it followed from the studio to you were many and devious, that hundreds of men were employed solely to see that, when you had been told a certain film would be at your theatre at a certain time, you would not be disappointed? Read this article by Philip Kerby. You will not only find it extremely interesting. You will find it entertaining in its unveiling of the workings of a department of a great industry which has never been fully revealed to the public.

and shipped in plenty of time for release on a certain date. The prints are accompanied by much voluminous publicity, i. e., the "press book" made up from stories written about the various actors, incidents during the taking of the picture, local color, etc., prepared by the "Director of Publicity" at the production studios; a complete set of "stills," ordinary photographs depicting the most important moments in the story; and most important of all, a complete set of favorable criticisms culled from the daily newspapers of the cities where "Hearts Aflame" enjoyed its pre-release showing.

An element in audience psychology enters into the last. If "Hearts Aflame" enjoyed a successful run in New York, and we are supposing it did from the publicity standpoint, it necessarily follows that Buffalo, Memphis, St. Louis, New Orleans, Milwaukee, Denver and the two Portlands, Maine and Oregon, will also like it. Thus, reasons the District Manager, and accordingly he makes sure that the criticisms receive widespread publicity in the local newspapers before the picture is shown.

How about the theatre managers? Have they no choice or option in the matter? In the majority of the first-run theatres the capital stock is controlled by the releasing company, usually *sub rosa*, and they are obliged to take at least fifty-two pictures a year, making up the remainder of their programs from outside material. Sometimes, and in fact quite frequently, the theatres, if they are not operated by the releasing company, find it distinctly to their advantage to make contracts a year in advance, agreeing to take all the output of certain large companies. Here audience psychology again plays a part. It is human nature to wish to see a picture the first time it comes to a city. The great striving always to "be first" is shrewdly capitalized by the motion picture industry, and the public digs down into its collective pockets and willingly pays for its foibles.

WITH another and slightly less modest fanfare of trumpets "Hearts Aflame" is released nationally and scores a pronounced hit. The local critics perhaps unconsciously have been influenced to some extent by the advance publicity and criticisms of their brothers in the metropolis and, not wishing to be considered lacking in appreciation, have fallen in line and by a careful choice of adjective and superlative have outdone their more conservative brothers.

"Hearts Aflame" has been successfully launched on its career. The district manager breathes a sigh of relief, and sets himself down to the real task of "putting the picture over." The simile of a snowball rolling down hill is not amiss, since if the hill is steep enough, and if the snow is sufficiently deep and moist, the snowball will attain huge proportions before it reaches the bottom. Similarly, a picture attains success due in a part to its merit—it is a foregone conclusion that it must be inherently good—but due also to the initiative and perspicacity of the sales force in pushing their product. Up to the present the picture has not earned a cent of real money. The expenses of exploitation and advertising have very likely eaten up all the releasing profits, since the overhead has been stupendous.

After the widely advertised national release comes the real test. The district manager must "sell" or rather, to be more exact, rent his product to the independent houses in the smaller cities and towns within his district. In many of the smaller cities there are also first-run houses, and they get the picture usually the first week after the national release. In many instances they are bound by iron-bound contracts to take whatever they are given, but this holds true only in a limited degree. With the attendant publicity created in the criticisms of the state papers the small theatres take the picture and it is up to the owners and managers to utilize this publicity to the greatest extent. In order to make a profit on the picture they must "draw in the crowds," which

oftentimes depends on their own ingenuity in exploitation. It is not the purpose of this article to reveal the many "Barnumesque" stunts resorted to—they are familiar to us all—but to see what happens to "Hearts Aflame."

Let us examine for a moment the office of the district manager about the fifth week of the showing of the super-feature. It is needless to say that the value of the picture decreases rapidly in the ratio of the number of times it is shown. It is impossible to give any rental figures simply because they vary so. "It depends," one district exchange manager told me, "on any God's quantity of different things."

"One has to consider the theatre, the time of year—crowds vary as the heat in any locality increases or decreases—the prosperity of the community, the popularity of the picture, the local popularity of the star as evinced by previous pictures, the class of audience, and also the ability of the manager to sell future pictures of this same star to this manager. We never try to sell only one picture, but to make the price in accordance to business conditions which will enable us to deal in future with this same manager—who is our ultimate consumer."

IT SEEMED impossible as we talked, that this lad—he was not yet twenty-four—could have accumulated so much business acumen. After seeing the remainder of the sales force, whom he had called in for a conference on the release of an important feature by his company it seemed more surprising still, since he was the eldest.

"When I was made sales manager," he told me afterward, "I found that our competitors were getting all the business, and the reason was simply that 'our gang' stuck to old-fashioned methods. What we needed was pep, ginger, and the spirit of youth. Our product was better than any of the others, and the reason why we were not getting the business was that we had been content to leave well enough alone and not seek new fields. Business, like anything else, stagnates without new life, and with one exception—the old 'booker'—I summarily fired the entire staff and took on a crowd of youngsters that I could boss—and who were out to get results, rather than pay checks."

I inquired why the "booker" had remained. He told me that a "booker" was the most important adjunct in the office, and that his experience in routing films was invaluable.

AFTER a film is 'sold' the most important task of booking it advantageously, so that it may be shipped with the least waste of time, arises. Time is the all-important element we have to contend with, because if a picture does not arrive in time it is valueless to the theatre owner. Oftentimes one of my salesmen will close a contract for a manager's open date, only to find that it will be impossible to get it to him by the time specified. Then's when we have to be diplomatic. If he refuses to accept another of our offerings, and it is impossible to borrow the print from the neighboring territory, we must arrive at some solution whereby he will either agree to take the film at a later date or else harmoniously cancel our agreement. This last I may add is only the last resort."

I pointed to a large wall map of his district where there were about five black pins, similar to the pins stuck in a map in a train dispatcher's office.

He smiled rather ruefully. "Those are the pins of disgrace," he said. "My predecessor thought it was a good plan to stick pins wherever a picture was showing. I changed all that because it breeds contentment in one's achievements. If the map is full of pins one loses sight of the places where our pictures have not been placed. Now, when our sales force gathered here this afternoon, I read them all the riot act about those pins, since they represent now the towns where we are not represented on the screen. I received the promise from the two (Continued on page 52)

Confessions of an Interviewer

SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A MAN WHOSE PROFESSION IS MEETING MOTION PICTURE CELEBRITIES AND WRITING HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THEM

By Russell Holman

THE American people may be divided into two classes — those who write interviews, and those who read them. We are great folks for getting other folks' opinions about things. The second-rate British poet ferries to our shores to accumulate a few honest American dollars via the lecture platform, and, before he has set foot on the skyscraped coast of New York, the interviewing boys from the newspapers have boarded his ship and asked him what he thinks of America. If he ventures an opinion, it is set down in scareheads on the front page of the papers; if he doesn't, it is set down anyway.

The same happens to President Harding, Jack Dempsey and the movie stars, whenever they fare forth in this great land of ours. (Cheers.) Of course, they are not solicited by the interviewers for an opinion of America; that question is reserved for visitors who have never been here. Mr. Harding is pumped discreetly regarding the government. Mr. Dempsey is questioned on the art of fisticuffs. And the movie stars are asked about everything else.

I don't know why a film luminary should be supposed to have tucked away in his head and ready to roll out upon the tip of the tongue exact and sensible dope regarding clothes, beauty, health, the art of acting, babies, income tax, prohibition, short skirts and rolled hose, disarmament, and Freud. But they are.

I interviewed Rudolph Valentino the other day. He is the handsome young man who scored such a hit in "The Four Horsemen," and who has just completed the title role of "The Sheik." In the quiet of an uptown New York hotel, four of us attacked the actor at once. The lad from the newspaper wanted to know if it is true that women love a caveman the way the indiscreet and beleaguered maiden does in "The Sheik." The moustachioed gent from the news syndicate craved an expert opinion on whether or not "The Sheik" is a nice book for juveniles. The sob sister had



We are great folks for getting other folks' opinions about things

heard that Mr. Valentino was a dancer and aimed to whittle from him an expert analysis of the shimmy and other modern dance movements. I had come to talk about "something else again," but, what with so many lungs stronger than mine and such a hot day, I merely smoked Valentino's cigarettes and listened and marveled.

The Latins are notoriously courteous, and Mr. Valentino, having been born in southern Italy, is even more so. He listened politely to the onslaught. Then he began the counter-attack skilfully and earnestly. He said that women love a caveman, provided the brute has brains—and developed and proved it. He explained that if "The Sheik" as a novel offended anybody, the picture won't cause the hair of even a Pennsylvania censor to curl, because the story, while retaining its dash and color, has had

its temperature discreetly lowered in the filming process. He proved to the sob sister that the toddle and the Chicago are first cousins to the shimmy, and that the American tango, once popular, was but a flat-footed echo of the tango as danced in Argentine, the land of its nativity.

Then he turned to me and said, mentally, "You may fire when ready, Gridley." But I knew that I could crib my story from what he had told the others, his cigarettes were gone, and I resolved to save my barrage for another day.

And as he bowed us out of the door he was smiling and seemingly as fresh as a daisy. If anybody can pass Mr. Edison's test, Rudolph Valentino is he. At least, show me the college pedagogue who can do as well.

When Gloria Swanson came to New York for a rest, after working for two solid years in pictures with hardly a breathing spell, she didn't know that she would entertain ten interviewers in the first two days. But that was the non-union schedule the publicity man had worked out for her, and Miss Swanson, who had planned matinees and seances with modistes and hours of plain resting, smilingly acquiesced.

I was there while part of the (Continued on page 50)

What They Wanted To Be

IF THESE SELZNICK PLAYERS HAD REALIZED THE AMBITIONS THEY CHERISHED AT THE AGE OF SEVEN THERE WOULD BE FIVE FEWER MOTION PICTURE STARS TODAY



LEFT: Owen Moore believed that the short cut to lots of goodies was through the kitchen and longed to be a cook.

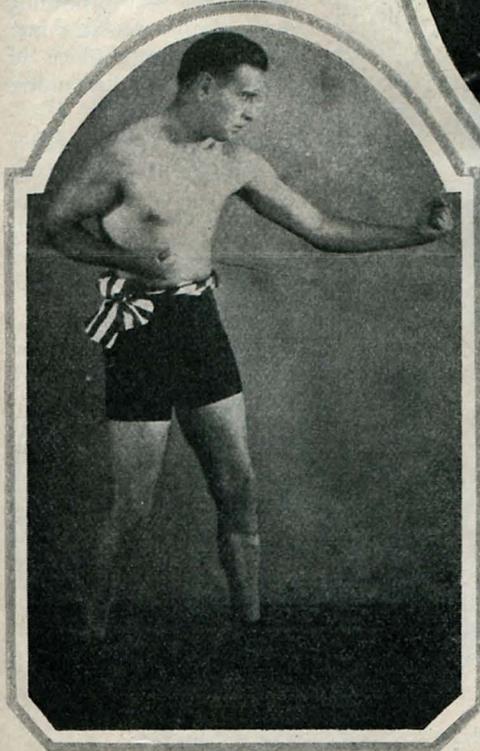
RIGHT: At the age of seven Eugene O'Brien attended a Catholic school and dreamed of the days when he would be a monk, robed and hooded like the priests of the Middle Ages



BELOW: Conway Tearle cherished the ambition to be a prizefighter until he was at least fifteen. Then a performance in an amateur production turned his thoughts toward the stage, the profession he has followed ever since. However, he still keeps in training and can give a good account of himself when necessary



LEFT: Ever since he was big enough to run, Niles Welch has chased fire engines and today, despite the fact that he has climbed to the top of his profession, he still thrills at the sound of the gong, and often rides on the hose cart of the company located near his home



RIGHT: Elaine Hammerstein loved her first teacher and thought nothing could be sweeter in life than to be a teacher herself. Somehow or other her ideas were changed, but she still loves to play teachers on the screen



Stars of Two Orbits

PROMINENT PLAYERS OF BOTH THE STAGE AND THE SCREEN FIND THE TWO FIELDS WIDELY DIFFERING

By Frank Vreeland



Although she had trouble at first in preserving a mood through a long sequence of scenes, Elsie Ferguson declares that now she steps in and out of a part as though it were an automobile

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has said that he went into motion pictures expecting that it would be very easy—all you have to do, he thought, is to walk around and look natural. But Chaplin, who seems, if any one ever was, to have been born with a silver sheet in his mouth, found that he had stepped into a new world and that he had to study and acquire the ways of the celluloid Romans or go back to being a sand-hog in vaudeville. There is as much difference, to his mind, between the stage and studio acting as there is between near-beer and the forbidden fruit of the cellar, and it took thought before Chaplin could develop his kick. Failure to recognize the distinctions between theatre and screen—slight in themselves, but magnified by the lens of the camera—has resulted in many a glittering footlight reputation turning out to be an exhibition of wet fireworks in the movies, while its possessor kicked himself free from Hollywood, never to return. But generally an astute figure of the theatre, closely observant of the tricks of the trade, is able to master the new medium in three easy lessons, despite the mental blur occasioned by getting up in time to meet breakfast halfway. As he is one of the newest to debouch upon the films, George Arliss is also one of the keenest among legitimate favorites in

detecting the trade marks that separate the stage sheep from the screen goats.

"The first thing I had to learn on going into pictures," said the star of "Disraeli," "was the fact that the most fleeting change of expression was caught by the camera and simply branded on the film. Lacking dialogue to supplement my expression, I thought I would help the poor dear public to get some idea of what I was aiming to convey by rolling my eyes a bit and throwing in a few extra gestures. Then when I saw my test pictures, I was astonished to observe myself making terrible faces and waving my arms like windmills. Of course, I have always highly appreciated the value of the eye and the muscles about the mouth in revealing meanings on the stage, so I

didn't have to stumble on the truth that there is such a thing as pantomime on the screen. But I had to learn to make acting underdone, rather than done to a turn.

"Another lesson I had to absorb was to monopolize the center of the stage without a qualm. In the theatre one does occasionally hold back and let the other fellow have a chance, and so when I started film work I tried not to 'hog' the lens. But I was informed by the directors that holding back simply wasn't done; that, in the absence of words to abet one, unless

Olga Petrova did not find it as difficult to dive into an emotion as she did to discover what the whole thing was about



William Faversham hardly recognized himself when he saw his first films—and didn't want to



one takes the lion's share of the perspective and stays in the center, one might as well fade out of the picture to slow music.

"A habit which I had to overcome was that of turning away from the camera, instead of always keeping broadside toward it. I learned that quick horizontal actions of the hands or any part of the body were bad, while movements up and down could be snappier than an army salute. But on the whole, the director will generally regulate a screen actor's actions to the proper speed, so that he won't have to bother about his footwork as much as a prizefighter.

"What a film player does have to concentrate upon is visualizing his audience and remembering that he is playing for their benefit. Of course, on the stage an actor must visualize his hearers to some extent at rehearsals, and even when performing he must always be conscious of his audience; but in the studio he must make it a specialty of his imagination. The actual audience, consisting of directors, stage hands and other players, is rather cold, but at rehearsals on the stage I became hardened to such auditors. Players of experience know that no matter how loud and hearty may be the laughter of the stage hands at a certain bit, the audience will never drop a laugh at it. There are always the surprises, the unexpected reception for a passage that you have paid small heed to at rehearsal, but on the whole, an actor knows what parts will score, and in moving pictures he has to make it almost his mission.

"The feature I miss most in the studio is the chance to warm up to a part, instead of walking into it and having it feel like cold potatoes. For spoken productions one has the opportunity to rehearse for a month, to develop various bits of business that do not spring forth full-blown at the first trial, and consequently, after trying it out on the road for several weeks, one has settled comfortably into the skin of the part. But in the studio, where one starts with the final scene and then does snatches of the photoplay here and there as the opportunity offers, it is not easy to graft one's self upon the role."

The same difficulty in keeping a simple wave of the hand in recognition from looking as though he were exhorting armies to victory has been noted by William Faversham, at present working his way through "The Silver Fox." "One's motions are apt to run wild on the screen," he says. "One has to take care how one curls one's lips. I found I had to slow down my motions a bit, or else if I moved too fast it looked as though I was about to make a violent attack on the scenery. And some of my first expressions were fearful. I hardly recognized myself—and I didn't want to.

"An actor on the stage becomes accustomed to exaggerating emotions and expressions a trifle, to reach the man in the back row of the gallery, who demands his money's worth like a regular fellow. But the close-ups of the camera bring the spectator right to your elbow, and unless one watches sharp and tones down from the grand bow-bow style the result is apt to be ghastly.

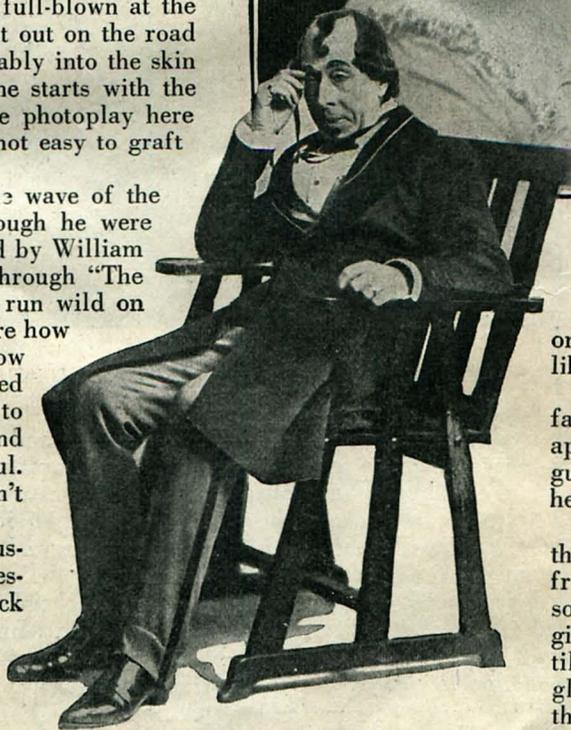
"Film acting is confining—and by that I'm not referring to being cooped in a studio. I mean that you're generally allowed to move only a short distance on either side of the camera—eighteen feet, I believe—which rather cramps your style. Of course, wide vistas may be taken in long shots, but then the actor appears as a pinhead, which isn't flattering. Make-up, of course, is different under the studio lights, except in exteriors, so you won't look like a wreck or a rouse.

"It is very difficult to reach a climactic moment on the

screen, taking it all in one jump, when a few minutes before you may have been called upon to do nothing more turbulent than smoke a cigarette. Characterization is also very hard to put over in the movies, for the reason that you can't act with your larynx. The matchless and variegated tones of the human voice still remain, to my mind, the most potent means of expressing emotions or ideas, and that's why acting



Vivian Martin is another actress who found that in the studio emotions were snatched up piecemeal



In the studio George Arliss misses the chance to warm up to a part

on the stage makes one feel more like a human being."

The time limitation is the big factor in the movies that sets them apart from the stage for Elsie Ferguson, now preparing to unleash her feelings in another spoken play.

"The restriction that is perhaps the severest to meet for an actor from the theatre," said Miss Ferguson, "is that which keeps you from giving free rein to an emotion until you are all run out of it. The glory of D. W. Griffith, to me, is that he lets an actress look wistful until that feeling would naturally evaporate from her. But often one will get a director who will say, 'Now, we can spare you two

minutes for looking sad.' Nobody ever runs his moods on a time schedule like that. Often directors break up a mood into little bits—first you are shown starting to cross the stage, after a couple of steps a close-up is given, and then the screen spills over with some remark you make. On the stage your whole passage across the stage would be allowed and you would be able to develop a mood with every movement of your body, every intonation of your voice instead of biting it off in the middle. (Continued on page 56)

Back Stage in the Movies

PREPARING THE PROGRAM WHICH SURROUNDS A FEATURE PICTURE REQUIRES A THOROUGH UNDERSTANDING OF AUDIENCE PSYCHOLOGY AND THE AID OF ALL THE ARTS OF EXPRESSION

By Walter F. Eberhardt

THERE is a psychology in program presentation that the average patron of motion pictures, sitting complacently in his orchestra seat, is totally unaware of.

The manager who builds his program with a view to audience effects does so with an effort that can best be described as an hyperbole of rising interest. The aim is to make the interest sweep along in undulating curves until finally, when the feature picture is to be shown, it is in a receptive mood to climb to supreme heights in appreciative interest.

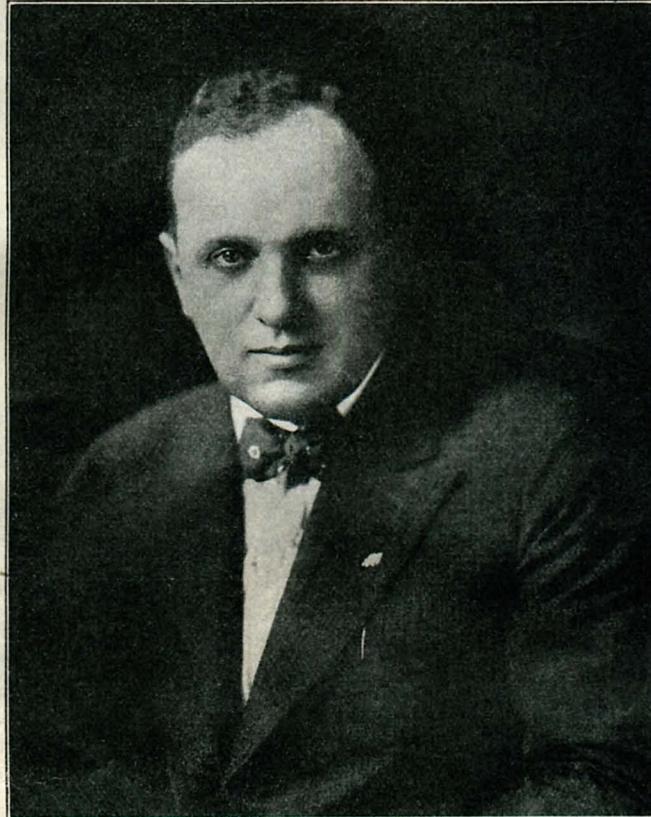
That explains the difference between just a complete picture and a completed program—a difference that is as great as between a Rembrandt portrait on a bare wall and a Rembrandt hung in harmonizing surroundings, in the proper lights and against a blending background.

In the first-run theatres of a large city this building up of a program involves a tremendous amount of time, thought and work. Time is divided into split seconds. They can tell you that the program should run from 118 to 120 minutes and in no instance can this be deviated from. They will tell you that, under the personal supervision of the manager of the theatre, the building of a program necessitates the mental co-operation of half a dozen department heads and their subordinates. They will tell you that the work involved often carries them into the hours that Broadway once thought ordinary, but that are now regarded as reminiscent of ante-blue law days.

On the afternoon on which a picture opens its run (and New York's first-run houses start their features on Sundays) the final cuts and alterations in that week's program are made. The worries for that bill are ended.

Immediately afterward work commences on the program for the following week. Once the feature picture is familiar to all, the actual planning commences.

Taking the instance of the Capitol Theatre, the largest playhouse devoted to motion pictures in the world, when the program for "Bits of Life" was being planned. Colorful, intense and artistic, this picture demanded surroundings which, while impressive, would not tend to subordinate the feature. Throughout Monday and Tuesday nights—from the time the last patrons had left the building until two or



Photograph Campbell Studio

S. L. Rothafel, leading expert in filmplay presentation

three in the morning—Manager S. L. Rothafel and his assistant, Mr. Dowd, inspected short subjects that could be used with this feature. Despite the fact that the choice was limited—for it is a policy at the Capitol to try to use exclusive short subjects only—there are from 10,000 to 15,000 feet of film to be inspected every week.

The program of a first-run theatre in New York usually comprises an overture, a ballet, a short film (usually a scenic), a composite news reel, a solo, a prologue, the feature picture and sometimes (not always) a comedy.

From the mass of offerings Mr. Rothafel and his assistant had to select 12 minutes of short subject entertainment that would blend with "Bits of Life." They finally divided the time, half going to "Snow Time in Japan" and "The City of Lake Como."

On Tuesday, Mr. Rothafel called the weekly conference of his department heads. These conferences are very informal and every one has a

right to a free and frank expression of opinion. It was decided that the overture from "Tannhaeuser," with its crashing finale, was the appropriate selection for the week. Once that had been decided upon it remained for Mr. Erno Rapee, the conductor, and his assistant, Mr. Axt, to attend to the rehearsals of the orchestra. A fanciful ballet, involving a dreaming, broken-hearted Pierrot, was decided upon for the ballet number. Immediately Mr. Alexander Oumansky, ballet master, prepared the choregraphy and was left to arrange the presentation of the number.

A Southern lullaby was selected for the Capitol quintette, a permanent feature at the theatre, and the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" for the solo.

This seems a diversified program, but those familiar with "Bits of Life" will recall that the picture is just what the title indicates. It covers four widely separated short stories of life, and with this theme the selected program was in harmony.

On Wednesday and Thursday evening Mr. Rothafel, Mr. Rapee and Mr. Axt scored the feature picture. This means running the picture, stopping on a second's notice, running it over again—the whole tedious process repeated *ad lib.* until the picture has been gone over perhaps four times. During all this time Mr. Rothafel and his aids are

jotting down selections to be used at each cue, marking the cue and the number of bars to be played for each selection. There is abundant choice, for the music library at the Capitol alone comprises 4,300 pieces.

Then there comes the question of a prologue. If one is decided upon and there is nothing available for the purpose, Martha Wilchinsky contributes the lyrics. In the case of "Bits of Life," Miss Wilchinsky contributed a few verses, to be spoken from the stage with musical accompaniment, that bore out the thought of the picture.

Then came the quandary. Neither Mr. Rothafel, Mr. Rapee nor Mr. Axt could think of a suitable selection to accompany these lyrics, which were written in the same meter as Kipling's "Gunga Din."

Finally, the manager's memory took him to a popular selection of years ago. He whistled it; but he couldn't recall its name. Neither could Mr. Rapee. Nor Mr. Axt.

Without stopping to look up the selection the leader wrote down the notes from Mr. Rothafel's whistling and prepared the orchestration.

The selection happened to be "Ain't It Funny What a Difference Just a Few Hours Make," from "The Yankee Consul," in which Raymond Hitchcock starred in 1906. Those who saw "Bits of Life" at the Capitol Theatre will tell you how effective Miss Wilchinsky's lyrics were to that tune.

On Friday night the news reels have come in and they must be selected and edited for the following week. Most first-run theatres subscribe to several news reels—Fox, International, Kinograms, Pathé and Selnick. From 6,000 feet of offerings every week, Mr. Rothafel and his aids have to select 1,000 feet.

Sometimes on Saturday morning there is an orchestra rehearsal. Always, on Sunday morning, there is a final dress rehearsal at which everything is rehearsed except the feature picture.

One might think that with all this work everything would be letter perfect—that the fertile mind of the supervisor had utilized every possibility, but not so, for on Sunday morning Mr. Rothafel sees the complete program for the first time.

During the singing of the Southern lullaby Mr. Rothafel suddenly broke into an outburst.

"How about that light, Jo? Aren't you watching?"

The thin, red light that shone through the window was changed. It was just a trifling of shades; but it had attracted the keen eye of the manager.

During the playing of the "Tannhaeuser" overture another idea arose—of featuring a cornet quintet during the passage of "The Pilgrim's Return." It was conceived on the spur of the moment. The five cornetists rehearsed that part again and again until they rose and sat down in perfect unison. It was like an army drilling—a simile that was intensified by the thundering finale that was given the last bars after an initial rehearsal had proved inadequate.

The ballet dance had to be gone over twice and some of the parts several times. Just a change of expression, the intensity of a spotlight, a shifting of position—all playing their part in the science of audience psychology.

And then came the soloist who wanted to sing to her shadow.

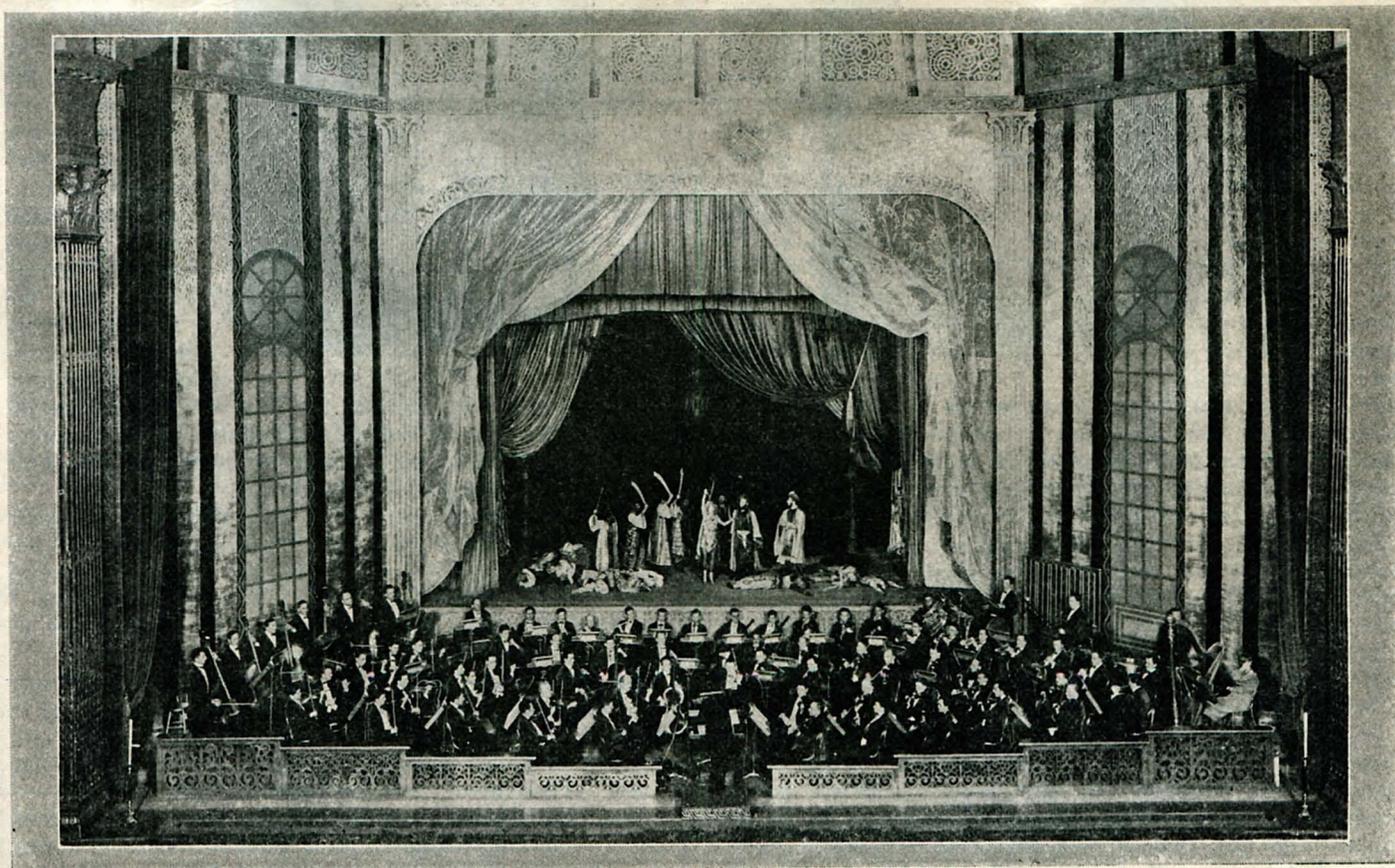
"But it can't be done, madam, unless you turn your back to the audience."

As the singer persisted, Mr. Rothafel, open to suggestion, cried:

"Try the small spot, Jo—see if we can get it."

The number was repeated until every resource had been experimented with and even the director was satisfied that it could be done only one way.

Finally there came the news reel. After several episodic incidents it showed the burial of the unknown hero and Gen. Pershing saluting the grave in *(Continued on page 54)*



An elaborate presentation of the ballet "Scherzade" at the Capitol Theatre, New York, to the accompaniment of the great symphony orchestra, which is a permanent fixture of the world's largest motion picture theatre.

She Believed in Herself

EARLY IN LIFE FRANCES HARMER SET OUT TO MAKE A NAME FOR HERSELF AS A PLAYWRIGHT AND NOW, AT SIXTY-THREE, HER PERSEVERANCE HAS CROWNED HER YEARS OF HARD WORK WITH SUCCESS

By Charles Reed Jones

FRANCES HARMER is by far the most pleasant, the most intelligent and the most successful advocate of correspondence schools I have ever met. In England, her birthplace, at an age far too young for the modern girl to have her first screen ambitions, Miss Harmer clipped her first coupon. That coupon and the many succeeding ones, with the name and address, which she, according to instructions, did "print in full," laid the educational foundation for her present work as literary assistant to William C. deMille. Miss Harmer, despite her present age—I believe she said she was sixty-three—agile of mind and body, is one of the busiest workers on the Lasky lot. Miss Harmer's education, all of which was gleaned from correspondence schools—and experience—enabled her to qualify as a teacher of English literature and grammar in a Canadian school at an age when most of us are still depending on the monthly checks from home. Earliest among Miss Harmer's definite ambitions was an overwhelming one which is still vital—the desire to write for the stage. Strained financial circumstances made any training, except by a pay-as-you-go correspondence course, impossible, and she again placed her faith and her earnings in that method.

Studying by correspondence between tedious hours of teaching and reading and correcting home-work and examination papers is slow and nerve-wearing—so much so, in fact, that few have the persistence to go through with it. It is difficult—especially difficult for us who have fallen before the enervating influence of southern California climate—to believe it possible.

From Canada, Miss Harmer went to Texas, again as an English teacher in a private school for girls. It was while there that she completed her first play, a four-act drama, carefully and neatly written by hand on both sides of the paper. The first play broker who read her initial effort returned it to her with brief comment. Likewise, the second; and she, who was later to make an important place for herself on the staff of one of the screen's leading pro-

ducer-directors, started to New York with the unfinished manuscript of a second play and the few hundred dollars she had managed to save from her work in America's most underpaid profession. Charles Frohman, Inc., was the first producer in New York to read her play. Though that drama has not yet been produced, the encouragement she received at that time spurred her on to further efforts and success. Frohman, at the time of reading her play, was so impressed with the originality of the theme that the manuscript was held for revision and subsequent production. It so happened, however, that the unprecedented success of the com-

pany's early fall productions interfered with further new activities during the season and the play was returned to her. In New York, Miss Harmer associated herself with one of the leading play brokers of the metropolis and continued her study of dramatic construction and, what she considers equally important for the would-be scenarist or playwright, her reading.

Through her new activities in the East, she met and established a firm friendship with Mrs. Henry C. DeMille, mother of Cecil and William, at a time when neither one of them had become interested in motion pictures.

While she was associated with Mrs. DeMille in business in New York, Miss Harmer, besides devoting much of her time to reading and selling plays, was writing for several of the leading national magazines. Though she told me, I have quite forgotten all of her many pen names, each of which has a definite reason for being.

"My most used name," she explained, "is for my very worst stories. All my other names are graded according to the merit of the publication they are intended for. My own name, for first-class work only, appears less frequently than the rest. Then there is another I must tell you about, ———. He (I sometimes use a man's name) writes about on a par with the average writer of popular magazine stories, but he discusses things that women are not supposed to know anything about."

It was through Miss Harmer's association with Mrs.



Three recent pictures of Miss Frances Harmer who, at sixty-three, has attained the goal toward which she has worked throughout her life: an important position in field of theatrical writing

DeMille that she eventually became interested in motion pictures. Cecil or William, "one of the boys"—so Miss Harmer put it—had been discussing with his mother the many hard-to-fill vacancies at the Lasky studios. He considers his scenario readers among the most important members of his staff, and he feels that dependable readers are unusually hard to find. Miss Harmer had been a reader of plays and she had shown in her reading the discrimination that had made her successful as a play broker. Mrs. DeMille recommended Miss Harmer, and she left New York immediately for Los Angeles.

Miss Harmer was associated with Famous Players but a short time when she became head reader for that firm. During the period she remained with them in that capacity, she wrote several original stories which have been produced. Her most recent screen play, "One Wild Week," a Bebe Daniels comedy, is now showing throughout the country. About one year ago, Miss Harmer resigned her position in the Famous Players scenario department to join William C. deMille as literary assistant.

"Being 'literary assistant' for Mr. deMille," so Miss Harmer told me, "is more like being a play broker than anything else I have tried since I left New York. My job is to find stories for our unit. Day after day is spent tediously reading material that is entirely without merit, hoping for an idea that may be developed. When I chance to hit on something that looks like a potentially good picture, there is a new and even harder task awaiting me. I must convince Mr. deMille that I am right. I have had to sell him every story I have chosen for him, and it has been more difficult in each case than it ever was to put over a deal with a New York stage producer.

"Time and again, I have asked him what he wants—what sort of a story, what locale, what whatnot. The answer never varies: 'If I knew what I wanted I could get it. Just find something different—something that can be done in a different way.' Then the search, definite, yet most indefinite, begins anew. My job, of course, is a bit more than finding stories, though that takes most of my time. I am part of the committee, which includes all of Mr. deMille's staff, that works out the details of all of his productions."

Several times in the hour I was talking with Miss Harmer, she was called to answer the 'phone and each time I would hear her making an appointment with some aspiring screen writer who had just completed what certainly deserved to be Mr. deMille's next story. She meets them all, though

she knows that all—the exception, which is supposed to prove the rule, has not yet submitted his story by that method—will have nothing to offer.

"Still there is a compensation in talking to the youngsters who come in to see me. Many of them give evidence of possibilities that I think my advice may help to develop. And many of them are amusing almost beyond belief. A woman 'phoned the other day for an appointment, telling me she had an idea for the screen that had never been used in motion pictures or on the stage; her plan was to picturize the process of embalming.

"Another, who had recently chanced to pick up a volume on theosophy, was dumbfounded when I told her that the idea of reincarnation was more than three or four weeks old. It is not unusual for a person, apparently normal outside of the studio, to expect me to pay him for the information that the life of George Washington might make a good picture.

"A common type, too, is represented by the person who knows 'that the story of my life would make a wonderful moving picture, if I could only get some one to write it down.' I suppose I have listened to as many life stories as any other person in this business, but I have yet to hear one that is, in its entirety, a drama. Many of them, if not the majority, have had experiences that might be developed into screen plays. But I am only repeating bromidic advice that one should write from his own experiences; however, that method is the safest."

One would expect that the trying duties of the studio routine, combined with the effort Miss Harmer puts into her own screen writing, would render her incapable of further activities, but such is not so. Much of her time is spent with some of the younger girls among the Lasky players, to whom she is a guide and teacher. Last year she conducted several classes in contemporaneous literature at the Hollywood Studio Club, which the Y. W. C. A. has established to help girls away from home who are endeavoring to make places for themselves on the screen.

Miss Harmer's plans for the future are quite definite. She will continue with Mr. deMille, and she will continue to write for the screen.

"Between times," let me quote her, "I'll find a chance for writing magazine stories. I expect to start a new class at the Studio Club shortly and continue it through next spring. I must keep busy to keep healthy—and I must keep healthy to keep busy—and keeping busy is necessary in these hard times."

Frances Harmer is the most remarkable example of success gained through persistent effort in the entire world of films. Imbued at an early age with the desire to write for the theatre, through the sixty-odd years of her life she has held to her ambition, writing short stories under assumed names, teaching school, reading plays, so that she might give her free hours to her well-loved work. In the end her devotion to an idea and an ideal was bound to find recognition and today she is one of the most important figures in the Hollywood motion picture colony—literary assistant to William deMille, one of the leading producer-directors of America. Her story is one to inspire; her philosophy, her good cheer and her never-failing belief in herself should be of intense interest to every reader of FILMPLAY

"Important—If True"

By J. R. McCARTHY

*When entertainers earn the same
As men who plow the fields,
When laugh-producing as a game
The same as farming yields—*

*Then we'll have less of splurge and dash
And more of head and heart;
Not films by men who love the cash,
But men who love the art!*

Handicapped by Family Prestige

ARTHUR RANKIN, SCION OF AMERICA'S GREATEST THEATRICAL FAMILIES, RUNS AWAY FROM THE EAST WHERE HE IS KNOWN AS THE NEPHEW OF THE BARRYMORES AND THE GRANDSON OF MCKEE RANKIN

By J. Allen Boone

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., the rising young journalist, declares his name and the family's prestige have been somewhat of a handicap to him in making good on his own merits in the newspaper business. There's another young man of about the same age who is experiencing the same difficulty out in Hollywood. He is Arthur Rankin, the youngest acting member of the famous Drew - Barrymore - Davenport - Rankin family of actors, who aspires to cinematic pre-eminence.

"I don't want directors to give me parts because I am the son of Phyllis Rankin and Harry Davenport or the nephew of Lionel and John Barrymore," young Rankin declares. "I want to succeed 'on my own.' I want to be known for my own ability, rather than for what my distinguished relatives have done.

"People say, 'Why are you working so hard out here, playing small parts at different studios, when you could have remained in greater comfort with some of your relatives in the East?' One reason I am out here is because I think Southern California is the most beautiful place I have ever seen and I want to live here. But the chief reason is that I want to start at the bottom and work up in the motion picture profession so that anything I may accomplish will be due solely to my own efforts."

And that's that, as the saying goes. He wants to succeed by himself. Young Rankin is working many long hours a day in the Hollywood motion picture colony and between pictures is seeking parts just a little bit better than those he has had. Is he making good? He had a part in "The Lure of Jade," the latest Pauline Frederick picture to be completed at the R-C Pictures west coast studio in Hollywood. Although the film has not yet been released, those who have seen it in the studio projection room say he did remarkably well. He played the part of Allan Corey, the young son of Captain Louis Corey, and his work won him the commendation of Miss Frederick herself, and Colin Campbell, the director.

Your interviewer found young Rankin—(he's twenty-five, but looks seventeen; he says he thinks it is his greatest handicap)—as we were saying, we found young Rankin in a secluded corner of one of those cavernous studio stages. He had obtained another part, after finishing his engagement in Miss Frederick's picture, and was waiting within hailing dis-



Arthur Rankin

tance of the director until he should be needed on the set. His hair, usually combed sleekly close to his head, had been cancelled until it was all frizzly and stood up and out in all directions.

At the moment we came up he was on his knees behind some discarded scenery cajoling two little variously dotted cubes to bring "Li'l Jo" home to its papa, while about him hovered an electrician, a "prop" boy and several others who were imploring an omniscient but inscrutable Providence to thwart him in his purpose. Our arrival left the matter in doubt, for the game broke up and the youthful Mr. Rankin walked away to be interviewed.

He's a likable young chap. He has the classic Barrymore profile that has agitated so many maidenly and matronly bosoms from over the footlights. There's not the least bit of affectation about him. He speaks proudly of his famous relatives, but not as if he felt partly responsible for their greatness.

"I'm playing the part of a young Jew in this picture," he said, "that's what's the matter with my hair."

He seemed a little self conscious. We sat on the edge of a disheveled bedroom set of a cheap lodging house and he started to tell about himself. He was interrupted once by a shout from the director, but he returned in a moment and we resumed our visit.

Young Rankin made his first appearance on the stage in New York in 1915 at an actor's benefit. His first professional engagement was the same year when he appeared in some special matinees there. He was freshly out of school, having attended Bishop Ridley College at St. Catharine, Ontario.

His budding stage career came to an abrupt end in April, 1917, when he enlisted in the United States Marines immediately after America entered the war. Ill health kept him from active service and he was invalidated home and given his release. As soon as he could pass the physical examination he joined the British tank corps at a New York recruiting office and was sent immediately to England, where he remained for the rest of the war. Much to his disappointment, the nearest he ever got to hostilities was to go through several air raids in England.

He entered moving pictures as soon as he returned to New York. He had had several (Continued on page 52)



ANN MAY

A charming young screen actress who has appeared opposite Charles Ray in several of that comedian's most successful pictures



Photograph by Nickolas Muray, N. Y.

GLORIA SWANSON

A new portrait of the popular star who is soon to be seen in an original filmplay entitled "The Husband's Trademark"



Photograph by W. F. Seely, L. A.

EDITH ROBERTS

A star in her own right who has been chosen by Cecil B. DeMille for one of the leading roles in his latest production, "Saturday Night"



Photograph by Pach Brothers, N. Y.

GLENN HUNTER

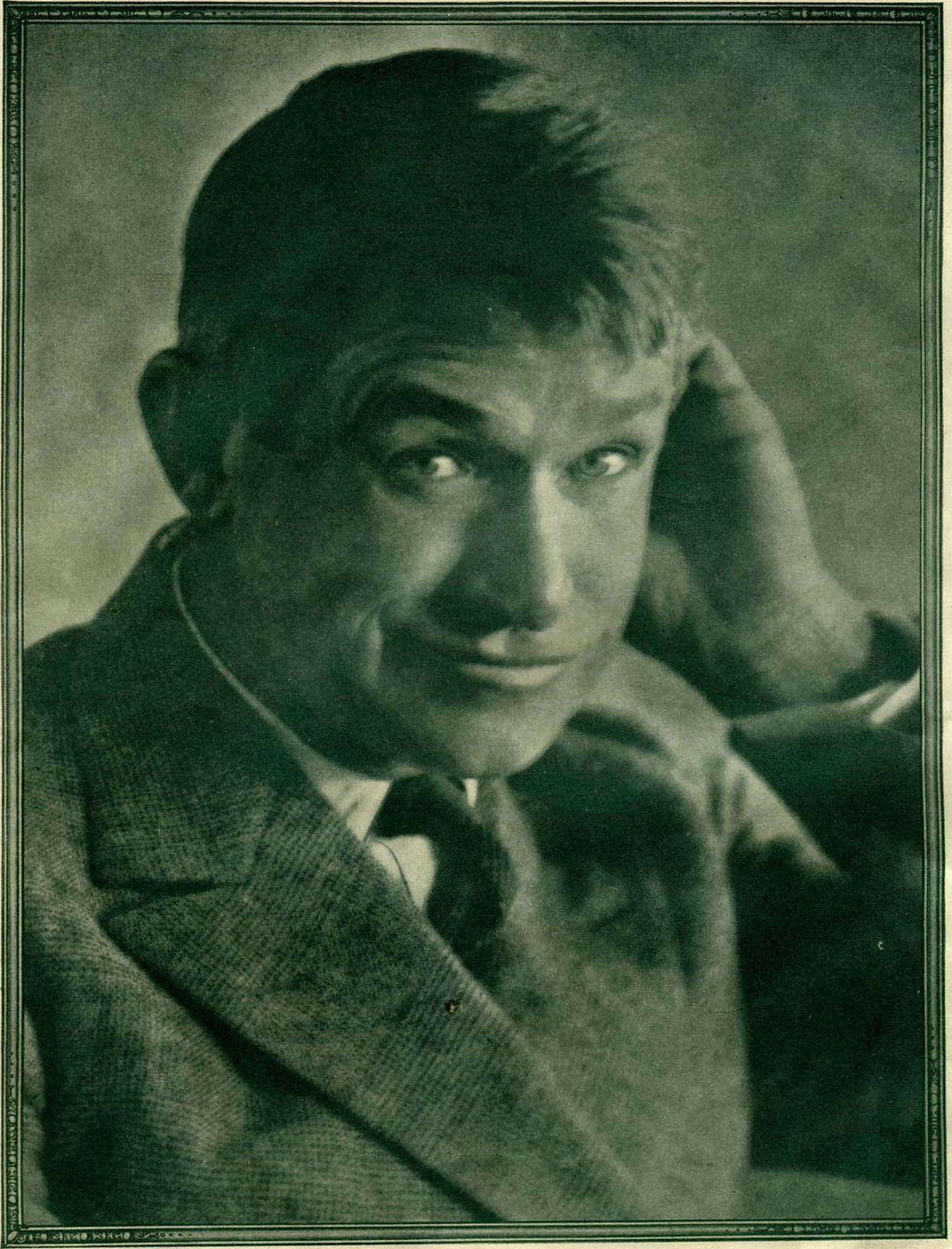
A recent recruit from the spoken drama who plays opposite Constance Binney in "The Case of Becky" and with Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through"



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

ETHEL CLAYTON

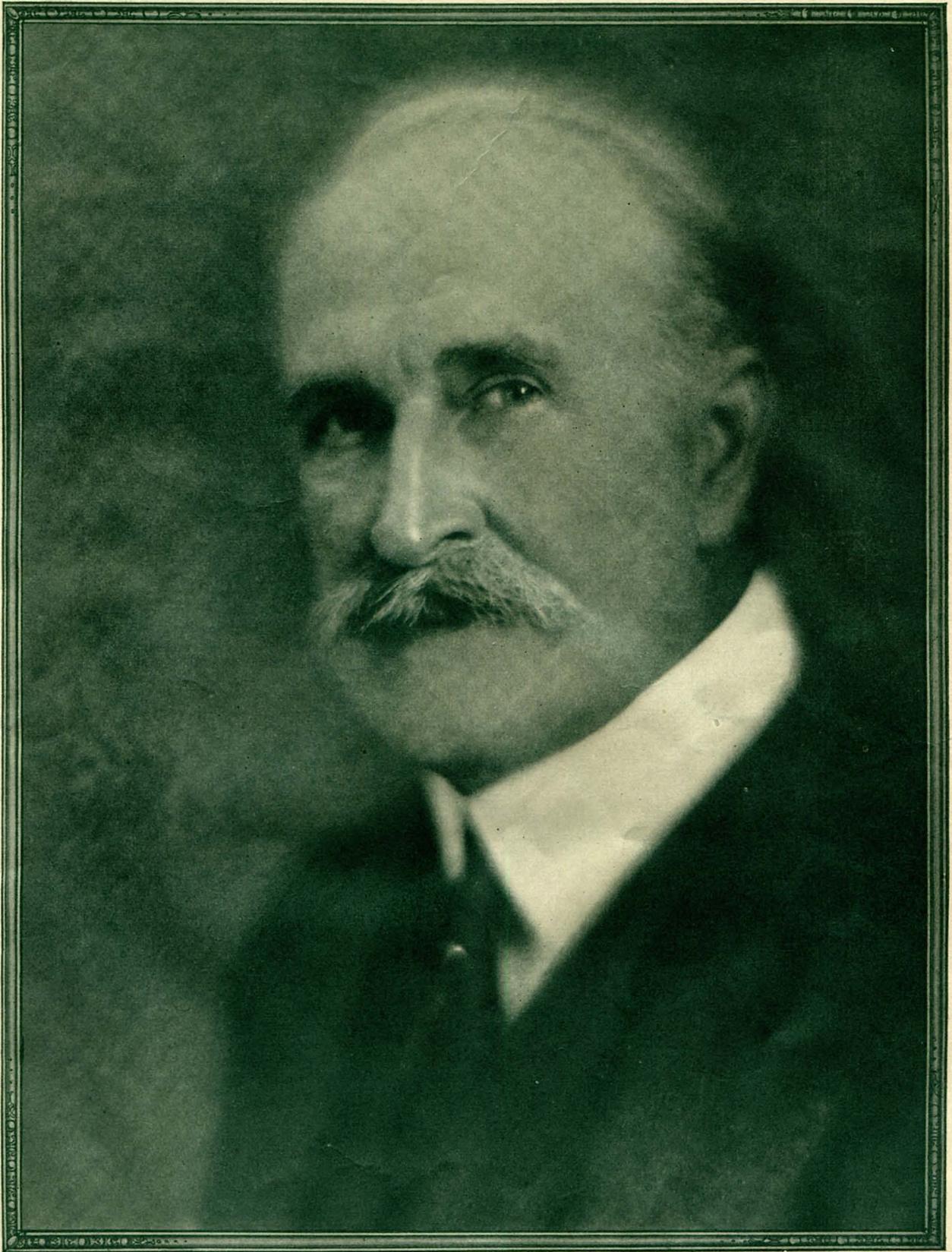
An off-screen portrait of the favorite star who is soon to appear in "For the Defense," an adaptation of Elmer Rice's stage play of that name



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

WILL ROGERS

Who has recently left the Goldwyn fold for Paramount and who will soon be presented by that company in a picture called "One Glorious Day"



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

THEODORE ROBERTS

Dean of screen character actors and as popular as any featured star, this player continues to amuse and to move with each succeeding portrayal



Photograph by Hoover Art Studios, L. A.

KATHERINE MACDONALD

The lovely star, justly called "The American Beauty," is now at work on a new picture entitled "The Infidel!"

Beauty Makes a Sacrifice to Art

TRUE ARTIST THAT SHE IS, HELEN JEROME EDDY CONCEALS HER BEAUTY UNDER THE UNATTRACTIVE MAKE-UP OF MANY VARIED CHARACTER ROLES

By Charles Reed Jones



She wants to be her own producer

NOT having seen "The March Hare" at that time, I started out to meet Helen Jerome Eddy with an erroneous, preconceived notion of one of our screen's best troupers. For two years or so I can remember Miss Eddy as an extraordinarily ordinary-looking girl whose whole distinction, and that a genuine one, was in her histrionic ability and in the reflection of an unusual intelligence that is so patent in all of her screen work. Helen Jerome Eddy, so I thought, would, in all probability, be a girl of interest, but it had not occurred to me that a young, attractive girl with an enviable feminine charm would consent to sacrifice a beauty that is as rare as it is surprising and offer a beauty-seeking public that almost freakish creature with whom we are familiar. But Miss Eddy did just that, and did it consistently until she was induced to play the comedy part in Bebe Daniels' "The March Hare." "The March Hare" shows this soon-to-be star at her best, which means, as I have since learned, that it shows her as she really is. The Helen Jerome Eddy of this picture comes as a new figure to the screen; and her performance in this filmplay, a typical Eddy

Helen Jerome Eddy

performance, is enhanced by the erstwhile hidden loveliness of the performer. Miss Eddy's first screen appearance with Selig, like that of so many other present-day stars—if we can accept the yarns of their press agents—was an accident. Let her tell it:

"Being normal, I knew that I could write a scenario. What I mean is not that it is normal to be able to write for the screen, but *knowing* that you can most certainly is. I had finished my first story—that is, the first that I was sure I could sell—and I took it to the studio manager at the Selig studios. Selig was among the leaders then. Of course, they didn't want my story, but they did offer me an opportunity to play in a picture. I accepted. Whatever development there has been in my work or my position in picturedom since that time would make no more interesting story than that of the average player—just work, and waiting and hoping for opportunities.

"I had been on the stage first, you know. The stage attracted me as a child and I was determined to have a professional career. Later, I studied under Frank Eagan, who is now producing at Little Theatre here. I didn't stay with my stage work long enough to do anything really worth while, but I feel that the short time I was playing behind the footlights has given me the background that makes possible

(Continued on page 53)



In one of her character parts



Remember the Maimed!

THERE IS NO PLACE FOR THE REAL CRIPPLE IN THE CAST OF A FILM-PLAY BUT SOME OF THE FINEST CHARACTER STUDIES OF THE SCREEN HAVE BEEN THOSE OF PLAYERS CAST AS CRIPPLES

By Frank Lyle

for the sake of realism, hire somebody who was actually suffering from the physical defect called for by the scenario. But generally such persons are not in condition to work without injuring themselves, and, moreover, they are rarely even tolerably good actors. On the other hand, if the best screen actor in the world should happen by accident to lose a leg and should nevertheless determine to stay in the motion picture business, he would probably fare badly. There wouldn't be enough one-legged parts to keep him employed. It would be just his luck to have most of the scenarios call for one-eyed or one-armed men.

So the practice has grown up of having good character actors simulate deformity when it is called for by the scenario, and many of them have, because they are really clever and, through experience, become so proficient at losing an eye or a leg or an arm that one can hardly tell the difference between the sham cripple and a real one. I believe an inter-

viewer, in a recent issue of FILMPAY JOURNAL, told how Charles Ogle, the veteran character actor, had received letters from film enthusiasts commiserating him upon the loss of a limb, following his excellent performance as the one-legged "Long John Silver" in "Treasure Is-

Lon Chaney as The Frog in "The Miracle Man," gave a performance which even the director did not believe was possible



ABOVE: Charles Ogle received many letters consoling him on the loss of a leg after his appearance as John Long Silver. CENTER: Conrad Nagel achieved the effect of blindness in "Fool's Paradise" by putting milk in his eyes



AT FIRST blush, the movies, which lay such emphasis upon physical perfection, would seem to be the last place in the world where a cripple might find an opportunity, with pay. And, indeed, for the real cripple there is little chance to work in front of the camera. Once in a while they are required as extras, such as in the big scene in "The Faith Healer," where scores of unfortunates were employed in order to afford a background for Milton Sills' marvelous, according to the scenario, healing prowess.

Not that there is a lack of roles—and fat ones, too—that must be played by physically deformed persons. "The Miracle Man," "Humoresque," "Treasure Island" and "Fool's Paradise" are just a few of the important pictures in which some of the characters were maimed. But these roles were not played by real cripples; professional actors with an adept knowledge of make-up portrayed them. Undoubtedly the producers would rather,



land." These letters probably compensated Ogle for what he suffered in playing the part. A one-legged role is never easy. The actor must be a bit double-jointed in order to carry it off well. He must bend his leg at the knee backward as far as it will go, grit his teeth and force it further yet, then strap the fore-leg securely to the back of the calf with strong thongs of some kind. He folds up the lower, unoccupied part of the leg of his trousers and uses the cloth to cover up the fake. Then he is ready for the camera. However, he must always appear in a certain position relative to the camera, else sharp eyes in future audiences will have the illusion spoiled for them. He must preferably stand directly facing the lens. While his leg is strapped in this unnatural position, the actor is, of course, suffering more or less pain. Don't blame him if his smile seems just a bit forced. Generally work has to be stopped at ten-minute intervals, while the one-legged actor unstraps his protesting member, rubs the cramp and bruises out of it, sighs a little, and binds it up again. Personally, I agree with Bert Williams—"I don't need a job that bad!" Lon Chaney did a notable piece of "legless" work in "The Penalty."

In fact, Chaney is a past master at playing characters with physical deformities. His "Frog" in "The Miracle Man" was a gruesome masterpiece—a piteous creature whose every muscle seemed to be twisted out of shape—a grovelling, distorted effigy of a man dragging himself over the cobbles of New York's Chinatown. Then "The Frog" would straighten up, before your eyes, and become a normal, whole man. The late George Loane Tucker, who produced "The Miracle Man," didn't think "The Frog" could ever be played the way it was written in the scenario. He didn't believe an actor existed who could throw himself all out of shape and back again at will. But Lon Chaney proved otherwise. The reputation thus gained in the Tucker picture secured Chaney many other cinema engagements requiring him to play cripples and wear eccentric make-up.

Clarence Burton is another actor who is rapidly gaining a name for himself as a master at portraying maimed characters. Remember the—apparently—wooden hand which he had in Wallace Reid's "The Love Special?" According to the story, he was a division superintendent who had once saved the hero's life and lost his hand in the process. The script required Burton to transform his perfectly good right flipper into a stiff, wooden and lifeless one.

He did it by laying in the palm of his hand and along the forearm a fork-shaped steel instrument, the prongs of which fitted behind his fingers. This was wrapped in cloth and held in place with tire tape. Then a leather glove was pulled on and covered with three coats of shellac. The completed ensemble looked like the woodenest hand that ever came out of a hospital.

The right hand was supposed to be the injured member, and Burton said afterward that he became so accustomed, during the making of the picture, to using his left one that today he is practically ambidextrous.

When Cecil B. DeMille was choosing the cast for "Fool's Paradise," he decided that he wanted a villain different from any variety of "heavy" that had ever been filmed. He told Clarence Burton to dope out a novel kind of scoundrel. A few days

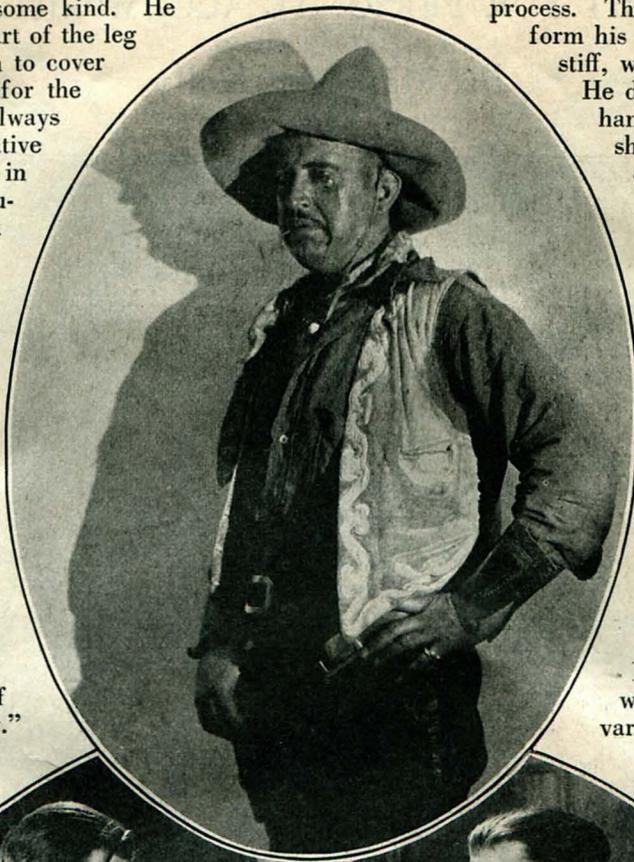
later Mr. DeMille was talking with Mildred Harris and Dorothy Dalton, the feminine

leads in the picture, on the set at the Lasky studio when a very, very bad man sidled around in front of him. The fellow was dressed as a Mexican tough—"c h a p s," greasy bandana and dust-stained sombrero. But the chief thing about his evil, swarthy face was

that it contained only one eye. The other socket was apparently empty and looked as if its tenant had been recently shot out or struck by a knife. Mr. DeMille was startled and the ladies shuddered.

Then the producer recognized Clarence Burton, and laughed. "You win," he said. "You're concentrated essence of villainy itself. The lost eye is the finishing touch."

Burton's missing eye is a (Continued on page 54)



Clarence Burton is a master of make-up. ABOVE: As he appears as the one-eyed desperado in "Fool's Paradise."

BELOW: As the man with the wooden hand in Wallace Reid's "The Love Special"

A Leading Lady at Eleven

MILDRED RYAN PLAYS HER PARTS AS IF THEY WERE GAMES, TAKING NO CREDIT FOR PERSONAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS

By Margaret Kelly

THERE was mascara on her long eyelashes and grease-paint hid the fair, young skin. She was in gingham pinafore and she sat on the floor in the corner of the studio. She was playing jacks.

"Oh, do you play jacks? Won't you play with me?" she asked eagerly, as I sat down beside her.

And we played jacks, Mildred Ryan and I, while the director shouted directions and the carpenters pounded and the lights flashed on and off.

Then the director's voice boomed, "Mildred!" She rose, excused herself and in a businesslike fashion walked over to the set and in a twinkling became the eleven-year-old leading woman in "Home-Keeping Hearts," which makes her the youngest female lead now on the screen. Or doesn't it?

Anyway, I watched her at work under Director Carlyle Ellis, and it was interesting. She is only eleven, but her *sang froid* is that of a veteran. She was living that part vividly. For the time being she *was* Mary Colton, the lonely little country girl who, finding her father at last, mothers him out of his discouragement and his cowardice.

The director retold the slice of story clearly in a few words. He made Mary understand what she was *feeling*. And she felt it. The rehearsals developed that Mildred (as Mary) built up her part, contributing a bit of business here and there under the selective eye of the watchful one. And even after the word, "Camera!" had tightened all strings there was spontaneity, inventiveness, reality.

It was over and Mildred came back to me. Not a word of what she had been doing; not a touch of vainglory over good work done. Instead she said:

"Let's play jacks some more, if you don't mind."

But I did mind. Mildred, intense and thorough in everything, could beat me "all hollow," and besides I wanted her to talk. She doesn't mix much conversation with other occupations.

We got to the subject of school and it was disclosed that compositions were lots more interesting than Roman history or arithmetic; that the professional school (attended by New



Mildred Ryan

York's little army of theatrical children) was the best of all existing institutions even though the homework was monumental, and finally, that dogs were lots more fun than boys.

That subject of dogs kept cropping up ever and anon. Mildred's special passion is for dogs—any sort of dog is a friend in her world. Next to dogs come dancing and working in pictures.

"It's such fun to pretend you're someone else!" she explained. "I like it better than any other game. And the other person that you're supposed to be does such funny things. I often laugh when it's over. But it's hard to pretend just right always. I hope I am getting better at it. Directors are awfully hard to satisfy, but some of them can make almost anything easy. I wonder how!"

I had got little Miss Ryan to talking shop at last.

"This part in 'Home-Keeping Hearts' is the best I've ever had. Mary Colton and I are so much alike that it all comes natural. It's a darling story and it seems as if the author must have written my part especially

for me. But we put the puppy in afterwards—"

Puppies! We were off again on our favorite topic, till Director Ellis again called for her.

Mildred Ryan was born on Staten Island, and on her mother's side comes from a long line of stage folk. Her mother was a Seaver, an old New England and New York name. Mildred has grown up in the big city, but has learned to love the outdoors and all the outdoor sports that an active and avid girl of eleven can be allowed.

In dancing, she is a pupil of Elise Dufour, and a very successful one, but her mother has discouraged public performances or the injection of professionalism into what is now an untrammelled expression of herself, a sheer unconscious delight.

She has been doing small parts in pictures for three years and has worked for Vitagraph, Fox, Pathé and others. Picture work appeals to the vivid, young imagination. It creates a world apart from the material, in which the fancy may have free play. That is also why Mildred still plays with dolls, though she blushes to admit it.

But it was her genuineness and (Continued on page 50)

Lady Babbie on the Screen

THE VIVACIOUS HEROINE OF "THE LITTLE MINISTER," MADE FAMOUS ON THE STAGE BY MAUDE ADAMS, GAINS NEW CHARMS THROUGH THE INTERPRETATION OF BETTY COMPTON

LEFT: *George Hackathorne as the Reverend Gavin Dishart.* RIGHT: *Nigel Barrie as Captain Halliwell, his rival for the hand of Babbie.* CENTER: *Betty Compton*



BELOW: *Some of the oldsters of the Scottish village of Thrums see in Babbie, the gypsy maid, the spy who has betrayed them to their enemies, the King's constables, and are threatening her with dire and divers punishments*

BELOW: *Lord Rintoul's soldiers, come to Thrums to arrest a certain rebellious gypsy maid, discover that she is none other than Lady Babbie, their Lord's daughter. This is news to Rev. Gavin too, who has just married her!*



THE weavers of the little Scottish village of Thrums, having rebelled against Lord Rintoul, master of the surrounding country, think that they have been betrayed by Babbie, a pretty gypsy, and threaten her. She is rescued from their wrath by the youthful Rev.

Gavin Dishart, pastor of the church at Thrums, who is tricked into a marriage with the supposed gypsy. To the surprise of everybody, the gypsy maid reveals herself as madcap Lady Babbie, daughter of Lord Rintoul.

The Good Old Days

THE THIRD INSTALLMENT OF A SERIES OF REMINISCENCES OF
THE EARLY DAYS OF PICTURE MAKING

By Earle Williams



A scene from "His Official Fiancée."
CENTER: Earle Williams as John Storm in
"The Christian"

DID you ever stop to realize that the camera reflects every fault or virtue of a player? The lens is an unerring delineator of character and disposition and at all times a player must be very careful of both his physical and mental well being lest their relapse betray him. If he has caroused the night before, a scene taken in the morning to register his vitality and handsome appearance is hopelessly lost. Or, on the other hand, if he is suffering a temperamental outburst and then appears before the camera, no matter how much he may try to dissemble for the scene, the lines of his dispositional debauch are reflected. A few seconds of indifference, a momentary relaxation before the camera is also caught by the lens and the public wonders why their favorite did not give his best to a big scene.

But not only does the camera play pranks on the players, but if it is not carefully watched a whole company may suffer in consequence. When Anita Stewart and I were playing the leads in "The Goddess," under the direction of Ralph Ince, the Vitagraph company sent our whole outfit to Back Cave, North Carolina, to take some especially important and beautiful scenes.

We worked very hard for several weeks under the most delightful conditions and returned to New York happy in the thought that we had secured really worth-while effects. When we all assembled in the projection room to view the result, to our horror, what we expected to see in the way of good acting and beautiful exteriors turned out to be nothing but a futile medley of filmic blur. Our beautiful shots went ricocheting up and down the screen in confusing jumps. It was as if we were viewing the mad dream of a futuristic rarebit fiend. I shall never

forget the despair of Ralph Ince, our director. It seems that while down south, a portion of the film had jumped off the sprockets inside the camera and the result you already know. This accident cost the Vitagraph company many thousands of dollars as the whole company was obliged to return to North Carolina, seven hundred miles away, and do the work all over again.

The hardest part of work before the camera is to plant a thought. The script has a big story to tell, but sub-titles, although they help, cannot carry the burden of the plot and the various plantings of thought to be conveyed. The player must register all the emotions and the action. If he departs from the story mentally he instantly loses contact with the public or throws out a wrong thought and twists the story. The camera cannot be fooled, and a wise player is on the tip-toe of endeavor when its lens is focused upon him.

I have often been asked questions on lighting and, because it is a subject which interests me exceedingly, I shall dwell upon it for a few lines. Also, lighting is the camera's twin sister as far as results are concerned, so it should be mentioned. In the old days we seldom used spots or sidelights. Overhead lights were mostly in vogue then and the sets had to be built to accommodate them. Later came the lights that can be thrown anywhere. It is now no longer necessary to build the sets to jibe with the lights, as they can be placed and turned in all direc-



Templar Saxe, "Mother" Maurice and Eulalie Jensen

tions. That is a tremendous saving both in time and expense. Now and again a player's eyes are burned by its power, but I have found that a careful conservation while the lights are on has saved me from trouble. For instance, when I am not actually acting, I leave the light zone and avoid looking in its direction. While not rehearsing or acting, but standing on the

set awaiting the cameraman's pleasure, I look away from the lights or cover my eyes with my hand. If all the players would adopt this habit there would be less burned out eyes in the industry. I am given to understand many players have had to quit the screen because their eyes could not stand the strain.

My mail is rich in inquiry from girls on the question of make-up. They most of them ask if there is any material difference in stage and screen facial make-up. Perhaps this is a good opportunity to discuss that question. Rouge, of course, is universally used on the stage to give a natural color behind the footlights, but very early in picture making the directors discovered that any tone of red photographed black on the screen, so rouge was tabooed. Stage people also use blue about the eyes and sometimes brown, while picture people more often use black. In my first picture with Vitagraph, the director, Fred Thompson, declared that he did not wish any of his people to use make-up, as he believed it produced an artificial effect. Few directors, however, agreed with Fred, and nowadays it is an absolute requisite. Looking over my stills of some eleven years back and comparing them with later-day ones, some made within the past three weeks as a matter of fact, I actually look younger than I did years ago. In the old days we also had some very interesting experiences in the way of forgetting what we wore in one scene and appearing the next moment according to story, but really photographed a day or so later in an entirely different suit of clothes. It was then up to the director and players, individually, to remember what had been worn in an earlier scene that called for duplicates later. The assistant director is now entirely responsible. He keeps accurate tab on every minute detail of what is to be worn by the various people in each scene. Then he is called upon to tell whether so and so wears a Prince Albert or a pair of jumpers or whether milady puts on a simple frock or an evening gown. He is there to remember what we wear from scene to scene.



A scene from one of Edith Storey's early successes. CENTER: A scene from "The Christian," in which Miss Storey played Glory Quayle.



Julia Swayne Gordon in a scene with Mr. Williams

Several years ago when Vitagraph was making "The Vengeance of Durand," a discrepancy in costume befell me. Edith Storey and I were playing the leads, while in the company were Julia Swayne Gordon, Roger Lytton, Harry Northrup, Leo Delaney, E. K. Lincoln and Jimmie Morrison.

Ralph Ince arranged for us to make the scenes on the Spencer Trask estate near Saratoga, and it was most important that I

wear an overcoat. I had been told that one coat would answer the purpose, so I brought along the one which I had worn in former scenes. But when I arrived at Saratoga I discovered that the prologue was being done. A lapse of fifteen years in the story occurred before the main action in which I had already appeared began, so I was forced to wear the same overcoat in the scenes fifteen years apart.

Apparently little notice was taken of the discrepancy, but sometime later I received a letter from a lady who ingenuously questioned toward the end: "Tell me why Carl



wore the same overcoat sixteen years later?" In my opinion there will never be a perfect picture even with the best assistant director on the job until scenes are made in sequence. For instance, in a picture the script may call for a fight scene inside a room. After the fight, one of the characters is seen leaving the room and passes down the hallway outside the door. In the making of this picture it may transpire that the scene showing one of the combatants leaving the room was taken before the fight scene; perhaps with a day or so intervening. Now, how can an actor know just how he will appear after a fight that has not yet taken place? I say that he cannot! Hence, how can the after-fight scene be truthfully portrayed showing how he would really look and feel after leaving the scene of battle, unless the scene is taken immediately following the fight?

Then, too, there is the question of tempo. A man who has engaged in a fistic battle is wrought up to a furious mental state and a consequent facial expression which he can scarcely assume well in a scene taken under calm auspices with no fight preceding it. I give this merely as an example to illustrate many situations which arise wherein the lack of sequence interferes seriously with proper exemplification of thespian expression.

The query has often been put to me by people: "Why aren't better stories adapted for the screen?" and then they go on to enumerate favorite stories which they say would make wonderful photoplays. I wonder whether picturegoers ever stop to realize that practically every great short story or novel has already been turned into film product. (Continued on page 55)

Wally to the Rescue

By Donald Malcolm

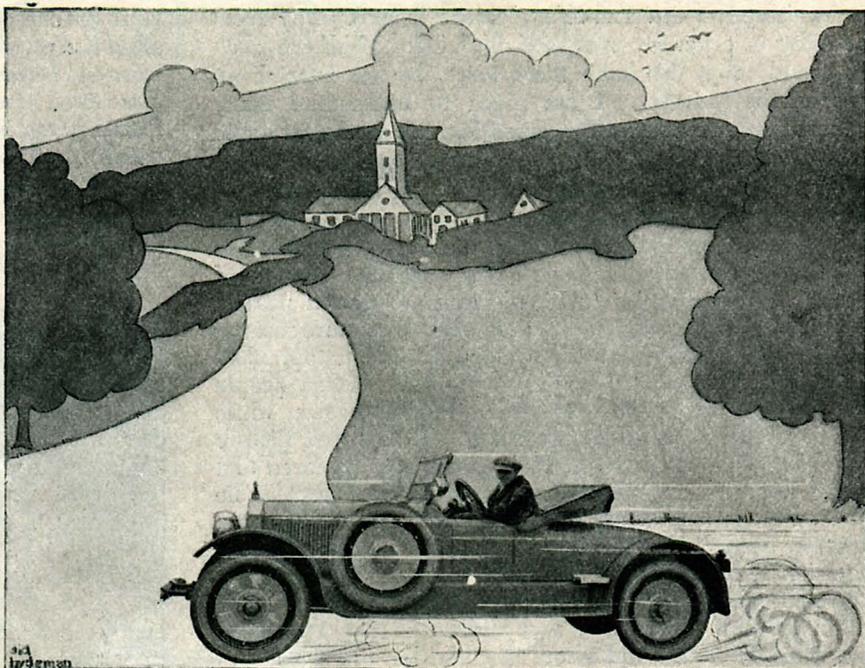
ACTING for the movies is as full of stops as a pipe organ. Half a day is spent in "dressing the set" for a bit of action, two hours more in adjusting the lighting and adding the final do-dabs, and fifteen minutes in "shooting" the scene. Then the director calls "Cut!" and the star seeks out his canvas-backed camp chair for another wait.

The average screen player does more waiting than one of the white-clad ladies in Childs'.

Wallace Reid has his share of loafing around to do, of course. Only Wallie is too restless a chap to just wait. Either he brings his saxophone along with him to the studio and toots the hours away between scenes, or else he locates a typewriter and pounds away prose or poetry of more or less importance.

Wallace was once a reporter on a city newspaper, and he also spent a period of his callow youth assistant-editing a motor magazine. Wallie has always liked to write, since the days when he was editor of the school paper at a military academy tucked away in the southern part of New Jersey, and he can turn out stuff today that would probably break through the editorial barrage of most any magazine.

The literary works of Wallie betray nothing if not versatility. He writes poetry, but destroys it immediately. He does personality sketches of his leading women, and tears them—the sketches—up afterward. Recently he has been toiling on what is undoubtedly his *magnum opus*—a masterpiece that will probably push Wells' "Outline of History" and "Main Street" clean out of the book reviews, be put on sale at all the leading railway terminals, and on tap at all the better-class barber shops, and be given away gratis with a ten-year subscription to the Congressional Record. Wallie has been doing a Paramount picture entitled "Too Much Speed," originally called "Watch My Smoke." It's another one about automobiles, and the smoke refers chiefly, of course, to the exhaust pipe of Wallie's big racing car. But it also describes the alfalfa-laden pipe that Wallie puffs between scenes in the picture, when he is bent over a typewriter and turning out sheaves of his masterpiece. So far the name of the book has been kept a deep secret. Of course, the title is liable to be changed many times before one with the proper news-stand appeal is hit upon. But I am in a position to reveal that the name



selected for the week ending May 28 is "Jazzbohemia."

By bribing the fifth assistant carpenter with an El Fumigato and dangling a half-page of white space in front of a press agent at the Lasky studio, I learned that Wallie's book is none other than a compendium of dope on the why and wherefore of modern jazz. Wallie, as a writer, is claimed to be more lightsome than Lardner, more agile than Ade, and wittier than Witwer.

Yesterday I pulled a *coup d'etat*. I snuck into the studio and crawled on all fours to a Grecian column that was just abaft the typewriter upon which the young author was hacking. I waited until Director Sam Wood started herding in the "extras" and had sent a last-minute call for Wallie. I watched Wallie toss several sheets of paper into the typewriter desk. And when he had departed for the "set," I did a Bobcain—I stole the paper-r-rs!

They were part of Wallie's manuscript—an excerpt from his book on jazz. Here it is:

"CHAPTER I

"A Defense of Jazz Dancing

"Please, Mr. Blulaw, spare the jazz dance!

"Let there be reservations, if need be, to the League of Syncopations, but ban not the shivering of the shivering shimmy, the jangling jingles of the jolly jazz, the tortuous toddle, the comical camel and the colorful Chicago.

"Putting the ban on the jazz dance is attempting to throw a monkey wrench into the wheels of progress. 1921 is the Jazz Age. Jazz is joy. It's the same as pepper, tobacco, zip and—life. Jazz is the foe to all that is stilted and artificial.

"Today, more than ever before, the world wants to laugh. No more sorrow than is absolutely necessary is needed. Modern folks love to live. They crave all the joy in living that life can give them.

"The jazz dance is a (Continued on page 50)





With foreign blood her heritage, Alla Nazimova doubtless fills her role more satisfactorily in Camille than could any other actress afforded the screen.



This picture will be one of Metro's biggest bids for popularity this year, and should take its place as one of the leading picture productions of all times.



Nazimova Perpetuates Camille



Reaching the Zenith of Her Achievements as an Emotional Interpreter for the Screen in This Filmplay

Passing in Review

A CRITICAL INSPECTION OF SOME OF THE FILMPLAYS OF THE MONTH

By Polly Parrott

ANY discussion of this month's pictures must center about the phenomenal "Theodora." All the extravagant adjectives that are wont to grace the circus posters may well herald this production. Its arrival in America marks Italy as an important competitor in the world market. Germany has produced nothing—that we have been allowed to see at any rate—that is better. "Theodora" involves twenty-five thousand people, everyone of whom acts. They cannot help it, for they are Italians, and that means they must throw themselves into their "roles," even those which are merely atmospheric, with fiery fervor. Surely motion picture making is an art with the Italians.

This month's arrivals also include "Possession," a French picture, made by Louis Mercanton, a director who works entirely without a studio. His property is loaded onto wagons or trucks and off he goes to use natural locations or build sets as his needs command. An interesting coincidence occurred soon after this film arrived in America. You see the story of "Possession" concerns the sale of the island of St. Marguerite in the Mediterranean to an Englishman. That very island was recently advertised in English newspapers for sale to "a gentleman who might desire it for shooting grounds."

What with every country exporting pictures and the radical adjustments that are afoot in this country we should soon see an industry that has been completely sifted of the chaff.

Theodora—Goldwyn

(*Unione Cinemato Grafica Italiana*)

There is nothing in "Theodora" that is anything less than gorgeous. It is such a colossal spectacle, it has such beauty, such authentic atmosphere, such an unbelievably large cast that after one has seen this picture it seems like a dream one has had—a dream of another world, another century. It must have cost several fortunes for it involves a whole city full of people and over twenty gigantic palaces, pavilions and formal gardens. Beautiful marble statuary is used in every scene and the composition is always perfect. The sets, it is said, were built on a picturesque hillside on the outskirts of Rome, overlooking Lake Albano. The ancient pine trees and cypresses form a natural background for many of the

scenes. To see the reproduction of the enormous Hippodrome is alone reason enough for seeing "Theodora." It was in this arena, if you remember, that the Empress Theodora ordered the lions turned loose on the people. A more exciting moment I have never witnessed on the screen. If only children could take history in this delightful form, how well they would love and remember it. The story of "Theodora" closely follows Sardou's famous romance. It was directed by Commendatore Arturo Ambrosio. Here's to him! He has made the greatest picture, viewed from any standpoint, that it has yet been my pleasure to see.

The Sheik—Paramount

The filming of this phenomenally popular novel by E. M. Hull has been done quickly (and carelessly) so that the picture may lose no time in reaching the particular part of the world that is hungry for it. Since the book, which is already in its twenty-seventh edition, or something like that, is being read by every woman from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, nothing could be more natural than a quick filming of the story.

The mighty Sheik is portrayed by Rudolph Valentino, who seeks to dispel the impression that he is a little short for the part by cultivating a ridiculous stride, calculated to convey towering strength. His make-up is bad, his costume—but why consider "The Sheik" seriously? All of you who love Rudolph Valentino must aim to erase the memory of him in this role and look forward confidently for better things. As for Agnes Ayres in the role of Diana Mayo, the English heroine, she plays the meaningless, melodramatic role with such a fervor of overacting that it leaves one with the impression that perhaps she thought "The Sheik" was a satire on melodrama. If some one had started throwing pies in the background it would have seemed nothing more than appropriate. Adolphe Menjou gave a good performance as a French novelist. Menjou is handsome, suave; a technician.

Although most of "The Sheik" reeks of the studio; obvious settings, backdrops and what not, it has its good points scenically. Whole caravans of galloping horses tearing through a great stretch of sand are impressive and realistic. One felt



Her Social Value



Theodora



Doubling for Romeo

the heat, the vastness and, for a moment, the plausibility of this impossible tale. A sand storm is exceedingly well done. It is when the film leaves the Hull story that it was at its best. But when it resumes the action of the novel it becomes the sort of thing that—well, that is going to make it one of the biggest money makers in America.

My Lady Friends—*First National*

It is inconceivable that a piece of humor so delightful in the theatre as "My Lady Friends" could become on the screen so tedious a piece of vulgarity. The charm of the original play lay not in the action, but in the contrast between the central characters and the vulgar situations in which their innocence involved them. "My Lady Friends" presents no such contrast. Persons vulgar and commonplace themselves move through vulgar and commonplace situations, sit about on hideous furniture in appalling rooms with other dull persons with whom it is impossible to believe that their relations are such as were indicated by the captions. The captions are taken from the play and apply not at all to the screen version. To compensate for this loss of characterization neither action nor surprise is introduced. The atmosphere of the original is totally lost and the result is dreary and dull. Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven are seen in the principal roles.

Her Social Value—*First National*

This picture, starring Katherine MacDonald, is chiefly an achievement for the art director. The exquisite interiors reveal a genius for simplicity in composition, and every detail of the backgrounds against which Miss MacDonald poses is arranged so as to enhance rather than detract from the star's patrician beauty. For all this, large credit belongs to Floyd Mueller.

The story is crude, commonplace and obvious, but when one has Miss MacDonald to look at and these charming photographic effects to rejoice the eye, it is quite enough. "Her Social Value" has to do with a salesgirl who marries into an aristocratic society and the subsequent testing of her husband's true worth. It is not the kind of a story which leaves any impression five minutes after one has left the theatre.

Ladies Must Live—*Paramount*

The theme of this story is undoubtedly of interest to every girl in America whether she means to make use of the lesson it teaches or not. "Ladies Must Live" was the last picture George Loane Tucker made before he died and it has the same big sweep and allegorical tendency of "The Miracle Man." Betty Compson is featured in a role well suited to

her talents, that of a young husband hunter, who is obliged to "work fast" because her money is running out.

Although Betty and her romance hold the center of the stage we are shown seven or eight fully developed situations, the action of each resulting from the fact that "ladies must live." There is a working girl who cleverly gets the loan of a thousand dollars from a man who had distinctly different intentions, and we see her using the thousand to accomplish her aim to fit herself in life—the marketing of herself in the world of men. We see the other kind of girl, the one who doesn't know how to fight and "hunt." We see the conventional situation of the show girl who married the millionaire and the intricate love politics in their home. There is good material here for the girl who can use it. Of course, near the end of the film, we have the moral, which comes in the form of a sermon from a scrub woman—a very sentimental, melodramatic speech. But by the time the moral reaches the spectator all the information about how some of the girls "got away with it" is fully put over. There are some very hackneyed types in "Ladies Must Live" and the whole film needs cutting badly, but it is most amusing as it stands. One wishes Miss Compson had more to do, but one can't have everything.

Possession—*Robertson Cole*

A super-thriller. All about the blood-curdling adventures of a nice young Englishman who buys a small island in the Mediterranean. The island is under Turkish rule and, it develops, several other kinds of governments, including a very active Bolshevik movement right at home. The plot loses no time getting under way and the action is quick and exciting. There are some very good fights, some weird scenes in an interesting cave and a well-told love story. The film was adapted from Sir Anthony Hope's novel, "Phroso." It is a French production and was directed by Louis Mercanton.

Under the Lash—*Paramount*

This picture, which was adapted from the book and play, "The Shulamite," is Gloria Swanson's second starring vehicle. It presents her in the role of the wife of a Boer farmer who is accustomed to beating his wife every morning before breakfast just by way of a reminder that he is the ruler in his home. The selection of Miss Swanson for a role of this type suggests the fact that she had a characterization to give the world. Apparently, this was not so, for a more unsuitable role Miss Swanson has never had. The story is not convincing, although it may succeed in making you hopping mad. All of the oldest triangle situations are employed as well as obvious tricks of suspense. "Under the Lash" serves to present Lillian Leighton in a new kind of role—that of a typical Boer wife. She (Continued on page 55)



Under the Lash



Ladies Must Live



The Sheik

Out of the West

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

By R. Evans Otis

EAST is worst! That seems to be the verdict of the motion picture producers who are fast transferring their activities to the land of the eternally alleged eternal sunshine. Cosmopolitan is the newest arrival. Robert Vignola, who has recently completed a picture with Marion Davies, is preparing for a second, and Frank Borzage, creator of "Humoresque," will be at work shortly. Constance Talmadge came into town a few days ago and announced that Norma will follow shortly. It seems certain that Famous Players will not reopen their Eastern studios before next spring, and Metro has definitely announced that all future pictures will be made in California or abroad.

The celebration of Hollywood's tenth anniversary as a motion picture center was passed over lightly by everyone here but the Christie press agent. To Pat Dowling, it looked too good to miss, and Pat, true to form, did not miss one chance to tell the world that Al Christie was the one who started Los Angeles on the way to becoming the motion picture capitol of the world. Christie's first studio, opened in October, 1911, was a one-time roadhouse. The tap room became the carpenter shop; the outdoor restaurant, only forty feet square, became the stage; and the stables served as dressing rooms for such well-known players as Louise Glaum, Harold Lockwood, Russell Bassett, Dorothy Davenport, who is now Mrs. Wallace Reid, and Victoria Forde, who has retired since she married Tom Mix. Christie's present day studio is quite different these days—in fact, I think it is the largest comedy studio on the coast.

The Lasky studios are California's busiest. Penrhyn Stanlaws is completing

CENTER: Constance Talmadge has returned to Hollywood



Gloria Swanson and some senioritas who appear with her in "The Husband's Trademark"



ABOVE: Samuel Yetter, ninety-eight-year-old screen aspirant, visits the studios with Raymond McKee

Barrie's "The Little Minister," from E. A. Bingham's adaptation. William D. Taylor is preparing Miss Compson's next vehicle which will be placed in production within another week.

George Melford, whose production of E. M. Hull's "The Sheik" has been responsible for all the recent flapping of the flappers, is in San Francisco with Rudolph Valentino and Dorothy Dalton, who are to be featured in "Moran and the Lady Letty," Monte Katterjohn's version of the Frank Norris novel.

T. Roy Barnes, who proved his right to screen stardom by his remarkable performance in "Scratch My Back," is to be featured by Lasky in a picturization of Leo Dittrichstein's stage play, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" Production will be started under direction of James Cruze, as soon as he completes "One Glorious Day," in which Will Rogers and Lila Lee play the leading roles. Walter Hiers, who has been constantly busy on the Realart lot of late, will appear in the Barnes picture.

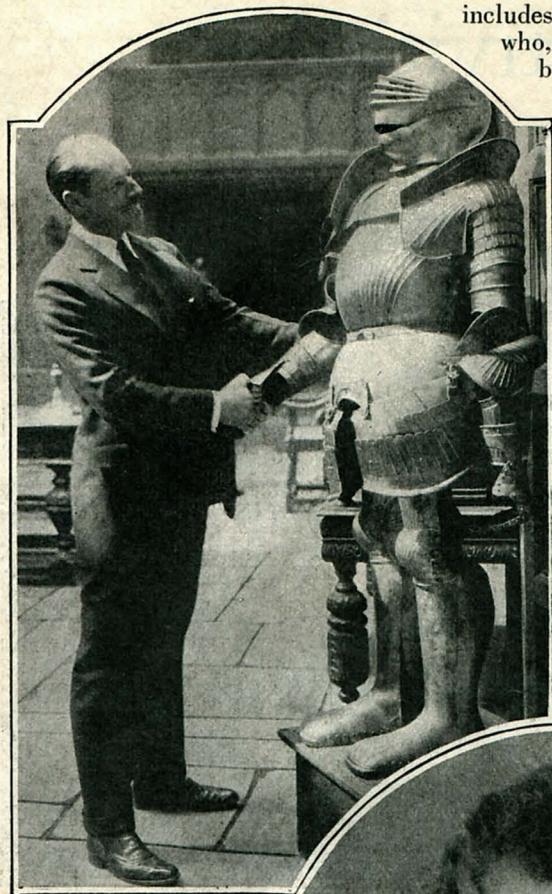
Having completed "The Call of the North," his first star picture, Jack Holt is now at

includes Edith Roberts, Conrad Nagel, Jack Mower, Julia Faye and Beatrice Joy, who, it is rumored, is seeking a divorce from Jack Gilbert. May McAvoy, who, by the way, is reported to be engaged to marry Eddie Sutherland, has started a new picture under the direction of William D. Taylor. Walter McGrail, who seems to have made quite a hit with *Lasky* by his work opposite Ethel Clayton in her last picture, plays the male lead, and the supporting cast includes Edward Cecil, Charles D. Bennett, Carrie Clark Ward, Arthur Hoyt and Pat Moore and Mary Jane Irving, two of the screen's cleverest kids. Bebe's next is a Spanish story by Nina Wilcox Putnam, which gives her a chance to appear in boy's clothes as she tries to smuggle booze to the United States from Havana. Pat O'Malley, unfortunately not heard of since he worked for Neilan, plays opposite the star, and Chester M. Franklin is directing. Hector Turnbull wrote Wanda Hawleys' current production, so it should be a good story. William Boyd is her foil; Thomas N. Heffron is directing. Mary Miles Minter is vacationing and buying shoes. I seem to run into her *every day* as she is entering a boot shop, which holds forth across the street from my favorite bootlegger.

At Goldwyn's, the best kept studios in the West, there is more activity than there has been all season. Alfred E. Green, who directed Mary Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is the newest recruit of the Culver City forces. He is scheduled to wield the megaphone on Rupert Hughes's next story, "Sent for Out," in which Colleen Moore will be featured. Colleen, who recently completed "The Wall Flower" for the same company, is reported to be slated for stardom by Mr. Goldwyn. It is my guess, though, that she will be back with Neilan after he completes "Penrod."

Jane Novak will start work shortly in her own pictures for Chester Bennett Productions. Chester is also starring one of the Mary Andersons, but there are so many of them that it is impossible to say which this is. However, I think this Mary Anderson was the star of "Bubbles." E. Mason Hopper, to get back to Goldwyn, is now hard at work on Anzia Yezierska's "Hungry Hearts." Ethel Kay, who was scheduled for the leading role, was forced to retire from the cast because of illness. Helen Ferguson, leading woman in William deMille's next, has supplanted her. *(Continued on page 56)*

CENTER: Kathryn McGuire is a member of the Ladies' Knickers Club

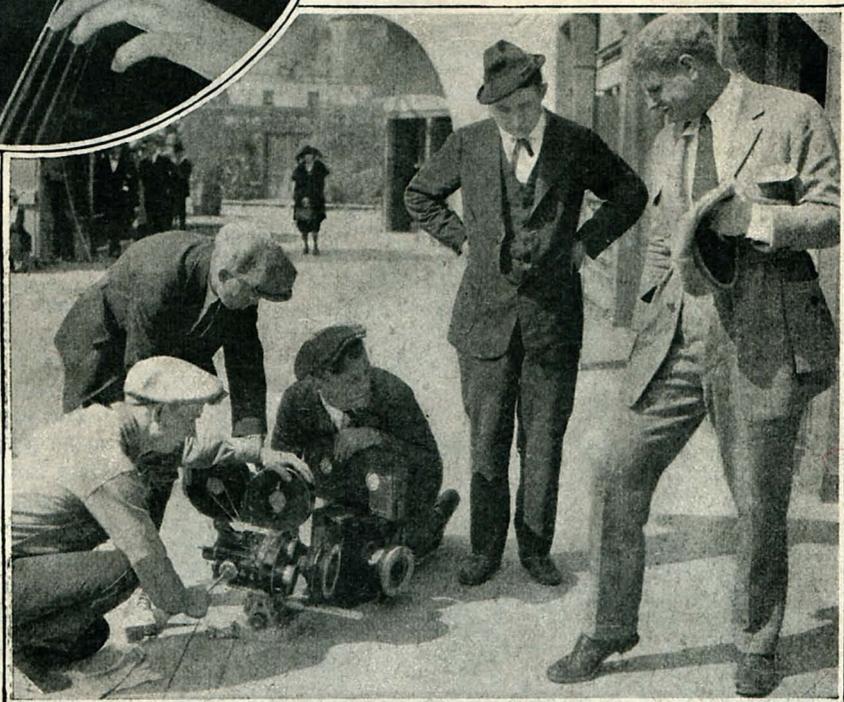


ABOVE: Jack Holt gets acquainted with the Middle Ages

work on "The Parson of Panamint," Albert Shelby LeVino's version of Peter B. Kyne's story of the same name. Joseph Henabery is directing, and the cast includes Fritzi Brunette, Herbert Standing, Wade Boteler, Mabel VanBuren, Will R. Walling, J. P. Lockney, Fred Huntly and Betty Francisco.

Gloria Swanson is completing "The Husband's Trade Mark," an original story by Clara Beranger, with a cast including Stuart Holmes, who has been seen all too infrequently lately, and Richard Wayne. Gloria's next, which Sam Wood will also direct, is "Beyond the Rocks," by Elinor Glyn, now in England, who announced before she left that she would have her own producing company on her return to America.

Wallace Reid in "The Champion," Thomas Meighan in "If You Believe It, It's So," Ethel Clayton in Elmer Rice's "For the Defense" and Agnes Ayres in "The Lane That Had No Turning" will finish with the next two weeks. William deMille with Clara Beranger, the author, is preparing the script for his next picture. Cecil DeMille's "Saturday Night," now nearing completion, is said to be more elaborately staged and gowned than any picture he has previously attempted. His cast



Will Rogers superintends the taking of a close-up of Alan Hale's feet

East Coast Activities

By Leo Leary

PRODUCTION activity in the East still remains far below normal and, with the withdrawal of Norma and Constance Talmadge from their Eastern Studio to Hollywood, conditions appear even more uncertain than they did a month ago. The oft-repeated rumor that Paramount is about to open its Long Island Studio still remains a rumor and the huge building stands empty and idle. With the exception of one evening, on which it was opened for a dance given by the Paramount club, an organization of Famous Players employees, it looms on the Astoria skyline like a monument to Shattered Ambition.

Selznick, Fox, Vitagraph and R-C Pictures are all active, the last named company having taken over the old Metro Studio. Recently, they gave a studio party during the filming of a big cabaret scene in which Billie Dove, a member of the cast of the musical comedy "Sally" played a prominent role. Cosmopolitan is also busy. The great success of Marion Davies in "Enchantment" has revised the critics' opinions of her ability and has caused Cosmopolitan to make elaborate plans for future productions in which she will be starred.

Work on "The Two Orphans," which D. W. Griffith is directing at his studio in Mamaroneck, is progressing splendidly and the production will soon be completed. Dorothy Gish, famous for her performances as a comedian, is to be seen as the pathetic blind sister, and whispers which have filtered out from the Griffith stronghold, give promise that her characterization will be a masterpiece. Indeed, if rumor can be believed, "The Two Orphans" will present a galaxy of remarkable character inter-



Charlie Ray prepares for his first trip to New York



Alice Calhoun indulges in a little music



Richard Bathelme and Louise Huff enjoy a "location" trip on a yacht

pretations. Lillian Gish is to be seen as the other orphan and Joseph Schildkraut, who plays the title role in the stage production of "Liliom," appears as the Chevalier. Lucile Laverne, a character actress of great talents, gives a thrilling performance as the cruel Mother Frochard, and Frank Puglia, recruited from Mimi Aguglia's Sicilian repertoire company, as the crippled Pierre, plays a sympathetic part for every bit of pathos there is in it. Indeed, to speak in theatrical parlance, everybody in the cast promises to "run away with the show."

The production itself is one of the most elaborate ever undertaken by Griffith. The scenes showing the garden fête are things of rare loveliness and the costumes are creations of great beauty. No date for the release of the picture has been announced, but its first showing is being awaited on all sides with the greatest interest.

The usual number of special showings are taking place each week. Recently "Red Hot Romance," a John Emerson-Anita Loos production, was presented before an invited audience at the new Ambassador Hotel, and in the same week Mae Murray and Bob Leonard showed their new picture, "Peacock Alley," in which Miss Murray is starred. It is a picture of the type of her highly successful "The Gilded Lily," and is an even better vehicle for her unusual talents. In his direction Mr. Leonard has grasped every opportunity, not only to bring out the dramatic qualities of the story, but to enhance its interest with settings of extraordinary beauty. The customary crowd of film and (Continued on page 53)

The Editor's Page

I HOPE every reader of FILMPLAY reads the editorial by Mary E. Brown, "Don't Stop at Hollywood," which is a feature of this issue. I believe that in it the writer has expressed the sentiments of a majority of the picture-goers of the United States following the first published reports of the recent unhappy occurrence in a California city. At first thought it is logical enough to condemn all the workers in films because one of their leaders has done something to bring discredit upon himself. This is particularly true in the case of parents whose children found in the player now in disgrace one of their greatest screen idols. It may seem simpler to them to condemn all pictures than to answer their children's questions as to why they can't see their favorite comedian any more. On further consideration, however, is it just to blame a great industry for the misdemeanor of but one of its members, even though that man held a foremost position in his chosen field? Are there not just as many culprits—and in the same ratio to the rest of their classes—in every walk of life, whose actions are never searched out by the lime-light of public interest? Think it over before you form your final opinion. Mary Brown did. She set down her thoughts on paper and, quite unsolicited, she submitted them to me. A resident of a mid-western city, I believe she has expressed the true feelings of the people, not only in her own community, but of the picture-loving public of the nation. What do you think?

AS ONE comedian, through his own acts, falls into disfavor, so another one, through his, blooms forth as a new genius of screen comedy. Recently it has been my pleasure to see two of Buster Keaton's new comedies, "The Playhouse" and "The Boat." For clean, ingenious comedy I have never seen their equal. No, not even in the glorious absurdities of Charlie Chaplin, one of which I saw at the same showing during which "The Playhouse" was presented. Chaplin hits many high spots of hilarity, but Keaton's humor is continuously at the highest pitch. His mind is an inventor's mind, but instead of creating machines or guns or airplanes he turns out comedies. Who else could have conceived the scene in "The Playhouse" in which the tank used in a diving act on a vaudeville stage bursts and floods the theatre, washing the audience out into the street? What other comedian would have visualized the comic possibilities of the boat built at home during the winter which, with the coming of spring, turns out to be too large to carry out to water? Or the later scene in which the bathtub, rescued when the house has collapsed during the removal of the craft, becomes a lifeboat until a youngster pulls the plug? If Keaton continues to display the masterly sense of

the ludicrous which he has shown in his recent pictures the world will claim him for its own as it has claimed Chaplin. Weary humanity has place and need for both of them, for they both possess the heaven-sent power to release the prisoned laughter which is within us all.

HAVE you ever stopped to think how the rest of the world sees its pictures and what kind of pictures it chooses as its favorites? I have thought a great deal about it and I have persuaded travelers in out-of-the-way corners of the world to write a series of articles for FILMPLAY which will bring to you vivid glimpses of picture theatres and picture audiences in foreign lands. Did you know that in Great Britain the presentation of pictures as we know it in the United States—a program of music and special features surrounding the picture—is almost unknown? Did you know that in Athens pictures are shown as entertainments in cafés and that their presentation is merely incidental to the consumption of coffee and cakes? Had you stopped to think that, because of the fact that the motion picture is essentially a form of family entertainment, it might not have found a very warm reception in Turkey where family life is a thing shut in and protected by century-old conventions? Did you know that in Central America picture audiences show their approval or disapproval by shouting as loudly as a football crowd? Whether you have ever considered these things or not you're going to be interested in a series of articles which begins in February FILMPLAY. The first of the group is the story of a rambling jaunt through Europe in the study of film conditions abroad, and takes the reader to the theatres and studios of London, Paris and Rome. The next in the series is a delightful story of evenings spent in the picture theatres of Athens. Then will come a highly amusing article on the status of the filmplay in Constantinople where harem wives scarcely recognize harem life as it is depicted on the screen. Then we will jump to Manila and the Far East, returning by way of Panama and Costa Rica. Travel through the motion picture theatres of the world with FILMPLAY's writers! You'll find amusement and interest in every trip.

FILMPLAY will continue to publish its series, "Film Stars, by Those Who Know Them Best," because it believes its readers want true pictures of their favorites. In fact, FILMPLAY plans so many interesting features that you can't afford to miss a single issue. It's your magazine. You determine its policy and many of you are contributing its articles.

Harold Harvey



Ask Dad - He Knows

(Dad will be glad to tell you everything he knows about film plays and film players, provided your questions will prove of general interest to all readers. Address all communications to "Dad," FILMPLAY JOURNAL, 15 East 40th Street, New York City)

Marguerite.—Tommy Meighan is at present in California and can be addressed at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood. He is still working under the direction of Tom Forman for the pair of them have proved to be a combination which unfailingly turns out interesting pictures.

Herbert.—Betty Compson has already begun work as Lady Babbie in Barrie's "The Little Minister" under the direction of Penrhyn Stanlaws. George Hackathorne, who did excellent work in several of Lois Weber's special productions for Paramount, plays the name part.

Mitch.—Mrs. Pickford and little Mary Pickford Rupp accompanied Doug and Mary to Europe. The illustrious pair plan to stay abroad for a year although they may make a flying business trip back to the States some time about the first of the year. Mrs. Pickford has adopted her little granddaughter, you know, and she is always with her.

Gabriel.—Mae Murray has just completed "Peacock Alley" and will shortly begin work on another picture, as yet unnamed, under the direction of her husband, Robert Z. Leonard.

Mary.—Dick Barthelmess has completed "Tol'able David" and is already at work on a new production, the first scenes of which are being made on the coast of Maine. "Tol'able David," from the story by Joseph Hergesheimer, is said to be one of the best things that the popular young star has done.

Helene.—Bebe Daniels may be addressed in care of Realert Pictures, 459 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Studios.—Henry Arthur Jones returned to England in the late spring after passing six months in this country. I doubt very much that he will return this coming winter for I believe he plans to spend the cold weather in the south of France.

Reckless.—No, Elinor Glyn is not in this country. She is spending a short time in England and France. However, I believe she intends returning to America in a short time. She will probably supervise the making of some of her original stories into filmplays and it is also possible that she will give a series of lectures in the principal cities.

Essie Mae.—I am sorry that you must be the recipient of sad news this month. Prepare yourself for the shock. Kenneth Harlan is married. Therefore, I don't suppose his address will be of any use to you.

D. St. Clair.—You can address Pearl White at the Fox Studios, New York City.

Freddy.—James Kirkwood is now in London, where he is making a picture at the Islington studio belonging to Paramount. I don't know how long he'll be over. Ann Forrest, Norman Kerry, Anna Q. Nilsson and several other players well known in this country are working in England at present. They

say that Poole Street—where the studio is located—looks like Hollywood, except for the fact that there's no California sunshine.

Dixie.—I am glad you like the picture of Marion Davies in October FILMPLAY. You can address Frankie Lee at 1460 Vine Street, Hollywood, Cal. Write Jane and Katherine Lee in care of the Rogers Film Corporation, 1639 Broadway, New York City. Mary Jane Irving's address is 828 South Burlington, Los Angeles, Cal.

May C.—Questions concerning the marital difficulties of screen players are matters of their own concern and I cannot answer them in this column. This department is maintained to give out real information, not to retail gossip.

Anna James.—I am not aware that Agnes Ayres has played in any recent Fox picture in which Rene De Brey appeared. In fact, I don't believe she has ever been with Fox.

Priscilla Pierce.—Richard Barthelmess may be addressed in care of Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Edna W.—Wallace Reid should be addressed at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Read James Kirkwood's article in November FILMPLAY. It will give you some advice about getting into pictures. Don't attempt it unless you expect to experience innumerable rebuffs and have sufficient money to take care of yourself during a long, hard struggle in some picture-producing center such as New York or Hollywood. I'll try to write you a personal letter in the near future.

Mary Sekac.—See the answers to Edna W. and Eva Casteel. You have one advantage they haven't. You live in New York where there are many studios. The only thing I can suggest to you—if you are in earnest—is that you apply for work at a studio. You must begin at the bottom of the ladder.

Margaret Kobel.—See the answer to Priscilla Pierce.

Mae Thompson.—Address Richard Barthelmess in care of Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mary Hay being his wife, the same address naturally goes for her, too. Famous Players, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will reach Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan. Mr. Meighan is married.

Eva Casteel.—My answer to Edna W. will also answer your question. The only way a girl can get into pictures is to go to some place where they are being made and demonstrate to the director or producer that she has such talent that he can't afford not to cast her in a picture. This, naturally, is not any easy thing to do because, in the first place, it is very difficult to see a producer or a director. There is no short cut to a place in filmdom. So many girls dream of being stars, never stopping to think how hard and how long those who have attained stardom have worked. Unless you have far more talent than the average girl, an abundant store of optimism and an income to provide for your living in Hollywood or New York for a period of at least six months (you couldn't give yourself a fair trial in less than that time and at the end of it you would probably be little more than an extra girl). I would forget all about wanting to "join the movies." And I'm a serious minded old man and know what I'm talking about.

La Rean de Goldia.—I rather think I will be correct if I tell you Monte Blue is thirty. I have never heard of his marriage. I don't know whether he would write to you or not. There's nothing like taking a chance. You can address him in care of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. So the fortune teller told you you were coming to New York when you were sixteen to try for the movies. I haven't a doubt that you will, if he told you so. Then your sister, the movie writer, can write the movies in which you act. What has she written? It's very interesting to find two such talented girls in one family. I hope you have a good time in Ohio.

C. W. Gylling.—Mary Pickford is at present in Europe and plans, I believe, to be abroad for at least a year. A letter addressed to her in care of United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City, will reach her in time.

George Albert, the Sergeant.—Address Bessie Love in care of the R-C Pictures Corporation Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

Jean La Roe.—I'm sorry I haven't time to write to you in a personal note. Your questions are so general that I think many of FILMPLAY's readers will be interested in the answers. Pauline Frederick, Hayakawa, Katherine Spencer, Bessie Love, Billie Dove and Doris May are Robertson-Cole players. Alice Calhoun, Corinne Griffith, Pauline Starke, Earle Williams and Alice Joyce are with Vitagraph. Gareth Hughes, Viola Dana, Bert Lytell and Alice Terry are with Metro. Mary Carr and Pearl White are Fox players. I don't believe Monte Blue was in the navy and I'm sure I cannot pick out a certain "cowboy player" with only his height for description. Sylvia Ashton played in some of C. B. DeMille's husband-wife pictures. Perhaps she is the one you mean. Justine Johnston was on the stage several years before entering the movies, appearing in several musical productions in New York and in dramatic stock in other cities.

Edwin L. Yates.—Write to Miss Swanson in care of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City, enclosing twenty-five cents. I think you will get a photograph.

Denny.—Yes, the Talmadges have gone to the coast and Harrison Ford has gone with them to appear with Constance in the first picture she makes out there. He has been leading man for both Norma and Constance for some time, you know.

J. E. Baldwin.—The editor has turned your letter over to me. I will try to find time a little later to answer you in greater detail than I can through this page. However, I'll give you some of your answer now. All film companies naturally buy stories and, in the case of originals, buy them from synopses. If you have published stories within the last five years in magazines which have general circulations you may rest assured that they have been read by more than one producer. Most companies keep a large staff of readers who go through all the periodicals. Naturally, if you have had no offers for your material none of it has thus far struck the producers' fancy. Many authors employ reputable agents who handle their work with splendid results. I am not recommending this practice nor the ability of any literary agent, but I have seen it work successfully. Of course, the material was there.



REELAFFS



You've heard many amusing comments on filmplays and film players. No doubt you've made some clever observations yourself. FILMPLAY JOURNAL believes that these bright thoughts will bring real laughs to its readers, so it has inaugurated the "Reelaffs" Department. The next time you hear a "Reelaff," jot it down in fifty words or less and mail it to the conductor of the department, RUSS, FILMPLAY JOURNAL, 15 East 40th Street, New York City

When we saw "Camille," it was the audience that did the coughing. It's a good thing it was a silent drama—Nazimova wouldn't have had a chance of competing with our bronchitic neighbor on the right.



SCREEN STATISTICS

The cigars smoked by Theodore Roberts, if laid end to end, would reach from Yap to Mattoon, Illinois.

15,679 ladies ask the Answer Men of various fan magazines every month if Wallace Reid is married.

Of the 8,802 editors who have mentioned Cecil DeMille's new picture, "Saturday Night," three refrained from making a wise crack about a bathtub.

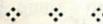
A star once wore the same gown in two successive pictures, but so many women got up and walked out of the theatres that the stunt was never tried again.

603 people in my town go to the movies regularly in the hope that some night the hero won't find the note pinned to the pillow or will get beat up in a fight.



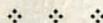
A parrot is one of the accessories used in "The Cradle." Ethel Clayton's new picture. The bird has a fine ear for language and picked up a lot of the lingo of the studio and tucked it away in its feathered brain. While a very tense scene in the picture was being shot, the parrot suddenly shouted, "Cut!" The camera stopped obediently, and the scene was ruined.

The director emitted some fireworks, Miss Clayton said "darn," and a bad time was had by all.

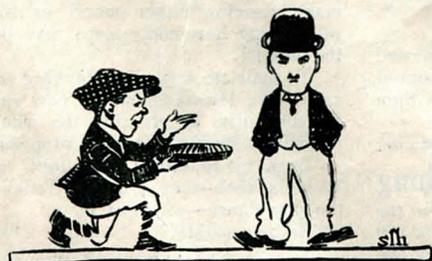
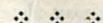


LOVE NOTE

The lad in "The Sheik"
Could love like a streak.



Is there anything in the world wetter than a movie rain?



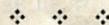
Suppose Charlie Chaplin had been knighted, as threatened.

The director would have to say, "Sir Charles, would you mind heaving that custard pie?"

SPEED, PLEASE

In making "Miss Lulu Bett," Milton Sills was required to drive a Ford, with Lois Wilson as his passenger. Milton had never handled one of the critters before, and it got away from him. The machine dashed madly around the landscape, the two occupants clinging to seats, bolts and handles desperately.

"I—I'll master it—yet," gasped Milton.
"Please do," tremored Miss Wilson, "before it falls apart!"



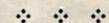
Theodore Roberts has won the booby prize for hauling in the smallest tuna fish ever caught at Catalina Island. It weighed twelve pounds.

Cheer up, Theodore—we know of poorer fish than that!



IN MY TOWN

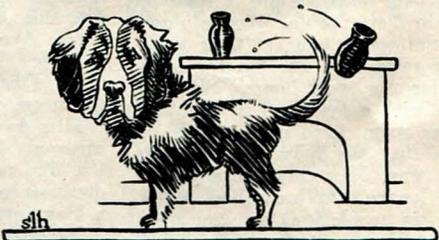
The crowds that flocked to "Anatol"
Would fill the Yalèses' mammoth bowl.



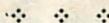
What sacrifices the film stars are called upon to make in the name of art!

In the special picture which Will Rogers is making for Paramount, he smokes—for the first time in his life.

And gets sick.



Tom Meighan has a big new St. Bernard dog. Tom says the animal is so big that with one wag of his tail he can knock everything off the mantelpiece.



Who said a woman couldn't keep a secret?
May Allison was married twice in two years and never breathed it to a soul.



What if the nations disarm? We still have Bill Hart.



Buster Keaton is known as the comedian who never smiles. Even before he got married, he never smiled.



The people of Los Angeles say that when Cecil DeMille named his new picture "Fool's Paradise," he had San Francisco in mind.

Artistic License in Picture Making

By Frank Urson

(Director of Paramount Pictures)

DIRECTING and photographing motion pictures proceeds more or less according to fixed rules. For instance, when a "long shot" of a scene is followed by a "close-up" of the same scene, the rule is that the two scenes must absolutely match—even as to lighting.

A few years ago, when I was acting as cameraman for Lloyd Ingraham and "shooting" "A Child of the Paris Streets," with Mae Marsh as star, I discovered how some of these restricting formulae of film-making might be dispensed with to advantage.

Miss Marsh was one of D. W. Griffith's stars and had been loaned for the production. As was his custom in such cases, Mr. Griffith used to drop in at our studio occasionally to see how things were going.

We had no spotlights in those days. To secure the various "back-lighting" effects—the reflection of sunlight on a star's blonde head, an oil lamp's rays shining upon a face in a dark room, and so on—we had to resort to all kinds of crude contraptions.

One day, between scenes, I was experimenting with a certain halo effect I was trying to get about the head of Miss Marsh by the use of a mirror as reflector. However, as the previous long shot of the same scene had been minus halo, I thought that I couldn't use the halo in the close-up. It was against the rules; the two scenes must match.

A few minutes later we were ready to shoot.

"Take away the mirror," I said to an electrician.

Suddenly a deep voice in back of me said, "What for?"

I turned around and discovered Mr. Griffith standing there. "Why take it away," he went on, "when you got such a beautiful effect by using it?"

"Why," I explained, "in the long shot we didn't have any such light—I was just fooling around with the mirror—of course I couldn't use it—"

"Nonsense," he retorted. "Don't be so hidebound. If the lighting doesn't offend the eye, it's all right to use it, whether it matches the long shot or not. If the failure to match up is offensive to the eye, it's no good. The chances are, if the effect is beautiful enough, your audience will never know whether you matched up or not. The expert would detect the difference, of course—he'd probably say, 'That chap took a chance, but he got away with it. More power to him.'"

Mr. Griffith's words started me asking myself if there wasn't such a thing as artistic license in film-making, just as there is poetic license in verse-making. If the result is beauty, why should one be so tremendously concerned whether it was attained by following set rules or not?

This artistic license may be carried with good results, if wisely handled, beyond the sphere of lighting and into almost every phase of motion picture production.

Why should one be absolutely true to nature in making pictures, when, by altering the facts just a little, much more striking effects may be secured?

No stage play or novel or painting was ever absolutely true to reality. It is the privilege of the artist to color to some extent the matter with which he deals. He suggests things that are not shown, he causes his characters to do things they might never do in actual life. If he is artist enough to avoid offending the eye of the spectator or the sensibilities of the reader; if he has good taste and a healthy mind, he will seldom err.

CONFESSIONS OF AN INTERVIEWER

(Continued from page 16)

interviewing army held possession of Miss Swanson's suite in the Ritz. A painter wanted to paint her picture, and a sculptor wanted to sculpt her profile. She allowed them to move the messy tools of their trade into her sitting room, and she sat for them both at once—for two solid hours. She discussed fashions with a fashion lady and, retiring to another room, tried on a couple of new gowns, so that the lady could sketch them. (By the way, Miss Swanson says the dresses will be longer. At least, hers will.) She talked with six people from six magazines on six different subjects, autographed a dozen photographs with an original sentiment on each, answered the 'phone twenty times, and kept a big box of candy circulating among her guests.

I interviewed Agnes Ayres over at the Paramount Long Island studio while she was working on one of the "Cappy Ricks" scenes. We sat in a couple of camp chairs near the "set." Director Tom Forman hovered around uneasily for a bit, then interrupted us.

"You'd better get your slicker and boots on for this next scene, Miss Ayres," he suggested.

The next scene was the shipwreck. A structure made to resemble the forward deck of a ship stood near us. It was built on rockers. Miss Ayres and three raincoated sailors took their places behind the rail on the bridge. "Rain!" said young Mr. For-

man. Gallons of water descended from the roof of the studio. "Wind!" said Mr. Forman. An airplane propeller mounted on a truck was turned on and, whizzing a mile a second, sent the water crashing in an almost solid sheet against Miss Ayres and the trio. Meantime, studio men rocked the boat in all directions. It rolled and tossed, and pretty Agnes Ayres clung desperately to the rail for her life. This went on for ten reeling minutes. Finally, "Cut!" said Mr. Forman, and the storm was over.

Miss Ayres sat down, nearly exhausted, and removed slicker and boots. She must have felt like nothing so much as retiring to her dressing room and sinking onto her couch for a long rest.

Instead, she tossed back her disheveled hair, smiled, and came over to the chair beside me.

"Let me see," she said thoughtfully. "What were we talking about?"

Pause. "Oh yes—"

And the interview was on again.

The bulk of movie people I've interviewed are good sports with more than the normal allotment of brains and greater patience than a kindergarten teacher. I'm for 'em.

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A LEADING LADY AT ELEVEN

(Continued from page 36)

simplicity, her lack of pose or affectation that impressed one most. Such success as hers is enough to spoil much older heads. That it has not, augurs well for progress.

It was time to leave. Mildred smiled mischievously up at me and said: "You really should buy some jacks and practice up. It's a splendid game."

WALLY TO THE RESCUE

(Continued from page 40)

sign of the times and worth defending.

"Jazz dancing is not essentially immoral. The old-fashioned waltz is immoral if you feel that way about it. Anything is immoral if you want to have it so. You can never make dancing either moral or immoral by prescribing how many steps may be taken to the minute.

"To legislate regarding dancing is as foolish as passing laws against the new spring styles for the ladies or ordering the men to return to padded shoulders and peg-top trousers.

"Back in Jackson's time folks wanted the Virginia reel—they got it. Today we crave the jazz dance—we have it.

"Be reasonable!"

* * *

Well, what do you think of Wallie as a writer, from this sample?

Personally I'll mail a check for an autographed copy of the book today.

You Chose "Miss Lulu Bett"

By Frank Lyle

AFTER all, the most important personages in the motion picture world are neither the stars nor the producers, but Mr. and Mrs. Fan and the other members of the Fan family—in others words, *you*.

Not only do you decide what pictures shall be shown to you; sometimes you even help pick out the players who shall play in these pictures.

As witness "Miss Lulu Bett."

When William deMille set out upon his enterprise of putting Zona Gale's popular novel and prize stage play into celluloid, his first task was, of course, to find somebody to play "Lulu"—the plain kitchen drudge "Lulu" who, after an unfortunate marriage, finds herself and issues a Declaration of Independence and blossoms like a rose.

The actress who played "Miss Lulu Bett" would have to make herself just about as unattractive as possible. She would dress in ill-fitting gingham, pull her hair severely back and knot it into a slovenly psyche, and make up her face until all traces of beauty, if any, were eliminated. In other words, the actress interpreting "Lulu" would be required to depend upon sheer ability to act in order to get the character over; she must, in addition, possess a simple, wholesome charm.

Well, Mr. deMille carefully considered all these things and then selected Mildred Harris for the role of "Lulu."

Miss Harris is a beauty of a very striking and aristocratic sort. She has the type of beauty that it would be very difficult to hide with make-up. She is a dancer and has undoubted charm.

But she isn't your idea of "Miss Lulu Bett," is she?

Well, she isn't ours, either—at least, she wasn't until we saw Cecil B. DeMille's new picture, "Fool's Paradise," in which Miss Harris plays one of the leading roles. Her work in that is so fine that we almost believe she could play anything.

As soon as William deMille announced that Mildred Harris was going to be "Miss Lulu Bett," the letters began pouring in. Most of them expressed the opinion that Miss Harris was an excellent actress, but why, they asked, should Mr. deMille, in selecting "Lulu," overlook the young woman who has been one of the most charming features of his recent pictures? Why, they demanded, not choose the ideal "Miss Lulu Bett"—Lois Wilson?

Miss Wilson is good-looking, but her beauty is of a simple, country-girl type. She is sweet and wholesome. "A nice girl," you say as soon as you meet her. Moreover, her face is easily moulded by make-up. And she has dramatic ability of an unusually high quality. She seems just made for "Lulu."

So your fans kept telling Mr. deMille. And so he began to believe. And so (the third and last one) your will prevailed, and Lois Wilson was given the role of "Lulu."

We think she'll be a wonder in the part. At least we showed some of the advance photographs of her in the part to a man high up in the New York world of art and literature. He has read "Miss Lulu Bett" as a novel and seen it on the stage.

"Miss Wilson," he told us, "is certainly the ideal 'Lulu.' She visualizes the character as it appears in the novel much better for me than did the actress who played it on the stage."

Incidentally, the screen "Miss Lulu Bett" sticks more closely to the novel than did the stage play in another respect also. The ending given in the novel is retained rather than that of the stage play. The former was regarded by Mr. deMille and by Clara Beranger, who adapted the story for the screen, as more satisfactory.

The cast for the picture is an unusually strong one, including, besides Miss Wilson, Theodore Roberts as "Dwight Deacon," Milton Sills as "Neil Cornish" and Helen Ferguson as "Di."

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WHAT I THINK OF MARY MILES MINTER

(Continued from page 7)

private tutors. As a child, she was always accompanied on her tours by her grandmother, who carefully supervised all the details of her mental and physical welfare.

Following her auspicious beginning in "Cameo Kirby," Miss Minter appeared with Dustin Farnum in "The Squaw Man," and with Robert Hilliard, Mrs. Fiske and Madame Bertha Kalich.

A vaudeville playlet of the Civil War, in which Miss Minter appeared, was so successful that it was elaborated into a play, and the child actress was engaged to play her original part in the larger production. This was "The Littlest Rebel," the greatest war drama of the day, in which Dustin and William Farnum appeared.

After a long engagement in the Farnum production, Miss Minter headed her own company and toured the country in "The Littlest Rebel" for four consecutive years. While playing in Chicago in this drama, the child star changed her name. Up to this time she had been known by her real name, Juliet Shelby; but the Child Labor Commission ruled that no actress under sixteen could appear on the stage in Chicago. So Juliet Shelby assumed the name of her cousin, Mary Miles Minter, who would have been sixteen had she lived.

During the tour of "The Littlest Rebel," the photoplay came into its own, and Mary Miles Minter heeded its call, appearing in the "Fairy and the Waif," a Frohman Amusement Corporation production. She then made about six pictures for Metro, among them being "Always in the Way," and her first success on the screen, "Barbara Frietchie." In her long-term contract with American which followed, Miss Minter received the highest salary ever paid to a child of her age. The pictures she made under the American program are too numerous to enumerate. Perhaps the best remembered are "Youth's Endearing Charm," "Faith," "A Dream or Two Ago," "Annie on Spite," "Charity Castle," "Social Briars" and "Yvonne from Paris."

Although she is still a minor, Mary Miles Minter has already been a star for five years.

At the termination of her contract with American, Miss Minter signed with Realart Pictures Corporation for a term of three and a half years, in which time she is to star in twenty productions. Her first picture for Realart was "Anne of Green Gables," an adaptation of one of the famous "Anne" stories by L. M. Montgomery. She then, under the direction of William Desmond Taylor, appeared in "Judy of Rogues' Harbor," from the famous novel by Grace Miller White, and in Israel Zangwill's "Nurse Marjorie," and in Wilbur Finley Fauley's "Jenny Be Good." Her fifth Realart success is "A Cumberland Romance," a screen adaptation of the popular novel of John Fox, Jr., "A Mountain Europa," which was directed by Charles Maigne. Miss Minter has also appeared in "Sweet Lavender," "Eyes of the Heart," "All Soul's Eve" and "The Little Clown," "Don't Call Me Little Girl," "Her Winning Way." She is now working on "South of Suva."

DELIVERING YOUR PICTURE

(Continued from page 15)

men in whose jurisdiction those towns lie, that the black spots would be wiped off before morning. It's selling psychology if you like, but it keeps the men fighting to keep their portion of their slate clean."

Our conversation turned on the problem of film transportation. Many of the fastest passenger trains have special compartments in their baggage cars for the carrying of the round, cylindrical tins containing the precious celluloid. In order to make connections between trains shadowy figures may often be seen at the early morning hours taking the cans from one train and putting them on the other. Before the transfer, however, it is necessary to examine the film to see that it is intact—that none has been omitted in the haste of packing, or that none has been cut in order to conform with the proper running time in any theatre.

Oftentimes managers cut a film to insert some local announcement of interest to their patrons, or attach a local advertising trailer. So these "Knights of the Shadows" run the whole film through experienced fingers, holding it against a convenient arc light to make sure that the can contains the whole film, and only the film before sending it along on its journey.

An interesting crisis arose during the recent floods at Pueblo. All the railroad bridges were down for miles, and many of the trains carried precious cans of film for delivery. The energetic district manager rose to the occasion and chartered a fleet of aeroplanes to transport his film. The cost of the aeroplanes more than overbalanced any possible profit, and the flood being technically an "act of God" relieved him of any responsibility in the fulfilling of his contracts, but obeying the motto of keeping his customers satisfied won him the great respect and faith of his consumers. To use his own words, he is "sitting pretty" when it comes to the renewal of any dealings with the managers in question.

We have followed the main stages of "Hearts Aflame." The foreign releasing aspect is handled much in the same way that it is in this country, with the exception that a picture is rarely sent abroad until it has run usually four months in this country and oftentimes longer.

After it has been shown sufficiently so that it has lost all its drawing power, does it become valueless? On the contrary, some of the biggest pictures have been brought out of the company's vaults after a period of years and utilized broadcast as a revival. Revivals are greatly in favor with the producing companies since all that is necessary is new prints costing five cents a foot, a little of the former publicity, and the remainder is clear velvet. Many of the companies which went out of business in the crash of 1916 are still releasing their pictures.

The next time you attend a picture show and laugh at the antics of some internationally known comedian, or thrill at some new stunt of daring, think of the many thousands the world over who are echoing your emotions at precisely the same moment. Do motion pictures bring the world akin? Ask the releasing company.

HANDICAPPED BY FAMILY PRESTIGE

(Continued from page 24)

parts with Vitagraph at their eastern studio back in 1913, and he was anxious to appear before the camera again. Rankin worked with his uncle, Lionel Barrymore, in "The Copperhead," "Jim, the Penman" and "The Great Adventure," with Irene Castle in "The Amateur Wife," with Doris Keane in "Romance," with Mae McAvoy in "Husbands" and with Marion Davies in "Enchantment." All of these engagements were in New York, where he felt the influence of his famous actor family. He was always wondering if he would be "getting by" if he were there alone.

So, after talking the matter over with Uncle Lionel, Mr. Rankin decided to go to California and stick it out until he had either succeeded or failed. Soon after reaching Los Angeles he was offered a part in Miss Frederick's picture, "The Lure of Jade." The consensus of opinion about the studio was that he was anything but a failure in that. In fact, it was declared apparent that he will fittingly wear the mantle of histrionic greatness bequeathed to him by his illustrious relatives.

His greatest ambition? Let him speak for himself:

"Of course, I want to climb to the top in my profession, but next to that I want to build a home on the cliffs down at La Jolla, own a blue Chow dog and live there forever. It's the most beautiful place in the world to me."

La Jolla is a picturesque little resort nestled down in a bit of rugged coast between Los Angeles and San Diego. The beauty of its beetling cliffs and jutting rocks, flinging back in a cloud of feathery foam the waves that dash against them, would stir the soul of the most cynical materialist. It is small wonder that the artistic temperament of this young scion of stage nobility was touched by such a scene. The earnestness with which he is working and forging ahead in pictures bespeaks a life of contentment there for him unless, of course, the evanescent flame of ambition leads him elsewhere.

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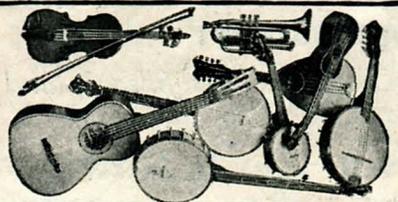
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THE MOTION PICTURE OF TOMORROW

(Continued from page 10)

unusual run of one year, a stage play seldom is seen by more than half a million persons. The same play, translated upon the screen, is exhibited to millions throughout the world within the space of a few months. It is but natural that farsighted stage producers should see the value of closer co-operation between the stage and films.

Arrangements have already been perfected to make available the great treasures of film material to be found in the libraries of the legitimate stage throughout the world, and during the coming years film fans will be entertained with hundreds of photoplays from the speaking stage. This co-operation will be carried still further by an interchange of plays between the silent and speaking stages, a practice inaugurated within the last year on Broadway. In addition, the stage has found it necessary to adopt many of the arts and artifices of the movies, as witness the "cut-back," "close-up" and "fade-out." And now comes the announcement that a prominent Broadway producer is planning upon using a motion picture film which he has specially prepared for the instruction of his chorus girls in the future. Another five years and the old and new forms of dramatic art will become so inseparably linked together as to rival the Siamese twins.

The new era of internationalism introduced at the close of the war has brought appreciably near the day when famous films will be given their premier showings in half a dozen or more world capitals on the same day. New York, London, Paris, Madrid, Rome, Brussels, Stockholm, Berlin, Petrograd, Sydney, Buenos Aires, Tokyo, Peking, Bombay and Bagdad will form a giant circuit of so-called first run, or key centers, for the exhibition of films.

Before another two years every steamer of importance catering to traffic in passengers will be supplied with a luxurious projection room for the entertainment of its guests. Many of the larger liners already have such accommodations, some of which are the last word in appointment. The larger American battleships already have such equipment for the men, and the warcraft of other nations is adopting the same method of providing entertainment for the seafighters while they are on sea duty. When Brazil's largest warship sailed from Antwerp with the Belgian king and members of the royal family who were bound for Rio de Janeiro, enough films were taken on board to provide for sixty complete entertainments, and when Uncle Sam's seafighters dock these days it is to take on films as well as fuel and supplies.

Luxurious through trains speeding about the country will have their movie theaters for the entertainment of restless passengers. The exhibition of motion pictures on rapidly moving trains has been given several trials and has been found to be entirely practicable. Another stepping stone of future usefulness for the screen will be the installation of commodious and splendidly furnished theatres for the silent art in the large hotels in every city. Many of the leading hotels in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cleveland and other larger cities have become interested in the introduction of motion picture theatres.

Experiments concluded recently in the United States have demonstrated the practicality of screen entertainment of the patrons of the larger liners of the air which some day soon will be annihilating time and distance, two of the few remaining barriers to man's complete conquest of this planet. Commercial aviation, already introduced on an important scale in Western Europe, promises to become a reality in this country shortly, and

when that time comes no luxurious passenger airship will be completely equipped without space for the projection of the latest and most interesting motion picture dramas. The hours that separate New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco and other distant parts of the United States will be made less tedious with the use of motion pictures.

One of the greatest mediums of service open today for the motion picture theatre is its availability for the speedy marshalling of public opinion in the hour of emergency. Great crises in this highly complex world of ours call for special and urgent treatment, and the screen is undoubtedly the most important channel through which the general public can be quickly and effectively reached. By using slides to flash important announcements upon the screen in 15,000 theatres, it is possible for the powers-that-be at Washington to swing to their support approximately half of the country's population within a comparatively short period of forty-eight hours.

Movements of the greatest political and social importance can be and will be initiated overnight. The referendum, as applied to public sentiment, can be made a living reality in every city and hamlet throughout the United States. In Europe, where governments rise and fall with the tides, cabinets and kings will be made or broken within twenty-four hours. Without the support of the great population of motion picture lovers, no administration can long endure, and the screen undoubtedly will become the great political battleground of the future. The soap box and the speakers' stump are deserted symbols of an antiquated medium for the moulding of public sentiment. The government or movement which can make the most intelligent and the quickest use of the screen will eliminate nerve-wracking delay in the realization of victory.

For, properly speaking, the golden age of the movies has just begun!

EAST COAST ACTIVITIES

(Continued from page 46)

stage celebrities attended both performances.

Dick Barthelmess has returned from a location trip to Maine. Most of the trip was made on the yacht "Sultana," and everyone in the party, which included Porter Emerson Browne, declared that making movies in Maine was more like play than work. In the cast of the picture are Louise Huff, who plays the leading feminine role; Anne Cornwall, Teddie Gerard, Gladys McClure and Louise Lee.

Alice Calhoun, Vitagraph's young star, has been taking a brief vacation, but is preparing to return to work in a new picture as yet unnamed, "The Prodigal Judge," which has been holding the stage at the Brooklyn Studio, is nearing completion.

Great interest is being shown in the visit of Charles Ray to New York. Although the star has been one of the most popular in all filmdom for many years, he has never before been East and elaborate plans are being made for his reception and entertainment. Special arrangements have been made for his attendance at the Thanksgiving Day football game at Columbia University, an event which Ray is looking forward to with keen joy since he played a football player in one of his most recent pictures.

Harrison Ford, whom the Talmadge sisters have been sharing as leading man, returned to the coast with them and is scheduled to appear with Constance in the first production she makes in California. Moving Harrison westward was like moving a public library, for during the year he spent in the East he collected enough first editions to fill an entire room. He is looking forward to a peaceful run of winter—California winter, of course—evenings in which to read them.

BEAUTY MAKES A SACRIFICE TO ART

(Continued from page 33)

everything that I will do before the camera."

Miss Eddy has many definite things to say about motion picture production—and producers. She feels sure that the production lull, which has extended over many months, is about ended. But the activities of the producers are not of especial interest to her. She wants to be her own producer, to make her own pictures. Not a Helen Jerome Eddy company! She agrees with me that "rolling your own" is usually the last stage for those who are slipping. Her plan is to produce co-operatively with other players and directors.

"I'd be glad to give my services and supply my own costumes, without one cent of pay for an interest in the picture that was being made. There is no reason, so it seems to me, why players, scenario writers, directors and camera men cannot get together and produce for themselves. I am sure that it would be easy to interest them in such a proposition.

"A player—a real actor, I mean—will give his best under any circumstances, but somehow it seems that you can do just a little more than your best when you know that you are doing it for yourself. There would be no more postponement of production because of lack of capital. The cost of making pictures would be reduced to almost nothing: studio rental, lights, sets, and salaries for extras, who could not afford to wait for their money, electricians and carpenters. We'd have real pictures, too. What do you think of the idea?"

"Very good, Eddy!"

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BACK STAGE IN THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 21)

France. The film flittered off into some inconsequential dog show.

Director Rothafel rushed forward.

"I've got an idea," he shouted. "Stop it right there. End your news reel with that scene."

The impressive finish of the ceremonies had its effect. Of such inspirations are the big moments of show life born.

Finally, when the last number had been rehearsed, Mr. Rothafel gave the signal to disperse. The work was over. It was half past twelve. Already the ticket sellers were in their windows and the ushers had marched in to take command of the aisles.

Preparing a program as it is done in first-run houses of magnitude is a herculean job. Sometimes it's even harder, as, for instance, when there is a picture to which no adequate accompaniment suggests itself readily. Such a one was Martin Johnson's "Jungle Adventures."

For "Snow Blind," Mr. Rothafel used an overture of selections from a popular musical comedy, "Gypsy Airs," for Sascha Jacobsen's violin solo; "Rachem," for the vocal solo, and a Polka Pizzicato for Mlle. Gambarelli's dance number. The short subjects, in addition to the news reel, included a comedy and a scenic, "The Sacred City of the Desert."

In the case of "Passion," a picture twice the length of the ordinary feature, Mr. Rothafel had a new situation and he handled it by using only the feature and a short prologue.

For the presentation of "Doubling for Romeo," he used an augmented ballet special, "Scherzade," from the famous offering of the Russian Imperial ballet. This was a number that the ballet had trained for weeks in advance, and it was one of the big features of the bill.

You get the same attention to program at all the big theatres. In Los Angeles, Sid Grauman searches everywhere for material. Removed from New York, he makes regular trips to the big cities for soloists whom he can entice to the "City of the Angels."

It is so everywhere—in the small towns as well as the large cities. The manager "plans" his program. The question is: Does the audience take notice of these fine details? The continued success of Mr. Rothafel and his type would indicate that audiences do.

MY FAVORITE TYPE OF LEADING MAN

(Continued from page 13)

camera purposes, a short, blond man. Another requisite of my favorite leading man is a sense of humor. There is nothing more deadly in the world than an actor who always takes himself seriously. Motion picture making is a varied, strenuous and difficult profession. It is packed with obstacles and exasperating mistakes and inconveniences. Many times during a picture things happen that simply cry for the exercise of a sense of humor and of the ability to smile. If, upon such occasions, my over-serious leading man displays 'temperament,' sulks, or scowls—the reason is devastating.

"Not that I am keen for male Pollyannas—they are merely irritating. But I like tall, dark men who know how and when to smile."

Lila Lee also expressed herself as partial to tall men.

"I like leading men who are tall and well built and well dressed," said Miss Lee. "Perhaps I betray the fact that I am young and inexperienced when I lay an emphasis upon clothes. 'Clothes make the man,' says the ancient proverb, but we are taught from the cradle up not to believe it. I am quite willing to admit that an honest heart functions just as properly under a homespun shirt as under a starched one; I like both kinds, provided they are clean and look nice. But I don't like leading men who wear their clothes as if they had dressed in a telephone booth—unshined shoes, unpressed trousers, unbrushed, ill-fitting coats, and top hats that look as if they had been discarded five years previously by a New York cabby.

"One of the chief reasons I like to play opposite Wallace Reid in pictures is because he is always so well and so freshly dressed. I really believe Wally could lend éclat to an ashman's uniform. I suppose he is the world's favorite leading man, and really I don't blame the girls a bit!

"I don't care whether my leading man is light or dark, but I like him clean shaven. Perhaps again it is my inexperience, but I don't think I shall ever become used to pressing my tender young cheek against an unbarbered one or in close proximity to a bristling moustache. Alan Hale, who is with Will Rogers and me in the cast of 'One Glorious Day,' my present picture, has a silky blond moustache, of which he is very proud. Everybody to their taste! However, as I told him today, he is the only moustachioed actor whom I have ever liked. He's the villain in the picture, any way.

"My ideal leading man is manly. Both on and off the set he must look and act like 'a leading man,' using the words in their literal meaning. He doesn't have to be so handsome. Will Rogers isn't handsome, yet you're attracted to him instantly, and in the studio or on the street he looks like a 'somebody.'

"Yes, I think the leading man has a lot to do with the sort of performance I give. People said they liked me in 'After the Show,' and Jack Holt, not to speak of Charles Ogle, are largely responsible for that."

After lunch we sought out Dorothy Dalton. She looked almost like a leading man herself. Her soft, brown hair was confined under a rough seaman's cap; she wore a mackinaw, man's flannel shirt, trousers and hip boots. We must have looked our surprise.

"Oh, I'm not doing an impersonation of the 'Sea Wolf,'" smiled Miss Dalton. "I'm playing 'Moran' in 'Moran of the Lady Letty'—Moran is a lady, albeit a bit rough, and a sea captain. Leading men? I guess I like clean-cut, stalwart-looking ones best of all. Conrad Nagel, in 'Fool's Paradise,' was a peach, and I like Rudolph Valentino, who is

with me in 'Moran,' too. You could hardly imagine two more contrasting types—one is decidedly blond, the other dark as the night. So I can't say that I prefer any one type, as far as appearances go. But Mr. Valentino and Mr. Nagel have two things in common—they are perfect gentlemen and polished actors. That's what I like in a leading man."

REMEMBER THE MAIMED!

(Continued from page 35)

masterpiece. Of course, there have been one-eyed men on the screen before, but practically all of them got that way by keeping one eye closed through muscular effort. This precludes any opportunity for facial expression. Burton set about manufacturing a one-eyed villain who could act. He couldn't use glue or collodion to keep his eye shut, for those substances, applied constantly for eight weeks, would have either put his optic out or made it unbearably sore.

So he consulted an oculist friend and induced him to prepare a harmless "stickum" substance. This was applied to the upper eyelash with a match, then fastened to the lower and held in place for ten minutes. When it is released, it stays in place for the day. Burton had a special preparation which he used to wash off the "stickum" when the day's work was done. Water was of no avail. Grease paint and more "stickum" gave the actor the blank-socket effect. The whole process of making up for his part in "Fool's Paradise" took Burton over three hours.

However, he is not the only battered character in the picture. The story requires Conrad Nagel to go blind, and a very convincing sightless young man he is. The effect of blindness, for screen purposes, is sometimes secured by dropping milk into the eyes. Nagel's eyes look as if this were his formula, too, though I am not sure.

Real dwarfs are sometimes used in pictures, especially in films which have fairy interludes or visions. A middle-aged dwarf who, when he is not engaged professionally, may often be found carrying advertising signs along Fifth avenue, New York, had a small part in "Peter Ibbetson" and in the Marion Davies picture, "Enchantment."

Even the women and children are not spared when it comes to portraying cripples for the screen. The sight of little Frankie Lee, his small legs in iron braces, running up the path and flinging away his crutches as he rushed into the arms of "The Patriarch" will never be forgotten by anybody who saw "The Miracle Man." Fontaine La Rue, who played a paralyzed invalid in "The Faith Healer," is only one of the many actresses of the screen who have sacrificed natural beauty of face and form temporarily in order to portray people not so fortunate.

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GOOD OLD DAYS

(Continued from page 39)

It is not for me to say just what manner or method will be adopted to insure the best story product in the future for adaptation for the screen, but it does seem to me as though new and great stories will continue to be written. All the big plays have also been produced, but more will be written and scenarioized as soon as it is practical. As things stand now, however, the market is pretty well drained.

A splendid story by an unknown writer may become an instant success, but as a rule producers select well-known books, stories or plays, by famous writers or playwrights, so that they can cash in on their tremendous publicity value. It is a decided box-office advantage. Millions read the popular stories or go to see a successful play, so, as a result, when they hear that a favorite book or play has been picturized they are keen to see it.

Personally, I like picture stories that possess a different or unique angle. I have appeared in many pictures portraying a business man or a social lion, and now for a change I would like to try some different type of characterization. I have in mind a story or two that will give me the opportunity.

"The Silver Car," in which I am starred is, to my way of thinking, one of the best romantic pictures of recent years. I enjoyed the making of it immensely. There was a great deal of outdoor work, and I drove a specially-made car up and down the mountain side. It was a Balkan story and possessed great dramatic possibilities.

Looking back over the many years I have appeared in pictures, I think the role that afforded me most delight was that of John Storm in "The Christian." Here was a character who possessed great moral strength. He meant to do good in the world and despite every contending force went straight to his mark. A good actor must feel the role he is playing, not merely play it, so in John Storm I found a great mental lift. The playing of the splendid character did me a world of good. It has really influenced me often in decisions which I have since made regarding problems that have faced me.

The characterization of John Storm was similar in effect to the reading of the golden rule and trying thereafter to live up to its tenets.

PASSING IN REVIEW

(Continued from page 43)

met the demands of the portrayal of a serious character admirably. Evidently no excess amount of energy or money was put into the making of "Under the Lash." It is mildly amusing, but too unpleasant, however, for family entertainment.

Doubling for Romeo—Goldwyn

Will Rogers at his best. "Doubling for Romeo" is a cleverly developed film, with captions by Rogers, which is by way of being a satire on the motion picture industry. The story concerns Rogers, as his natural self, who, in order to win his movie-mad girl, hies himself to Hollywood, there to learn how to make love. Rogers, all dressed up, trying to woo a fair lady before the camera, speaks for itself as a situation. After his experience he has a dream in which he is Romeo and the lady of his heart, Juliet. The sword fighting that ensues is a noticeable burlesque on Fairbanks' work in "The Three Musketeers." At all times Rogers is very funny—and the correlation of his action and his captions is perfect. The picture was directed by Clarence Badger and the scenario, it is announced, is by Elmer Rice, Will Rogers and Bill Shakespeare.



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OUT OF THE WEST

(Continued from page 45)

other players include Bryant Washburn, Millie Schottland, Bert Sprotte, A. Budin, Sophie Fabian, Sonia Marcelle, E. A. Warren and Kate Laster.

Lon Chaney's next for Goldwyn, "The Octave of Claudius," which Wallace Worsley is making, promises to be a real thriller. The story deals with the cruel fate of victims of the experiments of a fanatical surgeon. Wallace Beery will be seen as an ape-man, one of the victims, and Lon Chaney will play the doctor and another of the victims.

Irvin Willat, director of "Yellow Men and Gold," has had his company on location at Catalina Island for the past four weeks. Catalina is the favorite week-end resort of these parts, and, because the summer crowds have deserted it, is at its best this season of the year. Perhaps that explains the delay; it seems to me that the whole island could have been photographed three times in two weeks. The company includes Helen Chadwick and Richard Dix, who will be featured.

Rex Ingram, Metro's busiest and greatest director, has completed "Turn to the Right," and is now hard at work with his preparations for his next production, "The Prisoner of Zenda," which, when it was first made by Cecil B. DeMille and Oscar Apfel, was the second picture to be made in California. Alice Terry, who recently married Mr. Ingram, will play the leading role, and the rest of the cast includes Lewis Stone, who will play two parts, the King and Rudolf Rassendyll; Robert Edeson, Edward Connelly, Eric Mayne, Malcolm McGregor and Lois Lee.

Bert Lytell, who hurt his arm so badly in the fight scenes of his last picture, "The Right That Failed," that he has been unable to play tennis since, has started a new production with Bayard Veiller. The story is based on Justus Miles Forman's novel, "Tommy Carteret." Maxwell Karger is directing Alice Lake in "Kisses," an original story by May Tully. Harry Meyers heads the supporting cast, which includes Dana Todd, Edward Jobson, Mignon Anderson, John MacKinnon, Eugene Pouyet and Edward Connelly, who has been in Rex Ingram's last five pictures. The casts for Gareth Hughes' "Stay Home" and Viola Dana's "The Five Dollar Baby," directed by George D. Baker and Harry Beaumont respectively, have not been announced.

At the Thomas H. Ince studios, Douglas MacLean has started on a film version of Willie Collier's stage play, "The Hottentot." Dal Andrews, who adapted the play for the screen, will make his debut as a director with this production. Andrews has been closely associated with Ince since the Triangle days, but all of his work has been confined to the editorial department. Raymond Hatton, featured player in Goldwyn's recently completed "His Back Against the Wall," has been selected for the role of the butler. Ray has a splendid opportunity in this part, if the story has not been too much changed in preparing the continuity, as Donald Meek, creator of the role on the stage, made the butler the comedy lead of the play.

Latest among the fads at Hollywood is the Ladies' Knickers Club. Katherine MacDonald, Miriam Cooper (Mrs. Raoul Walsh), Dorothy Phillips (Mrs. Allan Houllubar), Flora Parker (Mrs. Carter DeHaven), Louise Glaum, Madge Bellamy, Natalie Talmadge, Marguerite De LaMotte, Jacqueline Logan, Barbara Castleton, Colleen Moore, Pauline Stark, Phyllis Haver, Harriett Hammond, Kathryn McGuire and Mildred June are among the prominent screen folk who are reported to have bought knickers or knickerbocker suits at one of the larger Los Angeles shops in one week.

Samuel Goldwyn's plea for new faces may have brought some, but it brought one old one, too. Samuel Yetter, ninety-eight years old, a veteran politician from Illinois and a campaigner for Lincoln in 1860 and 1864, is to play an important part in a forthcoming Goldwyn picture. Mr. Yetter had never seen a studio prior to his recent visit to the coast, and he made his first trip to a film cannery with his nephew, Raymond McKee. The casting director met him and offered him a part, which he immediately accepted.

STARS OF TWO ORBITS

(Continued from page 19)

"That means more intense thought for the actor to project his personality in the comparatively fewer moments he has on the screen than on the stage, and a decline in subtlety, though subtle effects, I believe, could be achieved on the films as in the theatre if the director didn't use the time-clock system. Moreover, with the long waits and the inconsecutive course of photographing the scenes, a mood is not only very hard to 'snap into' at a moment's notice, but also to keep from oozing out at your finger tips once you have it. Whenever there was an interruption in a scene at first, I used to go into a corner by myself, to keep that same state of mind, and if any one spoke to me, I felt like murdering him. But now that's over, and I step into and out of a part as though it were an automobile."

Madame Olga Petrova, now appearing over a couple of broken ribs in "The White Peacock," a spoken play of her own designing, did not find it so difficult to dive right into an emotion at a moment's notice in the studio, as to find out what on earth the whole thing was about.

"When I first went into pictures," she said, "the players weren't allowed to see the script, and instead the director would simply say to you, 'Your husband is dead in the next room—now act accordingly.' Well, you didn't know whether you were supposed to be sorry or glad, and it might make a difference, even with husbands. Did I have to fight to get a chance to look at the script? My God!" And the statuesque Russian clutched a hand on her coiffure.

"Some day," she resumed, growing calmer, "I think all scenarios will be written like stage plays, with sufficiently full dialogue and stage directions to let the actor know where he is, instead of having everything, so to speak, simply fall on him. No, I never mind the great number of re-takes, because mere film is the cheapest thing there is, and one never runs out of expressions."

The greatest divergence of the cinema from the theatre appeared to Vivian Martin, whose dimples are current in the stage farce, "Just Married," to be that in the studio emotions were snatched up piecemeal.

"Of course, it's rather obvious to say that an audience stimulates you," remarked Miss Martin, "but they do keep you on the job night after night. The principal distinction in film acting to me is that the story is cut up into little sections that are shifted about, which often makes it difficult to keep track of just what is happening to you. I think, though, if you strive for sincerity, on the screen as on the stage, it will carry you along swimmingly, regardless of whether you feel in the studio you are trying to act out a Chinese puzzle."

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